CINCINNATI DAILY PRESS
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RATES OF ADVERTISING
TERMS, CASH.
Advertisements, not exceeding five lines (agate):
One insertion.....$ 25 | 6 insertions.....$1 00
12 insertions..... 1 50 | 24 insertions..... 2 50
Larger advertisements inserted at the following rates per square of ten lines:
One insertion.....$ 50 | 12 insertions.....$3 00
Each additional. 25 | 18 insertions..... 4 00
6 insertions..... 1 75 | 24 insertions..... 5 00
JOB PRINTING
In all its branches done with neatness and dispatch.

AMUSEMENTS.

PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—S. N. PIKE, Proprietor; C. T. SMITH, Stage Manager; J. F. HERBERT, Treasurer.

THE HOUSE CROWDED NIGHTLY.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, October 25 and 26, will be presented the amusing Fairy Extravaganza of

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE;
OR, THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.

Don Leander, Miss Susan Denin; Blossabella, Miss M. Radcliffe; The Infante Furibond, Mr. Hale; Marquis of Anysides, Mr. Lanagan; Count Palava Torquenova, Mr. Sheridan; Don Moustache, Mr. Radcliffe; Winki, Mr. Ivers; Sambo, Mr. Jackson; The Fairy Gentilla, Miss A. Radcliffe.

A Grand Carnival will be introduced for the purpose of presenting the chaste and elegant performances of the

SIEGRIST AND ZANFRETTA TROUPE.

Dances by the Zanfretta Troupe and Gale Sisters. Wonderful Tight-rope Exercises.

The performances will conclude each evening with a favorite Farce.

On Friday evening M'lle Marietta Zanfretta and Mr. J. Johnson will accomplish the daring ascension from the back of the stage to the summit of the gallery—150 feet.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—JOHN BATES, Manager; J. G. HANLEY, Stage Manager.

THIS EVENING, October 25, will be presented the great original Irish Drama entitled

THE COLLEEN BAWN;
OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.

Myles Na Coppaleen (Myles of the Foines), Mr. J. Collins.

Incidental to the play, Mr. Collins will sing the following popular ballads: "I'll Mourn thee Hopes that Leave Me," "Cruiskeen Lawn," "Boys of Kilkenny." Miss Virginia Howard will sing "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow."

The National Hotel, adjoining the Theater, is now open for the reception of guests. Rooms can be obtained by day or week, and meals furnished at all hours.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.—First Grand Annual Ball given by the

THE MACHINISTS' AND BLACKSMITHS' UNION, NO. 1, OF OHIO,

At the METROPOLITAN HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, October 29, 1860.

COMMITTE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—J. L. Anspaugh, J. Buckman, R. Evans, W. R. Wetherby, E. R. Eaton, H. Stouffer, J. H. Robinson, S. Howard, R. Bell, A. E. Hadlock, R. H. Depugh.

FLOOR MANAGERS.—L. H. Murdock, A. L. Robinson, W. Wetherby, A. Willich, J. S. Tomlinson, J. M. Robinson, J. Buckman, H. Stouffer, R. Bell, F. Jenny, H. Ruppelt. J. L. ANSPAUGH, Chief.
A. R. HADLOCK, Assistant Chief.
Tickets $1—to be had of the Committee of Arrangements, and at the door.
Music by Prof. Kopp's excellent Band. oc23-g*

CASINO.—(Opposite Pike's Opera-house.)

Four Splendid Billiard-tables!

With PHELAN'S LASE PATENT CUSHIONS. At this excellent Saloon, Duffner's great ORCHESTRION will perform every evening. Admission free. se26-am

MUSICAL.

VALUABLE MUSICAL WORKS.—THE Musical Mirror, by S. B. Phipps—designed for schools and classes.
Conceno's Fifty Lessons for the Voice—handsomely bound.
Romberg's Instructor for Violoncello.
Lablache's Singing Method.
Curtiss's Guitar Instructor.
For sale by
JOHN CHURCH, JR.,
Importer of Music and Instruments,
oc22 66 West Fourth-st.

GOLD MEDAL PIANOS—THE BEST IN AMERICA.—Steck & Grups's (of New York) powerful toned double grand-action Concert Pianos, pronounced by Liszt, Thalberg and other great artists the best in existence. We will sell lower for cash than any other dealer in the city. Pianos and Melodeons tuned and repaired thoroughly. Pianos to let at from $6 to $15 per quarter. Musical instruments selling at half-prices. Do not buy or rent a Piano until you have called and examined the above.
BRITTING & BRO., Sole Agents,
Piano Dealers and Makers.
fe17 No. 227 W. Fifth-street, near Plum.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Notice is hereby given, that there are pending before the City Council of the City of Cincinnati, the following ordinances, to wit:
To establish the grade of Allanthus-alley, from Clearwater-street to Central-avenue.
To regrade and pave, with bowlder-stone, L'Hommedieu-alley, from Plum-street to Central-avenue.
To regrade and pave, with bowlder-stone, Gravenalley, from Eighth-street to Ninth-street.
To grade and pave, with brick, the unpaved sidewalks on Clark-street, from John-street to Cutter-street.
To grade and pave, with brick, the unpaved sidewalks on Third-street, from Butler-street to the Miami Canal.
To grade Dayton-alley, from Freeman-street to Western-avenue.
In pursuance of the law, said Ordinances were twice read, laid on the table, and the Clerk instructed to give four weeks' notice of the pendency of the same.
The law requires all claims for damages, that may accrue from said improvement, to be filed in writing with the City Clerk, setting forth the amount of damages claimed, within two weeks after the expiration of the time required for the publication of such notice, when the same will be taken up for final action.
oc5-x SAM. L. CORWINE, City Clerk.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the Board of City Improvements, until nine o'clock A. M. of FRIDAY, October 26, 1860, for extending the north-east stone abutment of the Findlay-street Bridge about sixty feet north.
Each bid to be accompanied by two sureties. Bidders to use the printed forms, as no other will be received.
By order of the Board.
oc16-tt CHARLES BALLANCE, Clerk.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the Office of the Board of City Improvements, until nine o'clock A. M. of TUESDAY, October 30, 1860, for building a brick sewer of two feet interior diameter, from the fountain on Washington Square, north on Pleasant-street to Fourteenth street, and west on Fourteenth-street to Elm-street, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of the City Clerk.
Each bid to be accompanied by two sureties. Bidders to use the printed forms, as no other will be received. By order of the Board,
oc20-tt CHAS. BALLANCE, Clerk.

SALT-WATER PRODUCE AND GAME DEPOT—No. 208 Vine-st., between Fifth and Sixth.—The undersigned beg to inform the citizens of Cincinnati that they have opened a store on Vine-st., opposite Longworth, where they will, during the winter season, keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of
HALIBUT, HADDOCK, COD-FISH, BLUE-FISH, FLOUNDERS, EELS, BLACK-FISH, SHAD, LOBSTERS, CRABS, ETC.,
All warranted of the best quality. All kinds of GAME in season. Remember 208 Vine-st., between Fifth and Sixth.
H. BOUXARY } Proprietors.
oc13-1eod C. H. MATTHEWS.

Missouri City Association and Manufacturing Company.

THE ABOVE COMPANY, HAVING SECURED the purchase of its lands in Caldwell Co., Mo., adjoining the town of Hamilton, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and divided the same into building lots and farms, now offer the same to subscribers in shares at $20 each. Full information, with maps, can be obtained by calling on or addressing the Association, at 37 West Third-st., Cincinnati, Ohio. oc23-xDW

MARTIN MURRAY, PLAINTIFF, VS. James Laughlin, defendant. Before C. F. Hanselman, J. P. of Cincinnati Township, Hamilton County, Ohio.—On the 4th day of September, 1860, said Justice issued an Order of Attachment in the above action, for the sum of ten dollars, and said cause is set for hearing before said Justice, on the 20th day of November, at 3 o'clock P. M.
MARTIN MURRAY.
Dated, October 18, 1860. oc19-c*F

LAW-OFFICE REMOVAL.

R. M. CORWINE HAS REMOVED from Selves's Building, Third-st., to Short's Building, corner of Hammond and Fourth-streets, second story.
JOHN A. LYNCH, Master Commissioner of the Superior Court and Court of Common Pleas, and Commissioner of Deeds for all the States and Territories, has removed to the same office. oc4-cm

D. McKENZIE,
GENTLEMEN'S CUSTOM-MADE
Boot and Shoe Store
No. 10 West Sixth-street,
se22-tf Between Main and Walnut, Cincinnati.

BEGGS & SMITH,
No. 6 West Fourth-street,
ARE NOW RECEIVING ADDITIONS TO their large assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Diamonds.
ALSO—A fine assortment of Plated Tea Sets and Cutlery and Opera-glasses.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

TRAINS DEPART.

LITTLE MIAMI—[7 minutes faster than City time.] 7:30 A. M., 10 A. M. and 11 P. M. Columbus Accommodation, 4 P. M. Xenia Accommodation, 6 P. M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON—[7 minutes faster than City time.] 6 A. M., 7:30 A. M., 2:30 P. M. and 6 P. M. Hamilton Accommodation, 9:30 A. M. and 3:50 P. M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI—[12 minutes slower than City time.] 4:25 A. M. and 5:35 P. M. Louisville Accommodation, 2 P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE—[12 minutes slower than City time.] 5:40 A. M., 11:50 A. M. and 6 P. M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI—[7 minutes faster than City time.] 6:15 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

COVINGTON AND LEXINGTON—[City time.] 5:45 A. M. and 2:25 P. M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND INDIANAPOLIS—6 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 6 P. M.

CINCINNATI AND LOGANSPORT—From Sixth-street Depot—6 A. M. and 6 P. M.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

LITTLE MIAMI—3:50 A. M., 8 A. M., 11:04 A. M. and 4:40 P. M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI—7:30 A. M., 12:28 P. M. and 9:50 P. M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON—7:45 A. M., 11:05 A. M., 2:10 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 7:13 P. M. and 9:15 P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNATI—10:15 A. M., 4 P. M. and 12 P. M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI—10:32 A. M. and 5:13 P. M.

COVINGTON AND LEXINGTON—10:35 A. M. and 4:58 P. M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND INDIANAPOLIS—7:45 A. M., 2:10 P. M., 5:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI AND LOGANSPORT—From Sixth-street Depot—7:45 A. M. and 7:12 P. M.

VARIETIES.

A radish, weighing eighteen pounds, has been exhibited in Hartford, Connecticut.

Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, has a son in a Protestant seminary near Liverpool.

The Empress of Russia was safely delivered of a Prince on the 3d inst.

Rev. T. Starr King writes that there is no timber in the whole State of California hard enough to make a good ax-handle.

There are in the State of Maine 54,508 horses, 62,578 oxen, 132,045 cows, 374,095 sheep and 45,923 swine.

Reliable statistics show that only 200,000 out of 900,000 in New York City go to church on Sunday.

The hero of Bunker Hill, the venerable Ralph Farnham, was robbed of his overcoat in Boston, last week.

Several women disappeared from Wilkesbarre, Penn., one night last week—one married, one widow and one single.

Edmund C. Stedman's poem, in *Vanity Fair*, on the Prince-of-Wales Ball, is generally pronounced a miserable failure.

Thomas Belfaust took an overdose of laudnum in Savannah, Ga., on Friday night, and died in three hours.

From a town in Mississipi of only 400 inhabitants, twenty-five persons were sent to the lunatic asylum in one year.

Two little girls, daughters of Morris Yuper, were burned to death near Elkton, Md., on Saturday, by playing with matches.

The population of the Provinces now remaining to the Pope, foot up a total of 560,867 inhabitants.

A coachman's wife, in London, recently gave birth to four children at once, all of whom died within a few hours.

A boy, son of a baker in Lambeth, England, was playing on the top of the oven, when it fell in, and he was roasted to death.

There are in New York City 14,387 members of the Presbyterian, 10,036 members of the Methodist and 9,427 members of the Baptist Church.

Ferdinand McCaskill, convicted of the murder of George Young, at the Pensacola Navy-yard, two years ago, was hung on the 12th inst.

The citizens of Carlisle, Penn., one day last week, subscribed $1,036 to rebuild St. Patrick's (Catholic) Church, lately destroyed by fire.

Dean Richmond has made a wager of $20,000 with James Wadsworth, of Genesee, that New York State will not give 40,000 majority for Lincoln.

The Charleston *Mercury* thinks the submission of the South to the Government under Lincoln and Hamlin will reduce the value of slaves $100 each.

Mr. Hunt, son of the celebrated Leigh Hunt, and editor of the London *Spectator*, and director of the *Morning Chronicle*, is in New York.

The work of restoration has been going on in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; the unsightly organ-screen has been removed, and a magnificent marble pulpit erected.

The Jackson Railroad, in Louisiana, part of which was recently swept away by a flood, has been repaired, and trains are now running regularly.

The Baltimore (Md.) *Sun* says there is a great scarcity of seamen at that port, at present, and they can hardly be procured, even at the highest wages.

A treatise on the character of the Turkish language, written in an extremely smooth and easy Latin, has lately been printed in Philadelphia.

It is stated that Mr. Perkins, who was wounded in a duel near New Orleans, with Dr. Poindexter, some weeks ago, has died from his wounds.

An alderman was found dead, it was thought, in the street in New York, the other day, and his son ordered a coffin, but on his return home found his father eating dinner.

A child was killed in New York, the other day, by a careless physician, who prepared a prescription with morphine instead of quinine.

George Ropes, while experimenting by driving a pin in his leg, near Lockport, N. Y., recently, caused the lock-jaw, and died on Friday.

Mrs. Crealn, wife of a planter, and two of her children, were thrown out of a carriage at Pensacola, Florida, last week, and died in a few hours of their injuries.

A slave in Charleston, S. C., has earned, by over-work, in the last five years, $3,500, but refuses to buy his liberty, preferring to live in bondage.

A farmer near Mayville, New York, a few days ago, had a calf killed and three parts eaten up by a panther, and not long before a man was chased by an enormous one.

A little boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment and said, "meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

The ridiculous report of the resuscitation of Hicks, the pirate, was copied in Paris and excited great curiosity among medical and scientific men.

Castor-oil is said to be better to use on leather than any animal oil, since it has less tendency to harden or thicken the leather, and it has less affinity for water.

M'lle Natalie Eschborn, commonly called Frassini, became, on August 18, the morganatic wife of Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, and passed the honeymoon at the Duke's villa.

An overseer, Jean Berthier, killed three of his employer's slaves out of a feeling of revenge against their master, near Baton Rouge, La., one day last week, and then fled the State.

Fearful Adventure in the Highlands of Scotland—Narrow Escape of Three Tourists.

The Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian*, received by the last steamer, observes:

Three tourists have narrowly escaped a terrible fate in the Highlands. The other morning they left Ballachulish, intending to reach Fort William that night, but in attempting a short cut, were misled by the false direction of a peasant. "On, on we walked," writes one of them, "till darkness was around us, and we became fully sensible that the mists were gradually rolling down the hills like gigantic snowflakes, into the valley; and to add to our troubles, one of the party began to break down. It was now, for the first time, we became seriously alarmed; and, dragging our weary companion along with us, we hurried on in the vain hope of finding the shepherd's hut. Alas, we were told that no such hut had ever existed in that direction, nor ever was likely so to do, nor was there ever any road or a trace of one. The mists were now closing in upon us. Not a sound save our own hushed voices was to be heard. It was close upon nine o'clock, and nearly dark. Our landmark had long since disappeared, and we were at length impressed with the idea that we were lost.

Now, indeed, we began to be seriously alarmed. We were all hungry, and soaking wet, but not exhausted. Our last drop of whisky had been drank, and a little oaten cake was all we had with us. At last we saw below us what seemed to be an immense sheet of mist; but, after some half hour's descent, we found it to be a lake, which we afterwards supposed must have been Loch Treig. Hope whispered that here there must be a human dwelling of some sort, so we kept close round the borders of the lake till we came to a stream, which we followed in its course over a series of water-falls, the noise of which, at that hour, in that vast solitude, and with our nerves unstrung, was somewhat appalling. Around us all was mist and darkness; below us, some 100 feet or more, we could hear the stream surging and bellowing, although we could only just discern the thin, white line which marked its course. We dared not proceed, lest we should fall over into the chasm beneath, and we determined to rest where we were till morning again dawned upon us. It was now approaching to midnight. We undid our knapsacks, divested ourselves of our wet garments and put on dry ones, tied handkerchiefs about our loins and heads, enveloped ourselves in our plaids, and, thrusting our feet into our knapsacks, commended ourselves to that watchful Providence in whom in this hour of distress and difficulty we placed our hope.

When the dreary night had at length passed, and daylight succeeded to darkness, I discovered that the tree against which I had supported myself projected from the rock, and had I slept and swerved a little either to the right hand or to the left, I must have been precipitated into the abyss below, 100 feet down, and most likely dashed to pieces. About seven o'clock in the morning the mist had sufficiently cleared to allow us to resume our wanderings. We divided our oaten-cake into two portions; one-half we saved lest we should have to be out another night, and the other half we divided into three equal shares, and this—about two ounces each—with some water, constituted our morning's repast.

After traversing the stream we had followed the previous night, we struck back into the highlands, and after wandering about four hours and a half we again heard the sound of running water, which we continued to follow, until, joy of joys! we came upon the hoof-print of a pony. No red Indian ever tracked the footsteps of his enemy with more intense satisfaction than we followed this mark of a living animal along the side of the stream and through a most beautiful glen. We then came upon a sheep-pen, a bridge of poles, a gate, and other indications of humanity; and now the joyous feelings rushed upon us that we were saved.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY IN LONDON—*Thirty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Jewelry Stolen and Recovered.*—The London *Examiner*, of late date, says:

On Tuesday morning an extensive robbery of jewelry, of the most costly description, was found to have been committed at Hawley & Co.'s, a large portion of the most valuable part of the stock having been carried off. An inquiry soon led to the discovery that the plunder had been effected by W. Giles, a youth of eighteen, employed as messenger to the establishment, and in whom great confidence was reposed. It seems that Giles left the premises very early in the morning with two carpet-bags filled with diamond rings, gold chains and bracelets, and a large quantity of miscellaneous jewelry, and, being met by some acquaintances with a man carrying the bags, on which was the name of Osborne, he told them he was taking his master's luggage to the railway station. Some of the most expert officers in the detective force were at once set to track the delinquent, and a full description of his person was sent to all the metropolitan and provincial police stations, and £500 reward offered for his capture. The precise value of the property stolen has not yet been ascertained; it is, however, estimated at between £5,000 and £6,000. Giles has since been captured in Paris, and will be brought before the magistrates in London in due course. The whole of the valuable property has been recovered.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN IN MORE TROUBLE—*A Jealous Wife Violently Assaults the Sensational Artist.*—On Sunday night, in New York, the jealous wife of a reporter of the New York *Herald* visited Adah Isaacs Menken's lodgings, and finding her husband there in conference with the fair actress, burst into the room, and, seizing her, scratched her pretty face and tore her luxuriant tresses, until Adah cried murder vociferously; whereupon several persons rushed in and interfered in time to prevent further injury to the ex-wife of the Benicia Boy.

The reporter, with his wife and Adah, was then taken to the Police Office, where the journalist declared he had gone to Mrs. Menken's apartments only to take down a short-hand report. This the wife denied indignantly, intimating very naughty things of her consort and Adah. The matter was arranged, however, at last, and the parties interested left the office in different directions.

PAINFUL TRAGEDY IN FLORIDA.—In Chambers County, Florida, recently, a difficulty occurred between Capt. Samuel Jeter and an elderly man named James Taylor, originating, probably, in an old grudge. In the course of the dispute, Taylor prostrated Capt. Jeter with a stick, whereupon two of his (Taylor's) sons joined in the assault, and the three commenced cutting and stabbing the defenseless body of their victim. Richard C. Jeter, the only son of the Captain, rushed to his father's aid, and plunged a Bowie-knife into the heart of the elder Taylor, causing his death instantly. Capt. Jeter still survives, but it is thought the wounds inflicted by the Taylors will prove mortal.

CALOMEL A REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE COW.—A correspondent of a Virginia paper says: "I wish you would say to your readers that calomel, in one-ounce doses, will cure a cow of most any disease. At least let me give my experience. I have two fine valuable cows they have had, it seems to me, some of the worst diseases that prevail—tongue murrain, dry murrain, etc., and when I saw they were dying, I mixed one ounce of calomel in dry corn-meal, which they lick up, and it has never failed to cure."

Tom Hood's Pathos—An Analysis of his Writings.

A writer in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* thus speaks of the pathetic writings of Tom Hood:

Hood's pathos culminates in "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lay of the Laborer," and "The Bridge of Sighs." These are marvellous lyrics. In spirit and in form they are singular and remarkable. We can not think of any poems which more show the mystic enchantment of genius. How else was a ragged seamstress in a squalid garret made immortal; nay, made universal; made to stand for an entire sisterhood of wretchedness? Here is the direst poverty, blear-eyed sorrow, dim and dismal suffering—nothing of the romantic. A stern picture it is, which even the softer touches render sterner; still there is nought in it that revolts or shocks; it is deeply poetic, calls into passionate action the feelings of reverence and pity, and has all the dignity of tragedy.

Even more wonderful is the transformation that a rustic hind undergoes in "The Lay of the Laborer," in which a peasant out of work personifies, with eloquent impressions, the claims and calamities of toiling manhood. But an element of the sublime is added in "The Bridge of Sighs." In that we have the truly tragic; for we have in it the union of guilt, grief, despair and death. An angel from Heaven, we think, could not sing a more gentle dirge or one more pure; yet the ordinary associations suggested by the corpse of the poor, ruined, self-murdered girl are such as to the prudish and fastidious would not allow her to be mentioned, much less bring her into song. But in the pity almost divine with which Hood sings her fate there is not only a spotless delicacy, there is also a morality as elevated as the heavenly mercy which the lyrist breathes.

The pure can afford to be pitiful; and the life of Hood was so exemplary that he had no fear to hinder him from being charitable. The cowardice of conscience is one of the saddest penalties of sin; and to avert suspicion from one's self by severity to others is, indeed, the most miserable expediency of self-condemnation. The temper of charity and compassion seems natural to men of letters and of art. They are emotional and sensitive, and by the necessity of their vocation have to hold much communion with the inmost consciousness of our nature; they thus learn the weakness of man, and the allowances that he needs; they are conversant with a broad and diversified humanity, and thence they are seldom narrow, intolerant or self-righteous; feeling, too, their full full share of moral and mortal imperfection, they refuse to be inquisitors of the unfortunate, but rather choose to be their advocates and helpers.

No man ever had more of this temper than Hood; and out of it came these immortal lyrics upon which we have been commenting. For such a temper the writing of these lyrics was exceeding great reward; not only because they made the author an everlasting benefactor to the poor, but also because they became an interpretation of his own deeper genius, and revealed a nobler meaning in his works than had ever before been discerned. Henceforth, he was more thought of as a profound poet than as the greatest of mimes, jesters and punsters. The lyrics of the poor saved him from imminent injustice.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PARTNERS AT THE BOSTON BALL.—The following is a complete list of the Prince's partners at the Boston ball:

1. (Quadrille)—Mrs. Lincoln, wife of Mayor Lincoln.
2. (Quadrille)—Mrs. Banks, wife of His Excellency, Governor Banks.
3. (Waltz)—Mrs. Wise, wife of Lieut. Wise, U. S. N., and daughter of Edward Everett.
4. (Quadrille)—Miss Fanny Crowninshield, daughter of the late George Crowninshield, Esq.
5. (Lancers)—Miss Susan Amory, daughter of Charles Amory, and grand-niece of Lord Lyndhurst.
6. (Polka)—Miss Carrie Bigelow, daughter of Hon. George Tyler Bigelow, Chief Justice Supreme Judicial Court.
7. (Quadrille)—Mrs. Chickering, wife of Col. T. E. Chickering.
8. (Lancers)—Mrs. Ritchie, wife of Harrison Ritchie, Major of Second Battalion of Infantry.
9. (Gallop)—Miss Lombard, niece of His Honor, Mayor Lincoln.
10. (Waltz)—Miss Fannie Peabody, daughter of George Peabody, Esq., of Salem.
11. (Lancers)—Miss Kittie Fay, daughter of the Hon. R. S. Fay.
12. Miss Mary Crane, daughter of Alderman Crane.
13. Miss Lillie Fay, daughter of R. S. Fay.
14. Mrs. Chickering, wife of Charles F. Chickering.
15. Miss Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton.
16. Mrs. Bates, wife of Isaac C. Bates, Esq.
17. Miss Nellie Gage, of Old Cambridge, niece of Henry K. Horton.

IMPORTANT DECISION FOR GOVERNMENT CLERKS.—The Attorney-General has just made a very important decision, which will be highly welcome to Government clerks. Mr. Hunter, Chief Clerk of the State Department, having served under Secretary Marcy as acting secretary in the absence of the latter, has for a long time claimed extra salary for his services thus performed. The Attorney-General has now decided that he is entitled to it, and that any Government *employe*, if he perform services which do not strictly pertain to his office, is authorized to draw for the pay of that office the duties of which he has been fulfilling. This decision will cost Uncle Sam a great deal of money. It is customary, if the heads of Department leave town for a short time, for the assistant secretaries or chief clerks to take their places in their absence. The latter will now receive, in such cases, the salary of their head officers, and these, it is presumable, will not forget to draw their pay also. There is, however, nothing about that part of it in the decision.

MELANCHOLY CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA IN FRANCE.—A little boy, twelve years of age, son of a couple residing at the village of Creteil, near Paris, on the 27th ult., suddenly rushed from their house with his eyes fixed and glaring, and with foam on his lips, and he ran along the street attacking and attempting to bite almost every person he met. A *gendarme* at last secured him, though not without difficulty, as, notwithstanding his youth, he made a considerable resistance. A medical man, having examined the boy, declared that he was laboring under hydrophobia, and he was sent to a hospital at Paris. It appears that in April last he was bitten by a dog belonging to his father, and that, by way of precaution, the wound was cauterized, and the animal killed. The wound healed promptly, and no ill effects were apprehended, but no doubt can now be entertained that the animal was mad at the time.

AMUSING SCENE IN A MARINERS' CHURCH—*A Tell-Tale Sister.*—An English paper says that a young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariners' Church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking, "Is there one who thinks any thing of him who wears a tarpaulin-hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, sir, our Becky does."

A Satirical Sketch of a Worthless King—Thackeray's Pen-portrait of George IV.

The October number of the *Cornhill Magazine* says:

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it with a slate and piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet, after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races, and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like; what they would do in given circumstances; that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own.

The sailor-king who came after George was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, paddings, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitts best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered.

Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page, and fancied he had written the paper; some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling; cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slip-slop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality; the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one con get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We can not get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.

REMARKABLE SCANDAL IN HAVANA—*Two Free-Love Ladies the Cause of their Husbands' Preferment.*—A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes from Havana:

Some two or three years ago there was an exquisite piece of scandal in circulation in this city, in which the names of two married ladies of great beauty, the Senoras M—— and J——, were represented to have had a regular "pitched battle" respecting the favors that both were said to have granted a certain General, then in high authority in this island. The affair took place in a summer-house in the garden of the country residence of the General, near Puentes Grades, and has been recently called to public recollection by the circumstance of the husband of one of the ladies, Senor R—— M——, having returned from Spain, with his wife and family of seven children, with an appointment to an office quite new in this island, viz: "Inspector-General of Banks," with a salary of $1,000 per month attached to it, while Don J. S. J.—the husband of the other lady, whose name was so freely handled in connection with the scandal, and who at the time was an Alderman of this city, and was an *ad interim* Judge of the *Real Audencia* (Supreme Court), and who also, with his wife, has gone to Spain—has been appointed *Vidor* (Judge) of the *Real Audencia* of Burgos, in Spain. These two appointments have created quite a sensation in certain circles in this city, and I heard an *employe* of the Government, at a large evening party at which I was present last week, say: "There is little chance of my advancement just at present—I had not a pretty wife when Gen. —— was here."

A BRUTAL PRIZE FIGHT STOPPED BY A SISTER OF ONE OF THE COMBATANTS.—The Troy (N. Y.) *Times*, of late date, says:

A difficulty occurred at a ball given on Wednesday night, between two men named J. Wheeler and Jack Brann, which culminated in a challenge to a fistic combat, in accordance with the rules of the London prize-ring. Yesterday, about two o'clock, the parties left in carriages, accompanied by a number of friends, for the scene of conflict, which had been chosen on the Poestenkill plank-road, about three miles from the city. The fight was begun in regular and approved fashion, and had progressed to the sixth round, when an unexpected interruption occurred, in the arrival of a sister of Brann, who came in a carriage, rushed between the combatants, and, throwing her arms around her brother, put a stop to the melee. The bruisers, shamefaced by the arrival of the woman, scattered and left the field. So far as the fight progressed, Wheeler was the worst sufferer. One of his eyes was closed, and he was otherwise badly bruised about the head and face.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN HAVANA—*Loss Sixty to Eighty Thousand Dollars.*—A recent letter from Havana says:

A large fire took place at the Plaza del Cristo (a market place), in this city, between the hours of one and two o'clock A. M., on the 10th inst. Several liquor-stores and groceries were destroyed, as also property variously estimated at from $60,000 to $80,000 value. The *bomberos* (firemen) excited my laughter; they brought the water in iron buckets, emptying them into a large square or oblong water-cart, whence again it was conveyed by the buckets to the fire-engines, which threw streams of water through inch nozzles almost fifty feet high. The idea of at once emptying the water into the fire-engines, or a suction-hose, never appears to have entered into their heads. It is indeed a great blessing that fires are of so rare occurrence in this city, and that the houses are built of not very inflammable material, for as to the engines extinguishing a fire, the thought is simply ridiculous.

MUNIFICENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Stories of Lord Renfrew's munificence abound. It would be curious to know exactly how much he has spent in largesses during his tour. It is stated on good authority that before he left the White House he drew his check for $500, to be distributed among the President's servants. In return Mr. Buchanan addressed an autograph letter filled with the warmest expressions of regard to the Queen-mother, Victoria, in which he spoke in terms of studied, yet sincere compliment of her son, the future monarch of Great Britain, and declared his satisfaction at his visit. If Lord Renfrew has exercised his generosity on this scale all through his tour, it is easy to credit the report that the expenses of his party, since landing in Canada, have been a couple of millions.

SUDDEN DEMISE ON THE OCCASION OF A GOLDEN WEDDING.—Thomas Richards, an old and esteemed merchant of Philadelphia, died suddenly on Friday, at the moment when his friends were about celebrating his golden wedding and the marriage of his daughter. He was in his eighty-first year and quite infirm, and was somewhat excited in anticipation of the day's festivities.

Bacchanalian Orgies of Princes and Dukes An Old Nobleman Made Beastly Drunk.

The *Cornhill Magazine*, in its October issue, relates an anecdote, in which "the finest gentleman in Europe," as it was the fashion to call the last of the Georges, does not figure very creditably:

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great Prince Regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion, at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and among Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarreled with the Prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place, and now, being a very old man, the Prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel, with his famous equipage of gray horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at the table was enjoined to drink wine with the Duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the first gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the Duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now" says he, "I will have my carriage and go home." The Prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said, "he had had enough of such hospitality." A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called and came; but, in the half-hour's interval the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the Duke's old gray head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and, stumbling in, bade the postilions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion-lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the Prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence; they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Hiding House and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel-walks around which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the Royal Princes as they support themselves at the portico-pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.

THE PRIZE-RING—*Another Mill on the Tapis.*—A match has been made between Aaron Jones, the English pugilist, and George King, of Cleveland. The New York *News* of late date says:

Last evening a couple of the friends of Aaron Jones, the well-known English boxer, accidentally encountering a warm admirer of George King, one of the heroes of "Willett's Point," at a public drinking saloon in the Bowery, an excited argument took place as to the relative fighting qualities of the two men. After various propositions had been offered and rejected by the respective friends of the principals, it was finally agreed upon that a match should be made for $1,000 to settle the question of superiority, and $50 was posted on the spot. By the terms of the agreement, $200 more is to be put up on Wednesday, and the fight to take place in four months from the signing of articles.

It appears that King is very much dissatisfied with the result of his recent explo