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## THE VILLAGE BRAVO.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Nearly every country village has its Bravo. We do not mean an Assassin, nor a Man who murders for hire, as Worcester explains the word; but we mean the one man before whom all others must give way—the man who can whip anybody in town—the great big animal who thinks his position enviable, and who is envied by men with little bodies and little brains.

Our village had its bravo, at all events—and a perfect type of his class he was. His name was Jonathan Burke, but I never heard him called "Jonathan," but Jack, and that was before a justice's court, as he often said. He was a big, burly fellow; six feet and two inches tall, with broad, massive shoulders; great long arms, and a head like a small pumpkin. His face was characteristic. A low, receding forehead; small pug nose; thick, heavy lips; and a broad, deep chin. His eyes were of a light grey, verging upon a slate-like green, while his hair, which was short and crisp, was of a burnt, sun-dried color, neither red nor black, nor yet of a dark hue. The only feature in the whole man which tended to detract from his herculean proportions was the flat, or rather hollow appearance of his breast. To one skilled in anatomy, or physiology, it would have been at once apparent that he had but little of what is generally denominated "bottom," and that a long continued effort would have reduced his "wind" to a weak point.

Jack Burke was born and reared in our village, and ever since he had begun to go to school he had been the terror of all un-lucky wights who chanced to cross his path. He beat his companions without mercy, and took delight in being feared. As he grew older, he became more insolent and overbearing, and at the time of which we write he was disliked by all the decent people of the place. His voice was loud and coarse, and it broke in upon all circles which might be gathered near him. And then this bravo did not possess that spirit of generosity usually betrayed by those who happen to be giants in size and strength. He was, on the contrary, low and mean, taking delight in tormenting the weak, and even saying out his full strength upon those not half his size. In short he was a coward as well as a bravo. He forced himself upon all his little gatherings, and seemed to take delight in stalking about and realizing that none of us could "put him out." He was now twenty two, and was fast forgetting all of the useful knowledge he had ever gained at school.

Among the recent accessions to the population of our village was a young doctor, named William Granby. He was a small, pale-looking man, not over five feet and ten inches in height, and quite slim in frame, but the man who studied him closely would have seen that his paleness was the result of long confinement over his studies, and was more after all, a delicate fairness of the skin than a want of health. And it would also have been seen that his slight frame was a very muscular one, and most admirably moulded and put together.

William Granby was what the girls of our village called a handsome man, and none of the youth envied him the flattering encomiums he received from the female portion of our community, for as we became acquainted we loved him. He was a warm friend, and a noble opponent. And Granby had proved himself an excellent physician, too; and though he had been in our village but a year and a month; yet the confidence reposed in his skill was far greater than had been reposed in the ancient blither and phlebotomist who preceded him.

One day some of us went into his study—he was unmarried, but being only three and twenty, of course not a bachelor—were entertained in as we walked down by his boarding place, and were pleased to accept the invitation. His study was a gem of a place for comfort, and among the articles not absolutely necessary for the study of his profession was detected a rifle; a set of boxing gloves; a pair of foils; a pair of wooden broad-swords; while upon the floor were a pair of dumb bells. I wondered what these were for—surely not for the doctor's use, for I could do nothing with them, save to hold them in my hands, and swing them about at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and I was much heavier than he was.

I asked him what he did with them— "Oh," he said, smiling, "I exercise my muscles with them," and as he spoke he took them up and raised them at arm's length, and there held them for some moments, his fine breast founded out like a Roman cuirass. Then he drew them up, and out, and around, bawling them as though they had been mere toys. It seemed impossible that so small a body could contain so much strength, but he assured us that he had labored for years to develop a muscular system, in which he had been lacking when a child. And he also said that by keeping his muscles well hardened and developed, he was better able to bear the fatigues of his profession, which called him from his rest often for several nights in succession.

He was so strong and gigantic, and withal so reckless and merciless in his wrath. We saw the thing delicate fist of the doctor quiver as he noticed the fifty fellow swinging about; but he said nothing then. One of our party was a youth named David Singleton. He was a quiet, good-hearted fellow, and beloved by all. He had waited upon Mary Livingston to the picnic. Mary was a pretty blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, and that she loved David right fondly, we all knew that David loved her.

It so happened that Jack Burke had offered on several occasions to wait upon Mary, and she had as often preemptorily refused him. He had professed to like her, and had made his boast that he would have her yet; and if David Singleton dared to put his arm in the way he'd drop him!

On the present occasion Jack was not long in seeking Mary's side. David was nervous and uneasy. He was a light, small-framed youth, and looked with dread upon the giant who looked with dread upon both him and his fair companion. Mary asked Burke to go away, and as she spoke she turned shuddering from him. "I shan't go away," the burly brute returned. "If you don't like it you can lump it!"

"Come, Mary, said young Singleton, trembling, let's leave him." "You will, eh," cried Burke, seizing Mary by the arm and drawing her back. The frightened girl uttered a quick cry of alarm and Singleton started to his feet, quivering at every point. "Miserable brute," he exclaimed, "let her go!"

In an instant Burke leaped up and swore he'd whip the youngster within an inch of his life. To an instant all was alarm and confusion; but in the midst of the clamor there arose a clear, clarion voice— "Stand back! Stand back every one of you! Back I say—and give me room!" The way was quickly cleared, and the young doctor leaped into the open space, his bright eye burning keenly; his face flushed, and his slight handsome frame erect and stern.

"Follow, he thundered, leave this place! Take your fool presence hence at once. Do you understand? What a miserable coward, to insult a girl! Shame! Shame! But go!"

For a few moments Burke was completely dumb founded. There was something in the tones and bearing of the man before him, and in the strangely burning eye that beamed upon him, that awed him for the while. But he measured everything by its weight and size, and the courage of the brute soon came back to him. "Who are you," was his first remark, at the same time shaking his bullet-head threateningly.

"Will you leave the ground at once," demanded the doctor. "Yes." "And will you promise never to annoy Mary Livingston again?" "Yes." "Then go." Like a whipped cur, he was, the fellow left the ground, and he was gone the young doctor, who had not even got a scratch, cried out in a strong, happy tone: "Come, boys and girls, now that I'll go and wash my hands, and then join you." Ere long the cloud of dust, and the day ended amid cheerful talking and happy songs. Every body was in a jealous mood, and every body was for every body's girl fitted and made love with the doctor all day long; but everybody loved and honored him, so everybody was not jealous.

Within a week Jonathan Burke left our village never to enter in again. He could not stand the sneers and glances that were cast upon him, nor could he bear to see those who had witnessed the summary punishment he had received. It was a glad day for the village when he left, for every body never gave a more effective or more valuable purge than he did when he purged the place of that incubus.

One thing more: Within a week every young man in our village had a pair of dumbbells, and such another winging and dinging, ringing, and flinging of cold iron for the development of muscles was never seen before nor since, I venture boldly to assert.

**A Spunky Postmaster.**  
The Postmaster at Plainview, Macopin county Ill., hearing that Postmaster Cook was engaged in the business of bringing over the Postmasters of that State to Leocompton, or of removing them if they were rebellious, invited him to try his hand on the Plainview Postmaster. The letter, when taken from the Altos Democrat, is as follows:—  
PLAINVIEW, Ill., May 18, 1858.  
MR. J. COOK, Postmaster, Chicago, Ill.:  
DEAR SIR:—I am informed from different sources—and upon the whole they are quite reliable—that you possess the power, tools and whips by which you are enabled to transmute all Douglas Democrats into Postmasters; and in case you had them now off back of their ears. Now, I propose you try your hand upon me. I am P. M. at Plainview, and a firm Democrat, and if this transmutation goes on, I will introduce you to them all; and if there is any one among us that can be changed by a Cook, or any one else, I am anxious to find it out. But I think you will not find one, from the fact that the Democrats in this locality have been regarded as strictly honest. Perhaps you may think it best to import one; well, if that is your game, send him on—if he can stand it, we can.

Your inferior in office, but superior in politics.  
D. GORE, P. M. Plainview, Ill.  
THE FLOOD.—The crisis of the Flood is past. The Mississippi has attained its highest point, and now like a great whose power has been exhibited, and whose ambition is satiated, it begins with majestic slowness to recede. The great Aorta of the Continent, rolling with a mighty murmur along the three thousand miles of its tortuous course—swollen into a thousand aneurisms with the blood it has drunk from myriad arteries and veins—with the tribute of crystal tears ruthlessly exacted from a firmament of weeping mists—with the lightning water and glittering lakelets of Minnesota—with the languid ooze of the wild rice fields of the North—with dew-gathered from the hoary locks of crags and cliffs—that spring with a leap of joy from the depth of dark gorges—yields its wealth of waters to the ocean, and ceases to threaten the hundred cities on its borders with its overflowing waves. Amid the deluge that the Mississippi has poured out on so many other cities and towns, St. Louis has stood unscathed. Like a Queen of the Flood, she sat on her throne of rock, unshaken by the waves, which did nothing more than wash the dust from the sandals on her feet.  
St. Louis News.

We have no doubt her feet needed washing.  
THE OLD WAR DEBT OF 1812.—We understand that an amendment has been appended to the civil appropriation bill, now before Congress, which orders a re-opening of the accounts of the States against the federal government for advances during the war of 1812; and which, on new balances being found due to the States, on some different principle of calculation from that which was adopted when the accounts were settled many years ago, provides for the payment of these balances out of the federal treasury. We believe that the adoption of the proposed mode of calculating interest on these long settled and forgotten advances, will produce balances in favor of the States which will amount in the aggregate to a sum variously estimated at from three to five millions of dollars.  
Wash. Union.

A MIXED UP LAW SUIT came off lately in Vermont. One Smith shot a rabid dog that was trespassing on his lot, and belonging to one Davidson. Dog ran into the road and frightened a horse belonging to one Shufelt. Shufelt's horse ran away, upset a wagon, and broke a leg belonging to W. H. Patterson. As Smith caused the accident, Shufelt says that Smith should foot the bill. Smith says that the owner of the dog should pay the damages. Davidson claims that he is not holden, because the dog was not mad, and it was not mad, he would not have frightened the horse, had Smith attended to his own business, and let the dog alone.

**MOVE ON.**  
The march of life should never stay—  
All things should onward tend;  
Man should not stop progression's way,  
But strive to move and mend.  
The waters never in depths of ocean,  
The streams along the dale,  
The rivulets with onward motion,  
Through sweet and verdant vale,  
Move on.  
The clouds move gently through the sky,  
The earth rolls over on,  
Sine swiftly in its career on by,  
And years pass, one by one.  
Men, too, should strive to follow them,  
In this their onward way,  
Permitting nought the tide to stem,  
Day ever, day by day,  
Move on.

Men may be wiser if they strive—  
More virtuous, if they will;  
And who, within this world, would thrive,  
Must aim at higher still!  
Let bigots stand by doctrines old,  
The wise will pass them by;  
Weak minds may cling with subtle hold,  
But strong ones valiantly,  
Move on.  
Like waters rolling to the ocean,  
Down mountains piled on high—  
Like clouds forever in commotion,  
That move across the sky—  
Will we forever onward press,  
Thus fettered and free,  
And decking virtue hapless,  
Our watchword ever be,  
Move on.

**A Thrilling Scene.**  
During an exhibition of Van Amburg's Managario one night last week in Columbus, Ohio a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which prostrated the canvas on the imprisoned multitude. The Capital City State thus describes the scene that ensued:—  
The storm came at last about 8 o'clock, the wind blowing a hurricane, and the rain coming down in sheets of water. The animals were noisy, the lions roaring; the elephant extremely uneasy, swaying his large carcass to and fro, and the monkeys chattering, the coacox imitating the elephant only a little more so. At length the wind and water would not be deprived of their triumph, and with a lurch down went the grand pavilion, poles and all, upon the hats and benches of the thousands of heads who found themselves suddenly beneath the sky before they could be broken, but crinolines suffered in the process, and there was a general concert of screams and curses loud and deep; it was soon called out that the wagons had been upset, and cages blown over. The alarm became unpeppable, and which followed shriek danger become more imminent— "Nor was the apprehension allayed when the cry went out that 'lion was loose, and a large New Foundland dog pressed his way through the crowd in search of less confined quarters. Knives were freely used in ripping the canvas on all sides, and Habnib played his part, tearing into strips all around him. At length all were on the outside to meet a deluge from the clouds, and to make their way homeward over streets running like rivers.

**The Kansas Editor's Platform.**  
A new paper just started at Doniphan, Kansas, called the Free Press, lays down the following programme:—  
"We will claim a charter to blow up whom we please. We will puff Doniphan city if we think it deserves puffing; puff the printer; puff steamboats that will let us ride dead-end, puff boarding house keepers, who don't bother us about our bill, and will promise to puff any decent political party that will promise not to make Congressman of us. We fear God, hate the Leocompton Constitution, despise all our contemporaries, respect the city government, honor ourselves, and will take no money for subscription. We will make war against the devil, against the Administration, and anybody that says 'hoop to us. We won't let any lies' worth the clubs of over one thousand to our address, and won't join either division of the Free State party until we find which is going to be the strongest. We believe in matrimony, believe that there are a very great many men in Kansas, and believe the Dutch are going to be the salvation of Doniphan.

**AN UNNATURAL FATHER.**—A few days since a citizen of Boston died at the age of seventy-eight. He has been twice married, and was the father of six children. For the past fifteen years he has been a widower, and during that time one of his daughters has been his house-keeper, and for the sake of ministering to his wants, has refused several advantageous offers. The day before his death he informed his daughters that he had concluded to marry again, the person being younger than herself, and that the condition of her marriage was the dividing over his property to his wife at death. In the forenoon of the day after he was married. After dinner he lay down upon a sofa in his room, and when his new-made wife went to call him, to receive visitors, he was dead. The daughter thus left destitute in residing with a sister.

**WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.**—The President of the United States has signed the bill extending the provisions of the first section of the act 3d February, 1853, so as to continue for life to widows the half pay allowed by said act, and where there are no widows, to the children under sixteen years of age. Widows receiving pensions under special acts, are also included in this beneficial measure.

**SURGEON ON THE AMERICAN REVIVAL.**  
The celebrated Spurgeon whose stirring eloquence has produced such intense excitement in England, recently delivered a sermon in London, on the great revival in America. We subjoin a passage:—  
"You never saw such a people. The outsiders call them fanatics. It is blessed fanaticism. Others say, they are nothing but enthusiasts. It is a heavenly fanaticism. Every thing that is done is done with such spirit! If they sing it is like the crashing thunder; if they pray it is like the swift sharp crash of lightning; lighting up the darkness of the cold hearted, and making them for the moment feel that there is something in prayer. When the minister preachers like a Bonaparte, and when the church is gathered together, it is with a hearty good will. When they give; they give with enlarged liberality; when they visit the sick, they do it with gentleness, meekness and love. Everything is done with a single eye to God's glory; not of men, but by the power of God. Oh, that we might see such a revival as this!"

But blessed be God, it does not end here. The revival of the church then touches the rest of society. Men, who do not come forward and profess religion, are more punctilious in attending the means of grace. Men that used to swear, give it up; they find that it is not suitable for the times. Men that profaned the Sabbath and despised God, find that it will not do; they give it all up. Times get changed; morality prevails; the lower ranks are affected. They buy a sermon where they used to buy some prunny tract of nonsense. The higher order are also touched; they too are brought to hear the Word. Her ladyship in her carriage, who never would have thought of going to so mean a place as a convalescent, does not now care where she goes so long as she is blessed. She wants to hear the truth; and a drayman pulls his horses up by the side of her ladyship's pair of grays, and they both go and bend together before the throne of sovereign grace. All classes are affected.

Even the Senate feels it; the statesman himself is surprised at it, and wonders what all these things mean. Even the monarch on the throne feels she has become the monarch of a people better than she knew before, and that God is doing something in her realm past all her thoughts—that a great King is awaking a better people, and exerting a better influence than she ever dreamed of. Heaven be praised! One by one the converts die, and heaven be praised! the harps of heaven are louder; the songs of angels are inspired with new melody, for they rejoice to see the sons of men prostrate before the throne. The universe is made glad, it is God's own Summer; the time of the singing of birds is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Oh, that God might send us such a revival as this.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENTS.**—The Navy Department has received a letter from Captain Hudson, of the Niagara, dated Plymouth Sound, June 3. Several successful experiments had been made as to the electric current under deep sea, and as to the facility of laying the cable at great depths. The greatest depth attained was twenty-five hundred and thirty fathoms. The machinery had acted admirably in running out the cable at a speed of five or six knots an hour. All was expected to be ready to leave port on the 10th, for the center of the great plateau, where the work would commence.

**GET A HOME.**—Get a home rich or poor, get a home, and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your beaming presence; learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of his own; the bird, wind and waterfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair, that comes upon so many through the scorn of little things. Oh, the charm of a little home comforts dwell there that shun the grand halls of society. Live humble in your little home, and look to God for a higher one.

Impressive and beautiful were the dying words of Goethe:—"Open the shutters and let in more light!" But no more touching than those of the schoolmaster who had grown old and gray, and whose term of life was just closing. His eyes grew dim as the shadows of death gathered around him, and his thoughts returned for a moment, and he fancied it a winter's afternoon, and the night closing early in, and so dying he murmured: "It is growing dark, the school may be dismissed," and in an instant the holiday with him was begun.

**Occasional,** the Washington correspondent of Forney's 'Press,' writes:—  
The nomination of William Montgomery by the Democrats of the twentieth district in your State, is to be opposed, regular as this. Word has been issued that the postmaster at the town of Washington is to be removed; because he is the friend of Montgomery. Your friend, Judge Black, the Attorney General, is said to be the most violent assailant of Montgomery, and one of the men who assert that the regular nomination is not binding. He advocates not only war upon the principles, but also war upon the organs of the Democratic party. We have, indeed, fallen upon strange times.  
A Washington correspondent says that William Bigler and J. Glancy Jones have a regiment of clerks engaged at the committee rooms franking the most offensive Leocompton documents into Pennsylvania.  
Gold has been discovered between Terre Haute and Lafayette, Ind.

**HARD TIMES IN KANSAS.**—The Kansas Herald of Freedom gives a discouraging view of the times in Kansas. It says:—  
"We pity the man who is compelled to raise money now in Kansas. We are told by a money lender, the other day, that he was receiving from ten to twenty per cent, per month for the use of money, and had been paid at the rate of twenty, twenty-five and thirty per cent, per month, on good security notes. The lowest rates, on good security notes, are now five per cent, per month. Business in all our Kansas towns is nearly suspended. Men with twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, cannot sell property at any price to realize even a few dollars. Real estate can be bought at ruinous rates, persons feeling compelled to sell, to realize ready money, perhaps to save their credit. Hardly any branch of business is sustaining itself."

**JOHN SMITH.**—This popular individual, who has been in so many distinguished positions, has been drowned, frozen to death, in the courts, and in the chain gang; has been in perils by water, and in perils among robbers, false brethren, &c., appears to have a ubiquity even greater than has been hitherto supposed. A writer in the New York Evening Post claims that John is familiar with all our countries, and has a habitation and a name in all lands. He gives the following as his various designations: Justin, Johannes Smith; Italian, Giovanni Smith; Spanish, Juan Smith; Dutch, Hans Schmidt; French, Jean Smeets; Greek, Ion Skmittion; Russian, Ionoff Schmittowicki; Polish, Iwan Schmittowicki; Chinese, Tahn Schmitti; Icelandic, Talmé Schmittson; Welch, Jiohu Schmidt; Tuscarora, Tonta-Smitta; Mexican, Jonti Schmitt.

**ELIUS BUNNITT'S** benevolent proposition to buy all the slaves in the United States at six hundred dollars apiece, and set them free, "his work." It would require (counting the slaves at three millions) only the least little sum of one billion eight hundred millions of dollars, and a Mississippi paper states that one hundred dollars of the sum have been raised.

**THE SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.**—Judge Perkins, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, having decided that it is constitutional to tax the people for the building of school-houses but unconstitutional to impose taxes for the support of schools, the public schools of the State have suspended operations, turning loose some thirty thousand children.

**TO ASCERTAIN THE HEALTH OF THE LUNGS.**—Draw in as much breath as possible; then count, without drawing in more, till the lungs are exhausted. In consumption the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia; it ranges from one to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

**A QUESTION OF HONOR.**—The students of Williams College held a meeting last Saturday forenoon, to decide whether it should hereafter be considered dishonorable to give testimony against delinquents charged by the faculty with the destruction of property, and violation of College laws. After a long discussion, the question was decided in favor of law and order by a vote of 85 to 75.

**LAGER BEER.**—Some calculation of the vast amount of this beverage, which is consumed in the United States, may be formed from a statement, that in St. Louis alone, there are twenty-nine breweries, which make 94,700 barrels of lager, and 72,100 barrels of shenk beer, yielding \$1,451,700. The working capital of three breweries is \$348,000.

**MR. TEN BROECK** has two horses—Prizee and Charlette—entered for the Goodwood cup race, to come off in England on the 29th of July. Thirty-one other horses—the most famous of the English and French turf—also entered for the same race.

"A good article at a fair price," and "terms strictly cash," are the means by which the business of J. L. Carnegie, Allegheny City, has risen to its present magnitude. Those who are buying either men or boys' clothing may find it their interest to examine his stock and prices.

An Elk was harnessed to a sulky in Danville, Pa., the other day, and it started off at the rate of a mile a minute, running over a small tree, knocking out the driver, and smashing the vehicle.

It has been suggested that as the coming anniversary of Independence will occur on Sunday, the Clergy of the various Christian denominations throughout the United States preach a discourse on that day appropriate to the occasion.

Hon. JOHN J. CARTERREN is to have a public reception; by his political friends, on his arrival at Cincinnati from Washington.

The City of San Francisco, California, has already forwarded the necessary funds to pay the interest on her bonds due in New York July first.

The Buffalo Postmaster has followed the example of the New York official, and placed a lady clerk at the ladies' department of the Post Office.

A christianity which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom of the sea of society needs another Savior to die for it.

To be poor without being free is the worst state into which a man could fall.