The Argus

Will be Published Every Wednesday,

IN THE OLD ARGUS BUILDING,

THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.,

At $2.00 per annum in Advance.

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

J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

ADJOURNED SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver county, the undersigned, Trustees appointed by said Court to make sale of the real estate of Rebecca Mulvanon, dec'd, under proceedings in partition of said real estate, will expose to sale by public vendue or out-cry, at the Court House in Beaver, on

MONDAY, *March 18th*, 1867,

at 12 o'clock, M., all the following described real estate, situate in said county of Beaver, State of Pennsylvania, viz:

No. 1. Academy lot No. 28, in Borough tp., containing about 8 acres, bounded by the lines of the Reserve tract, lot No. 29, Georgetown line, &c., all cleared, and under fence, on which are erected the mansion house of deceased; a large two story brick dwelling, with 8 rooms and hall; frame kitchen attached; a good cellar underneath the whole house; a good cistern underneath the kitchen. Also a frame dwelling house (two stories) attached, with four rooms; a large frame bank barn, stone basement, 60 by 40 feet, with stabling underneath—all well finished; a brick smoke house, coal house and buggy house; also, a two story frame tenant house, a stable, sheep house, and other outbuildings. The buildings and improvements in good order. A good orchard on the premises; said premises being designated as purpart "A" in the plot accompanying the return of the inquest making partition as aforesaid.

No. 2. A tract of land in Brighton township, bounded south by the Ohio river, west by land of Hugh Anderson, north east by the tract or parcel No. 3, next hereinafter described, containing 179 acres and 75 perches. About 90 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation, balance well timbered—premises well watered; designated as purpart "B" in the return of the inquest aforesaid.

No. 3. A tract of land in the township aforesaid, bounded north by land of H. McKeacle and tract No. 4, hereinafter described, east by Academy lots, &c., south by land of Dover and others, and west by parcel No. 2, above described, containing 124 acres and 22 perches. About 80 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation; balance well timbered, well watered, a good bearing apple orchard on the premises, and on which is erected a frame hay house; designated as purpart "C" in the plot and return of the inquest aforesaid.

The above embraces some excellent property in good condition, lying within 2 miles of Beaver; and will be sold separately as above described, or two or more parcels together.

TERMS—One-third of the purchase money to be paid upon confirmation of sale by the Court; one-third in one year, and the balance in two years from the date of confirmation, with interest from same time, the deferred instalments to be secured by bond and mortgage.

For further information inquire of the undersigned.

JOS. C. WILSON, } Trustees.
JOHN JOHNSTON, }
Beaver, Beaver county, Pa.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

BEAVER COUNTY, ss:

IN the Orphans' Court of said county, before the Hon. B. B. Chamberlin, President, and his associate Justices of said Court. In the matter of the petition of the real estate of William Graham, dec'd. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to Nancy Graham, (widow,) Mary B. Magaw, formerly Mary B. Graham; Minerva, intermarried with Thos. H. Cooper, all of whom reside in the borough of Freedom, Beaver county, Pa; Emily, intermarried with James Hooper, residing in Grundy county, Missouri; Adam Graham, residing in Paducah, Kentucky; Theodore Graham, of Freedom borough, aforesaid; all of whom are sons and daughters of said decedent; also grand children, viz: children of Adam Graham, dec'd, who was a son of intestate, and died before his decease, viz: Azetta Graham, Hellen M. Graham, John Lewis Graham and William Graham, all of whom reside in Beaver county aforesaid, the last three being minors and having Thos. M. Elliott of New Brighton, in said county, for their guardian,—and all others interested, greeting: You and each of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Hon. Judges of our said court, at an Orphan's Court, to be held at Beaver on the third Monday of March next, 1867, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said intestate at the valuation of the inquest, and found to contain as follows, situate in the borough of Freedom aforesaid, to wit: Purpart "A," house and lot valued at $1200; purpart "B," being vacant lot lying north of public road, or street, valued at $123; purpart "C" being lot of ground containing one and one-fourth acres lying south of Virtue st., valued at $416; and in the event of non-acceptance, to show cause why the same should not be sold. A true copy of rule.

J. S. LITTELL,
feb13'67. Sheriff.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

BEAVER COUNTY, ss:

IN the Orphans' Court of Beaver county, before the Honorable Judges of said Court. In the matter of the petition for partition of the real estate of George Smith, dec'd. And now to wit: November 14th, 1866, the Court grant a rule on the heirs and legal representatives of the said George Smith, dec'd., to wit: William Smith, petitioner, residing in Washington borough, Washington county, Pa.; Jas. Smith, whose post-office address is Library, Allegheny, Pa.; Mary Edwards, a sister, residing in South Beaver township, Beaver county aforesaid; Sarah McCaskey, (wife of Andrew M'Caskey) residing, when last heard from, in Richland county, Ohio; Nancy Culbertson, a sister, whose residence is unknown; Jane Link, a sister, now a widow, of Marshall county, West Virginia; Ellen Parker, a sister, wife of James Parker, residing, when last heard from, in the vicinity of Cadiz, Ohio; and all others interested, to shew cause, if any they have, why an inquest to make partition or valuation of the real estate of said intestate should not be awarded at an Orphans' Court to be held at Beaver, in and for the county of Beaver, on the third Monday of March, 1867. A true copy of Rule.

Attest: J. S. LITTELL, Sheriff.

SELECT SCHOOL.

THE Spring term of the Hookstown Select School will open March 25, 1867. The school will be under the charge of competent teachers, who will spare no labor to make it a first class institution. All branches usually taught in such schools will receive attention, and every facility will be offered the Student for obtaining a knowledge of Mathematics, the Sciences and Classics.

Boarding and rooms will be furnished for Students in the town at most reasonable rates. Rooms for self boarding can be obtained if desired.

Rates of tuition for term of fourteen weeks: Classics with higher Mathematics, $10 00; higher Mathematics and Sciences, $8 00; Primary branches, $6 00.

A. H. CALVERT, A. B., Prin.
H. M. PATTERSON, Ass't.
feb13'67—3t

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 49—No. 9. Beaver, Wednesday, February 27, 1867. Established 1818.

AT

MOORE'S DRUG STORE,

IN BEAVER

May be found the best assortment of

DRUGS,

Medicines,

CHEMICALS

PURE

LIQUORS, WINES

And Brandies,

Paints, Oils,

AND

DYE STUFFS:

TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS,

BRUSHES.

PATENT MEDICINES

in great variety, all of the best quality, and sold cheaper than can be bought at any other Drug Store in the county.

Duponco's Female Pills 75 cents per box; Cheeseman's, $1; Clark's, $1.

The Largest stock of

Lamps and Lamp Trimmings, Lanterns, Stationery, Window Glass and Putty.

ever offered outside of the city, at Moore's Drug Store, and sold cheaper than can be bought anywhere else. Let those who doubt this call and see, and they will doubt no more

Dec13,'65. J. MOORE.

E. PENT. STEWART. R. A. WILSON.

FALL & WINTER

BOOTS & SHOES,

WILSON & STEWART.

WOULD respectfully inform the public, that they have just received direct from the manufacturers, the largest and best selected FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

Ladies', Gent's, Boy's and Children's Boots and Shoes,

GAITERS, SLIPPERS and OVERSHOES,

that have ever been brought to this county. We would particularly call attention to our stock of

Mens' heavy kip, tap and double sole steel heeled Boots. French Calf, double sole and double upper sewed scotch bottom Boots.

Boys' Youths' and Children's heavy kip, tap and double sole, copper tiped and steel heeled Boots.

Ladies' French kid and Morocco polish Boots, Balmorals and Gaiters of the latest styles.

Misses and Children's pegged and sewed polish Boots and Balmorals, of the latest styles, and a great variety of Children's copper tip. shoes.

Which we will sell *Wholesale and Retail*, as cheap, if not cheaper, than they can be bought in the city of Pittsburg.

We would respectfully invite purchasers to call and examine our stock, compare our prices with other dealers, and satisfy themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

All Goods Warranted.

WILSON & STEWART,
In the Diamond,
Oct8'65.—1y. ROCHESTER, PA.

C. C. ALGEO,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN

AND SWISS WATCHES,

DIAMONDS

AND FINE JEWELRY,

SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS,

FINE TABLE KNIVES,

SILVER PLATED WARE,

FRENCH CLOCKS & BRONZES,

AMERICAN CLOCKS,

Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ Special attention given to the repairing of all kinds of Watches.

No. 22, FIFTH STREET,
mar14'66—1y] *Pittsburg, Pa.*

PH. R. MERTZ,

118 WOOD STREET,

PITTSBURGH,

BANKER & BROKER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

FOREIGN EXCHANGE,

GOLD, SILVER & COUPONS.

☞ Highest price paid for COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES. [aug1'66:1y

J. R. HARRAH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLLECTIONS and other business will receive prompt attention. Also legally authorized agent for the collection of back pay, pensions, bounty and all soldiers' claims.

☞ Office, District Attorney's office, Court House, Beaver, Pa. [aug2,'66—1y.

Fall & Winter

GOODS!

I HAVE just received a new stock of Goods, of the

LATEST STYLES,

FOR FALL & WINTER WEAR

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

Constantly on hand

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In all the latest styles and at shortest notice.

Wm. REICH,

Stewart's Row, Bridge Street,

oct10'66 BRIDGEWATER.

HARDWARE STORE!!

J. S. WINANS,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE,

IRON, NAILS, GLASS, AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

CARPENTERS' TOOLS,

BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,

MASONS' TOOLS,

SHOEMAKERS TOOLS,

SADDLERS' TOOLS,

PLASTERERS' TOOLS,

MINERS' TOOLS,

SADDLERY HARDWARE,

BENT FELLOWS & SHAFTS,

LOCKS, BOLTS & HINGES,

PICKS, MATTOCKS & HOES,

COUNTER & PLATFORM SCALES,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

HORSE SHOES & NAILS,

TIRE & CARRIAGE BOLTS & NUTS,

CORN SHELLERS, STRAW CUTTERS.

ALSO, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

AND PUTTY.

AGENT FOR

EXCELSIOR MOWER AND REAPER, AND NEW BRIGHTON FIRE-BRICK WORKS.

jan2,'67.

APPLICATIONS FOR THE

NEW BOUNTY.

OF

One Hundred Dollars

DUE SOLDIERS OF 1861-62 & 63,

SHOULD BE FILED BEFORE

APRIL 1st, 1867.

APPLY AT ONCE TO

Arthurs & Riddle,

U. S. CLAIM AGENTS,

FOR SALE

1835 Fourth St.,

PITTSBURGH.

☞ We will, if desired, attend personally to such localities as may be requested for the purpose of establishing claims. [dec

C. F. WISTER. C. F. BEDISON.

WISTER AND BEDISON,

Successors to C. F. Wister,

DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

☞ Special attention given to the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Store, Cor. Broadway & Apple sts,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA. jan9'67.

A Character of the War.

BY PETER PETERHOFF.

Joe Gildersleeve! Every officer and soldier in the whole Brigade will certainly and distinctly recollect Joe. Joe was a rich specimen of the *genus homo*. Ornithologically Joe might have been denominated *rara avis*. In Waltonian parlance, or piscatorially speaking, Joe was emphatically a *queer fish*. Joe was not really a bad fellow at heart; he was tall, slovenly, rather lazy, not very much brains, but a good deal of mother wit, and created fun for, and was the inevitable laughing stock of the entire Brigade. He was not vicious, malicious, or stubborn. He was a pretty good soldier for the march, for camp duty, for drill, for dress parade, for policing the grounds, for cooking in the mess; but Joe was an arrant, precious, incorrigible coward! Joe couldn't help it! Joe was not the legitimate inheritor, from the natural ancestors of us all, of a superabundance—or even a moiety—of the virtue yclept courage; on the other hand Joe was, by instinct, by birth, by education, by all the insignia of the outer man, a harmless, helpless, hopeless coward! And Joe couldn't help it!

And to show you that there are men born cowards, educated cowards, exhibiting rank, shameless cowardice when downright bravery is needed and indispensable, who can by the expert finesse of superior officers, be made to ignore the white feather, and become brave, brave as lions, is the object of this narative, which I assure you, is "an ower true tale." And more. It will show you that the veriest coward, and thoughtless sinner may be converted, not only into a gallant soldier, but a prayerful, religious man.

Joe, we repeat, was the very antithesis of courage. The *zip* of a minnie would give Joe the horrors,—would make him involuntarily dodge his head, like a duck in a hail-storm; and with a precision and intuition worthy the most adept backwoodsman, he could forthwith see the heaviest oak in the forest, behind whose friendly, sheltering trunk he could ensconce himself quicker than anybody else, where, by some peculiar physical adaptation to the occasion, he could compress his tall, lank, double-jointed body into a compass so small as to be unrecognizable by his most intimate friends. The shriek of a shell,—albeit not coming in his direction, but harmlessly, a long way off, although in unmistakable hearing of its terrifying and [illegible] had the invariable effect of making each particular hair on his head point unerringly to the zenith,—his eyes would glare and stare all around him with indescribable, beseeching earnestness, affright and piteousness—his knees would quake and knock together after a manner not set down in any programme of amateur or professional gymnasts—and ten to one that Joe dropped his musket, and darted off, at a tangent, for the rear; where, as it always fortunately turned out, Joe had the extreme felicity of soon finding himself, decidedly amazingly improved, and as for convalescence, as to be in a fair way to ultimately recover!

"Joe," said his captain one day, "I want to say a word to you."

"All right, Cap'n."

"You are six feet, three inches in high, I believe, Joe?"

"That's it, precisely."

"Always been in good health till you came into the army?"

"Always, Cap'n."

"You are a good soldier, Joe, in everything but one."

"What's that, Cap'n."

"Don't fight."

"Why, Cap'n, I ——"

"I mean this: By some strange coincidence you are always on the sick list at the time of an engagement.—Now, Joe, if I were to put you to drive a team of six mules, do you think you could stand the hard work, and know how to manage them well?"

"No doubt of it, Cap'n."

"And never get sick any more, at all?"

"No doubt of it, Cap'n."

"Well, Joe, I'll *not* make a teamster of you. We are going to get into a fight with the Johnny Rebs in a day or two. Take your gun, Joe, and your place in the ranks. When we march, you will march. When we fight, you will fight. Mind that! You'll not be sick this time, Joe! I say so. The Surgeon says so. We mean it. So don't attempt it, Joe. Sickness is played out, Joe! It won't do any more, mind that!"

Such a look as Joe took back with him to his tent! It was commingled dismay, terror, despair! Many "long, lingering looks," Joe bestowed on the adjacent green woods, and the far stretching valley, and the hills that walled in, on either side, the camp of the right wing of General Pope's army, contiguous to Culpeppier Court House. Many grave, thoughtful glances Joe bent upon the men busily engaged everywhere, in camp, burnishing and brightening up their muskets, and filling their cartridge-boxes, and looking to the perfectness and the capacity of their haversacks! How he soliloquized, and groaned in spirit at the prevailing levity of the men! at the mischievous tricks—the gleeful sports—the bandied jest—the boisterous laugh, and the roaring shout of these thoughtless, reckless, sinful mortals, trembling, as it were, on the very verge of the grave! Joe never saw things in the same light before! "A change had come over the spirit of his dream!" Those accommodating, convenient paroxysms of "colic"—those sinister spells of "misery"—those semi-periodical attacks of "faintness" were all "gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were"—Othello's occupation was gone—they had "become an obsolete idea"—the cat was out of the bag—he was inconvertibly doomed to [illegible] shot dead! He had no doubt of it, felt it in his bones—he was [illegible] Joe's body, else might escape, or what was more likely, get a "furlough flesh wound;" but as for him, there was no use talking about it, he was as good as a dead man now!

And then to die, and go—he knew not where! To be hurried headlong into the trench, "to rot, thrust foully in the earth to be forgot!" Joe was very grave, very contemplative, very solemn! In every light he looked at the prospect, it was fraught with gloom, and darkness, and death!—Joe was positively unmanned.—Joe even contemplated desertion!—No, no, not exactly desertion either—not so bad—Joe wouldn't do that!—But then he could go out foraging for provisions for the mess this afternoon; and who knew—who could tell? something fortuitous might transpire to preclude the possibility of his return to camp for several days! This might possibly be! But, see here!—the regiment might, in the meantime, be ordered to move, and might even have to go into that fight the Captain spoke of, before he could get back again! Well, what then! When a man can't come, he can't, you know! And if he is so circumstanced, and shackled, and crossed by adventitious surroundings "over which he has no control," and all confederated to interfere with his loyal performance of duty, that, for once, he should be well, and absent from his command when a battle comes off, whose fault is it I'd like to know! A man can only do his best, and that is all he can do, and any man is unreasonable, and unjust, and tyranical, who would ask more, I'm sure! One cant conquer impossibilities, can he? Answer me that?

But Joe, poor fellow, had "reckoned without his host." The Captain and the Surgeon had deliberately, and with "malice prepense," conspired to compel Joe to "face the music" for once, on the anticipated coming field! And the Third Lieutenant had his explicit unmistakable, imperative orders to keep watch over Joe with a fatherly care, and with an Argus eye—not to lose sight of him day or night—to see to it that he was detained in camp in any and every event—and should the battle take place, and that old sickness or those old complaints be re-developed, why, the surgeon was to attend, with promptness, to Joe's case then!

Ah! Joe had fallen into a tighter place than he had ever hitherto bargained for! All applications for leave to go out foraging—or on any pretence whatever, no matter how assiduously pressed—or for even the most limited period, met with a decided, flat, gruff, unhesitandous refusal!

The morning came. Tents were struck—these and the cooking utensils and the baggage were all packed away in the wagons, and the wagons ominously gone! The men were in line of battle! Joe in line of battle! He had gone up promptly—with great alacrity—to roll call that morning, but the Surgeon, with a sang froid quite refreshing to any one but the patient himself, merely rolled up and gave it to Joe to take, a lilliputian blue pill, and told him he would be well enough—Oh! quite well!—in a few moments and to hurry back and get ready at once to fall into line, for we were going to have hot work of it—going to have a mighty bloody time of it to day!

Joe was desperate, now! The last link was severed; the last hope was gone! The last feather had broken the camel's back! What was he to do? The dernier resort had failed—utterly, totally, undeniably gone out in smoke—culminated in inglorious defeat! Joe felt that his end was nigh! He knew that he would soon be an inanimate Union soldier—a pile of lifeless clay—a horrid, mangled corpse, pierced and picked off by Rebel bullets, or scattered into a thousand fragments by those deathly Rebel shells! He thought of home—they would never hear of him more! They would all be happy, all through life, and he would be—dead, dead, dead!—He thought of the Bible his sister had given him on leaving home! Why, where was it? Where could it be—Oh, yes, he recollected now; he had traded it off to Bill Snyder for two dozen eggs! He thought of God!—And now came the long filing troupe of old associations of childhood—of Sunday School memories—of pious examples—of religious precepts—and they came on, and galloped, and crowded, and rushed through the chambers of his brain, with a painfulness and velocity that set him well nigh distracted, and almost made him cry out in his acute mental agony!

Joe was more than desperate, now! The artillery could be heard bellowing and thundering in front. The occasional shot from the skirmish line could be indistinctly heard from where his regiment had halted to await further orders. The battle of Cedar Mountain was now inaugurated, and was to be chronicled this day. The weather was warm—the air was sultry, oppressive—the sun shone down with intense heat, and the profuse perspiration literally streamed from every pore in Joe's body! The fields and woods were radiant in purest green; but Joe's face was a sad commentary on its once rosy, rubie color—it was ashy pale—pale as death!

Just before the line was ordered into battle, Joe asked permission, and the Captain gave it, for him, attended by a corporal, to retire a space and repair the lock of his gun. But Joe's gun didn't want any repairing done to it. In a quiet, little secluded nook, hidden by bushes, a few steps from the line, Joe, while the Corporal stood still in stupid amazement, flung himself on his knees before his God—and never went up to heaven, before or since, a more humble, sincere, earnest, appropriate invocation than that fire-prayer of Joe's! He prayed audible, a considerable time, imploring—for himself—for forgiveness—for peace—for heaven!

When Joe came back to his place—the dumb-founded Corporal couldn't tell whether he was on his head or his heel—it was observed that he was not near so ashy pale as before—that he was not quite so tremulous as before—that he did not look quite so straight down, and woe begone, on the ground as before—that he replied pleasantly, civilly, nay, even cheerfully to the sallies of his merry comrades—and wonder of wonders! it is confidently asserted "beyond the fear of successful contradiction," that Joe was seen to smile several times, quite complacently, right there, on the eve of that slaughter.

Now Joe had dispassionately, resolutely made up his mind for some tremendous, crushing casuality. He was just as certain of "shuffling off this mortal coil," at that conflict, as he was that he was about to participate in it. But that gigantic calamity which he had at first so hopelessly stood aghast at, and which he appeared now rather to court than shun did not; betal for after the first round or two—in antipodean contrast of that famous Acre, whose courage all eked out at his finger-ends—Joe's whilsome courage rather took a like digital hegira; and he grew hourly, through all the stubborn and bloody engagement of Cedar Mountain, the heightened and hightening wonder and admiration of officers and men; exhibiting a stolid intrepidity, and displaying a valorous nonchalence, to excite emulation and envy. There was no need of the inexorable Captain, and the surly Third Lieutenant, and the gruff old Surgeon to keep him in ranks, to tell him what to do, and when to do, and how to do it! With the steadiness and self-possession of a man gunning for squirrels, Joe took out his cartridge, bit off the end, rammed it down the barrel of his gun, returned his ramrod, put on the percussion cap, and then quietly, slowly, mechanically took deliberate aim, and offered from a rest too, when he could find one convenient! And all this while, bullets whistled around him like hail, and shells shrieked and screamed all about and above him, and exploded dangerously close to him, and the wounded fell and were carried off, and the dead, frightful with wounds, and gory with blood were before him with their sightless balls, and their ghastly contorted faces!

Joe had been mastered. Joe had mastered himself! He was always ready and willing, thenceforward and forever, while the war lasted, for his position in the thickest of the fight, and used to laugh immoderately with his fellow soldiers, around the camp fire, over the days gone by, when he skulked and shirked and flanked every battle with a cunning adroitness worthy a better cause.

"Why Joe," said the Captain to him, soon after Cedar Mountain, "you showed yourself a perfect hero in the late fight!

I tried to do my duty Cap'n."

And you did it well, Joe. Now tell me, truly and frankly, were you not an outrageous coward before?"

I was that, no doubt of it Cap'n.—I'm cured of that now. And let me tell you, Cap'n, whenever you come across any other soldier, like me, *malingering*—that's what the doctor calls it—just treat his case as you did mine, and he'll get well too."

"Never fear. I'll adopt the same remedy whenever I have to deal with the same disease."

Joe served in the army till the close of the war. Eventually he rose to the position of a towering Orderly Sergeant—was in many of the conflicts—received two honorable wounds, one at or near Warrenton, and the other near Petersburg,—has the deep-marked scars to show for them now, but soon got well; and throughout all the trying, perilous times of the rebellion, from Cedar Mountain in 1862, till the final subjugation of the rebels in 1865, he maintained consistently the high character of a steady, ready, brave, soldier and didn't have another single recurrence of his quondam friend, the inevitable "colic!"

He is now industriously pursuing his trade of carpenter in ——county, Pennsylvania, is an exemplary prominent member of a Protestant church. And "thereby hangs a tale." Had you seen him quite recently, at one of the officiary of said church, conducting certain religious services, and hear his vehement and powerful oratorial efforts, and had you seen with what physical earnestness he threw himself into the work, how he swayed to and fro, and how he violently gesticulated with his upper members, and stamped furiously now and then with his pedal extremities, you might, for the nonce have gazely considered on these manifestations as remotely diagnosing an exacerbation of a paroxysmal "colic," or "misery," or "faintness," or "spasms," or "cramps."

Joe imputes his religious bias and conversion to that eventful day when he made his first approach to the Maker, when he confidently expected death, and death didn't come—when he turned a new leaf in his life's history—when he, phœnix-like, rose from the ashes of his deadness, leaving behind all his old bad habits, and notions, and sins, and especially, those extraordinary "infamities," saying, as he positively does, that he has not had a twang of them since!

Joe will pardon us for using his name and history with such unpermitted freedom, if he should ever see this; and will doubtless recollect the writer as an old friend, doubtless disguised with an unpretending *nom de plume!*

A SINGULAR WILL.—The will of the late James Sargeant, of Leicester, England, contains the following clause: "As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning and either employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from five o'clock every morning from April 5th to October 10th, being three hours each day, and from seven o'clock in the morning from October 10th to April 5th, being two hours every morning for two whole years; this is to be done for two years during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well, and if they will not do this they shall not receive any share of my property."

GEN. GRANT is claimed one day as being in full sympathy with the President. The next day it is denied that he approves Johnson's plan of reconstruction. Soldiers who have a right to speak for their Chief declare that Gen. Grant is in favor of no plan of restoration which does not recognize rebellion as treason and prepare to punish it as the Constitution and the laws provide. Grant's idea is the controlling desire of all loyal men.

IMPORTANT BOUNTY DECISION.—The Secretary of War has decided that every bounty claimant shall be regarded as having served to the end of the war who enlisted for three years and was mustered out with his organization, because the services of the latter were no longer acquired, and is therefore entitled to the additional bounty under the act of July 28, 1866. This is really a very important decision, as it admits the claims of a large class of soldiers for the additional bounty who would otherwise be debarred from the privileges of that act.

IT is reported that Mr. Andrew Johnson's health is not good. We have a notion that the disease is both in his head and his heart.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 per square—each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

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

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.

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