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BEAVER ARGUS.

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IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

Richard Longhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution he wrote the following exquisite and remarkable poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, "A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die:
O, happy news!
De glad, O my soul!
And rejoice in Jesus, the Saviour!
If he intended thy pardon,
Would he have laid down his life for thee?
Would he have called thee with so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit?
Would he have given thee his cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die:
O, happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul!
Behold, thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon his cross;
There he extended his arms to receive thee;
There he bowed down his head to kiss thee;
There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;
There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die:
O, what happiness!
I am going
To the land of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;
To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O, thou best of fathers:
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
I was dead, but by thy grace and now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But I am now ready to appear before thee, O, my Father!
Come now, in mercy, and receive thy child!
Give him thy kiss of peace;
Steal him into all his sins;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast;
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

THE LAND FEVER.

The following paragraph from the Philadelphia Enquirer, gives some striking illustrations of the prevailing fever. To prudent men, it is sufficient to note these facts. There never was a land speculation in this country yet, which did not result disastrously. So solid is the prosper of the country now, that this may be less so; but that there is to be reaction cannot be denied.

This fever prevails to a far greater extent than most persons imagine. We have heard of several counties in the interior of the State, in which from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand dollars have been raised by agents and others, and sent westward, for the purchase of lands. In some cases, old farmers have gathered their families, sold their property and directed their footsteps to Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas or Nebraska, under a belief that they would speedily secure a large fortune. In others, farms and other property have been mortgaged, and the money raised in this way has been invested in land warrants, and with similar expectation.

The reader may well imagine the evil results of this wild and speculative spirit. Already, bitter fruits have been realized in various instances. The whole thing may be regarded as a lottery, in which the chances of receiving a prize are as one to a thousand. The New Hampshire Statesman informs us, that in one of the valley towns in Grafton county, Connecticut, no less than \$30,000 have been collected within a single year, for the purpose of investment in Western lands. The most of it was recruited by men who did not emigrate, but merely speculative purposes. Other towns have followed the fatal example. A desire to make large gains, or in other words, to "make haste to become rich," has bewildered some people to such an ordinary prosperity is at all satisfactory to them.

Seven Deadly Sins.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
 2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.
 3. Not advertising.
 4. Getting married without sending the printer a gold dollar for publishing a notice.
 5. Making the printing office a loafing place.
 6. Reading the manuscript on the compositor's case.
 7. Never paying your subscription until the publisher goes to the expense and trouble of asking for it.
- Blessed are those who are afraid of thunder—they shall hesitate about getting married, and keep away from political meetings.

A MODEL WIFE.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached me the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city, with all the genius of England and America seems to tend, was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo—for which, by the way, he might stand as a model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous rump of a horse in his courtyard. He looked out the window, and beheld a magnificent carriage, without riders, drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B—. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object—all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly, and the Prince making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The Prince interpreted his glance and replied to it.

His daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias. A face like Cenci's before it was clothed with the memory of crime, masses of rich, lustrous, auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely moulded form were indicated, and when the young Signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe.

She asked the sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as he saw her retiring carriage. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her, the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she will be a paralytic. It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!"

The next day the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that the prince having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl, although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away in his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dived not a word from his mouth, and a burning kiss was printed on his forehead. With almost a shriek he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushing crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.

THE POINDEXTER CASE.—BUWEN J., delivered the opinion of the Court holding—
1. That neither Ohio nor Kentucky can demand an abrogation of the Constitution and municipal laws of the other, as a matter of comity; and if a person, claimed as a slave in Kentucky, comes into Ohio by the direction or consent of his owners, even for a temporary business purpose, the Constitution and laws of Ohio operate on the condition of such person, and effect his immediate emancipation.

2. When a person, held in slavery by the municipal law of the State in which he lives, once becomes free by virtue of the law of another country or State, into which he goes by the consent of his owner, it is not in the power of the latter ever to reduce him again to his former condition of servitude, under any law which this Court can recognize as valid.

3. By laws of Kentucky, a person who is held and treated as a slave, has no capacity to make any contract whatever; and promissory notes given to his master by himself and surties for him, in the purchase of his freedom, are illegal and void, as to both principal and sureties.

BARNEKIMPT, J.—The case made in the pleading and proof is this: Henry Poindexter, held as a slave in Kentucky, executed together with his co-defendants as sureties, to the plaintiff, Anderson, who claimed a legal right to hold him, the promissory note sued on in the Common Pleas of Clermont county, in this State, in consideration of which note, and others, the plaintiff agreed to release Poindexter from the slavery, in which he was held, and promising to give him his "free papers" or deed of emancipation, so soon as this note and other notes given at the same time and for the same consideration should be fully paid. Before the giving of these notes, Poindexter, with the knowledge and consent, and sometimes by the direction of Anderson, had in several instances, come into the State of Ohio, and after remaining a short time, in doing the errands of which he was sent, had voluntarily, but probably in ignorance of his rights, returned into Kentucky, and resumed his residence with Anderson. After the giving of the notes, Poindexter labored awhile for Anderson for wages, and then took up his residence in Ohio.

A DRIVE WITH BRINDEN.

From Bayard Taylor's Letters from Lapland.

I started myself, took a paper hold of the reins, and awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his antlers. Ludwig, my driver, just died a startling leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance, as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift prosecution of the catastrophe flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arms, was standing with a look of surprise (but no sympathy) on his face. I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. Of my own will, I did not go down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side, until the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snuff-bags in my pockets, sleeves and boots.

My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white, solid mass, and my face began to tingle, from its snow bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white beard suddenly emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Brinden, who was gathering himself up after his third slip.

When we had nearly reached the top of the mountain, we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low Suits of Muonioiska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland traveling. It was delightfully novel and exhilarating. I thought of "Africa," and the song of "Kullasaz my reindeer," and Byron's "Arctic Lover," and whatever else there is of Polar poetry; and urged my deer with shouts, and had once looked behind me until I had reached the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time; having become fractions and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, "There is nothing equal to this except riding behind a rich whale when he goes to windward, with every man trim." We now turned, and the spray flying over the ridge, flying around many sharp corners, but this I found comparatively easy work. But for the snow I had taken in, which now began to melt, I got on finely, in spite of the falling flakes, which beat in our faces. Von Buch, in his journey through Lapland in 1807, speaks of Muonioiska as a village with an inn, where they have lively Mr. Woolly. We stopped at a house which Mr. Woolly stated was the very building, but it proved to be a more recent structure on the site of the old inn. The people looked at us with curiosity on hearing we were Americans. They knew the name of America, but did not seem to know exactly where it was.

On leaving the house, we had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby plowed a catarrh of fine snow into my face completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest path, flung me out, and I, eager to make for home dragged me by the arms for about twenty yards before I could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although the temperature was only zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

AN ANTIQUE CURIOSITY.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas furnishes the following singular description of a singular personage, at a recent ball in the Tuilleries:

The Duke of Brunswick was in diamonds. This person is a man some sixty years old, but, by dint of false teeth, painting, false hair, steel corsets and cosmetics, he looks as though he might be but a thousand years old; though he looks in vain for marks of any age—he has effaced them all, and he appears as if he might have been a contemporary of Abel, or a contemporary of Napoleon. At the Tuilleries ball he wore a wig which was ten times darker in color than lamp-black or ebony; a green frock coat; covered pants with gold embroidery that no one could have guessed of what color it was; red pantaloons covered with embroidery; and the famous diamond hat, and diamond epaulettes which figured at the great exhibition; he wore on his breast fourteen orders in diamonds! His shirt cost a hundred dollars apiece.

THE HEROIC BLACKSMITH.

The hero of the following thrilling story was embodied in the person of a stout blacksmith, aye, a humble blacksmith, but his stout frame, hardened with toil, throbbled with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of Lafayette or around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in full tide of the retreat that a follower of the American camp, who had a horse shoddered a cart-whip in his country's service, was dragging a baggage wagon from the field of battle, while some short distance behind, a body of contumacious pursuers, with a body of British in pushing forward, with a body of British in pushing forward, with a body of British in pushing forward.

The wagon arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the South, where steep banks of rocks and crags, arising on either side afforded just space sufficient for the passage of the baggage wagons, and not an inch more.

His eyes were arrested by the sight of a stout muscular man, apparently some forty years of age extended at the foot of a tree, at the very opening of the pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and his shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arms, he lay extended by the trunk of a tree, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight. He would have passed in the very instance of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted man refused.

"I'll not go in your wagon," said he, in his rough way, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you can lift a man of my build up there? For you see neighbor, he continued, while the blood trickled down his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came trampling over the valley, and burned my home down. And now I am all riddled to pieces, and I ain't got more than fifteen minutes to live; but I've got three balls in my cartridge-box, and so just prop me up against that tree, and I'll give the whole three shots and then," exclaimed the blacksmith, "I'll die."

ANIMAL ORGANIZATION.

The peculiarities which constitute an animal of "superior order," are: good organization, good bones, muscular nerves, strong circulation and good temperament. The temperament of animals is shown by their color. (An animal of different colors always possesses superiority of temperament.) Animals having the qualities above enumerated, admit of a very high state of perfection in respect to their size, form, growth and motion.

We often hear of animals which are "over fed." It is a term which is frequently used to disparagement of animals which are really of the first class.

Over-feeding is feeding in excess, without regard to the nature and wants of the animal. It prevents growth and induces disease. The bad effects of over-feeding are: a heavy coat, slow growing, indigestion, and a disposition to become fat.

These observations I am led to make, as it appears to me those who are appointed, as judges for agricultural exhibitions are required to give the reasons which influence their decision, that all may understand the grounds upon which the award is made.

That the committee cannot give much intelligence by accuracy, unless they are thoroughly posted in the business. They must be well acquainted, not merely with the organization, bones, muscle, nerve, circulation, &c., of the different animals presented for examination, but also of the temperament of each and its effect upon the general system of the animal.

This is not generally understood, and can be learned only by careful study and patient inquiry.—(Ohio Farmer.)

THE CROPS.

Coming from Altoona the other day, to the day time—having gone down without much light on the subject, other than recent paragraphs, our own among them, and Chicago quotations, we were glad to see here and there, fields of gloriously green wheat, and to hear some of the farmers say that below Springfield it could hardly look better, and that good weather was now the only requirement for a fine crop. Above Springfield such fields are more like angels' visits than to be desirable. Yet with a good season here for spring grain, which of course was done, there is less fear that buckwheat will be too frequently.—(Bloomington Times.)

WHEAT.—While there is a failure of the wheat crop generally this year, it having been destroyed by the severity of the winter, there are yet some pieces of fields that are looking finely. James Sapie, Springfield, Pa., of this county, has 50 acres looking well, and giving promise of a good crop. His ground was well rolled with the roller, after being sown and harrowed, to the rolling he attributes the preservation of his wheat.—(Wheatcroft (Ill) Chronicle.)

The Cambridge (Dorchester county, Md.) Democrat, states that the recent rains have had a wonderful effect upon the crops of wheat in that county, and notwithstanding the general complaints of its injury by the severe winter, that journal would not be surprised, if large crops should be made. The farmers are busy, throughout the county, planting corn.

We conversed with a tobacco planter from Henry county yesterday. He informs us that since the late rains the plants have come out finely, and that he will have more than he can use. This was pretty much the same case with other planters in this vicinity.

A gentleman who visited Brownboro, yesterday, told us that he was surprised at the failure of wheat and grass. Since the rain they have sprung up as if by magic. They are of course backward, owing to the cold weather, but he is confident that if the season is favorable from this out, immense crops will be made.—(Louisville Journal.)

LADY POLITICIANS.

In the recent parliamentary elections in England, the women seem to have been unusually active. Lady John Russell contributed much to her husband's re-election, by visiting the different polling booths with her smiles and courtesies among the electors. Lady Milford Hope is believed to have carried the election of her husband for Maidstone. She did not exactly canvass for him, but she drove through the election and during the polling; and as she close, unable to restrain herself any longer, she threw up the window of her hotel, and addressed the mob in a speech which everybody agreed was better than her husband's, delivered immediately afterwards, from the same place.

George Hudson, whom Punch, in 1847, christened the "Railway King," has been re-elected a member of Parliament for Sunderland—thus setting the officials at defiance, for, according to law, an M.P. is not liable to arrest for debt. Douglas Jerrold has written a savage article on the subject, in which he declares that the House of Commons is thus made a house of refuge for the knave, the trickster and the charlatan, and urges a reform so as to place members of Parliament on the same footing as honest men.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects the wise and ingenious and makes the idle indolent. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it, is, it has no friend.

A SENSIBLE FATHER.—The Sunday Atlas says that a gentleman of great wealth in New York, but who has never cared to mingle much in fashionable society, recently settled \$15,000 a year on a daughter who had married to his satisfaction. In speaking of the subject to a friend the other day, he remarked he was willing to do the same by his other daughters on one condition; that they married respectable, upright and industrious young men. He did not care how poor their men were, if they were only of this description, and their characters would bear investigation. Here is a proof that there are some sensible fathers left, though they happen to be wealthy men.

Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops.