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BEAVER ARGUS.

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"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

[The following stanzas were found on the person of a rebel Sergeant of the "Stonewall Brigade," recently captured by our troops near Winchester, Va.:

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails—
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echos strong,
To swell the brigrde's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,—
The shrewd dry smile,—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "that's Banks,—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul!—we'll give him—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way.""

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray.
Strange the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In *forma pauperis* to God,—
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quickstep! we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way!"

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
"Charge Stewart! pay off Ashby's score,"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden wait, and watch and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand:
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn!
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

Wellington's Strategy.—On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrennese, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions Gen. Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until a change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

A Beautiful Reflection.—Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspiration, which leaps like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above grasp of limited faculties, forever mocking us their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?—We are born for higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and when the being that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

☞ An Irishman, catching a thief's hand in his pocket at the post office the other day, knocked the rascal down, and began to trample on his carcass as if he were dancing a Fardowner's jig. "What's that for?" said a bystander. "Och!" said Pat, "it's small change the fellow wanted, and, faith, I'm afther giving him a few *post office stamps!*"

The War Upon the Administration.

The most amusing exhibition of the present day is the attempt of the Breckinridge Democracy to dictate a policy to the present Administration, and there is no current literature more interesting and attractive than the numerous plans for peace and conciliation that we see in their journals.—The Washington correspondence of the New York *Herald* is unceasingly facetious on this subject. The New York *World* is forever saving the Union in sounding sentences. According to these writers, we of the North, we of this stubborn hard-hearted generation, we Yankees who have the hardihood to believe in such a thing as liberty, and the audacity to enter into a war for the salvation of the Union, have only to lay down our arms, wipe the blood from our swords, turn them into pruning hooks, and rush into the arms of an affectionate and loving South. How blind and giddy we have been throughout this weary, wasting war! How greatly we have wronged our noble brethern in the Southern States! We have misunderstood them from the beginning. We misunderstood them at Fort Sumter. After all, we shall probably hear that when Gen. Beauregard opened upon that fort it was only an affectionate piece of artillery practice—that the advance into Maryland was merely a playful visit of pleasure—a picnic—and that if we had only taken time and kept our temper, and listened to reason, and followed the counsels of those pure patriots and far seeing statesmen, Fernando Wood and James Buchanan, we should now be a happy band of brothers. There was nothing in the world more easily settled than this difficulty, had we not been so fierce and fanatical. Mr. Reed and Mr. Hughes would have arranged the whole affair in three days. It was only necessary to set aside the election of Mr. Lincoln, adopt the Montgomery Constitution, do away with our flag, and accept Mr. Davis as the President of the Confederacy. Had these counsels been adopted two years ago, when so freely and frankly given, we should now be at peace, Europe would be satisfied, and war would not have come.

But, alas for the hopes of these wise and good men! there was a general superstition throughout the North—that we had a country—a history—a race—a Constitution—homes—tariffs—and all the blessings of liberty and constitutional order. And we were so fixed in this belief that we are determined to die for it and to put to death all who attempted its overthrow. We rather liked Mr. Lincoln, and as we elected him for four years, concluded to try him for four years. We raised armies and went to war. We met disasters. It seemed to be the providence of God that we should be chastened. Slow and doubtful generals were given to us. War was an experiment, and as we could not extemporize a Napoleon—nor even a Hoche, a Desaix, or a Wolf—we were compelled to experiment for generals. Some have failed and others have succeeded. Some have risen to the surface, and others have gone to the bottom. The Scipio of this war for the Republic may be at the head of a division or an army, or he may be among some of the drafted levies now shivering in their canvas homes. We can only hope and pray, as we have hoped and prayed before—for generalship is not a matter of education, advancement, or official favor, but a gift that God gives to man. We have kept on fighting in the hope that the end was near. Money has been spent, blood has been shed, the contumely of the European world has poisoned every breeze that comes over the broad Atlantic; commerce has been shattered, and the dust has gathered around spindles whose music once brought bread to thousands of men and children. A great party has succeeded in obtaining power in the North. Its leaders propose to undo all that we have been doing, to turn our sufferings into mockery, our sacrifices into ashes, our hopes into bitterness and despair. The issue they make against us is precisely what was made nearly two years ago—the overthrow of the Administration, and with it the overthrow of the American Republic.

They have declared their purpose, and opened their campaign. They are building batteries around Fort Sumter. *Let us, they say, demand from the President the suspension of his proclamation of Emancipation.* On this point the contest is now being waged. A hundred arguments are scattered over the land in support of this demand. "It will conciliate the people of the South—it will be a practical offer of compromise—it will give us peace." This is what we are told must come from the arbogation of a solemn decree. "It will be a step in the immediate path of peace." Then we may see "the permanent flags of truce" for which Mr. Reed is constantly at his devotions. But can we believe these men? If we grant this first demand—what next? If we surrender emancipation, will their demands cease? If we give up the outworks, can we hope to be unmolested in the citadel? We can only sustain our cause by sustaining it from the beginning to the end. If we surrender emancipation, they will demand confiscation, and eventually recognition. And, judging events by events, the temper of men now by their temper before this war came to us, their associations, sympathies, and antecedents, we believe that every follower in this crusade upon emancipation would rejoice in an ultimate recognition of the rebellion. The progress of men in political heresies is as easy and as rapid as that of Æneas to the infernal regions. Few, indeed, are the men who were in favor of the South at the beginning that are not in favor of it now. They have been sympathizers from the first. Time and political success have emboldened them, and now they open their campaign. Their assault is upon the President of the United States, and the object of that assault is to compel him to rescind the proclamation of Emancipation.

We think we can assure the country that, from all we know of the President of the United States, he will neither surrender nor amend this mighty weapon against the rebellion. He approached emancipation cautiously—we might say that he was driven to it by the necessities of events and the appalling power of the rebellion—it was no measure of his own choosing. The dread it has inspired in the the South shows that it was well timed. It may fail as a thousand of other schemes have failed since the beginning of the world; but the efforts will be made, and what is more, it will be sustained by the combined power of the Republic.—*Phil Press.*

Bold Escape of an Illinois Soldier from Charleston.—The following is an extract of a letter recently received by the Rev. Mr. Schrider, of Washington county, Illinois, from his son, recently a prisoner at Charleston, S. C.:

"The fortunes of war decreed that I should be taken prisoner, last June, while on an expedition reconnoitering the enemy's position. While in their clutches I always had an idea of escaping. I spoke to the negro, who brought me my coarse food, and made an arrangement to escape. The negro was to furnish me with a secesh uniform, and in the evening I dressed myself in my regimentals, and was ready for a start. The faithful negro gave me the countersign, and had a boat ready. He opened the door, and I ventured on my hazardous undertaking—to pass Forts Sumter and Moultrie. I was hailed at both places, but did not venture to answer. They fired at us with muskets without hitting us, although the boat was riddled, and was with difficulty kept afloat; but we succeeded, by exerting ourselves to the utmost, in getting to sea. Oh, how my heart beat when I saw a steamer in pursuit of us firing grape and canister. But we neared the blockading squadron, who, hearing the firing and seeing the cause, let slip their anchors and rescued us."

A Hard Fight Between a Man and a Horse.—The Norfolk *Examiner* relates the following singular occurrence, as having taken place in the township of Walsingham, Canada:—"Mr. Abraham Brandow had a very narrow escape one day last week from being killed by a horse. He went into a field to catch his horse and as soon as he got near the animal it pitched at him in a determined and savage manner, bitting Brandow fearfully. Brandow, is a strong, able man, and a good horseman, and he fought the horse as long as he could with the bridle, but finding that it did not heed that weapon, he threw his arms around the horses neck and his feet around his fore legs. While in this position he threw the horse down. This of course broke his hold, and the horse soon got up again and continued the fight with renewed severity. Finally, Brandow threw himself flat upon the ground, giving up all hope, the horse continuing to bite him for some time after he lay perfectly still. Even after the animal had left and gone some distance it returned and bit Brandow several times. Strange to say, the horse did not strike or attempt to stamp the man, but tried and did kneel on him, as if trying to crush him with his knees. Brandow had his clothes almost entirely torn off, and from one of his arms the flesh."

Extraordinary Marriage.—A singular couple got married in Chester county, Pa., the other day, merely making the following declaration in the presence of friends:

"We, Orton S. Murry and Lydia P. Jacobs, make known to these, our friend, that we have chosen each other for conjugal companionship, in prosperity and adversity, in life and till death. We ask no license, we submit to no dictation. We bow to no authority. We recognize no God nor Almighty power to guide us.—Our promises are to ourselves and each other, not to others. Our trust is not in others, but in ourselves and each other."

Exempts from Future Draft.—It has been decided that if a person has been drafted and furnishes a substitute who is under age or an alien, he is free from all future drafts. But should the substitute be on the roll of the militia, and another draft is ordered and the substitute is drawn the principal who employed the substitute has to go himself or procure another person.—*Phil. Press.*

A Wife on the Battle Field.

The following extract from a letter, dated at Corinth on the 6th ult., has been published. It vividly portrays the fearful emotions and anxious thoughts which torture the mind of an observer during the progress of a battle, and narrates but one of the many harrowing scenes of war which, if described, would seem "stranger than fiction."

"Oh, my friend! how can I tell you of the tortures that have nearly crazy me for the last three days. Pen is powerless to trace words weak to convey, one little of the misery I have endured. I thought myself strong before. I have seen so much of suffering that I thought my nerves had grown steady, and I could bear anything; but to-day I am weak and trembling like a frightened child.

"But do not wonder at it. My dear husband lies beside me, wounded unto death, perhaps. I have lost all hope of saving him, though I thank God for the privilege of being this moment beside him. And besides this all around me the sufferers lie moaning in agony. There has been little time to tend to them, poor fellows.—True, the surgeons are busy all the time, but all the wounded have not yet been brought in, and it seems as if the time would never come when our brave men shall have been made as comfortable as circumstances may permit. It is awful to look around me. I can see every imaginable form of suffering, and yet am helpless to aid them any of consequence.

"Since night before last I have not left my husband's side a moment, except to get such things as I required, or to hand some poor fellow a cup of water. Even as I write, my heart throbs achingly to hear the groans and sharp cries about me. F. is sleeping, and I dare not close my eyes lest he should die while I sleep. And it is to keep awake, and in a manner relieve my over-burdened heart, that I am writing to you now under such sad auspices.

"On the morning of the 3d instant the fight began. The attack was made on Gen. McArthur's division, and we could plainly hear the roar of the artillery here, as it is only about two miles and a half distant from this place. Oh, the fearful agony of that awful, awful day! I had seen F. a moment early in the morning, but it was only a moment, when he bade me good-bye, saying hurriedly, as he tore himself away:—'Pray for me, my wife; and if I fall, God protect you!' There was something in his look and tone which struck a chill to my heart, and every moment after I knew the fight had begun I felt as if he had indeed fallen. I cannot feel how long it was before I heard that Oglesby's brigade was engaged, but it seemed an age to me. After that my agony was nearly intolerable. I never had a tho't of fear for myself; I was thinking only of F. Then I got the word that he had been hotly pursued by the rebels and had fallen back.

"Lately in the afternoon I succeeded in gaining a little intelligible information. Poor General Hackleman was shot through the neck while giving a command, and fell mortally wounded. He died between ten and eleven o'clock the same night, I have since learned. Up to the time of receiving the wound he had acted with the greatest bravery and enthusiasm, tempered by a coolness that made every action effective. When dusk at last put an end to the first day's conflict I learned that General Oglesby had been dangerously wounded, but could gain no intelligence of my husband. I could not bear the suspense. Dark as it was, and hopeless as it seemed to search for him then, I started out to the battle field.

"Oh, *how* shall I describe the search of that night? It looked like madness. It *was* madness. But all night long I straggled amongst bleeding corpses, over dead horses, trampled limbs, shattered artillery—everything that goes to make up the horror of a battle field when the conflict is over. They were removing the wounded all night. Oh, how awful to stumble over the dead and hear the cries of the wounded and dying alone, and in the night time. I had to start off alone, else they would not have let me go.

"As you may suppose I could not find him, either amongst the living or the dead. But the next morning, just after sunrise, I came to a little clump of timber where a horse had fallen—his head shot off and his body half covering a man whom I supposed dead. His face was to the ground, but as I stooped to look closer, I perceived a faint movement of the body, then heard a faint moan. I stopped and turned the face upward. The head and face were both covered with blood, but when I turned it to the light I knew it in spite of its disfiguration. Oh God, the agony of that moment sickened me almost to suffocation.

"With a strength I thought impossible in me, I drew him, crushed and bleeding, from beneath the carcass of our poor old horse, whom we had both loved and petted, and dipping my handkerchief in a little pool of water amongst the bushes, bathed his face and pressed some moisture between his parched, swollen lips. He was utterly insensible, and there was a dreadful wound in his head. Both limbs were crushed hopelessly beneath the horse. He was utterly beyond the reach of human skill to save, but as soon as possible I had him conveyed to the hospital. I have nursed him ever since, hopelessly and with a heart breaking with grief.

"Oh! how many wives, how many mothers, are to-day mourning the dead and dying, even as I mourn my dying! He has not opened his eyes to look at or spoken to me since he fell. Oh! could he but speak to me once before he dies, I should give him up with more resignation. But to die thus—without a look or word!—Oh, my heart is breaking!"

The Manufacture of Molasses.—"It is an ill wind that blows no good," is an old proverb, which was never more verified than during this war.—While the rebellion has closed up many avenues of industry and wealth it has caused others to be opened, even better for the wealth of the people. The most recent evidence of this fact is furnished by a reference to the new modes lately brought into requisition in this State for the manufacture of sugar and molasses. We are informed that a gentleman in Lancaster has raised, on a quarter of an acre of ground, sufficient cane to produce 87 gallons of molasses. The manufacture of molasses in that section is such that a mill has been kept so busy this season that increased facilities are necessary, and another mill is to be erected to meet the demand. Last year one mill made over 1,160 gallons, and this year the amount will reach 2,000, which shows that this matter is receiving practical attention from our agriculturists. The manufacture of the molasses costs the cane-grower about 17 cents per gallon, and the article when fit for use is worth 50 cents. That the mill is worked to its full capacity may be judged from the fact that in fourteen days of the present season over 800 gallons of molasses were made. The experiment seems to work well.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ Talking to boys in public meeting is getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross is a great Temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property, then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"*Us boys!*"

Billy was thunderstruck for a moment; but, recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

Gen. Loan, of Missouri.

The Chicago *Tribune* having classified Gen. Loan, Congressman elect from the St. Joseph District, as a Democratic and anti-Emancipationist, the St. Joe *Herald* of the 16th puts in the following rejoinder:—

"Let us say, once for all, that General Loan never was a Democrat, in the party sense of that term. He is to-day, heart and soul, for the thorough and eternal eradication of Secession from Missouri. He is in favor of making Missouri a free State, and he has not a conservative hair in his head, as the word is used in our day and generation. The Administration will have no truer friend or warmer supporter in either branch of the American Congress, in all its endeavors to crush treason and aid the Border States to throw off the incubus that weighs them down, than Ben. Loan.

☞ A strange incident occurred the other day at Elberfield. A young man took a phosphoric match from a box to light a cigar. The matches being tightly packed, the young man introduced his finger nail between then to extract one, when a small portion of phosphorus passed under the nail and ignited. The flame was immediately extinguished, but the hand swelled so much that a surgeon advised its amputation. The young man would not consent to this, and in a few hours afterward his whole arm had to be amputated to save his life.

Dead Letters.—It has been the habit of the dead letter office to send back only those letters that contained matters of value; but for the past year the experiment has been tried of sending all letters, and the result has been very satisfactory. Not more than sixteen per cent. of the letters had been returned to the Department, and the double postage that is charged has realized a surplus over the expense.

TALLEYRAND and ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand came to Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of this reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; but whether from America or England I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who, in his life, was Bishop, Prince, and Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's room, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman before him was an American he solicited his kind feelings and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends!—A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends."

This strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man of the New World who could raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend—not one in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into the chair, gasping the words:

"Arnold, *the Traitor!*"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

[Will not the earth be a grand Cain brake after the great treason of the United States shall have been quelled, and the traitors driven forth like Cain to mingle with mankind of every clime?]

A Traitor's Toast.—The following toast was recently proposed by one of a party of officers in a drinking saloon in Harrisburg. The author is said to hold a position in a Pennsylvania regiment:

"The soldiers of the Potomac: their leader is gone—may they throw down their arms and turn their backs to the Southerners!"

The *Telegraph* says this toast was drank by a party of officers—the sentiment was applauded in drunken revelry—the treason was uttered by a wretched coward, who daily pockets the money of the Government without giving a proper return for its pay. The name of the officer will be forwarded to the Secretary of War.

☞ A crowd collected around a dilapidated specimen of humanity near the corner of Fifth and Sycamore sts., Cincinnati, to ascertain what he had lost.

"O, darn it, I've lost some money," was the reply.

One of the party immediately got a light, and after searching for a long time, he turned to the lookers on and assistants and remarked:

"I don't care a darn for the cent; I just wanted to see where it would roll to."

Yankee escaped a thrashing by using his legs.

The Cap of Liberty.—The explanation of the cap of liberty is this: "After the death of Cæsar, the conspirators, who had secured his death, marched out with a cap as an ensign of Liberty, carried before them on a spear—the cap without a head, indicating that the tyrant had lost his power. From that fact, and for this reason, it has ever since been an emblem of Liberty."

From Europe.

The news from Europe, brought by the Arabia, settles the question of mediation and of intervention by the European Powers in our affairs for the present, at least, if not altogether. Russia holds back, England refuses, and France alone is willing to interfere in what is none of her business That both Russia and England are wise they, happily, are persuaded, and we are confident that France will be led into the path of wisdom, though may be against her will. Should the Emperor propose to adopt a policy in which he would find backers in the other Great Powers, it might possibly lead to new complications from which it might not be easy to extricate himself with honor and credit. So shrewd a ruler will not fail to foresee such a possibility, and conclude that the safer and wiser way is to let us alone.

The apprehension of any interference on the part of European Powers in the war in this country has not of late been much felt, but so long as it remained a doubt it was a painful one. There will be a sense of relief, now, at its positive removal, and the Nation will feel all the stronger in the sense that it confronts all the possible difficulties of the case in the suppression, pure and simple, of the Southern Rebellion.

How Brownlow was Challenged.

Parson Brownlow, in his speech at Chicago, recently, told how he was once challenged to mortal combat by a secessionist, and the result. He said:

Almost the last thing that happened to me before they crushed out my paper, was a challenge to fight a duel from a secessionist editor in the South, Lewis H. Pope, a specimen of humanity who weighed ninety-five pounds, a worse looking man than Alick Stephens. He supposed that, being a preacher and editor I wouldn't fight, but he waked up the wrong passenger. [Applause.] I accepted his challenge, and wrote in the letter that being the challenged party, I had the right to dictate the weapons, time and place. It was then summer time and hot weather. I said: I elect that we fight immediately after the first hard rain that comes, in a hog pen.—The weapons shall be two large, four-pronged iron dung-forks, [continued laughter,] and whoever shall shovel the other out, should be regarded as having killed him in mortal combat.' [Vociferous laughter.] He replied that the terms were cruel, inhuman and contrary to the laws of dueling, and he backed out; and well he might, for he knew that I could have shoveled him out in less than no time.—[Laughter.]

Kindness to Parents.—Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that led him from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow, damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the grey-headed father, that you were very kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly have they been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed on their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and cherub arm were all mysterious to them.

Women the Cause.—It is stated that the opposition which the draft commissioners of Ozaukee county, Wisconsin had to encounter was from the women, not the men. The men looked on complacently. To all appearance they were willing to go; but the women had no notion of letting them, and, to prevent the possibility of such a disaster, they made a dead set on the official with clubs, bludgeons, sticks, stones, &c., broke his head, smashed the draft box, and in divers other ways put the commissioner *hors du combat.*

☞ Richmond is the best flour market in the South. Her mills are as famous as those of Rochester, N. Y., and yet, a week or two ago, flour was selling in Richmond at $27 a bbl.; white wheat at $4 a bushel; red $3,95; unbolted corn-meal at $2 a bushel, and bran at 60 cents. With such prices ruling in the best market of the Confederates, and that immediately after harvest, the prospect for the winter and spring months is not the most cheerful they could contemplate.

☞ A new way of keeping warm has been put in practice with good effect. It is to have a buck-wheat cake made large enough to cover the bed, like a quilt, and spread over it "piping hot," the time of retiring.—When made of sufficient thickness, it retains the heat until morning—and then, if a person is too lazy to get up, he can make a very good breakfast by eating off the the edges as he lies.

☞ Anybody who supposes that locking a girl in a back room will prevent her from knowing what love means, might as well undertake to keep strawberries from blushing in June, by whispering in their ears about that snow we had last winter.