THE BEAVER ARGUS.
Wednesday, May 18, 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.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 40—No. 20, Beaver, Wednesday, May 18, 1864. Established 1818

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square—each subsequent insertion ... A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

A square equal to ... lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. additional to regular rates.

Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

Time Table.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH, R. R.

Beaver Station—GOING EAST.

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

8:40 A. M.	Arrives at Pittsburgh,	10:00 A. M.
2:30 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.
Crestline 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, Sup't., E. D.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

ALL persons interested in the following Administration and Guardian accounts, which have been passed and filed in the Register's Office, of Beaver county, Pa., will take notice that the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court, to be held at Beaver, on Wednesday, the 8th day of June, 1864, for confirmation and allowance.

The final account of Andrew Watterson, Administrator of the estate of David Scott, dec'd.

The final account of Andrew Watterson, Administrator of the estate of George A. Hunter, dec'd.

The final account of James Ansley, Administrator of the estate of John Ansley, dec'd.

The final account of James Mackall and Milton Calhoon, Executors of the last will and testament of George Calhoon, dec'd.

The final account of William H. Frazier, Administrator of the estate of Jonathan Hoge, dec'd.

First and final account (personal) of Robt. G. Cook, Administrator of the estate of James Cook, dec'd.

First and final account of P. M. Kerr, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Wilson, dec'd, who was Executor of the will of Samuel Wilson, sr. dec'd.

First and final account of Margaret Remler, Adm'x. of the estate of Geo. Remler, dec'd.

The account of Dr. P. M. Kerr, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Wilson, dec'd., who was Guardian of Samuel Conley and Ann E Conley, minor heirs of Nicholas Conley, dec'd.

The final account of James Warnock, Guardian of James R. Todd, minor son of James Todd, dec'd.

The account of Wm. W. Irons, Guardian of Rosanah Irons, minor daughter of John Irons, dec'd.

The account of Isaac Platt, Guardian of Matilda Herring, minor daughter of William Herring, dec'd.

The final account of Wm. K. Boden, surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Thomas Scott, dec'd.

The final account of James Allison, Executor of the last will and testament of Octavis H. Allison, dec'd.

The final account of John G. Bentel, Administrator of the estate of Chas. Hartley, dec'd.

The final account of Robert Baker, Administrator of the estate of Chas. Baker, dec'd.

The account of Helena Lampbright, Administratrix of the estate of Adam Lampbright, dec'd.

Final account of D. S. Marquis, Executor of the last will of Dr. Smith Cunningham, dec'd., who was acting Executor of the last will of Dr. Oliver Cunningham, dec'd.

The account of John Boswell and Benjamin Beilison, Executors of the last will and testament of George Boswell, dec'd.

The account of Thomas Nicholson, Executor of the last will and testament of Matilda Cool, dec'd.

The account of Jos. F. Bayless, Adm'r. of the estate of Albert Feezle, dec'd.

The Guardian account of J. G. Bentel, Guardian of Henry Holland, minor son of Beckhart Holland, dec'd.

The Guardian account of J. G. Bentel, Guardian of Christian B. Holland, minor son of Beckhart Holland, dec'd.

The Guardian accounts of Robert E. Moody, Guardian of Joseph and David R. Whitehill, minor children of James Whitehill, dec'd.

The account of Robert Scott and David Reed, Executors of the last will and testament of John Scott, dec'd., who was Executor of the last will and testament of Abraham Bruce, dec'd.

The final account of John Lucker, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Searight, dec'd.

The account of Emmet Anderson, Guardian of Mary Jane Clark, minor daughter of John Clark, dec'd.

The account of William Irons, Guardian of Henry Davis, minor son of Alexander Davis, dec'd.

A. B. MOORE,
Beaver, May 4th, '64. Register.

BEAVER COUNTY, ss:

IN the Orphans' Court in and for the county of Beaver, before the Hon. Judges of said Court. In the matter of exceptions to the account of Agnes Carothers and Jesse Carothers, Administrators of the estate of John Carothers, dec'd., who was Administrater of the estate of James Carothers, dec'd.

And now, to wit, Feb. 24th, 1864, the Court appoint James S. Rutan, Esq., an Auditor to take testimony and report the facts on the exceptions. [A true Extract.]

JOHN A. FRAZIER, Clerk.

NOTICE.—The Auditor above named will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Court House, in Beaver, on Tuesday the 31st day of May, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at which time parties interested, and their attorneys, will attend if they think proper.

may11/64 J. S. RUTAN, Auditor.

A. Bestwick,
BROADWAY & APPLE STREETS
New Brighton, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware,
And the most approved patterns of
Pittsburg Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves. [mar23'64

A Great Sanitary Commission Fair in Aid of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers,

Will be open in Pittsburg, during two weeks in the beginning of June.

The arrangements for the Fair are on the grandest scale. FIVE EXTENSIVE BUILDINGS have already been erected, which, with others, will be filled with contributions of things useful, beautiful, curious and wonderful.

The Audience Hall will seat over 3000 persons, and will be open nightly, for Exhibitions and Concerts.

Among the entertainments will be Concerts by the celebrated GERMANIA BAND, of Philadelphia.

A Military Exhibition of HYATT'S CADETS, 160 in number.

The great ORATORIO of MESSIAH will be given, with 200 vocal and instrumental performers.

Magnificent TABLEAUX VIVANTS and ANTIQUE CONCERTS, and various unique and attractive entertainments are being prepared.

Premiums Worth Contending For!

The Marble and Stone Cutters of Pittsburgh offer a MONUMENT WORTH OVER $2000, to be given to the County of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio or Virginia, which shall donate to the Fair the largest aggregate amount, in proportion to population. The monument to be erected in the chief town of the County which shall gain it, to the memory of their brave soldiers slain in battle.

The Allegheny County Agricultural Society offers $500 in Money to the Agricultural Societies of the Country which shall donate the largest amount in Live Stock.

Allegheny County is excluded from competition for either premium.

Organize your County, Township and School District Committees, and apply to every doctor, lawyer, merchant, clerk, farmer, manufacturer, mechanic, laborer, woman and child, to give Money, Live Stock, Goods, Farm Products, Manufactures, Useful or Fancy Articles, Curiosities, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Shirts, Socks, Maple Sugar, or anything which can be sold, or looked at, to swell the fund.

Let the WORKMEN in every Mill, Shop, Coal-Bank, Furnace, Boat-Yard, Tannery, and of every trade, subscribe at least one day's labor, and send the proceeds to the Treasurer, with a liberal sum also from the employers.

Christian Duty, Humanity and Patriotism, alike call upon us to help our brave Soldiers, and our beneficence must be worthy of the cause and of a generous people.

Money to be sent to N. Holmes, Treasurer; Goods to Felix R. Brunot, or to the Chairman of the proper Committee, marked "Sanitary Fair." Send notice of shipment. Freight settled in Pittsburgh.

All the Rail Roads issue Excursion Tickets to the Fair.

By order of the Executive Committee.

FELIX R. BRUNOT,
Chairman.

Pittsburgh, May 1, 1864.

List of Jurors.

Drawn for June Sessions 1864 commencing June 6th.

GRAND JURORS.

Big Beaver—Samuel Barnes, jr., Geo. Powers.
Freedom boro—N. P. Kerr.
Georgetown—James Todd.
Greene—Wm. R. Trimble.
Hanover—Wm. Yolton.
Harmony—John Besson.
Hopewell—George N. Baker, John R. M'Cune, Thos. M'Kee.
Industry—David Engle.
Moon—David W. Baker.
New Brighton—Jas. B. Anderson, John Boswell Robt. Crilly.
New Sewickly—Henry Bright, Wallace J. Boggs, Christian Goehring.
Patterson—James Fife, (Foreman.)
Raccoon—John Cooper.
Rochester boro—Wm. Johnston.
Rochester tp—John J. Foster.
South Beaver—John Culbertson.

PETIT JURORS.

Beaver boro—Thos. M'Creary.
Big Beaver—John Davidson.
Borough tp—Garret M'Quillan, David M'Cready.
Brighton tp—Jesse Carothers.
Darlington—John Cane.
Economy—Hampton Nichols.
Frankfort—Robt. Stevent.
Franklin—Michael Deavenbaugh, F. T. Wilson.
Georgetown—T. S. Kirby.
Greene—Michael Christler, James M'Crady, James Cameron.
Hanover—Joseph Leeper.
Harmony—Sylvester Gayer.
Hookstown—Samuel M. Lawrence.
Hopewell—James Johnston.
Industry—T. P. Fleeson.
Moon—Wm. Burns, J. W. Johnston.
New Brighton—Alex. Fombelle, Francis D. Houlette, M. S. Johns.
North Sewickly—Henry R. Altar, Samuel Boots, John Robinson.
Ohio—Solomon Frank, Thos. Moore, Robert Reed, J. B. Goodwin.
Pulaski—Charles Price.
Raccoon—Washington W. Shelito.
Rochester boro—H. W. Seely, Henry Woods.
Rochester tp—Alex. Davidson.
South Beaver—James W. Burns Jas. Cowan.

A GOOD SIGN.—A number of farmers have made in the town of Rowe, Mass, more than a thousand lbs. of sugar each the past season, some over two thousand, and one man has made forty-five hundred pounds.

Maj-Gen. John Sedgwick.

The oldest of the corps-commanders of the Army of the Potomac, the veteran soldier whose renown is identified with it, and whose personal fame has contributed largely to the reputation of that arm for steady valor, the General who has twice been been offered and twice refused the command of the army—John Sedgwick—is dead. The army has suffered no such loss since its organization. As a General, he stood alone—his military talent in its own kind without parallel. He was the soldier who by the eager testimony of all who knew him and beneath him, was most distinguished by indomitable tenacity of purpose, and by the ability to do more with a given force than any other commander—to carry it further on the march, to hold it longer against an overwhelming attack, to lead it more surely on an enterprise which any other will than his would have deemed forlorn, to win victory out of defeat, and to cherish an elastic hope amid the most depressing discouragements. We know not where to look for his successor. It was he who gave its name to the "Fighting Sixth." Who shall perpetuate it?

John Sedgwick was born in Connecticut in 1817, was graduated at West Point in 1837, went into the artillery, was made First Lieutenant in 1839, won a brevet as Captain for gallantry at Contreras, and Churubusco, and as Major in the battles of Molino de'Rey, Chapultepec, and the San Cosme Gate, received his commission as captain in 1849, was made Major in the 1st Cavalry in 1855, Colonel of the 4th Cavalry in 1861, Brigadier General of Volunteers in the same year, Aug. 4, and Major-General July 4, 1862. In that brief detail of facts is crowded the gallantry of a life devoted to the military service of his country, and finally laid down to save it.

Of his career in the Army of the Potomac it is enough to say that he fought with high distinction in every battle from which his wounds did not keep him away. He rose steadily, and was successively appointed to the command of a brigade, a division, and a corps, in spite of a modesty which led him to underrate his own ability and to profess himself content with subordinate command. On the Peninsula he was twice severely wounded. At Antietam he led a division in Sumner's corps, and clung to the field till he had received three wounds.—On his recovery he was assigned to command the 9th Corps, was subsequently transferred to the 5th, and finally to the 6th, which he has never since forsaken—never till now, and only now in death. In the Chancellorsville campaign, his was the movement on Fredericksburg, which did all that in one man lay to retrieve the disasters of Hooker at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he arrived on the field late on the second day, after a march of thirty-three miles, went instantly into battle, and drove back the enemy, who had forced the 2d Corps to retreat and were pressing their advantage. He never was in a battle out of which he did not bring away great distinction for himself.

But even his fame as a military commander will be less tenderly cherished than the memory of his personal character by those who knew him in private life, who have shared his hospitality in memorable campaigns, and who learned to know the solid worth, the high sense of honor, the cordial feelings, the generous traits, which characterized him. We pass those memories hastily—the news of his death is but just received. The bullet of a sharpshooter at Spottsylvania has gone to the heart of John Sedgwick—has added another to the costly lives which this Rebellion has demanded as a sacrifice. There never was a moment when he was not ready to give it. Let no friend of his remember his loss so mournfully as not to keep his memory, his undying fame, ever life him as an example and an inspiration.—*Tribune.*

THE TWO-CENT COIN.—This new coin, to be made of bronze, is in size about midway between a Spanish shilling and an American quarter of a dollar. On one side is a shield resting against crossed arrows, with the motto, in a scroll above, "In God our Trust," — underneath, "1864". On the other side a wreath of corn, &c., inclosing a large figure 2 above the "cents," and around the margin, "United States of America."

SOLDIERS MARCHING SONG.

Steadily we march along,
Join we in the marching song,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Bearing each a soldier's part,
Come what will beneath the sun,
We are soldiers marching on,
'Neath the old flag, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Timing step to marching song;
What though roads be wet or dry,
Though be bright or dark the sky,
We are soldiers bound to win,
Marching on through thick and thin,
'Neath our banners, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Ringing out the marching song;
What though rough be soldier's fare,
We are all our country's care—
All its hope and all its love;
And its flag is bright above,
Flying stainless, flying free,
And we march to victory.

Steadily we march along
To the soldier's marching song;
Little care we, nothing fear,
If our country's foe be near;
We are ready for the fight,
For the battle of the right,
'Neath the old flag flying free,
Starry sign of victory.

Philosophical Facts.

Sounds travel at the rate of 1155 feet per second in the air, 4960 in water, 11,000 in cast iron; 17,000 in steel, 18,00 in glass, and from 4635 to 11,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2160 pounds. An ordinary sized man, supposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 30,249 pounds.

Heat rarefies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5500 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce the same effect.

The explosive force of closely confined gun-powder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

During the conversion of water into ice, 240 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases its bulk 1800 times.

One hundred pounds of the water of the Dead Sea contains 45 pounds of salt.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the Equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth increases uniformly as we descend, at the rate of one degree in 46 feet; at the depth of 60 miles it will amount to 480,000 degrees of Fahrenheit—a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

Hail stones sometimes fall with a velocity of 115 feet in a second, and rain at 34 feet in a second.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Electricity moves with a greater force than light, which traverses 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at the distance of 30 miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflection at the distance of 200 miles.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE VETERAN RESERVES.—The statement in the New York papers, that Gen. Grant has determined to disband the Invalid Corps, and send the able-bodied to the front, and the permanently disabled to their homes, is utterly unfounded, and is believed to have been inspired by some disappointed aspirants for promotion in that corps.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Having been afflicted with a couple of felons within a short time past, I thought I would send my method of treatment, for I know that it will cure if applied in season. As soon as the part begins to swell, get the Tincture of Lobelia, and wrap the part affected thick with a cloth, saturate it thoroughly with the Tincture, and keep it wet for forty-eight hours, and the *felon is dead.*

Touching Scene in Ft. Pickering.

[From the Memphis Bulletin.]

On Tuesday last, April 8, the widow of Major Boothe, the late commander at Fort Pillow, arrived at Fort Pickering, below this city. Col. Jackson, of the 6th U. S. Heavy Artillery, had his regiment formed into line for her reception. In front of its centre stood fourteen men, as fine brave fellows as ever trod the earth. They were the remnant of the first battalion of the regiment now drawn up—all who had escaped the fiendish scenes of Fort Pillow, scenes that have stamped yet deeper blackness on the infamous brow of treason.

Mrs. Booth came forward. In her hand she bore a flag, red and clotted with human blood. She took a position in front of the fourteen heroes so lately under he deceased husband's command.

The ranks before her observed a silence that was full of solemnity.—Many a hardy face showed by twitching lids and humid eyes how the sight of the bereaved lady touched bosoms that could meet steel, and drew on the fountain of tears that remained dry even amid the piteous sights witnessed on the battle-field after a fierce action.

Turning to the men before her, she said:

Boys, I have just come from a visit to the hospital at Mound City. There I saw your comrades, wounded at the bloody struggle in Fort Pillow. There I found this flag—you recognize it.—One of your comrades saved it from the insulting touch of traitors at Fort Pillow.

I have given to my country all I had to give—my husband—such a gift! Yet I have freely given him for freedom and my country.

Next my husband's cold remains, the next dearest object left me in the world is this flag—the flag that waved in proud defiance over the works of Fort Pillow!

Soldiers! this flag I give to you, knowing that you will ever remember the last words of my noble husband—"Never surrender the flag to traitors."

Colonel Jackson then received from her hand, on behalf of his command, the blood-stained flag. He called upon the regiment to receive it as such a gift ought to be received. At that call he and every man fell upon their knees, and solemnly appealing to the God of battles, each one swore to avenge their brave and and fallen comrades, and never, never to surrender the flag to traitors!

The scene was one never surpassed in emotional incident. Beside the swift rolling waters of the Mississippi—within the enclosure that bristled with the death-dealing cannon, knelt these rough soldiers, whose bosoms were heaving with emotion, and on many of whose cheeks quivered a tear they tried to hide, though it did honor to their manly natures.—Beside them stood, in her grief, the widow of the loved officer they lost, and above them was held the bloody flag—that eloquent record of crime, which has capped the climax of rebellion, and which will bring a reckoning so fearful.

In few but pointed and incisive words, Col. Alexander pledged himself and his command, to discharge to the uttermost the solemn obligation of justice they had that day taken.

Col. Kappan followed him, expressing himself in favor of such retaliatory acts of justice as the laws of warfare require in a case of such fiendish and wicked cruelty.

Woe to the unlucky reb who falls into the hands of any of the commands represented at this solemn declaration. The determination of the officers of the 6th U. S. Heavy Artillery is incontestible; their bravery has been tried, and they have never been found wanting.

A GOOD COMPARISON.—One of the New York papers compares the publisher of a newspaper who allows his papers to go to all parts of the country before getting pay from them, to a farmer who would sell his wheat on credit, and not more than a single bushel to any person. If any farmer will try the experiment of thus distributing the proceeds of his labor over two or three counties, with an occasional bushel or two, to far distant States, for one year, we will guarantee that he never will after that year's experience ask a publisher to supply him with a paper a year or two without the pay for it.

Hard on Copperheads.

Grace Greenwood, in her late lecture in Chicago, drew the following picture in the future:

"Back on these troublous times will our children look in reverence and awe. The sons of our brave soldiers will date their patents of nobility on grander battle-fields than Agincourt or Bannockburn. Such patents of nobility as no royal herald's office has symbols sufficiently glorious for.—Many a *coat* of arms in those days will have one sleeve hanging empty.

"We may picture to ourselves a group of noble young lads, some ten years hence, thus proudly accounting for their orphanage—an orphanage which the country should see to it shall not be desolate.

Says one—"*My* father fell in beating back the invaders at Gettysburg."—Says another—"*My* father fell at Lookout Mountain, fighting above the clouds" Says a third—"*My* father suffered *martyrdom* in Libby Prison." Says another—"*My* father went down in the Cumberland,"—yet another—"*My* father was rocked into sleep below the wave, in the iron cradle of the Monitor." And there will be hapless lads who will listen in mournful envy, saying in their secret hearts, "Alas, we have no part nor lot in such glorying—*our* fathers were *rebels!*"—and here and there a youth, more unfortunate, who will steal away from his comrades, and murmur in bitterness of soul—"Ah, God help *me!*—*my* father was a *copperhead!*"

LOCAL ARISTOCRACIES.—In Boston, the only recognized aristocracy is intellect; and the question put by a Bostonian is this: What do you know?

In New York, it is a mere matter of wealth, and the question is: What are you worth?

In Philadelphia it is blood, the exact quality of which is decided by your answer as to what are your relations?

In Washington, where politics govern: How many votes do you control?

In Charleston as in the Quaker city, it is the blood of pedigree, and the question is: Who was your grandfather?

In Cincinnati, the queen lard oil city:—How many hogs do you kill?

In Chicago, before the panic, it was:—How many corner lots do you own?

In St. Louis the passport to favor is secured by an affirmative answer to the question: Have you any interest in a fur company?

In New Orleans, south of Canal street among the merchants it was: How much cotton do you ship?—North of Canal street among the French creoles: How does he dress?

In Mobile, it is manners that makes the man, and the question is: How does he behave?

☞ The celebrated Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe upon lawyers for pleading against their conscience. After dinner, a young counsellor said some severe things against the clergy, and added that he did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach a funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would, and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

☞ Gen Steele has been compelled to return from Camden to Little Rock by the shortness of his supplies. He left Camden on the 26th ult. On the 1st inst. his cavalry had reached Little Rock, and his main force was within forty miles of the place.—The enemy harrassed him during the entire march but did not inflict much damage.

"BARBAROUS WARFARE."—The London *Times* and its echoes have much to say about the "barbarous" manner in which the war against the Rebellion is conducted by us. But what will they say to the fact that the allies in Denmark opened fire upon Sunderburg without notice and killed eighty innocent women and children.

☞ Port Royal advices of the 5th have been received. The rebel troops from Florida, Georgia and South Carolina are said to have been sent to Lee's army. A female riot occurred in Savannah on the 17th ult. Stores were broken open, and food seized wherever it could be found.

☞ "George M. Patchen," the great trotting horse, died at the Long Island Union trotting course, on the 1st inst. A short time ago his owner, it is stated, was offered $22,000 for him.

An Incident.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple," rejoicing in a carpet-bag, two band-boxes, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub." Suddenly the cherub, a child of some three years' experience in this strange world, awoke from one of those long, undisturbed slumbers that are among the prerogatives of childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two care worn, travel-weary and half-awake men sat directly in front of the little creature. They looked as though they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great, curious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the face of each, and one would have deemed her to have been an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him; for instantly her little voice was heard as she piped out the inquiry:

"Do you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:

"No, I don't."

A shade of disappointed and surprise was instantly daguerreotyped upon the countenance of the child, but passed when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man roused himself, and took another look; he was evidently both puzzled and interested, and he said, "How do you know?"

And she said, "'Cause you look as if you did."

This thawed him out a little, and he said, "I have a little girl at home."

The little creature now evidently felt that she was on the right 'track,' and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Do you love your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she a real good little girl?"

"Sometimes she is."

"Does she go down in the kitchen when she ought not to?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?"

"Sometimes."

"Does she cry when you talk to her, and tell her she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"Then do you whip her?"

"Sometimes."

"When she says she is sorry do you whip her then?"

"No, never."

Then the little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed:

"I am real glad."

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly made friend, with a look of wonder:

"That man won't speak to me! Does he love little girls?"

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand, and said:

"How do you do, sissy?"

And the little creature, not altogether at ease, replied:

"I'm pretty well; how are you?"

By this time all within hearing of this colloquy were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing, and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned, say to the other:

"She's a little witch."

And so she was. Her blooming beauty and her infantile artfulness were powerful enough to break thro' the roughness, the weariness, and reserve and indifference of the travel-worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.

ABSURDITIES—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder no one will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.

To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November.

To suppose reviewers generally read more than the title page of the works they praise or condemn.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you.

Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is not bedtime.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry with them because they tell lies for themselves.

To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it.

To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it.

☞ "Helen," said a landlady to her servant, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night when you were sitting up?" "Yes ma'am," said Helen, "there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspicious at Helen, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing, and humming "Katy Darling."

☞ We have just religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.