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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Miscellaneous.

### FRENCH, AMERICAN, AND ENGLISH YOUNG LADIES.

The last London *Athenaeum*, in a recent French book, entitled "Marriage in the United States," takes occasion to make the following remarks:

No two nations do the same thing in the same manner. We do not make coffee alike we do not dress alike, the *bifteck au naturel* of even a corn bleu is not the beef-steak of a London chophouse; the Chinaman's cup of tea is a very different thing to that affected by Mrs. Soapsuds, the Turk's *narghile* has but little resemblance to the Irishman's cattypipe, and that which seems the best way of loving and marrying to one set of people horribly offends the instincts and moralities of another. In the civilized Christian world there cannot be a greater discrepancy in this last particular than between the French and the Americans.—From the first look of love to the last word of marriage there is not a stage of the affair that is conducted in the same way, not a round of the great ladder which is hewn out of the same block.

The French girl never leaves her mother's side, unless, indeed, she be brought up in a convent. The American young lady neither claims nor would submit to the most ordinary protection of friend or parent. The French girl is married off by her mother, without even the semblance of a consultation; suitability of fortune and condition being a much more important matter than any such moonshine as suitability temper, or the elective affinities. An American does her own husband-hunting single-handed, and if she does not quite take the inititave in the moment of proposing, does not hesitate to make her preference as undisguised as words would have made it.

The same national opposition holds good after marriage. The French wife is free, emancipated, almost irresponsible a leader of society, a personage, a power, the American loses herself when she gains a husband. She is henceforth scarcely a side ornament where she was lately crown and sceptra both. Young, and handsome, she is no sooner married than she is drafted off to the elderly section, with whom there is no longer a question of flirtation; and the world which forgave her even grave indiscretions while she was single, will now severely punish the slightest infraction of appearances. It is a curious and an instructive inversion—the French granting to the wife the liberty which the American grants to the maiden; and both so terribly shocked if, by chance, their women change places and cross hands over the code.

Between these two extremes, we English hold our usual middle place Not so strict with our girls as are the French nor so lax as the Americans; not so liberal of social freedom to our wives as the one, nor so niggardly as the other; we think as a patriotic matter of course, that we have hit on the exact golden mean, and shot our arrow into the very bull's eye of the question. We say, we give our young ladies sufficient liberty to form their characters, and time and opportunity to know their own minds. We do not marry them off to the first eligible bidder, like so many tender little doves sold, hoodwinked, to the temple; neither do we suffer them to roam unguided through the husbandless desert, like wild creatures seeking their prey; We make our bands and bonds elastic, and fling the shadow of the broad maternal wing very fair; so that, by these wise measures, we secure a race of maidens as perfect in their fearless innocense as our wives are flawless in their crystal purity.

Our friends across the channel, on the contrary, prefer pretty dolls, in the one case, and matrimonial freebooters in the other; and our cousins to the West hold the best preparation for the fetters of marriage and maternity to consist in a lawless license, and think protection, bondage and prudent counsel mental slavery. Of course each of the other two countries is as justified to itself as we are; for where was ever the nation to be found which was not, in its own esteem, the ultimate sum of morality? The line to the right hand or to the left spoils all the symmetry; the dash of blue orred destroys the whole scale of color. La recherche de l' absolu is always successful in the aggregate; and there lives not a man who does not think his national home the most perfectly organized, and his country-women the most charming, the most virtuous, the best brought up of their sex.

### GRIZZLY BEAR ADAMS.

Grizzly Bear Adams, who died at Neponset, R. I., ou Thursday week, was a remarkable man in his way. He was born on the confines of Maine, so far East that it used to be popularly said that the inhabitants had a solem, duty to perform for the rest of the American world, in winding the sun up every morning with a windlass. Young Adams was born there in May, 1805, under a pine tree, while his father was felling the timber, and building a log hut for his mother, who predicted from the very circumstances of his birth, the child would be in love with wild life, and find happiness only away from the haunts of civilization

In 1848, Adams joined the great army of gold-hunters who left the Atlantic States for the Pacific coast, and for ten years following passed his time as a hunter among the forests and mountains of California. Here he had numerous startling adventures with wild beasts who inhabited the country, and, taming a number of bears, brought them to San Francisco, and was subsequently engaged to exhibit them in Balo. city by Nixon and Barnum. For several months the exhibition remained on the lot at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirteenth street, where Wallack's new theatre is now building, and was visited by crowds, until the troupe started on a tour through the Eastern States.

In this city "Old Adams" attracted much more attention than even the wild animals which he exhibited. He was a splendid looking man, with a long grey beard, and a keen, magnetic eye, which cowed down almost at a glance, the large brutes over which he held such singular sway. In Italy he would have served sculptors as a model for "Moses," but in this country he was known only as a trainer of wild beasts. The picturesque costume of fur and skins while in the ring became him well. A few weeks ago "Old Adams" published a tolerably well-written book, giving an account of his adventures.

In his encounters with bears in California, he received many frightful wounds. He was several times scalped by the brutes, and while he was in Baltimore was suffering from the effects of his wounds. He consulted the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but was told that his case was beyond remedy, and we presume that he has succumbed at last under these old scratches and bites. He was a very courageous man, but had an unaccountable fancy for the company of grizzly bears.

ARREST OF "BEAU HICKMAN" IN NEW YORK.—The once gay and gallant "Beau Hichman," who has figured so conspicuously in Washington City for many years noted particularly for his politeness to members of Congress, and others who would pay him handsomely for being shown the elephant of Washington, and various other cities to which he might be invited to accompany political celebrities, was arrested in New York, Monday morning, by Detective Wilson, charged with having perpetrated some confidence swindle on a lady living about Abingdon Square. He was subsequently discharged, the lady declaring he was "not the man."

### THE LAST ACT OF ALL.

"Ned Buntline" in his recollections of a visit to Nashville tells the following:—

One evening shortly after the close of the Mexican war, I found myself at the old "inn," once kept by the noble Ferguson. in company with Frank C. Bill N. and two or three other friends who had with me faced death on the plains of Mexico, and afterwards "reveled in the halls of Montezumas." We had dined togetherer, and the wine had not been ale therefore, we felt inclined for any kind of fun which might present itself.

A young man, of very plausable address and most genteel appearance, had in some way got into the company, and through some words which dropped I knew he was a gambler. I contented myself with avoiding any conversation with him, letting the rest do as they pleased in regard to him. I heard them call him Morford, and afterward learned that he came from a respectable stock.

After we had drunk a few glasses at the bar, to "top off" with, a walk was proposed; and Morford volunteering to show the boys some fun, was selected as pilot. This did not please me overmuch but I would not let any whim of mine break up the party, and so I went along.

We visited various saloons in Union and other streets; and Morford, thinking he had got matters in the right train, started, at the head of the party, for the faro-rooms of Sam B., one of the heaviest gamblers in the city, situated in Water street, aforesaid.

We were passing a long brick building but a short distance below the bridge, when a succession of screams, evidently from females, and other indications of a general row, fell upon our ears. As the noise came from the brick building. we were not long in making an entrance thereto, and in a moment witnessed one of the most disgraceful scenses that man can ever look upon.

Two frail women were engaged in a beastly fight, while other brutes, in the garb of men and women, were encouraging the combat. The scene did not last long; for Morford with a cry of horror, sprang forward, and dashing the combatants apart drew one toward him.

"Good Heavens! Pauline—you here? he exclaimed, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, Henry," replied the girl, whose personal beauty was great, notwthstanding the evidence of intoxication, and whose likeness to himself was striking.—"you broke father's heart by turning gambler, and I thought I'd finish the work"—

She never finished the sentence that she had commenced.

With a wild cry of despair, the young man drew a pistol from his pocket, and before a word could be spoken, or a hand raised to interfere, her brains bespattered the wall near where she stood. And while yet the report echoed in the room, and the stifling smoke rose over her body, the youug gambler cocked a second barrel of his revolver, and coolly saying: "Good-bye, gentlemen, I must go with my sister!" fired and fell a corpse beside the body of his victim.

It turned out to be true that she was his sister, and this was the first knowledge he had of her having, like himself, departed from the path of honor and virtue.

Our fun was ever for that night, and we went back to our quarters a sobered and saddened set of men. None of us will be likely to forget that tragedy while life lasts.

COULD NOT RESIST.—An Irishman entering the fair at Ballingagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvass of a tent. The temptation was irresistible—up went his shillalah, down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" "Truth did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looked so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself."

BRUTAL MURDER IN FLORIDA.—Albert Clark, a respectable citizen of Hernando co., Florida, was brutally murdered by one of his negroes on the 8th inst. The culprit was brought into Brookville on the 12th inst., and having made a speech on the gallows, admitting his guilt and the justice of his punishment, was executed in front of the court house, and in the presence of a large number of the citizens.

WILAIAM C. BRYANT DESCRIBES THE WINANS STEAMER.—The poet editor of the New York Evening Post has recently been touring it through Maryland.—While at Baltimore he was taken to see the Winans steamer, which he thus describes:

"Its shape has been compared to that of a segar; keel, sides and deck are round alike, and at each end it tapers to a sharp point. The length is 180 feet, with a breadth of 16. It is formed of two hollow iron spindles, firmly connected with each other at the broad end by strong iron plates, and between these spindles plays a wheel with screw paddles, with which the steamer is urged forward.—The blows of the sea from before or behind can take no effect upon it; all that the waves can do is to slide softly over it, and when they strike it on the sides they meet with much less resistance than in vessels of ordinary shape. It can never ship a sea. A trial trip has lately been made with this steamer. It ran round one of the fastest steamers in our harbor,' said a gentleman to me; 'playing about it like a shark about a sailing packet.'—I do not know what may be the expectation of the Messrs. Winans in regard to its speed but the talk at Baltimore is of making the passage to Europe in four or five days, bearing with it the mails and specie and a few passengers. As I looked on his enormous iron shuttle the velocity of which can be scarcely more affected by storm and head winds than that of a fish, and the thought of it darting through the sea with the speed which is claimed for it, it occurred to me that if a sailing vessel should come in its way it must be pierced through and through, like a pine shingle by a bullet."

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.—The horrors of the winter retreat of Napoleon from Moscow have never been more simply and powerfully described than by Sir Robert Wilson, the British minister who was at that time resident in Russia, and accompanied the allied armies; after the passage of the Beresina, through Poland and Germany. He speaks of the retaliative cruelties of the Russians, who buried their prisoners alive, or stripping them of all their clothing, forced them to march, sometimes in columns of seven or eight hundred, over the hard diamond like snow, and through the cutting wind whilst the savage peasant women, on one occasion, beat sixty naked victims over the head with sticks, in accompaniment to a national air, whilst the sufferers incessantly cried for "Death, Death, Death.

He describes, as with a painter's pencil, the frozen circles of dead men found sitting every morning round the bivouac fires. the dogs crouching over the dead bodies of their masters and howling piteously—the young, beautiful French mother writhing in the snow, red with her blood, clothed only with her long, black, shining hair, and frantically crying, "Give me my child," (it was nearly born. Amidst all this, not one complaint was heard against the Emperor. Of the army of invasion, about 80,000 returned; 125,000 perished in combat; 160,000 were captured; 100,000 destroyed by cold, hunger and disease—while 48 Generals and 3,000 officers remained prisoners.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—In compliance with a resolution unanimously adopted by the Synod of Virginia, now in session in Alexandria, that body collectively visited, on Friday, the Tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon. The day being favorable, a large company of the visiting clergy, with their families, were in attendance, representing distant portions of both Maryland and Virginia. On the arrival of the boat, the members of the Synod, with a large company of spectators, gathered around the Tomb, and after a season of profound silence, in which each one present seemed to feel deeply and solemnly the impressiveness of the occasion, with heads uncovered, united in singing that beautiful national hymn, called "America." After which, the Rev. Dr. Reid, of Richmond, Va. made a prayer referring most appropriately to the occasion, and the scene there enacting, at the conclusion of which, the whole company united in the Doxology—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c. The occasion is spoken of by those who participated, as one of the most striking and intensely interesting that has ever occurred at Mount Vernon—reflecting credit upon the Synod, and indicating the patriotic devotion of the reverend clergy for their country and their country's cause.

☞ There is a movement at Mobile to erect a monument to Gen. Wm. Walker.

### GIRLS, DON'T DO IT.

In "Advice to Young Women" occurs the following:—There is a practice quite prevalent among young ladies of the present day, which we are old-fashioned enough to consider very improper. We allude to giving daguerreotypes of themselves to young men who are merely acquaintances. We consider it indelicate in the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should sell herself as cheap as this. With an accepted lover it is of couse all right.—Even in this case the likeness should be returned if the engagement should by any misunderstanding cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any girl about to give her daguerreotype to any gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by young men, when together, concerning what is perhaps on her part a piece of ignorance or impudence, would, if she heard them, cause her cheeks to crimson with shame andanger. Were it a sister of ours!—But that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her dignity and and self-respect.

## Humorous.

### ANECDOTE RELATED BY PRESIDENT MADISON.

I believe the only time I laughed, except at the jokes of a greater man than myself, during the period I remained an object of envy to millions, was on an occasion I shall never forget.

I was called out of my bed, early one winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer looking man at least six feet high, with a little apple-head, a long queue, and face critically round, and as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter from his excellency the Honorable Peleg Peashell, recommending him particularly to my patronage.—I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why-y-y, I am not very particular; but some how or other I should like to be a minister I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts of the world."

"I am sorry, very sorry, indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?"

"Why," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldnt much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I am sorry, indeed, but it happens unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered:

"Why yes, I don't care much if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or anything of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr Fippenny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices.—Finding no vacancy here he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room fixing his eyes finally upon me, and measuring my hight from head to foot; then putting on one of the drollest looks that ever bedecked the face of man said:

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike—havn't you got some old clothes that you could spare?"

Oh, what a falling off was there! from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave him with infinite pleasure for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterward

☞ Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child? He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

☞ Betting is immoral, but now can the man who bets, be any worse than he who is no better.

### AN AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

FRED, DOUGLAS REFUSES TO ALLOW HIS DAUGATER TO BE MADE HAPP-Y.

AUBURN, Oct. 15, 1860.

*Mr. F. Douglas:*

DEAR SIR—I take the opportunity to address you a few lines as follows: I have been informed that you had an onely daughter and that you desired her to marry a whight man; whereupon you give $15,000 or $20,000 dollars to any respectable whight man that would marry her and cherish her through life. If there is any truth in this report, P. S. let me know and I will marry your daughter on those conditions, and will endeavor to make myself agreeable.

Yours respectfully,

To F. Douglas. Charles Happ.
Direct to Charles Happ, Auburn, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 16, 1860.

*Charles Happ, Esq. :*

DEAR SIR—You are an entire stranger to me, and direct me to no one from whom I can learn your real character and responsiblity. This, if no other difficulty existed, would seriously embarrass me in making a favorable answer to your propositton. You should have at least given me one respectable reference. The fact that you have not done so, with other circumstances connected with your letter, make it quite doubtful whether I could honorably accede to your proposition. You date from Auburn, and tell me to direct to you at Auburn, but do not name the street. Pardon me for regarding this as a suspicious circumstance. You may be an inmate of the State Prison, or on your way there—a fact which you see would interfere with the fulfilment of your part of the proposed bargain, even if I could fulfil the part young assign to me. You want $15,000 or $20,000. This is a common want, and you are not to blame for using all honorable means to obtain it. But candor requires me to state, that if you were in every respect a suitable person to be bought, for the purpose you name, I have not the amount to buy you. I have no objection to your complexion; but there are certain little faults of grammar and spelling, as well as other little points in your letter, which compel me to regard you as a person, by education, manners and morals as wholly unfit to associate with my daughter in any capacity whatever. You evidently think your white skin of great value. I don't dispute it; it is probably the best thing about you. Yet not even that valuable quality can commend you sufficently to induce even so black a negro as myself to accept you as his son in-law. Respectfully,

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

THE LAST TRIAL.—The forthcoming experiment in ballooning is likely to be a final one. Professor Lowe is determined to start through the air for Europe, and there are not lacking those to furnish him with the means for his experiment. We understand that this is to be the last trial, and that, if it now fails, the Professor must look for other backers in any future experiment. From the character of the present preparations if Professor Lowe does not now succeed he never can. Another balloon is being made, and with advantages of construction that must result in success if success is possible. The cloth for the balloon is a twilled jean, made expressly for the purpose, and woven so closely as to be almost air-tight. It is now being sewed together, and will be thickly covered with a composition that is a vast improvement over the varnish used upon the former balloon. Professor Lowe will start upon his voyage as soon as the balloon is completed, and before stress of weather or the action of gass can take effect upon the fibres of the cloth or diminish its strength. The balloon is a little smaller than the former one, but will be immeasurably stronger. We yesterday conversed with a gentleman who has interested himself in the Professor, and learn that every aid will be furnished to the aeronaut until he makes his trip or spoils the balloon. The perrils that attended the former ascension, however, will this time be avoided.—[*Philadelphia North American.*

☞ There are trees in Wisconsin that take two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, when another comences where he left off.

☞ Says the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny, "Why is a new baby like a cow's tail?" Guv it up. "Because it was never seen before." Fanny phainted?

DOBB'S FIRST "MOTION."—Dobbs, during his first session as a member of the Legislature, was caught without a speech. He was remarkable for his modesty, and his thirst for "red eye."

One unlucky day the proceedings being rather dull, and Dobbs being rather thirsty, he concluded to go over to the hotel and take a drink. As Dobbs rose to leave the hall, he caught the Speaker's eye. The Speaker supposed he intended to address the house and announced in a low voice—

"Mr. Dobbs!"

Dobbs started as if he had been shot. The assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes fixed upon him. He pulled out his handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, and feeling it necessary to say something, thundered out:

"Second the motion."

"There is no motion before the house," said the Speaker.

"Then I—I—"

The silence was breathless.

"I—"

Dobbs could not think of anything to say. But a bright idea came to him, and he finished with—

"I move to adjourn"

The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did and nothing more was seen of him that day.

"LET HER RIP."—Capt. Kilmer of the ship Othello, tells a good story of the time when he was going to California with a gentleman crew, at the time of the gold fever. It appears that this crew was composed mostly of students from some college in the interior of New York State—all intelligent young men, and of wealthy families, and treated very kindly by the captain and his officers. While off Cape Horn, on her passage out, the ship encountered a very heavy gale, accompanied by hail and snow; and after lying to for many hours under nothing but close-reefed main-topsail, it became necessary to take in even that sail. All the "boys" were safely stowed below in the forecastle, when the mate went forward and sung out, "Come on deck, all of you, and furl this main-topsail." Surprised after the lapse of a few minutes, in not seeing the crew come up, the mate again went forward and said, 'If you don't come on deck soon, the topsail will blow away." "All right, Mr. Sherman," was the reply, "please tell the captain that we have concluded to let the topsail blow away, and we'll pay for it."

THE MYSTERIES OF COURTSHIP.—"Sally, don't I like you?"

"La, Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of anybody that dares to look at you for a second?"

"I, spect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh! now don't Jim, you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

Don't say anything more now; I will."

"But it must be done immediately, I want you to—"

"Oh, hush! don't say any more,"

"I want you to get—"

"What! so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be angry at me."

"How! Be mad for doing me such a favor as to m—"

"Yes! dear me! Oh, what a feeling?"

"But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do is to mend my trowsers."

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically fainted away as dead as a log.

"LET HER GO."—"I was," said the reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk several years ago, during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory." The worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, "Good Lord, stick it in and let her go, she's but a trouble here" That quieted the old lady.

OF COURSE.—The rumor, circulated with very bad taste, that the Prince had danced at Cincinnati with Miss Susan Denin, and waltzed at Boston with Mrs. Florence, is a rosy fiction, as is the sequel of those ladies having next day received a handsome present from some mysterious hand.