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BEAVER ARGUS.

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THE TYPE-SETTER.

Written on hearing a friend called "talented" a mere type-setter—still a man—
The world is full of men, may I never forget
Unknown, unloved, one who can
Have himself to love and ought to fear,
Whose labors, though they seem so vain,
Are the life-blood of a princely realm.
The printer's art is well a noble game,
And "strick" may match a student's.

A type-setter's life—let us see—
To gaze the glorious stripes to air,
To hold the banners of the free,
To lead the stars that glimmer there,
To lead the host of Heaven's army,
And to be the banner of the free,
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And to be the banner of the free.

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Horrors of Opium Smoking.

Clive, in his description of China, and Chinese customs, states that one of the streets of Canton is occupied entirely by shops for the sale of this deadly drug. One of the objects in this place, that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium smoker in his heaven, and certainly it is a fearful sight, although not so degrading as the eye as the smoking, from spirits, lowered to the level of a beetle, and wallowing in his filth. The filth, smoke and death-like stator, however, of the opium den has something far more awful to the gaze than the beastly of the latter. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden benches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a rod, of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture is the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head.

The drug is prepared by some kind of compound, and a very small portion of it is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hook in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stage will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, the fire of which is held to the drug during the process of inhaling, and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who sits upon the smelter to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, gives a pallid and haggard look to the face, and in a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after it is long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive.

In the houses devoted to their rine, these insatiable people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages, some entering, half-dressed, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day, and others laughing and talking while under the effects of a first pipe. The last work in this trade play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead house, where lie stretched those who have passed into a state of bliss the opium smoker usually seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

Capture of a Wild Man in Missouri.

A St. Joseph correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells the following story:

"A wild man was caught last week and brought to town. He was confined in a cell of his length a dense cluster of uncombed hair like the hair of a wild bear, and filled with the bones and skins of cats, which seemed to have constituted his principal articles of food. For this strange diet he has a peculiar penchant, and he would eat every other—He hunted cats with an activity prompted by extreme voracity, and it was in the pursuit and slaughter of these animals that he was first discovered. Frequent attempts were made to capture him, but his agility and speed were such that he appeared to run on the tops of the bushes, and he would not permit himself to be surrounded and secured him. He attempted to bite, but was overpowered. When brought to the Court house he presented the strangest appearance conceivable. His height was about six feet, and his hair long, reddish brown and matted; his eyes large, gray and restless; his finger nails as long as the claws of a tiger, his department grinning, half-dumb half-threatening, his suit consisted of a thousand tatters of cloth, bark, cat skins, &c., bound together by cat-gut. He said he was from the State of New York, and had been in the woods 29 years. While he was being examined, he made a sudden spring over the heads of those who surrounded him and dashed away with the speed of the reindeer. The crowd pursued him, but in vain. Over the hills he fairly flew, before both footman and horseman, until he was fairly lost to them. Nothing since has been heard of him.

He is certainly a strange being, and is literally a wild man. His age can hardly exceed forty, and yet has lived so much away from the society of man, that he has nearly forgotten his language, and has the most vague recollections of things. He remembered New York, but did not know where he was, for the form of Government under which he lived.

The Gold Box.

The gold box left in trust by my venerated father, is still here at the Hermitage, safely deposited. It has been, and will be, and is at all times, ready for that patriot whom the corporate authorities of the City or State of New York shall deem fit to receive it."

The next question is, who will get the gold box?

John G. Saxe the Comic Poet and Lecturer.

John Godfrey Saxe, is a native of Vermont, and was born at Highgate, Franklin County, June 2, 1816. After fitting himself in the grammar school of St. Albans, he entered Middlebury College, where he distinguished himself by his scholarship, when he graduated in 1839. After reading law at Lockport, New York, and St. Albans, he was admitted to the bar at the latter place in 1843, and speedily acquired an honorable legal reputation and plenty of practice. The miseries of his "High-falootin' Barnister" were not suggested by experience, his dalliance with the law was deferred till he had established a position. A few years ago Mr. Saxe, resigned the post of a lawyer in Burlington, Vermont, and came to this city, where he has since resided.

He is a contributor to this paper, he has relinquished the charge of it, and has disposed of his pecuniary interest in it. Mr. Saxe has filled the office of State's Attorney, and is now inspector of customs at Burlington. Latterly he has entered the field as a lecturer in prose and verse, and the most brilliant success has attended him in his career. In a range of country reaching from Portland to St. Louis, wherever he has lectured, he has attracted brilliant and overflowing audiences, and the announcement of his name is what theatrical managers call a "sure sale." During the past winter, Mr. Saxe has lectured on "Forty or thirty thirty years, no American lecturer enjoying a greater or wider popularity. As a poet, Mr. Saxe will hereafter be known by his comic effusions, though his serious efforts are very graceful and elegant. Next to Holmes, he is the most successful comic poet this country has ever produced. He resembles Holmes in the high and brilliant finish of his verses, but he has one advantage over Holmes in his faculty of punning. Saxe's puns have a sort of impromptu air—they fall naturally into the current of his verses—their train of thought or course of narrative, never being diverted for the sake of embarrassing the pun.

Dr. Johnson could never have read one of Saxe's punning poems without a relaxation of the brow, nor do we think if he were alive, that he would have considered his pocket book unsafe in Mr. Saxe's company—his wit is so subtle and puns so plentiful in the same category. The "High-falootin' Barnister" and the "Old Water Man" are felicitous specimens of his punning facility. The former of these poems was the first he ever published. It had a great run, and every now and then it is revived and goes the rounds over again. Among the longer poems of our author are "Progress," the "Times," and the "Money King." The latter has not yet been published, as it forms part of the lecturer's stock in trade. These are satirical poems—but in Mr. Saxe's hands they acquire a playful what is called a good work. The reason of this is, that Mr. Saxe never indulges in personal attacks, he has no private malice to gratify, and though he is intolerant of folly and vice, he does not war against individual men.

His native goodly people have him commending the ordinary mistakes of saying "High-falootin'" for "High-falootin'." Among his many poems, the "Rhyme of the Rail" is a great favorite both in this country and in England. It was first published in the Knickerbocker Magazine. It is a very good specimen of his style—light, playful, humorous and witty, with the measure nicely balanced and adjusted to the subject. The "Proud Miss McLeide" is a long poem, irresistibly laughable, and full of home thrusts at the prejudices and follies and pretensions of the pseudo-artist-rats of our "fierce denunciation." Mr. Saxe seems never to write except when in the vein. There is no "squeaking out" in his compositions. "Terseness is quite as much a feature in his verse as any other quality. Nor does he ever mix fun and sentiment together. He begins by butting you in good humor, and keeps you laughing till the end of his narrative. We never knew a man who so personally less disappointed the hearers framed by reading his verses than Mr. Saxe.

His face is genial and sunny, and his eye, gleaming with humor, and yet bearing the impress of high intellectuality. In person he is tall and athletic, standing over six feet in height. A student of the world before he became a man of letters, his address is frank and easy; he has great conversational powers and tells a story minutely. He is just such a man as Christopher North would have welcomed to his heart of hearts—just the man to live figured in the "Nectes with the Electric Shepherd."

The Big Men of Maine.

The Washington Star gives the following as the weight of certain Democratic gentlemen from Maine, in that city on business with Mr. Buchanan:

Major N. Bush, 250; Col. F. T. Ledy, 245; J. Jones, 206; Albert Smith, 259; Ex-Gov. Hubbard, 240; Hon. L. L. Ledy, 235; Mr. Patton, 230; Mr. H. H. H. H., 230; Hon. S. Jordan, 220; E. Ross, 220; Wm. Bennett, 215; Hon. V. D. Parris, 212; Robt. Burns, 210; Hon. G. P. Sewall, 210; Hon. J. D. McCrate, 210; Mr. Young, 212; Hon. J. Badon, 209; Hon. B. N. Moore, 200; Hon. B. J. Young, 200; Hon. N. Childs, 255—average weight, 414 lbs. Average weight of two years persons 224 lbs.

We should like to see the result of another "weight" since the Maine appointments have been announced. We don't believe that the lot would average 224.

The story of John Dean and his wife, who he got "under difficulties," has been rendered into song by a New York genius, to the air of "Wilkins and his Dinah."

BENEVOLENCE.

At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies it is related, these resolutions were adopted:

1. We will give something.
2. We will give each according to our ability.
3. We will give willingly.

At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink to put down what each one came to contribute. Many advanced to the table, and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro who was very rich, and as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin.

"Take that back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "That may come to the just resolution, but not cordin to do second."

The rich old man hesitatingly took it up and looked back to his seat, and then he gave another coin forward, and all giving more than himself, he was advanced and again threw a piece of money on the table saying:

"No, sir, dat won't do! Dat may be cordin to the first and second but not cordin to the third."

"He was obliged to take it up again—Still angry with himself, he sat a long time until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, and with a smile upon his countenance, laid a large sum of money upon the table.

"Dar now, berry well," said the presiding negro, "what will do, dat am cordin to all the resolutions."

Reader this simple narrative contains in a nutshell the whole formula of benevolence. The first duty is to give—the second is to give according to your ability—and the third which is equal to all the rest is to give willingly.

The St. Louis Election as seen through slavery's eye.

The Richmond *South* of April 11, fairly howls over the Free Soil triumph lately won in St. Louis. It says:

"Now some stupid individual will say, 'All this means nothing. It is a joke, a box, a thimble, a triumph in the capital of a first-class slave State. There is no certain people in the South, and no significant event—a matter of no interest or concern—an amusing little incident over which they can enjoy a quiet chuckle. It is not so regarded among the abolitionists of the north.'"

MARRYING IN FUN.

Another instance of the folly of "marrying in fun" is just now exciting the good people of Florida. It seems that a banking officer of that town met at a ball a young lady from his neighborhood, who was very good looking, sprightly and attractive. While walking with her, he proposed in jest that they should be married. The lady accepted his proposition, and they adjourned to a side-room, where a person present was called upon to perform the ceremony, which he did to the infinite amusement of all concerned.

The gentleman thought no more of the matter until the breaking up of the ball, when his fair partner called upon him to conduct her to his residence. He demurred, and thought he had better go to her own residence. She said that the home of her husband was her home; "whether that goes or I will follow thee." He did not hardly understand that it was his wife. She insisted upon her marital rights, and claimed that, as the ceremony had been performed by a Justice of the Peace, that it was a perfectly fair and legal transaction.

The gentleman inquired into matters, found that her position was correct, and that he was in a bad humor. He is now endeavoring to induce his wife and back out of the bargain, with the prospect of success, however. The lady has before been married, and she is understood, divorced from her former husband, but under such circumstances as admitted her marrying again. *Alamy* writes.

Death of Judge Tappan.

The Honorable Benjamin Tappan, of St. Louis, is dead. He died on Saturday evening, at St. Louis, in the 83rd year of his age. He has occupied a very conspicuous position before the public and has been an active leader in the Democratic party. Belonging rather to the old than the new school of Democracy, he has been a constant and faithful supporter of their work, and that account both credit with the Southern Senators. He was in the Senate from 1839 to 1845—being a member of that body when the Texas Treaty was before it—and was accused of being a traitor, of having furnished the copy of the Treaty which appeared in the columns of the *N. Y. Herald*.

Judge Tappan was a brother of Arthur Tappan, of New York; but unlike him, he was a free thinker in religion. He is said to have led a moral life, but exercised an unfavorable influence on Judge Tappan was a man of decided and impressive talents. He was particularly eminent for a cold and sternness, and was a man of a high and noble character. He was a man of a high and noble character. He was a man of a high and noble character.

Editors Fight in Quincy, Ill.

The Editors of Quincy, Ill., are never in a very amiable mood towards each other. The other day Brooks, the editor of the *Herald*, published the editor of the *Republican* as a "son of a dog." The editor of the *Republican* had the offender, struck him with a light stick, and then closed in and "put him on his back." Then they were "spared." The editor of the *Republican* comments afterwards thus:

"The editor of the *Herald* says that 'we are a dignified man than he. He is, indeed, a small specimen if we are weighed at last weighing just 1352 pounds, while the *Herald* man must weigh 150 to 175. We are of the Shanghai order, about 145, scant of body, and perhaps scant of brain; such a man in fact as Tom Hays would look upon with contempt. If the editor of the *Herald* expects to make any capital out of anything of this kind he will have to find it where he and we are not mutually known. The editor of the *Herald* says that we were 'three fourths drunk' when we made the attack upon him. If he had been drunk the other fourth he would have found it to have been the result! The editor of the *Herald* says that he tore our hair out nearly off in the encounter he had in Saturday. If he did we have to announce one of the most remarkable sudden deaths of the age, for from the moment of the affair the wound healed up, leaving not the faint sign of a scar."

Lancaster City, Kansas, has just held a municipal election, at which the free State candidate was elected Mayor by a majority of 180 over all others. Yet in this same town a United States census of the voters had been taken a little while before, by an officer appointed by the fraudulent pro-slavery Legislature, which reported that there were only eighty free State voters; or, in other words, of the seven hundred free citizens of Lancaster, this but eighty were on the list of voters. This is the largest town in Kansas, having a population of 10,000. It is on the Missouri river, directly opposite Fort Scott, Mo., the head quarters of border ruffians.

It is rumored that Sam Houston is a candidate for Governor, in opposition to the Democratic candidates in Texas.

Emancipation in St. Louis.

The new city officers of St. Louis were inaugurated last week and the occasion was marked with almost as much ceremony as if a President were being inducted into office. The new Mayor, John M. Wimer, delivered an Inaugural Address, in which he distinctly recognized the issue upon which he was elected, declaring that the question of emancipation "transcends in its importance to the public welfare the elevation or defeat of any man, great or small." As his election is the first anti-slavery victory ever achieved on slave soil, South, it may be worth while to put on record his views in relation to slavery. He said:

It is an universally admitted truth, that labor is the only creator of wealth and material prosperity. It is equally true that skilled and intelligent labor of free white men is more productive than the compelled labor of slaves.

Civilized society owes everything to labor, upon which it is founded and upon which it rests. The rights of labor and in upholding its dignity, because in the same degree that its rights and dignity are maintained, the prosperity of all is enhanced.

There are those however so wedded to the pride of domination, that they prefer to see the interests of free white labor degraded by an injurious competition, which whilst it ministers to the pride of individuals, militates against the prosperity of the state.

These resolutions recently introduced into the Missouri Legislature were intended to bind our State and City in all future time, to a system of labor suited to our condition, lowering by its composition the labor of freedom of our own race, and tending to drive from us the immigration from Europe and the older states.

The people of St. Louis have by their late action, rebuked the authors of these resolutions. They have calmly and fearlessly taken their stand. They have decided in favor of the many against the few. This declaration I am confident will never be reversed. There are none now who openly assail it. It is believed that no man or combination of men can prevent its becoming the policy of our people. It is best for the state that it should be peopled by white men.

When this shall have been accomplished—when the tiling masses who create all wealth and uphold the very frame-work of society shall be assured the dignity and nobility of labor—then shall our state assume the proud position which belongs to her, as the centre of the continent, the focus of ten thousand miles of river navigation, and the possessor of a climate and soil not surpassed by any portion of our country. This gentlemen, is an auspicious time in the affairs of St. Louis, and to us is entrusted the high and responsible duty of directing its affairs: that the vast interests involved shall not suffer, and that the prosperity of the city shall not be retarded by a time-serving and timid policy. Commerce, manufactures and the mechanic arts should therefore be invited to our city, by a wise and consistent system of legislation with an assurance that capital will find a safe and safe investment, and labor a liberal compensation.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON SQUALID BARRIERS—Brother Brigham, during the delivery of one of his sermons in the Tabernacle, in Great Salt Lake City, took the liberty to upbraid the mothers of small children for bringing their progeny into the holy sanctuary, and pitched into them in the following style:

I will say, in regard to the sisters who bring children here to make a noise, they have never yet sufficiently thought, and sufficiently considered their own place in this world, for the place of others, to know that there is any other person living on the earth but themselves; and they think, when they hear people talk, that it is a noise through a dark veil. I cannot say much for the education, based on good feeling, that such persons have. Were I to describe in a plain way I should say that they are people of no breeding, that they were never bred but came up; that they are about as good a character as I can afford to give to any mother that will keep a squalling child in a meeting. I have never said to the congregation, look and see who they are, for you may distinguish by your ears, without looking, the mothers that have had good teaching and been brought up in civilized society.

PATRICK HENRY INTERROGATED—Asgerman to the subject of Duels, we recollect hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Gov. Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor, to Patrick Henry:

"Sir—I understand that you have called me a 'bob tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning?"

Wm. B. GILES.

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir—I do not recollect having called you a bob tail politician at any time, but think it probably I have. I do not recollect the time or the occasion, but I will tell you what I think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,
PATRICK HENRY.

Baptism of One Hundred Mormons at Chesterfield.

A singular, and it may be said, a most disgraceful scene, took place on Thursday evening, on the outskirts of the town, runs a narrow stream among the fields, called the river; rather, over which, on the Husland road, is a bridge called Steyer-bridge. About 100 or 150 persons, chiefly women, are scattered on the verge of the water, waiting for the appearance of the deluded fanatics who are to be dipped. They call to each other from opposite sides, and crack jokes of a most indecent and shameful character. It is past eight, and quite dark, the moon being obscured, and not a single star to shed even a glimmer of light. Two or three candles are brought down to the water, and stuck in the mud by the side, and presently a carriage featured man descends into the middle of the stream, and takes up his position under the arch of the bridge. This is the priest who is to perform the ceremony. He has nothing on but a pair of trousers, tucked up at the knee, and a waistcoat with sleeves. He intimates to the attendants that he is ready, and in a few minutes emerges from a house two or three hundred yards off, men (some half, and others entirely naked) and they walk over the ground, which is strewn with pebbles, broken bottles, bricks and tiles to the water. They are compelled to pass through the women who line the banks, and the remarks which ensue are revolting and indelicate beyond description. One by one they are received by the priest, who smil, shouts of laughter, dip each individual, pronouncing over them the formula—1, being baptized, by Jesus Christ, baptizing thee for the remission of thy sins, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. As he utters these words, he lays them beneath the water, and the individual who is being baptized being in every case, blinded by the water, there is a struggle to rise, and on several occasions both priest and baptized called out together in the stream. As may be imagined, this affords tumescence to the mob, who notify their approbation by clapping of hands, shrieks and roars of merriment. *Manchester Examiner.*

How to SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its color, if it is white, with a slightly yellowish straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its adhesiveness; and if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of the dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Squeeze some of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 4. Throw a little lump of the dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Squeeze some of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky.

PER-ONAL.—One of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China: "Well, you can go, you'll kill you, and if you're dead, I'll be dead, they'll eat you. Sir, believe it's an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."

A "PERFECT WRECK"—Mr. George Cesar is a colored gentleman of intelligent propensities in Albany. He was long and big when thrashing his wife; wife screamed; five other women came to the rescue, and pitched into Mr. Cesar's countenance. Before they were done with him he looked a perfect wreck; and was nearly bald, the ladies having used his hair to pull at, while they scratched with the other hand.

A gentleman who has been engaged in the wool-growing business in Tennessee, and who has recently traversed Northern Alabama, informs the Mobile Tribune that the raising of sheep in that State would be more profitable than the culture of cotton. Thousands of acres fit for nothing but sheep pasture could be had for 125 cents per acre.

The cup of sorrow is in constant circulation; we must not drink any of our own drink. It is in our own hands, and we must not let it be. It is in our own hands, and we must not let it be. It is in our own hands, and we must not let it be.

It is said that ex-President Pierce, by avoiding extravagance in the Executive Mansion during his term, retires with half of his four year's salary in his pocket.

The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor, editor a bouquet of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care, he had rather smell it than matrimony.

Melancholy fills upon a contorted life like a drop of ink on white paper which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning.

At Darmstadt, South America, the cholera is said to be making fearful ravages at the present time.