IE BEAVER ARGUS
LISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
old Anous building, on THIRD STREET,
at
OLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
opies of the paper will be furnished,
five cents each.
cations on subjects of local or general in
spectfully solicited. To insure attention,
s kind must invariably be accompanied by
the author, not for publication, but as a
ainst imposition.
ll communications should be addressed to
J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 50—No. 49. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, December 9, 1868. Established 1818

usiness Cards.

EBERHART,
ENGINEER & SURVEYOR
NEW BRIGHTON, PA.
S, MAPS AND PROFILES MADE ON
r. Dec17'68.

CAMERON,
torney at Law,
BEAVER, PENN'A.,
IN THE NATIONAL HOTEL BUILD-
Collections, &c., promptly attended to.
ly.

J. R. LOCKHART,
DOM, BEAVER COUNTY, PA.
promptly attended. [sept2'68.

r Seminary & Institute.
SESSION OPENS SEPT. 8, 1868.
HOOL, SO LONG AND SUCCESSFULLY
ded by Prof. Taylor and able assistants, offers
ommon in the Classics, English and Music.
gues address R. T. TAYLOR.

MARQUIS & CUNNINGHAM
RACTICING PHYSICIANS,
ROCHESTER, PA.
ice two doors east of Ankeny's Hotel.
ttention given to all calls.
ely.

OS. H. GREER
CHITECT, MECHANICIAN
AND
ngineer of Arts and Manufactures.
d Residence, ROCHESTER, PA.

AW PARTNERSHIP.
CUNNINGHAM,..... E. F. KUHN.
CUNNINGHAM & KUHN.
tty's. at Law.
OFFICE, THIRD ST.,
ely. BEAVER, PA.

JEUNET,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
d Street, Beaver, Penn'a.,
he room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.)
watches and chronometers repaired and war
Engraving done to order.
The patronage of the public is solicited, and
tion guaranteed. Give us a trial.
ly.

ENTISTRY.
UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY
form the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that
opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice
f Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the
on, and flatters himself to be able to give gen-
faction in his business.
Office in the old "Gormly Hotel" building,
street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one
J. S. GOSHORN.
ly.

R. WM. H. SUTHERLAND,
DENTIST,
RD STREET, BEAVER, PENN'A.
(OVER THE LOCAL OFFICE)
Just returned from Ohio, where he has been en
d in the practice of his profession, with one of the
t dentists in the country.
Work executed in well as at prices defying
petition. [sept2'68:1y

E. GOLDSMIT,
Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in
IGARS AND TOBACCO,
54 Liberty, opposite Wayne St., Pittsburgh.
Persons purchasing Cigars of him can always
ure of getting the same article, as he manufactures
m under his own supervision and can guarantee
fect satisfaction.
ov17'68.

EAVER LADIES SEMINARY.
WILL OPEN ON 8TH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT.—
Pupils received at every stage of advancement.
he Primary Department boys and girls received
ung men will be taught by the Principal in his own
ome, but none taken as boarders.
Our purpose is to establish the reputation of the
Based on thorough scholarship in every branch studi-
It is therefore important that pupils should be
resent at the opening of the school, and continue
regular in their attendance.
Having had over one hundred enrolled during the
st year, we hope for a large increase during the
coming year. D. H. A. M'LEAN, Principal.
aug19'68.-y.

T. PARKER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
TENDERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO
the citizens of Rochester and surrounding towns.
He would say that he pays particular attention to Sur-
gery. His new mode of distinguishing diseases ena-
bles him to offer great relief to persons suffering with
Chronic diseases. He will also aid other physicians in
Surgery and the diagnoses of difficult cases by having
timely notice.
Office on the Diamond, two doors east of Conway's
store, and nearly opposite Mr. Johnson's grocery, Ro-
chester, Beaver county, Pa.
sept2'68.

S. BRIGGS, MANAGER. R. BLUNT, JR. SEC. & TREAS
INDUSTRY SALT CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
TABLE & COARSE SALT,
Industry, Beaver Co., Pa.
All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.
All orders promptly attended to.
sept9tf.

BEAVER ACADEMY.
THIS INSTITUTION WAS OPENED ON MONDAY, Oct. 12th, 1868.
REV. JOHN W. MARTIN, D. D.
has been chosen Principal. He was formerly Principal of the Ulster Institution for the deaf-dumb and the blind, Belfast; and Headmaster of the National Institution for the deaf and dumb of Ireland, Claremont, Dublin; and, recently President of the Lincoln University. We are assured that Dr. Martin is a ripe scholar and a successful instructor. He purposes to revive the school, if God will. The first term will be short, in consequence of the lateness of beginning. The tuition will correspond. A liberal discount will be allowed to the orphans of soldiers and children of clergymen.
D. L. DEMPSEY, } Committee.
D. P LOWARY, }
sept9tf.

One of the Largest & Most Successful
WHOLESALE HAT HOUSES
In the old extensive and reliable House of
Wm. Flemming,
No. 139 Wood Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
OUR GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT EASTERN PRICES, and will be found to compare in extent and variety with first class houses in New York. The stock consists of Men and Boys Fur and Wool Hats, Silk and Cassimere Hats, Men and Boys Caps, Men, Boys and Childrens Straw goods, Palm leaf Hats, Shaker Hoods, Sundowns, Ladies' and Misses Hats, Trimmed and untrimmed. Country Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock. ov:an'o,68:1y

OUR STORY-TELLER.

A LOST LIFE.

'I don't know what to say,' quoth Miss Martha Tods, giving her gown a hitch at the shoulder, and at the bottom of the waist, according to a habit she had when excited in any way.

Now, if *Miss Martha Tods* did not know what to say, doubtless the subject was grave and difficult; for she should know if anybody, as—taking her at her own estimate—there was no one in the county, or State either (outside Boston: she had a proper respect for everything relating to *Boston*,) with sharper eyes, or ears, or tongue. But at this time she sat with an uncertain, puzzled expression on her pointed features.

Of course, Miss Ann, her dwarfed one-sided sister, who sat by the west window picking over a pan of dried beans was in doubt also; for she never presumed to make up her mind until Miss Martha had told her how. The family qualities, as well as the silver and linen, were divided between these two sisters; the energy, decision and sharpness going to the elder, and the easy, good-nature self-denial and hard work, falling to the younger.

So, naturally, to the world at large, the crooked, dumpy figure, and ready smile, of Miss Ann, was more comely than the stately form and strong-minded address of Miss Martha.

The sisters were not alone in the great yellow-washed kitchen, with its freshly scoured floor and queer cupboards stuck in the corners like hornets' nests. There was besides, a young woman with a round fair face which looked as pleasant as Miss Ann's, and and as firm as Miss Martha's.

'I have made up my mind, and if you don't think best to help me, I must do without your help,' said the third woman, shutting her lips, and poising her head with an air which showed argument or remonstrance would fall upon her like rain upon a rock.

Miss Martha gave her gown another hitch. 'Do you think you could manage it not to get found out? I haven't much question in my own mind but what I could go from Dan to Bersheba in men's clothes, without a soul's mistrusting me; but it isn't every woman who could act a part as well as myself,' said she.

'What I am afraid of is that you won't stand it to do a man's work, as to strength, even if you manage it to pass yourself off for one,' interposed the tender-hearted Miss Ann.

"I am naturally strong and healthy, and since Harmon went to the army I have done his work as well as mine. That was what first put the thought into my head, after he was taken prisoner, and not only couldn't send me any more money, but needed all I could send him. Nobody will hire me to do the work of a man in a woman's dress, and even if I did the same work, they would not think of paying me more than a third as much for it. I must live, and I must take care of the children, and earn money to send Harmon until he is released, and able to get his pay; and there is no way open to me while I am wearing a gown," returned the round-faced, blue-eyed woman, resolutely.

She had a cheerful heart as well as a brave one, and she said nothing of the weariness and hardships she had struggled through, before coming to this desperate decision.

"Have you told folks anything about your plan?" queried Miss Martha, with another hitch.

"My *folks!* Of course not. Nobody but you. Mother and the girls do not even know Harmon has been taken prisoner, or that he is sick, and I would not have them, especially mother. She worried herself half to death when he enlisted; and she has enough to bear up under without taking me on her shoulders."

"She always was a nervous piece. I remember her before you were born; but I tell you what, Laura, you are having a hard row to hoe, and I am willing to do what I can to help you if you are sure you can manage it so as not to get found out. I don't take much to children, myself, but yours seem to be well brought out, and pretty-behaved, and I will consent to your leaving them here for a spell any way; but the course you have got marked out for yourself seems like something of a venture," said Miss Martha at last.

"You want need to worry a single speck about the children. We will do the very best we can for them, and if you find you are over-taxing your strength you must leave right straight off, and try something else," added Miss Ann, rattling a handful of beans into the pan.

Alas! in their doubting and fearing, no thought of the will of the Lord, whose blessing maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it, came into the mind of either of the women. Else they might have remembered how he said—"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known." So they went on setting up human cunning and strength against the decrees of the Infinite.

Yet evil was never done that good might come, with a purer heart, and more unselfish motive, than when Laura Seavercool went forth, clothed in falsehood, to work for those who were dearer to her than life.

In the gray twilight of the day, when Miss Ann Tods—who could turn her hand to the making of anything from a shoe to a bonnet—had finished a suit of boy's clothes, Mrs. Pim, the nearest neighbor toward the north, saw from her pantry window, by which she stood, mixing biscuit in a wooded bowl, a boy drawing a wheelbarrow into her door-yard. She knew the old, blue wheelbarrow well enough, for it was Mr. Pim's, and hers, too, for that matter, which had been lent to Miss Ann Tods to take home her bag of meal that came with Mr. Pim's grist from mill; but she didn't know the boy. And this was a town so small, and so out of the way among the hills, with so little happening in it, that a strange cat, or a dead sheep, was a nine week's talk.

"He is a stranger to me. Nobody belonging hereaways, and I can't think for the life of me, what relation or acquaintance he can be of the Tods," said she, raising the window and putting her head out for a better sight. She held out her hand also, adding, quite loudly—"No, it don't rain." Mrs. Pim was full of such small double-dealing, which never deceived anybody but herself.

'What for-a-looking fellow is he?" asked Mrs. Pim's mother-in-law, who was afflicted like Mephibosheth, and could not easily get to the window to reconnoitre for herself.

"Short' and rather thick-set, with longish hair; and there is something wonderful queer about his gait. I don't know but what I will take over a basket of Russets to the Tods to-morrow—likely their apples are all gone—and find out, by the way, who he is,' said Mrs. Pim.

Accordingly she went on her neighborly errand, and came back as wise as she went. 'You can't ever get anything out of the old-maid Tods when they ain't a mind to have you, not if you take a pair of nippers' said she on her return. 'All I could find out was, that he is a boy, by the name of George Snyder, from down below; and that Martha Tods knew his family, him too, far's I know, when she stopped there such a while with her brother's folks. He is going to try to get into work round here somewhere. That is all I made out, for they didn't incline to talk much about the whys and wherefores of his coming; and what is the curiousest part of all, they've got two little children, a little boy and a little girl, to board: but who they belong to, and how they happened to get hold of them, I couldn't ascertain. Martha always likes to make a seven-day's wonder of nothing at all, and Ann hadn't dirst say her soul is her own any time. I tried to say something by the children themselves, but they seemed to be scart, little things, and they appeared rather backward, too. It is doubt in my mind if they can talk any great."

While Mrs Pim was telling the story of her unsatisfactory researches, Mr. Burlingame, an extensive lumber-dealer, in a large town, a dozen miles away upon the river, in driving down the road leading from the village, overtook a blue-eyed boy with delicate hands and innocent face. The boy turned, and came up to the wagon; so Mr. Burlingame stopped his horse.

'Do you wish to hire a hand, sir?' said he.

'Are you the hand?' returned Mr. Burlingame, who had a fixed aversion to answering a straight-forward question in a straight-forward way.

'Yes, sir,' replied the boy.

'You don't look like a very stout one,' said Mr. Burlingame.

'If you will try me you will find that I am. I have been at school for awhile, and am a little out of practice just now, but shall soon get toughened,' answered the boy, glancing at his soft, white hands.

'How are your habits? Good? Ever smoke, or chew, or drink, or play cards?'

'Never. I have no bad habits,' the boy replied, modestly, but decidedly.

'How old?'

'Sixteen.'

'You look old for that,' returned Mr. Burlingame, gazing sharply at the beardless cheeks. 'What is your name?'

'George Snyder.'

Then Mr. Burlingame made a pause. He was always moderate, and he waited long enough for one of your quick, flashy men to indict his will before he said—'Well, George, I am driving out to my mill at Scrooly; if you want to try and see what you can do at such kind of work, you may come out.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you,' replied George.

When Mr. Burlingame arrived at Scrooley, he found the boy, who had come out on the train, there before him, and already at work, having set himself to piling boards.—And he soon found George had told the truth in saying he had some of the bad habits common in boys of that age, and that he was ready and faithful in every sort of work.

'George is as reliable and energetic a boy as I could ask for, only he has not the strength. He takes hold of the log with the best will in the world, and lifts away at it, but the log doesn't come up. I don't know what to do,' said Mr. Burlingame to his partner, as they were looking over a wood-lot together. 'He can't earn his wages, though I'm persuaded he does just as well as he can, and never flinches for blisters or bruises. I hate to turn him off when he tries so hard and seems so anxious to please. He looks as if he ought to be at school yet, years old; has had himself to take care of ever since, and is trying to earn money to go through college. He really does seem to have a good mind. I lent him some books from my library, and he selected Paley's 'Natural Theology,' and Miss Whiting's memoirs—hardly what you would expect of a boy of his age. He looks healthy and appears capable; quick to understand and easy to learn. When Mrs. Young, who boards the men, was sick, one day, he took hold and helped her handy as a woman; but we don't want to pay a man for doing house work, and he seems to lack muscle for anthing heavier.'

'Why wouldn't he enlist and be off our hands and on our quota?' suggested the partner.

This was in the last year of the war, when calls for soldiers came often and loud, and one more on the town's quota was gladly counted in. Thus, for two reasons, the idea pleased Mr. Burlingame, so he talked with George about it, and found him apparently very willing to enlist; but there was a difficulty. No volunteers were received under eighteen.

'They would be fools not to take me,' said George; 'but they won't.'

'They would never think of disputing it if you give your age as eighteen,' said Mr. Burlingame, with another sharp glance at the smooth face, which somehow held marks of maturity on it, and which, at the bottom of his heart he really believed had seen as many years as that.

Then his wife, who sat by her sewing machine in the room where they were talking spoke up, shocked and vehement—'You certainly wouldn't dare tell a lie for the sake of enlisting! You couldn't expect a blessing on you in it if you did, for nobody gains anything by falsehood in the end, if they do in the beginning.

I have wondered if the conscience of the boy was moved by this unconscious commentary on his every day life, or if he had gone on so long in its falseness that the reproof and prophesy did not touch him.—However it was, he gave no sign, and presently went away without replying.

Something after nine of the clock, upon the same evening, Miss Martha Tods and her sister sat in their long low kitchen, with a small round table between them, on which was a tallow candle in a painted candlestick, a pair of tin snuffers, and a porringer of water. Miss Martha was braiding the crown of a palm-leaf hat, and Miss Ann was doing the more difficult and disagreeable part of setting up a top,' according to their usual division in all kinds of labor. A great earthern jar stood on the wide window-sill, filled with clover blossoms, asparagus branches, speckled field lilies, and scarlet peonies; and from the maple tree outside the window came in the shrill cry of a persistant katydid, harmonizing with mingled chirpings and fiftugs and droonings from hundreds of summer creatures who were thus telling, each in its way, its gladness in the universal warmth and sweetness, unknowing and heedless of the swift to-morrow, which shall prove so biting, and bitter, and unkindly, to us and them. But the flowers and the insects made up all the poetry of the time and place. The rest was plain prose of the homeliest sort.

'It was a downright relief to me when Pollina came after Mrs. Pim this afternoon.—She is of such an inquiring make that I have had to tell her more than fifty lies a'ready, I do believe; and it goes against my feelings to tell so many for nothing,' said Miss Ann, as though she thought there had been cases since the time Sapphira, when a lie had turned out of profit to the owner. 'Besides,' she added, 'I am so afraid fill the time I shall leak out something I shouldn't; I feel as though I was walking on eggs or china teacups, or some such.'

Miss Martha wet her straws in the porringer with a snort of contempt.

'I never could much abide Mrs. Pim's society, any way; but I don't know but what she is full more agreeable when she is trying to smell out something or 'nother. She can't generally talk about much only her neighbors' affairs, and the last peddler, her braiding and straw, and whether I 'think it' or not. Such conversation isn't edifying to me.

Here Miss Martha was interrupted by a sudden knock at the outer door. The sisters started in their chairs, and looked at each other as though they half expected it might be Mrs. Pim's avenging spirit; for Miss Martha, who was supposed to be the keeper of the castle, always spoke of it as her "mine," ventured to the window, and cautiously putting away a corner of the half curtain, peered out into the starlight.

'Its too dark for me to make out for a positive,' said she.

Then as the knock came again, more imperative, she went to the door and asked through the key hole, in a voice as though it belonged to two women, 'Who is it?'

'Me. Let me in, won't you?' replied a person out-side impatiently.

'Doesn't that sound like Laura Seavercool,' asked Miss Ann.

'You mean his?' returned Martha, who was never caught off her guard even in the silence of her own thoughts.

'Yes, yes, I mean its,' replied Miss Ann, hastily. Miss Ann was always more at heart than she was at grammar, and her mixed pronouns utterly confused her.

'It is me—George Snyder. Open the door,' said the voice outside.

So the listenings were relieved from a great painfull salver, which they expected to clatter over and act as alarm to a burglar should attempt to enter the door; then a bolt, a hook, and two keys.

'So it is you. You gave us a good scare, for we didn't expect you to-night more than the dead,' said Miss Martha hospitably, when the door was fairly open.

'Yes it is me, and I have walked all the way from Lansing since supper. How are the children?'

'Poor thing! It must be clean beat out!' murmured Miss Ann. 'Oh! the children are brisk as butterflies. They are doing nicely,' she continued, fluttering about to bring out the best rocking chair, a glass of milk and a plate of pie. 'Don't you think it is too much for you to take such a long walk after doing your days work?' she added.

'I do find lumbering rather tiresome, and I should have tried for something lighter before now if it were not for staying near the children. However, I can probably get as good wages, with less work, by going a little farther away; and I suppose it is best better do it,' replied the mother, with the heart of self-sacrifice beating under the homely suit of elephant gray.

'You mustn't get overdone,' said Ann, 'remember you won't need to have a stock of worry but what we will take good care of the children,' returned Miss Ann, cheerfully.

'I can tell you, you will have your hands full and keep wide awake. Mr. Burlingame evidently has a mistrust of some sort of the condition. He came over here one day this week to see what I knew of your early history. He said he observed you had a more polished way than folks in these parts, and he rarely saw a stranger in these parts that he didn't see at least once. Not that he said anything about you remembered me, but I could see that you about your folks. He kept braiding a hat for you, and talking about that several times. He said he was sure you were a gentleman's daughter, and what you represented yourself, because I had known your family so well, and you too when you were a little thing. In fact, I dressed you the first time, and so I told him. He went away appearing satisfied; but you will have to be wonderful discreet and cautious. If anything happens I expect nothing but what folks would fault me—though I don't see how I am to blame, seeing as you are bent on working out for men's wages, anyhow, whether I help you or not,' said Miss Martha, a little fretfully. For, to tell the truth, that with the children being, as she said, 'wearing' to her, and this other anxiety, she had not from the beginning found the path of decent pleasant to her feet.

It had hardly begun to dawn towards the next day, when Laura Seavercool kissed her sleeping babies, and putting on George Snyder's gray suit, started for Lansing, the village where her employer lived, going two miles out of the direct way to get a letter at the post-office of a neighboring town, beginning, "Dear Laura and Children;" written briefly and hurriedly from the wretchedness of a Southern war-prison.

Upon reaching the lumber-yard where he had been work for some time, and which adjoined Mr. Burlingame's house in the end of the village, George Snyder made known his wish to look elsewhere for work, and received his discharge and pay at once. The money was sent, excepting enough to pay for the care of the children and a pittance for present necessity, to the husband, sick and in prison, who, when he received it, and thought what a capable, self-reliant wife he had, never guessed at what price it was earned.

But because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore, the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. So after a few days hard work, a boy appearing to be about sixteen years old, applied for employment at some iron works in Redford, thirty miles from Lansing. Mr. Gloss, the agent, declined giving him work, as he looked to frail for shoveling and wheeling ore. But he returned and pleaded so hard that work was given him. Poor creature.—He had tried faithfully to get some easier place in printing-offices and stores, and he was glad to find anything to do.

His employers at the iron-works became very much interested in the intelligent, modest and industrious boy, and in his story—nearly the same which had already touched Mr. Burlingame's sympathies. But I suppose there is not a Divine law which is not for our good, physically as well as morally, and the organization of a woman, which had been thus compelled to do the work of a man, made terible protest at last.

One day, George Snyder crawled away to his bed, which, in order to be alone, he had made of a couple of blankets in the attic of the hotel where he boarded, and lay down there in mortal sickness, dying after a few days of suffering and delirium. Then, by letters among his effects, the sad story was read of one who died from over exertions for those she loved; a vain sacrifice.

A few months after the husband gained his release and came home to find only a grave and two motherless children.

THE following may be set down as one of the best jokes of the season:

Baptist Brother—I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough.—There's too much machinery about it.

Methodist Brother—It is true, we have more machinery than you; but then, you see it don't take near so much *water* to run it.

A GALLANT was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she with a pouting lip, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goose."

General W. C. Wickham has been elected President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

LETTER TO GEN. GRANT.

The Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby advises the President Elect.

POST-OFFUS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Which is in the Stait uv Kentucky.)
Nov. 18th, 1868.

To Ulysses S. Grant General and President Elect:

SIR: The eleckshun is o'er! The die is cast, uv wich die the Democracy hev the most wy it. Frankly we admit that we are beaten. I studied the eleckshun returns carefully, and I have come to that concloosion. Hed we carried Ohio, Pennsylvania, Injiany, Illinoiy, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and California, and hed Virginia, Texas and Mississippi bin allowed to vote the result would hev bin different. But we didn't, therefore we submit. We mite resist, but cz we hevn't the strength to do it, we bow cheerfully to the will uv the people, and recogulze yod ez our Chief Magustrait, in the place uv A. Johnson, deceest. Now the question with us is wat do you intend to do? That's wat I want to know, and that's wat Deekin Pogram, Capt. McPelter, and Issaker Gavlit is demandin' in thunder tones. Wat do yoo intend to do? Are yoo a goin' to adopt the merciless policy of the estream Radikels, or are you goin' to adopt a conciliatory policy?

I presoom that you don't understand the situasion in the South. I allu yo persoom that shood yoo visit the corners, yoo wood find here two classes of people, whose tastes, habits, inclinashens and interests vary widely.—On the one hand are the original Kentuckians, uv wich Bascom, Deekin Pogram, Capt. McPelter and Issaker Gavitt are brite and shinin specimens, and on the other there is Pollock, the Illinoy store-keeper, Joe Bigler, who wuz a Confederit sojer, but who has back-slid into Ablishnism, ten or twenty families uv Northerners who have bought land hereabouts, and the niggers which were freed by Linkin and the Constooshnel Amendment. These two antagonistic elements are perpetually at war, and the result is a chronic onpleasantnis wich hez seriously retarded the growth uv this seckshun. The fault is of course with Pollock, Bigler, the Northern farmers and the niggers. The original Kentuckians desire peece—they long and hunger and thirst for it. But these other curses won't let us hev it. The Northern farmers would come here and buy land, and continyoually irritate us with their presence; they won't adopt our habits and customs, but persist in keeping up their own, and ez we know 'em to be Republikins the site uv one on our streets perdooses a species uv frenzy on our citizens, wich hez at times resulted seriously to them. They hold prayer-meeting at each other's houses, they take Northern noosepapers wich wood pizen the minds uv our people but for the blessed fact that our people don't read to any alarmin extent, and they hev tried to sow dissension among the nigger children by teaching them to be above the spoot to their teacher and our theology assisted em. They almost put me that they hed never spent 4 months all told at his bar. How kin he live in peace with sich? The niggers won't work for us onless we pay 'em, and the result is our farms are running down. But little is persoosed by us, and the old original Kentucky stock is gettin to be as seedy a set ez yoor eyes ever rested onto.

Now in regard to us wat are yoo a goin to do from our side of the line to perfect us or them? Are you goin to let Deekin Pogram's niggers to be pertected in their insolent refoosal to submit to his guidance and direction, or are they to be left to him to be dealt with as he chooses? Is the citizens uv the Corners to hev the rite, wich is theirs, to chastise these beings in their own way—to redoos em to ther nateral level ez they see fit, or are they to be hampered by soljers and sich and be forced to the humiliation uv seein em clel in all respects? In short, shel we under yoor administrashun hev the rite to hang niggers and tar and feather Northern settlers as we hev bin doin, or not? That's the question wich our people ask, and on yoor anser depends the support of you.—The Corners is open to proposals. The Corners can be sekoored to yoor administrashun or it kin be driven into an attitood of defiance.

It hez bin sed that yoo are a sphinx. Wat a sphinx is I don't know, nor is ther any one in the Corners who does. But it must be suthin ojus or yoo wouldn't hev bin so called. The great question is "are you agoin to continue to play sphinx, are yoo agoin to continyoo in the groove into wich yoo hev sot yourself, or are yoo agoin to flop out and fling yoorself into our arms? That's the question that is agitatin me, and the Corners ez well. El I remember aright the concloodin sentence uv your letter uv acceptance wuz, "let us hev peece." I want peece and so duz the Corners. How is this peece to be attained? Easy enuff. Let Deekin Pogram hev his niggers to manage and control in his own way, and he'll be at peece. Continyoo Elder Pennibacker—who hez a distillery—in the offises of Whisky Inspector, Assessor and Collector of Internal Revenoo, wich he now holds, and he'll continyoo at peece. Yoo kin thus pacify these classes. Don't say that perhaps the other classes mite object. Possibly they wood. It's ther objection that hez made all the trouble thus far. Hed they not objected, all wood hev bin at peece now. The niggers like the eel, hev bin yoost to bein skinned, and more uv it wont hurt em. But think of that old man, Deekin Pogram! Look at his gray hair, his furrowed cheeks, and his tottrin steps! Is he to be forced in his old age to stane his hands with labor for the necessary sustenance wich sence Bascom quit trustin, kin only be got with cash! Is niggers to wear better clothes than me? Shel Issaker Gavitt, who wuz never yoost to work, be brot to it in the flower of his youth? We don't ask you to interfere in our behalf—we only ask you to be at peece yourself, and keep hands off.—Sheathe the sword, and let us hev peece. Withdraw everything in the shape of soljery—stick to the Presidency and nothing else, and we will take care uv the rest.

There are other things wich yoo must do to restore happyness and peece to this distracted country. There can be no peece so long az the Blairs are out of offis. The Blairs must hev places. A government without a Blair into it is not legal. Linkin failed to command the respect uv the Blairs, and wher is Linkin? Johnson let the Blairs go, and what an Awful Example is he! Don't be afraid that they won't take offis under yoo They ain't pertikeler—they'd as soon run your administrashun ez anybody's. Yoo can git the support of the Blairs. That boon is within yoor reech. And likewise yoo kin git others wich ez jist ez necessary. Steedman is waitin. Rosso is waitin. Fuller is waitin. Ross of Kansas, and Doolittle—in fact all that noble army uv martyrs wich follered the politikel forchoons uv A. Johnson stand ready to support yoo, on condishun that yoo support them. Take them U. S. Grant—take them. Don't despize my advice. Think uv havin the Blair family knockin at yoor dore for four years! End it now and forever.

For myself it isn' necessary to speek. I am almost at the end of a eventful life. Disappintment hez done its work, and in a little time I shel go hence. I am a victim uv irregular habits—wunst when in a Ablishen bastee I wuz deprived uv liker for ten days, and wunst by mistake I swallowed camphene for whisky. My constitu shen wuz thus undermined. I hev but a few years more at best and it don't matter wher I drag them out.—But if my path way to the toomb cood be smoothed by a continyoance in the Post Offis at the Corners it wood be a favor wich I shood appreciate. I shood then be at peece. Likewise wood Bascom, at whose bar I left an unliquidated account, and the citizens, all uv whom hold my notes uv hand for small ammounts, be at peece in the soothin hope uv nettin suthin at some fusher day. I ekko your sentiment—let us hev peece. I hev indikated how it kin be done—will yoo follow that path or not? It is for yoo to choose.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

GENERAL HINDMAN.

A Little Bit of War History—"Take no Prisoners."

[From the Richmond State Journal, Nov. 9.]

A friend who happened by the fortunes of the recent war, to be placed for a few days under the command of the late Confederate General Hindman, of Arkansas, so recently assassinated in that State, supplies us with the following page of unrecorded history:

"Did I ever meet with Hindman in my war experience?, you ask? Yes, I met him once, and had no wish to meet him again. "Tyrant" was marked in every lineament of his handsome face, in each haughty curl of his proud lip, and waved in every ringlet of his fair, flowing, Absalom-like locks. It was late in the evening, on the 21st of May, 1862. Gen. Halleck had been wasting more than a month and a half in making his advance against Beauregard at Corinth; by slow approaches, plank-roads, entrenchments, and parallels, while the Confederate army was melting away by sickness, and almost perishing for want of water.

Beauregard saw his army dwindling day by day, and knew that his only alternative was to force a battle or to retreat. On the evening mentioned he determined to bring on a general engagement, and made his dispositions accordingly. The entire army was put in motion and marched out of the entrenched camp of Corinth. We halted on the brow of the hill half-way between the two camps—the Federal army then occupying Farmington, three miles from Corinth. The country was thickly wooded and undulating, and a small stream meandered through the ravine which separated the hostile hosts. Our forces were disposed in three lines of battle, in the same manner as we began the fight at Shiloh. Price and Van Dorn, with their Missouri and Arkansas troops, had been sent to attempt a secret movement, by which it was contemplated the left flank of the enemy might be turned, and the thunder of their guns on our right and the Federal left, the next morning was to announce the success of the plan, and be the signal for a general assault all along the line. I was in the first line of battle, acting as a file-closer, the left being in front. The sun was seen setting serenely in the west, as is usually the case, and betokened a goodly day on the morrow, when a "solitary horseman" approached the head of our column and reined his superb war steed within two paces of where I stood leaning on my musket. He at once commenced talking. "Men," said he, "in to-morrow's battle fire low. It is as important to wound the enemy in the legs, and even more important sound men, at least, to take care of the wounded. Be calm; be sure of your aim. Don't waste your ammunition. Keep your formation; remain always with your colors; be careful not to straggle or get separated, and always push to the front. Never mind your wounded comrades, for ample provisions have been made to remove them from the field. *You need not take any prisoners. I do not want them.* They will only serve to embarrass the army and weaken our strength. Obey my instructions—stand by your colors—and to-morrow's sun will set upon one of the most glorious victories ever achieved on the American continent;" and; bowing gracefully, he passed on, leaving us to wonder. As he wore no uniform, carried no sword, showed no military insignia, save a revolver in his belt, and was unknown to the command, his address somewhat surprised us, and the inquiry, "Who is he?" was pretty general. "Why that's Gen. Hindman, your new division commander, said the brigade adjutant, and you'd better believe that he'll show us h—ll to-morrow." The reply was anything but reassuring, for we had heard that he was prone to the fault of unnecessarily exposing his men. "What did he mean by not wanting to take prisoners?" inquired a sergeant to my left. "Does he expect us to murder them?" "That's the only construction I can give his remark, and the peculiar manner in which it was made," was the reply. And his division so understood it; but I doubt whether a single man in that line would obeyed instructions so inhuman. He was a splendid tyrant—young and handsome but soulless—and no doubt met his fate at the hands of some relative of one of the many victims to his stern cruelty, as it was his practice to shoot his soldiers for very slight offence, or otherwise severely punish them.

That night was an anxious one—as "the night before the battle" ever is to the soldier. Around the bivouac fires comrades gathered gloomily, as the scattering shots of the pickets in front, and the whistling of the balls over our heads, subdued the *certaminis gaudia*, and reminded us that ere the sun rose again the combat would deepen and many of us lie low. Each confided to his friend some message for home and dear ones—to sweetheart, wife, or mother—prefacing it, "If I fall and you escape, tell her that——."

Morning came—the sun rose; but the fog which hung like a shroud over the two armies was impenetrable to its rays. Every ear was awake to hear the signal from the right; but the day advanced, the sun stalked his stately course up the heavens, noon came, and still nothing from Price and Van Dorn. The day waned, night approached, and with it brought a tired and dust-begrimed courier, with the intelligence that the flank movement had failed through premature discovery, and that Price and Van Dorn were falling back.

So ended the intended great fight of the 22d of May, 1862, which would have been known as the battle of Farmington, and which would have resulted as did that of Shiloh. Beauregard now commenced his preparations for the evacuation of Corinth and eight days later, simultaneously with the opening of Hallack's big guns on that town, his army withdrew by the causeway he had previously constructed for the purpose, through the Tuscumbia swamp, and escaped to Tupelo, without the loss of a single prisoner, notwithstanding General Pope telegraphed to Washington that he had taken 10,000. He might have taken 20,000 if he had pursued the army or attempted to cut it off, for I never before or since beheld such demoralization among troops. They were without organization, almost in a state of mutiny, and ready to yield at any moment to the first demand. Pope lost a golden opportunity there.

I never saw Hindman again.

JELLY CAKE. Bake sponge cake or cup cake in circular pans, half an inch thick; when cold, put pulp of fruit or marmalade between them; six or eight layers of each.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square for first insertion, and for subsequent insertions 50 cents. A liberal discount will be made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices not under head of Locals, immediately after the local news, will be charged twenty cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths announced free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change advertisements from one place in the paper to another whenever it is desirable to do so.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday to insure insertion in that week's paper.

[From the New York Evening Mail]

A Quaker Wedding!

A Quaker Wedding is a novelty to the world's people, and as such we present our readers with a detailed description of one which recently took place in the town of Harrison, Westchester county.

Last Tuesday evening, at the residence of Friend John Semen, in Harrison, Mr. Eugene V. Lorton, of this city, married himself to Miss Amy T. Mosher, of Greenwich, Conn. The relatives of the young Friends who were to be married came together from all parts of the compass, even from the towns of New Jersey, the hills of Orange county, the city of New York, New England, and Westchester county. There was a plentiful sprinkling of the world's people too—young ladies in Pompadour waists, and young men in swallow tailed coats and fancy neckties. But to all intents and purposes the wedding was for Quaker origin, conduct, and conclusion.

Arriving at the mansion, the guests were ushered into the parlors, where bright fires of wood were blazing in the open fire-place. The young people assembled in the latter parlor, while the near relatives and aged Friends were comfortably seated in the front parlor. The Semen family is remarkable for the size of its aged men and women, and as it is a long lived family, many gray-headed folks were present. Many of the men were almost gigantic in stature, with broad chests, and a rotundity which would well become an alderman. In strength of constitution and development of physique, the women were fully equal to the men; and when contrasted with the lithe and petite city belles of the present day, seemed to be of another generation.

The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. The friends, in their peculiar and well-known costumes, were seated in the front parlor, in solemn silence. The gentlemen were, for the first part, dressed in black, with white neck-ties, while the ladies wore small lace caps with little peaked crowns, and lace underhandkerchiefs.—The prevailing color of their dresses were brown, a deep rich mulberry, and black.—Whenever a friend entered the room, he or she shook hands with each one present, silently calling them by their given names.

Beneath the mirror in the front parlor a soft hind been placed for the bride and groom; and upon either side were chairs for the best man and woman. The friends and relatives being present the best man and woman entered the back parlor, followed by the bridal pair. They walked the entire length of the parlors, and amid a profound silence took the seats designed for them. For about five minutes, during which a silent prayer is supposed to have been offered, no one spoke or moved. The bride sat like a statute, with downcast eyes, but blushing perceptibly.—The whole scene appeared more like a tableau than an ordinary wedding ceremony.—After enduring the silence as long as seemed desirable, the bridegroom and bride arose, taking each other by the right hand, when the bridegroom said:

"In the presence of the Lord and these people, I take thee, Amy, to be my wife, promising, by the Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death does part us."

Then Amy said the same words to Eugene, the concluding of this part of the ceremony the company was again seated, and silence reigned profound. The bride was dressed after the ordinary fashion, in a white cashmere, *en train*, trimmed with white satin, pompadour waist, lace underwaist, veil, orange flowers, etc.

During the silence succeeding the ceremony an opportunity was offered for any of the friends to address the couple if the spirit moved. After waiting for some time a quiet, motherly-looking lady made the following ejacul