BEAVER ARGUS.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1864.

D. L. IMBRIE, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, IN ADVANCE; otherwise Two Dollars will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are settled.

☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

FARM FOR SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Vendue, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1864, on the premises, the following described property, situated in Big Beaver township, Lawrence county, late the property of David Boyd, dec'd, containing about

NINETY-FIVE ACRES.

adjoining lands of William Paden on the north, and Andrew Boyd on the south, on which is a good comfortable dwelling house, with a well of good water in the kitchen, with a good stone pump in it. Also a good bank Barns under part of stone, upper part frame—and all other out-buildings necessary on a farm.—There is a spring of excellent water convenient to the house, with a good milk house.—There are about 75 acres of cleared land, about 12 of which is meadow; all under a good state of cultivation. There is a good orchard of fruit trees of apples, peaches and cherries. There are two veins of stone coal, one 2½ feet, and the other 3 feet. The property is situated within one mile of the Pittsburgh and Chicago railroad, and three miles from the New Castle and Beaver Valley railroad. There is a State road passing through it.

Possession will be given on the 1st of April, at which time a good and sufficient deed will be made. The terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale by the subscribers, who are legally authorized to sell said property.

JOHN I. REED.
ANDREW J. BOYD.

Jan. 13-td.

BEAVER COUNTY,

In the Orphans' Court in and for Beaver county, before the Hon. Daniel Agnew, President, and Andrew Stevenson, Judges of said Court; In the matter of the partition of the real estate of Uriah Hunter, dec'd. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: To Robert Hunter, of Beaver county, Mary, a sister, intermarried with David Porter, of Louisa county, Iowa; Hannah, a sister, intermarried with Thos Sergeant, late of Louisa county aforesaid, Minerva, a sister, intermarried with Josiah Hartzell, of Cumberland county, Ohio; Jane, a sister, intermarried with Milo Bradshaw, of Beaver county; Frances, a sister intermarried with Isaac Shafer, of Beaver county, all above 21 years of age, and all others, greeting:—You and each of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Hon. Judges aforesaid, at an Orphan's Court, to be held at Beaver, in and for said county, on the first Monday of March next, to accept or refuse the real estate of said deceased, situate in Ohio tp., Beaver county, Pa., at the appraisement put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by said Court, and returned by the Sheriff to September Term, 1863, and found to contain as follows, to wit: Purpart "A" (Evanston) containing 117 acres, valued at $28 per acre. Purpart "B" containing 91 acres 25 perches, valued at $24 per acre—and in the event that no one appears to show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Hon. Daniel Agnew, President of our said Court at Beaver, this 14th day of November, 1863.

A. G. M'CREARY, Clk.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer for sale on TUESDAY, the 26th, 1863, a Farm in Lawrence county, Pa., adjoining land with Wm. Phillips, A. P. Friend & Co., and others, 1-2 mile from Wampum Furnace, 1-2 mile from Furnace, 1-2 mile from Beaver Creek, 3 miles from Beaver Falls, 3 miles from the New Castle and Beaver Valley R. R. Crossing, 4 miles from the N. Castle and Erie R. R. Crossing.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE ACRES, of which there are 75 acres in a three field system, also a small orchard of young trees, of choice fruit, and a number of good apple trees in bearing order. Also a never failing stream of good water. Still on the premises is a frame, 25 by 16 feet, story high.

Persons can call on Wm. Kennedy, Newcastle, or the subscriber in Chippewa tp. and be shown the farm on day of sale. Sale to take place at 1 o'clock.

Title warranted.

JOSEPH BRITTAIN.

SUPERIOR TRACT OF LAND For Sale!

The undersigned offers for sale a tract of land, situate in Beaver county, Pa., about 3 miles from New Brighton, 4 miles from Beaver, 11 miles from Rochester, 3 miles from New Brighton and Rochester Turnpike, and 2 miles from a railroad station on the Ohio river, in a good state of cultivation. There is on the premises a large and commodious Dwelling House, Barn, Wagon House and other out-buildings, a large new Frame House, and a good Orchard of young bearing fruit trees.

The property is now offered for sale at private sale. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the premises before purchasing elsewhere. Terms will be made so easy as to make it convenient for any man of limited means to purchase. Possession given on the 1st of April next.

WM. B. CLARKE, Beaver, Pa.

FOR SALE.

The commodious two-story dwelling house situated in the borough of Lower Sewickley, Pa., on the bank of Ohio river, having a full view of the boats and both railroads, viz: Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, and Cleveland & Pittsburg. Said house stands on the corner of Second and Elm streets, and opposite Beaver & Ohio R. R. It contains 12 rooms, pantry and closet apartments. There is a good cistern convenient; an ice-house; a large domestic building, containing a kitchen, work-shop, wood and coal house, and other conveniences; there is also a commodious stable, carriage-house, poultry-house and yard; a great variety of fruit trees of the best quality, such as apples, peaches, cherries, plums, and all kinds of berries, grapes, etc. The aforesaid buildings are well painted, and well-roofed in defence of lightning. Those wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves.

The conditions of pay made easy.

jan6.'64 HENRY BRIGGS.

The Howe Sewing Machine.—

(INVENTED IN 1845.)

In 1862, at the WORLD'S FAIR, awarded a UNION GOLD MEDAL as the best Sewing Machine for all purposes on exhibition; being Four Gold Medals for *superior sewing*, that to as many exhibitors.

SPECIALTIES.—1. Family Machine. 2. Family and Tailoring. 3. Tailoring and Gaiter Fitting. 4. Boot and Shoe (heavy). 5. Carriage Trimming and Harness Making.

The stitch is reversible. The Family Machine guarantee to make perfect work equal well on the lightest and Heaviest Fabrics. For sale by

A. B. MAY, Agent, Beaver, Pa.

Oct. 7, 1863.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 40—No. 3. Beaver, Wednesday, January 27, 1864. Established 1818

Time Table.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH, R. R.

Beaver Station—Going East.

Commencing, Monday, Nov 16, 1863.—Trains leave Beaver Station as follows:

8:30 A. M.	Arrives at Pittsburgh,	10:00	A. M.
2:20 P. M.	" "	3:50	P. M.
6:54 P. M.	" "	8:50	P. M.

Going West—

Trains leave Pittsburgh as follows:

6:15 A. M.	Arrives at Beaver,	7:45	A. M.
3:00 P. M.	" "	4:25	P. M.
1:45 P. M.	Rochester	3:00	P. M.
1:45 A. M.	"	3:10	A. M.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, *Pres't.*

F. R. MYERS, *Gen'l Ticket Agent.*

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.

Rochester Station—Going East.

	Leaves Rochester	Arr. at Pitts.
1st Brigh'n Accom.	5:40 A. M.	7:20 A. M.
2d Brigh'n "	7:10 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3d Brigh'n "	12:30 P. M.	2:35 P. M.
4th Brighton "	3:00 P. M.	4:50 P. M.
Mail,	5:15 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
1st Express,	1:05 A. M.	2:20 A. M.
2d Express,	2:05 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
Cincin'ti Exp.	6:45 P. M.	7:50 P. M.

Going West—

	Leaves Pitts.	Arr. at Rochester.
Frostline Accom.	2:15 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
1st Brigh'n Accom.	9:15 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
2d Brigh'n "	12:00 A. M.	1:32 P. M.
3d " "	4:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
4th " "	5:40 P. M.	7:20 P. M.
Mail,	7:00 A. M.	8:20 A. M.
1st Express,	1:45 A. M.	3:00 A. M.
2d Express,	1:44 P. M.	3:00 P. M.

AUG. BRADLEY, Supt., E. D.

Quarterly Statement of Bank of Beaver County.

NEW BRIGHTON, Nov. 4, 1863.

RESOURCES.

Notes and bills discounted, active	$68,724 48
Same under protest	100 00
U. S. 5-20 6 per cent. coupon bonds.	82,300 00
U. S. 7 3-10 per cent. trens. notes..	4,850 00
Furniture and office fixtures	1,958 95
Due from other banks	17,075 56
Notes and checks of other banks and U. S. Treasury notes	35,718 85
Coin in vault	7,196 08
Protest account	1 41
	$216,925 33

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$195,050 00
Notes in circulation	1,400 00
Due depositors	112,867 25
Due the Commonwealth	2,720 17
Profits and earnings	767 16
Dividends unpaid	4,620 75
	$216,925 33

I certify that the above statement is true and correct according to the best of my knowledge and belief. EDWARD HOOPS, Cash'r.

Affirmed and subscribed before me, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1863.

W. B. BRIGGS, J. P.

NEW GROCERY AND PRODUCE STORE.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened a GROCERY & PRODUCE STORE in the room formerly occupied by Stokes & Tallon, and directly opposite the *Argus* office, where we will keep constantly on hand and for sale a large assortment of Groceries, such as

COFFEE,	RICE,
TEA,	MOLASSES,
SUGAR,	SYRUP;

Also, FLOUR, POTATOES, and all other articles usually kept in a Grocery store.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market price

dec9 T. T. McKIBBIN.

"Union Hotel,"

BEAVER, PENN'A.

ALEX. CLARK, PROPRIETOR

IN addition to the conveniences of a first class Hotel, the Proprietor has fitted up in the house, in a complete and satisfactory manner, an

OYSTER SALOON,

where the best quality of Oysters may be obtained during their season, in any desired style. Families can be furnished with Oysters, by the can or dozen. The table is furnished with all the luxuries the PITTSBURG MARKET can afford.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited. dec17

A THOUSAND YEARS,

Work's Great War Song, Words and Music, in January Number.

A SCHOOL MAGAZINE FREE!—CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.—Volume VIII.

The Publisher of this favorite Monthly, in order to reach all schools, will send the VISITOR one year *gratis* to one person (who will act as Agent), at an post-office in the United States. This is an unparalleled offer.

Address, with five cents enclosed, for particulars,

J. W. DAUGHADAY,
Publisher,
1308 Chuestnut St., Phila., Pa

GLORIOUS NEWS!

Not from the Army but from the Town of Beaver.

New Shoe Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Beaver County that, in addition to his well selected stock of CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS, he has lately purchased a well selected stock of BOOTS and SHOES of every kind and variety. My stock is the largest ever brought to the county, and I am determined to sell "cheaper than the cheapest".—Mind the sign of the "Big Hat."

Sept. 9, '63. P. N. ATKINS.

PROF. WOOD'S RESTORATIVE CORDIAL and Blood Renovator, the genuine article, for sale at the Drug Store of

oct23 DR. C. P. CUMMINS.

Letter from the 100th Regiment.

BLAINS CROSS ROADS, TENN.,
Camp 100th Reg't., Pa. Vols.,
December 31st, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Grand military movement in the Department of the Ohio, have for the present, come to a stand still; and once more we are enjoying the dull monotony of camp life.—Two weeks ago, we thought Gen. Longstreet had some notion of giving us battle in this valley, but he acted on the adage, "Prudence is the better part of valor," and withdrew his forces from our front, and rumor now says, they are making their way over the smoky mountains, to North Carolia, thus giving up East Tennessee as lost to them forever. During our late Campaigns—never in the history of this war, have men endured the hardships and sufferings, that the army of the Ohio, has done. The majority of the men are almost destitute of clothing, many have marched for days, and performed duty in the camp and upon the battle-field without shoes, and have lived upon less than half rations, and often nothing but *parched corn*. Still not a murmer escaped the lips of those brave men, all were, "Gay and happy still." Each one knew that the Government not ceased to care for them, but that their privations depended upon the difficulty of getting the supplies to them and that there was no blame upon the Government. The soldiers of this Department, are not demoralized, and dissatisfied with the war, as many at home, would try to make the public believe. Instead of seeking for a chance to quit the service, *old battle scared veterans*, from the different States, are —— with each other, to see which will be first to again be mustered as "veterans," under the old flag, to fight till treason goes down to rise no more.

The 100th P. V. whose first term of enlistment, would have expired in eight months from to day, have as an organization re-enlisted almost to a man, for the peroriod of three years more. A thirty day's furlough will soon be granted to the regiment, permitting each one to visit his loved ones at home. Nearly all regiments in this Department that have served over two years, are following the example set by the *Roundheads*.—When men who have served as long, and and fought upon as many bloody fields, as of the 9th A. C. will again re-enlist, in the field, for three years more, is ample proof that the army is not tired of the war. Tis true, all desire peace—but that peace must be without compromise with traitors.—The step now taken by those old regiments, speak in thundering tones to *Jeff. Davis*, and his followers, that nothing short of submission and a return to their allegiance, or annihilation awaits them. The old soldiers who have *been tried*, and not found wanting, are not willing now to leave the field of *glory*, and silently, be looking on while traitors of the South, and their allies of the North, seek to trail in the dust the emblem of our nation, and scorn this Union. *No, never*, will they be found inactive.—But once again, they have rallied round their flag, and never will they put off their armor, till traitors lay down their arms, and peace once more reigns throughout our once happy land.

Yours Respectfully,
W. C. SHURLOCK,
Asst. Surg. 100th, Reg. P. V.

For the Argus.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me a small space in your paper, to call attention to a subject in which every citizen, male and female is deeply interested. It cannot have escaped the notice of any observer, that intemperance is alarmingly upon the increase among us.

There was a time, when as a community we boasted of our immunity from glaring vices; when a man under the influence of strong drink was a varity — not so now. With stealthy, but none the less rapid advance, intemperance has grown to be a giant evil, threatening the prospects, and mining the happiness of many.—In a reflecting mind, this knowledge will awaken sad thoughts and gloomy apprehensions. The long catalogue of ills that follow its train naturally present themselves. The ruined bodies, blighted prospects and wrecked souls, the desolated homes, neglected interests, and poverty stricken, sorrow crushed families.

The object of this article is to call the attention of our citizens to this matter. Cannot something be done to stay the rushing tide. It is not too late. There are those who can be saved, if only the effort is made. The interests of humanity and of those dear to us demand it. Our sons and brothers are exposed to temptation every day. They may be safe to day, but unless we are round to their danger and a healthy public sentiment is stimulated, they may fall to-morrow. Will not some of our good citizens take the matter in hand and devise some means by which the evil may be reached. Good can and will be accomplished. Some who may have taken one backward step, may be induced to return, and others who are safe may be kept safe by a timely action.

CITIZEN.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The following is a vivid discription of the horrors of a battle field. Our readers will recognize it as being from the pen of B. F. Taylor, a war correspondent for the western press. "When a furnance is in blast, the red fountain sparkles plays like a mountian spring, and the rude surroundings brighten to the peak of the rough rafters with a strange beauty. When the fire is out, and the black and ragged masses of dull iron lie dead upon the ground, with a dumb and stubborn resistance, who would dream that they ever leaped with light?

A battle and a furnance are alike. It is wonderful how dull natures brighten and grow mostly in the glow of battle; how the smiling wrath and wealth that are in them shine out, and the common man stands transfigured, his heart in his hand, and his foot in the the realm of heroic grandeur.—But ah, when the fire is out, and the scarred earth is heaped with clay, the black mouths of the guns speechless, mighty hammers and no hands, the flags furled, the wild hurrah died away, and all the splendid action of the charge vanished from the rugged field like a last flash of sunshine, and you wander among the dull remainders, the dead [illegible] of the intensest life and glow [illegible] your soul out, only [illegible] it on with the skirmish line, you begin to know what those words mean, "after the battle."

It is days since great waves of gallant life dashed against Mission Ridge and swept up and over it in surges days since I tried to tell you how it all looked; so many days that it is even now indurating into history, and yet I feel like taking up the story just where I felt it on Wednesday night at sunset, when our flag flopped like eagles' wings, and the wild cry of triumph quivered along the mountain. Standing on the edge of the field in the moonlight, calm as "God's acre," stretches the rough valley that, but an hour before, jarred with the rush and whirl of the battle. From away beyond the ridge, indeed, out to Chickamauga Station, the dropping shot from Sheridan's guns faintly punctuate the silence, but here, listen as you will, you can hear no sound but the click of ambulance wheels, slowly rattling in with their mangled burdens, no sigh, no groan, nothing but the sobbing lapse of the Tennessee. I can never tell you with what a warm heart I looked up and saw the Federal fire kindling like a new constellation upon Mission Ridge; they were as welcome as dawning day to eyes that have watched the night out. The old baleful glare from rebel camp and signal light was quenched with someting thicker than water, and Chattanooga was at peace.

It is strange that a battle almost always lies between two breadths of sleep; the dreamless slumber into which men fall upon its eve; the calm repose they sink into at its end.—Night fairly held its breath above the camps; the wing of silence was over them all. Then came Thursday morning, bright and beautiful. You go out to the field; you keep saying over and over, "after the battle—after the battle." Men prone upon their faces, in death's deep abasement; here one, his head pillowed upon his folded arms; there one, his cheek pressed upon a stone: as was Jacob's at Bethel: yonder one, his fingers stiffened round his musket. Now you pass where a butternut and a true blue have gone down together, the arm of the one flung over the other; where a young boy of fifteen lies face upward, both hands clasped over the heart.—The sun has touched the frost that whitened his hair, as if he had grown old in a night, and it hangs like tears fresh fallen upon his cheeks; where a Lieutenant grasps a bush, as if he died vainly feeling for a little hold upon earth and life, where a stained trail leads you to a shelter behind a rock, and there a dead Captain, who had crept away out of sight, and fallen asleep, where rebels and true hearts lie in short windrows, as if death had begun the harvest, and had wearied of the work.

And so, through the valley and up the ridge, in every attitude lie the unburied dead; lie just as they fell in the glow of the battle. And these faces are not as you think, hardly one distorted with any passion: almost all white and calm as Ben Adhem's dream of peace; many brightened with something like a smile; a few strangely beautful. Wounded ones that escaped the moonlight search have lain silently waiting for morning, without a murmer or complaint; glad they were alive; not grieved they are wounded, for "did we not take the ridge!" they say; thus did the old soldierly spirit of one flash up like an expiring candle, and go out right there on the field as he spoke; he died with the last words on his lips, and "went up higher."

I said something of taking the backward step and retracing the ground made classic by a thousand deeds of valor; it is a work beyond the narrow verge of a writer of letters, but while abandoning it so more ambitious, hands I cannot deny myself the privilege of recording two or three incidents, Col. Wiley, of the 41st Ohio fell terrible wounded at the first line of rifle pits, and Gen. Hazen rode up with the words, "I hope you are not badly wounded." "Do you think we'll make it?" asked the Colonel. "I do," was the reply. "That's enough," said the gallant officer, "I can stand this!" and there he lay bleeding and content, and the tide of battle rolled on.

A division General turned abruptly to me in the course of a desultory conversation, with, "If you write anything about Wednesday's affair, as you will, forget Col. Miller, of the 36th Illinois—one of the most gallant little fellows that ever drew a sword." I did not need that injunction, for Colonel Silas Miller rode through the storm to the summit of the Ridge at the head of his regiment like a veteran, inspiring his men till the little 36th was a phalanx of heroes. The Colonel used to be adjutant of types and lead a column, now and then; in the office of the Chicago *Journal*, and true to his old love, he headed a column at Mission Ridge. Col. Frank T. Sherman, of your city, who commanded Gen. Steedman's brigade, displayed a cool courage and clear judgment worthy the name and fame of Illinois. In truth, all the Colonels on that day were fit to be named with him of continental memory, "the old fashioned Colonel," who "galloped through the white infernal powder cloud."

Spots all along that rough and terrible mountain route are waiting some poet's breath to blossom with flowers immortal. Here, by this gray rock flag the soldier, one shoulder shattered like a piece of potters clay, and thus urged two comrades who halted to bear him to the rear.—"Don't stop for me—I'm of no account for God's sake push right up with the boys!" And on they went, and left him in his bloody vestments. Do ye talk of your royal purple of Tyrian dyes? Beside that hero lying there, those tints grow dull as gray November. Hard by that little oak, Colonel Harker, crowding up the hill, saw two brothers, one wounded unto death, the other bending over him.

The Colonel not seeing the fallen man, ordered the other to move on.—The poor stricken fellow on the ground rallied in an instant; "yes that's right, George; go on, go on." George turned a piteous look upon his dying brother grasped his musket and clambered on. And that was his last farewell, for, the summit reached, he hastened back, and there beside the little oak, the soldier lay in that sleep without a dream. Between the first and second ranges of rebel works right in the flesh of the charge, a captain fell, and two came to his aid. Don't wait here he said "go back to your company; one useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain as they took the rifle pit.

"Don't you hear, that!" he cried, "march," and away they went. Such incidents as these strew all the way from base happening in an instant, lost and forgotten in the whirlwind; worth, every one of them, of a place in loyal hearts. With such a spirit as the Alpine traveller breathed, whose burden, as he went, was still "excelsior," who can wonder that Mission Ridge was carried in a November afternoon? As I think of it all, I seem to have the poet's quickened ear, and to me, standing in the valley below, from hundreds of lips now white and still, a voice flows down the ridge, in grand accord:

"A voice comes like a falling star
Excelsior!"

CONSCIENCE TROUBLED THEM.—An exchange paper says: A man in a certain village, with whom we are acquainted, having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following notice:

"I purchased of a grocery in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand; and if the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of goodsugar, (scripture measure,) I will be satisfied; if not I shall expose him"

On the following day, nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself to be the person intended.

☞ A distinguished clergyman being requested to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying, that "as his friend was going to do the mowing, he might whit his own scythe."

Rebel Prison Described by a Rebel.

A correspondent of the Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard* gives the following account of the manner in which the military prison at Weldon is managed:—MR. EDITOR: I see some one makes a suggestion through your paper that an agent be appointed to visit military prisons and ascertain the condition and treatment of the prisoners (North Carolinians) there confined, and report the same to the Governor or Legislature, &c. This is certainly a most judicious, useful and appropriate suggestion, and I hope will at once receive the proper attention from the Legislature. Probably it is impracticable for the Legislature to make any law pertaining to the discipline and treatment of Confederate troops just now, but it is only desired that the law making power of the State of North Carolina look into the treatment of her citizens, to the end that justice, proper redress, and the good of the service may be secured. This agent should be one who duly appreciates a wholesome and lawful exercise of discipline among our troops, and also one who knows the rights of private soldiers, and would, under all circumstances, do everything possible to give justice and a fair and speedy trial to all North Carolina prisoners. The Legislature should authorize this agent to ascertain and report on the cases of all prisoners thus confided in North Carolina, and of all North Carolinans confined elsewhere in the Confederacy.

Much of the duty of this agent would depend on the courtesy and discretion of Confederate military authorities. President Davis would, I think, readily order all the necessary facilities and privileges extended to this agent. It would be proper to continue him a year or more, as may be thought necessary. This measure is entirely practicable, and a more wise, humane, and necessary mission could hardly be provided by the Legislature. There are at this moment over one thousand citizens of the State confined within the limits of the State, under guard and without trial. Some of these men I know to have been thus confined nearly five months, and have never had any trial, and do not know the charges against them. Some of these prisoners are subjected to the most cruel and inhuman treatment by the military commander in charge of them. I am more familiar with the management of the military prison at Weldon, under charge of General M. W. Ransom. The military prison at Weldon is a log hut, sixteen by twenty feet. One small door is the only opening, and the cracks and chincks are stopped tight with clay, and there is a chimney at one end. In this place, forty and fifty persons of all classes and ages, are kept constantly. Very few have blankets, and not more than one or two have a change of clothes. All have to stand inside this hut the whole time.

From morning till night, and from night till morning, these men are crammed and packed together, in lice and filth, with neither room to sit or lie, and thus they have been for weeks and months. They are not allowed to get newspapers, to write letters, or have any communication whatever with the outside world. If they attempt to be so, the guard is ordered to shoot them. They are fed on half rations; that is, half of the rations given to troops in the field. These prisoners got one half pound of beef, or one fourth pound of bacon for two days, and from four to seven crackers a day. This is absolutley all they are allowed to have, and they are prohibited from buying or getting anything else to eat whatever. The beef furnished them is sometimes rotten carron, and very often the crackers are full of worms, cobwebs, and mouldy. Many of these men are starving and becoming weak and lean from continual hunger. They often eat up the morsel allowed them at one time, and do without for two days—till next draw day.

The guard are subject to severe penalties if they allow the prisoners a mouthful to eat, except what is drawn from the Commissary. These prisoners are not allowed to wash themselves or their clothes, or get their clothes washed. They are not allowed to speak to any person outside under any circumstances, unless a permit be given by the Provost Marshal to visit the guardhouse. Very few are allowed to visit the prisoners—hardly even the counsel employed in their case. While on their way to the court-martial room in Weldon, they must not speak to their witness or friend, on penality of being bayonetted or shot down on the spot. They are not allowed to vote at the State elections, and are made to do all species of labor continually—to clean around the streets and hotels of Weldon; to build and clean out the quarter and rooms of officers; to make their fires and cut their wood, &c.

Some of these men are very sick, and on requesting an employee in the Provost office for a doctor, were informed that they might "die and go to hell." This same employee a vulgar renegade Marylander—took all the letters for the prisoners from the post office and open them, and detained them also, if he thought proper, with or without orders. When his conduct was brought to the attention of the Post office Department, the commander of the post comes in and screens him from merited punishment. None of these letters thus opened were for traitors or alien enemies.—The money of the prisoners is taken from them, and they are not allowed to have any writing implements, as is alleged, because "things have been written to Governor Vance, Holden, and others."

Citizens, deserters Yankees are all huddled together; even negro prisoners have been sent in, but the prisoners unanimously determined not to submit to such amalgamation, and the guard allowed the negroes to stay outside. No pots, vessels, or conveniences are allowed. The prisoners is not allowed to go or send to the Provost Marshal or commanding officer to see about his case. Some of these men have recently been tried, by Court Martial, but their sentences are not ordered nor promulgated yet. Nearly all these men are North Carolinians, and some of them are innocent of any crime, and many of them are as good soldiers as the army contains, and deserve but little punishment.—These facts can be proven by a hundred witnesses. These prisoners style themselves the "Reserve Battalion," and the name given the prison is "For Ransom." The guard is generally kind."

"A STOPPER."—A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately peached a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person stopped and said:—

"That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed passed out."

He continued his sermon at some length after this but no one disturbed him by leaving.

☞ Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency. They will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use to a young man entering life, as to be well criticized by women. It is impossibly to get rid of those bad habits which we pick up in boyhood without this supervision. Unfortunately, you may have no sisters. Never be offended if a woman rally you out in courage her. Otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness, or little odities, and certainly never learn to dress.

☞ A curious case has occurred in London, showing the rapid course of criminal procedure in some instances. A man committed a murder—killed a woman with whom he was living on Sunday, was arrested on Monday, the inquest was held on Tuesday, he was indicted on Wednesday, brought to trial on Thursday, pleaded guilty and sentenced, before the body of his victim had been burried. In the old times of Tyburn tree he would have rode on his coffin from Newgate on Friday morning, and been hanged before a week.

☞ Sombody who knows, says when two or more women, approaching you on a narrow walk, fall behind each other to enable you to pass, you may be sure they are ladies of uncommon politeness and consideration. The usual course pursued by women is to charge along all abreast, sweeping everybody into the mud.

☞ I have a brother—a wee little chap—who somtimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk he turned around to his mother and said, "O, mother, I'm *full of glory*. There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

☞ Pass not judgment on thy fellow till thou hast been in the same predicment; say not of matters that are incomprehensible; that thou canst comprehend them; neither say when I shall have leisure I will study, lest thou may never have it.

☞ The number of political journals in paris and the departments at present is three hundred and eighteen; of unpolitical, six thousand seven hundred.

☞ The young prodigal, the Prince of Wales, has just built a private theatre for his wife and her friends to amuse themselves in.

☞ In Great Brittain they distinguised a nobleman by the star on his breast; in this country we distinguish a policeman in the same way.

☞ The day is short; the labor is great; the workmen are lazy; the pay is much; and the master of the house is urgent.

☞ To the great and patient scholar, reputation comes silently, like a fairy through the key-hole of his study.

☞ There is no doubt that the noisiest and most troublesome animal in Noah's ark was Mrs. Shem's baby.

☞ The sleep of the morning, the wine of noon, and the company of the evil, destroy mankind.

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