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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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Approximate circulation: Daily, 50,125; Semi-weekly, 17,250; Weekly, 148,000.

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BEAVER ARGUS.



REMARKS OF MR. HENRY.

The following are the remarks made by Wm. Henry Esq., in the House of Representatives, on the Bill to change the venue in the case of Mrs. Barker et al.

Mr. Speaker, the remarks I shall offer to the House on this proposition will not be presented in the expectation of changing the purpose of any gentleman on this floor, much less of affecting the final issue of the bill; yet though a foregone conclusion that I shall not permit it to pass in silence.

When the proposition was first suggested, I supposed the main question for the consideration of the House was whether in the county I represent, public virtue was so far corrupted, or justice so far blinded by excitement, by passion, or prejudice, that those long occupying reputable positions in society, who would go into the halls of justice with all that is desirable in fame and character, dare not commit a cause to the determination of a jury of the vicinage.

In this aspect alone, on a former occasion I was made, briefly, to look at the case; and I felt it to be my duty then, as I do now, deliberately to throw back the imputation I conceive to be cast upon our people, again asserting that they are quite as virtuous, as intelligent, as humane, and possessing as high a sense of honor and justice, as the constituency of any city or town in this country.

I have denied, and I again deny, the existence of any excitement, or the subject among the people; and there is nothing whatever before the House to sustain or justify the allegation. The memorial to the Governor asking for a previous pardon, read here, and placed upon the record, makes no mention whatever of any such matter. It is a memorial for the purpose of a pardon in a lawful and regular manner, but it does not even insinuate that the facts of the case cannot justly be elicited and determined in a court of justice in the county of Beaver; as in Washington or elsewhere.

An excited feeling among any people will always be indicated by their conversation—a constant dwelling upon the subject matter in hand; yet traverse the districts of the county I represent, and I would, whether you will hear a single word from the people relative to these parties. This is my own experience. Subsequent to this occurrence I have been through a number of districts, meeting many persons, and I do not recollect that the matter was referred to by a single individual.

On a former occasion I stated that I had written home for advice and information, having reference, among other things, to the state of public feeling. I thus drew responses from several quarters of the county, all expressing surprise that such a question should be raised here—all affirming that there is not a particle of foundation for this application. Indeed so little merit has it, that if allowed, any or all cases in all the counties may be removed with equal propriety.

But, Mr. Speaker, the manner in which this question has been treated on a former occasion—gentlemen charging this prosecution very unfairly and falsely to the account of long treasured up personal or political resentment—constrains me to present to the House the facts which underlie this whole business. The gentleman from Cambria has given one side of the story. I now propose to give another; and the future, when the parties on each side face each other in court, will decide between us. I have heretofore stated that I desired to save these parties from any unnecessary exposure here; but the course of gentlemen on the other side, leaves me no excuse whatever for silence on this part of the subject.

lect to enter upon which would have been altogether unexcusable if not criminal. I shall present only the prominent features of the case, brought within the smallest compass, leaving each one to draw his own inferences and reach his own conclusions.

In the month of March last, a most atrocious, cold-blooded murder was perpetrated in the north western quarter of Beaver county, the victim, named John Ansel, having been a very respectable man, advanced in years, with whom I was well acquainted. This crime was probably the result of two other lawless acts, the road to ruin, thus, as often, widening to those who give a loose rein to unbridled passion, or the base and wicked emotions of the human mind.

Ansel had left home for the purpose of seeing a young man of reckless character, named Eli F. Sheets, about a horse supposed to have been stolen, and sold or traded by Sheets to Ansel's son-in-law. Ansel was last seen alive in company with Sheets, and some three or four days subsequently, his body was found in a rather retired place, riddled with six balls; the horse also having been killed, and the body lying near.

As was remarked by many at the time, the trial failed to produce any excitement, or indeed, for such an atrocious crime, any very marked interest in court, which lack of feeling was in the main ascribed to the troubled state of the country, and the all-absorbing interest of the daily alarms and excitements of war.

Pending the argument of a motion for a new trial on the night of the 22nd of October last, Sheets escaped from prison. The door of his cell and the key of the prison were locked, and the criminal took his departure seemingly over the high wall of the enclosure. The Sheriff immediately dispatched messengers in all directions; but living himself in the fall, on scanning the premises closely, two timber cutters were taken in passing objects near to the wall, with a rope thrown over, yet manifestly having been used at all in the escape. The men were suggested that the fugitive had made his exit through one of the outer gates; and of course the person who had opened and closed the gates could have had no difficulty in opening the doors also.

This suspicion was directed towards a young man named Barrington, a kind of under-fighter, and man of all work, who had been employed about the prison for several years, by the present and late sheriff. Hitherto he had conducted himself properly, and I am assured by a gentleman here, known to most of the members of this House, who knows all about him, that he will go into court without any one having previously impeached his character for truth and veracity.

He was arrested on the morning of the third day after the escape of Sheets; and on the sixth day confessed that he had opened the prison doors, led the murderer out, and conducted him to his appointed hiding-place, where he could be found. Said he to the sheriff, "Take me out of here, and I will lead you to where Sheets is now in fifteen minutes." The sheriff doubted, but it was his duty to test the case, and to do so would require neither time nor money. Calling some friends to his aid, the party set out, Barrington pointing the way. The person from the north, on a large public square, with dwellings ranging on either side at some little distance. In the rear of the prison is a range of dwellings, three hundred yards distant, with none intervening, scattered along the high bank of the Ohio river.

To one of these, and nowhere else, the party was led and halted; and this was the dwelling of this family, which Barrington affirmed, was Sheets' place of concealment. The sheriff was struck with amazement. This could not be. But Barrington was positive. Though looked up for the world for three or four days, he assured the sheriff he would find Sheets in there. The sheriff concluded he would go in, apologize, as best he could, look round and retire. He saw both the ladies. The gentleman from Cambria to the contrary notwithstanding, he saw both the ladies; and I have heretofore stated that I desired to save these parties from any unnecessary exposure here; but the course of gentlemen on the other side, leaves me no excuse whatever for silence on this part of the subject.

Justice to individuals at home, who are indirectly and very unnecessarily assailed, as well as justice to the community, requires, now a plain statement of facts, such as I am assured by gentlemen in whom I can confide, will be verified by the testimony of many reputable witnesses. I do this also to show that the prosecution, commenced by a public officer personally cognizant of the main facts in the case, was unavoidable; the neg-

AN OLD FARMER'S SPEECH.

The Natural Eloquence of Patriotism. [In the Illinois Senate lately the following speech was delivered. There have been more pretensions and laborious efforts during the present war, but none that had in them more of true natural eloquence and fervent patriotism. We should like to have seen and heard the old man; and we republish it that its stirring eloquence may be read by the traitors who disgrace the State of Pennsylvania. The voice of a patriot like that of the Illinois Senator could be raised with similar effect in our own Legislature. Who has courage to speak the truth?]

A great sensation was caused by a speech delivered by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers of the State, a man who pays over \$3,000 per annum in taxes towards the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time, and stave off a vote upon the appropriation for support of the State Government.

Mr. Speaker—I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boys play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have axes' ears set off their heads, or they are secessionists and traitors at heart.

I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes, laughter and cheers get up in this hall and denounce the war and the Administration prove it.

I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I made a little something for myself and family. I will pay \$2,000 a year in taxes. I am willing to pay \$6,000, say \$12,000, [great cheering.] the old gentleman [Mr. Funk] does not get up, his desk [Mr. Funk] bounces half dozen inches in the air.] I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never witnessed so much excitement in my life in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and passion that wrought up the galleries, and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surrounded the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the chastigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances.

AN AGRICULTURAL SURPRISE.—A singular incident of the war, says the Nashville Union, was related to us the other day. Three fathers came upon the Cumberland river, on the last day of the purpose of bringing back home with them the bodies of their sons, who had fallen in the memorable battle of Stone River. They carried with them three metallic coffins, in which to place the remains of their gallant boys. The boat which they were on stopped on her way up at Clarksville, for a short time, and the grief-stricken fathers stepped ashore. Greatly to their astonishment, almost the first persons whom they saw were their three sons, who were jolly and hearty, and overjoyed to see the "old folks" from home—having no more idea of getting into a burial case than they had of throwing a flip-flap over the moon. The meeting was a most agreeable and remarkable surprise to both parties.

Johnny, the minister's son, went to his father one morning directly after family worship, saying:—'Father, while you were praying, I saw a man in the garden stealing grapes.'

'Well,' answered the good man, 'if you would have been praying too, you would not have seen him.'

'But, father,' said Johnny, 'the Bible says we are to watch as well as pray.'

THE F. F. V.'s Suffering.

A Norfolk correspondent of the New York Times says that a pall of dilapidation and poverty hangs over the Virginia city. Gentlemen and high-minded looking individuals may be seen at every turn, in a pitiable state of shabbiness. Their seedy black coats are dotted with repairs—during pleasant weather they appear with anxious eyes in the streets, grouped together at favorite lounging places, but on chilly days the hotels are their haunts, for few can afford great coats. They can obtain no rents for their property, they can do no business without taking the oath, and their means of existence is very problematical. The lot of ladies is still more pitiable, for few Southern women are educated to earn a living. Negresses who they hired out, and upon whose earnings they had been taught mainly to exist, have concluded to work for themselves. Remnants of any houses they may have owned are collected, and a number whose incomes could formerly be counted by thousands now depend on the good offices of less unfortunate friends, repaying them by what sewing they are able to do.

Good Stuff for a Hater.

D. A. Mahony, the concealed and blustering traitor who edits the Davis organ in Iowa, and who served a term in an "Abolition Bastille," and was "honorably discharged," when he ought to have been hanged, was a hearer of John Van Buren's war speech, made in New York a few evenings since, and has addressed a letter to the New York World, dissenting from Van Buren's views, and professing to speak for the Democracy of the North-West. He says if Van Buren correctly represents the Democracy of the East—

"There is a vast chasm between the Democracy of the North-west, where I live, and that of New York. Van Buren is for a vigorous prosecution of the war; we of the North-west are for a vigorous prosecution of peace. I do not speak for the North-west, but of it when I say that the people of that section, especially those of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, are opposed to a further prosecution of the existing war."

The practical design of this communication is to produce discord between the Democratic elements of New York and of the North-west; and if there be not that harmony of sentiment between us, to let us understand each other. If Mr. Van Buren speaks for the Democracy of the North-east, then we are not with you. What is desirable for us of the North-west to know is, does Mr. Van Buren represent Democratic sentiment—a conservative sentiment—in New York, when at this stage of affairs he favors a vigorous prosecution of the war?

Remonstrance from the South. The New Orleans Delta of January 29th addresses a word to the North, in which it asks:—Are those gentlemen at the North who are crying peace and armistice, aware of the millions that are doing? Are they aware that in every such utterance they nerve the arms of the enemy and renew the hopes of the rebel army, which is only kept from revolt by promises of a speedy peace, which promises of peace are generally based upon some speech made in Congress, or in New York? Is it fair to say that we are to have a general government in Europe—and that the nation will be benefited if that steady paper is not with us? What is this measure? Is it the adoption or rejection of any particular line of policy on the part of the Administration—to the one great duty of the hour, the absolute crushing of rebellion?

Copperheads.—The term "copperhead" is applied to Northern traitors, and in view of the fact that, according to naturalists, it is a venomous serpent, the name is not very appropriate. The Copperhead is a creature of the most insidious nature, and its bite is deadly. It is a creature of the most insidious nature, and its bite is deadly. It is a creature of the most insidious nature, and its bite is deadly.

EXTRAORDINARY JOSEPHINE. Empress JOSEPHINE had a collection of shawls, and it is not known whether any collection ever as valuable as hers. She had 400 shawls, and they were extremely beautiful and high priced. Her designs to constitute the shawls made after these were beautiful as they were valuable. Every week M. BERNHARDT came to Navarre, and sold her whatever he could obtain that was curious in this way. Among others she had many white shawls, covered with roses, bluebells, parquets, and peacocks, etc., which were not to be met with anywhere else in Europe; that were valued at 15,000 and 20,000 francs each. The shawls were at length sold by auction at Malmison, at a rate much below their value. All Paris went to the sale.

A party taking supper at a hotel found the kitchen rather tough. One genius after exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to dissect an old fowl, turned to the waiter and asked:—'Have you such a thing as a powder flask?'

'No, sir, we have not, do you want one?'

'Why, yes, I think the shortest way would be to blow the old fellow up.'

'Gen. Blunt's strategy is in three parts. First, finding where the enemy are; second, immediately sending a bombshell at them; third, going to see where it struck.'

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