

Letters and contributions, by mail,
shall have prompt attention.
QUAY & RUTAN, Eds. & Pro'rs.

POETICAL.

MY SOLDIER

Upon a hard won battle field
Whose recent blood stains shook the skies,
By dusty burial half concealed,
With death in his despairing eyes,
My soldier lies.

Oh, thought more than bayonet thrust—
Of blood-drops on his silken hair,
Of his white forehead in the dust,
Of his last gasping prayer,
And I not there!

I know, while his warm life ebbed,
And his blue eyes closed shudderingly,
His heart's last fluttering pulses shrank
One yearning wish for me,
"Oh, agony!"

For I, in cruel ignorance,
While yet his hand rested on the air,
I tried—oh, how I tried to see,
With roses in my hair,
All unaware.

In dream I see him fall again,
The woe that rained the soldier's woe—
The woe that rained the lone soldier's woe,
Weeping the fallen brave,
Drip on his grave.

Since treason sought our country's heart,
Ah, father had he never yet,
From mother's soul was torn apart,
No braver blood has wet
Her coronet.

No spirit more intense and fine
Strives where her stately banners wave;
No gentler face, beloved, than thine
Sleeps in a soldier's grave.
No heart more brave.

And though his mind I may not trace
Or weep above his buried head,
The grateful Spring shall find the place,
And with her blossoms spread
Its quiet bed.

The soul I love is still alive,
The name I love is Freedom's boast;
I clear these faithful truths, and strive
To feel, though great the cost,
Nothing is lost.

Since all of him that erst was dear
Is safe his life was nobly spent,
And it is well, 'tis drawn then near,
Light my bewitching dream,
Make me content!

Miscellaneous

(From the Pittsburg Advocate)

DEBORAH HART DARRACH

BY REV. J. D. KNOX.

December 14, 1864, was the last day of the earthly pilgrimage of a highly respected daughter of Zion. Her death was sudden, but triumphant. She left this vale of tears amidst the blasts of winter to enter the bright realm.

"The dawning land of inexpressible bliss." Her youth, alas! like that of many others, was spent without Christ; but mercy prevailed, and the vigor of womanhood was given to righteousness; while a green, healthy, strong, and active old age atoned, as far as human actions reach in that direction, for youthful misdeeds. She was born near Trenton, New Jersey, in the year 1776; consequently she was in her eighty-ninth year at the time of her death. She was the daughter of Jesse Hart, and grand-daughter of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. At the age of twelve years she removed with her father's family west of the Allegheny mountains, and after a short residence in Washington county, Pa., moved to Crow's Bottom, Beaver county, Pa., and in 1804 to Sharon, in the same county, where she resided until the day of her death. In 1803 she was united in marriage to Robert Darrach, who is still a pilgrim on the earth. Her conjugal relation was of most happy ones. She was the mother of eight children, seven of whom still survive her, and for whose welfare, temporal and spiritual, especially spiritual, she manifested the utmost concern. She lived to rejoice in the conversion of some, and died in hope that the rest would yet become "wise unto salvation."

Her conversion to God occurred in Pittsburgh during a visit there upwards of forty years since, when there was but one Methodist church in the place. Rev. Thomas J. Dorsey was stationed there at this time. When at his boarding house he was about to commence family worship one morning, the door opened, and three persons entered—Bro. Darrach, wife, and a friend who had lately experienced religion and united with the Methodist Church. Brother D. had but a few days previous been happily converted, and his wife was then under deep concern. The divine presence pervaded this little circle. They all left their power. The hymn was read and sung, commencing, "O God, most merciful and true," &c. Then prayer, Mrs. D. was overwhelmed with feeling. When the rest of the company arose she continued on her knees, weeping and pleading for mercy. Prayer was again offered. Her distress increased. She cried out, "O Lord, thou son of David, have mercy on me." Her prayer was heard, and springing to her husband's arms, and while tears trickled down both cheeks, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The scene was affecting beyond description. Every one in the room wept and gave glory to God, with enraptured emotions. He had evidently been tortured with doubts, but these were now removed. With an impressive expression of content-

BEAVER ARGUS

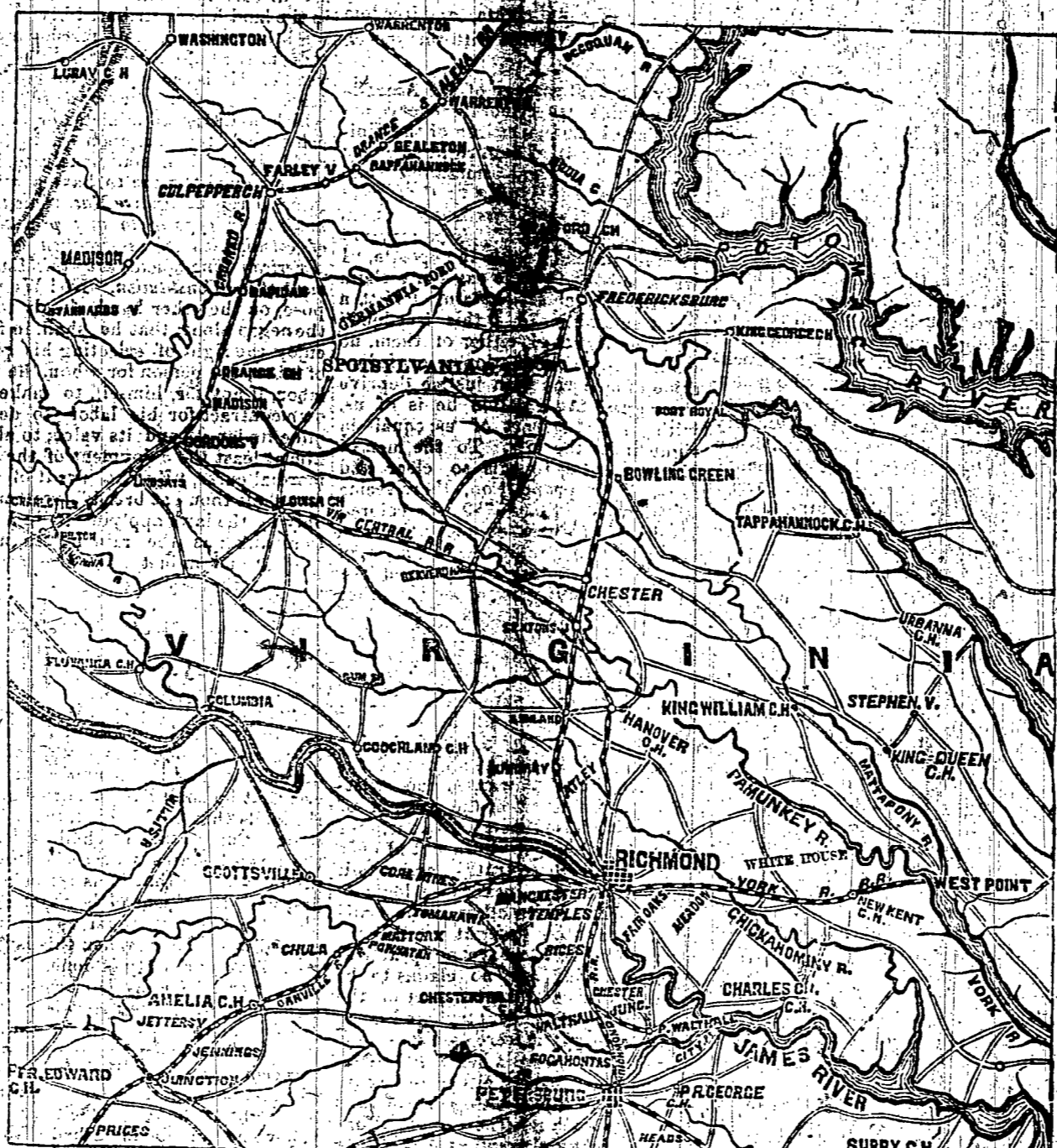


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MAP OF RICHMOND, PETERSBURG, AND VICINITY.



ness he arose, exclaiming, "I've got it! I've got it! Where's my hat? Where's my hat? Let me go and bring my wife here. Let God convert her too?" He tried to be an eminent and useful Methodist. Thus this family morning worship resulted "in the conversion of one," the establishment of another, and the quickening of all present. The above facts concerning the conversion of Mother Darrach were culled from an article published in a Baltimore paper upwards of forty years since, written by Rev. T. J. Dorsey.

Her Christian character was symmetrical. She gave all diligence to have faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, gentleness, kindness, and charity developed in beautiful and divine proportions. She abounded in the knowledge and love of God. By faith and good works she strove to make perfect her Christian character. Her Christian character was symmetrical. She gave all diligence to have faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, gentleness, kindness, and charity developed in beautiful and divine proportions. She abounded in the knowledge and love of God. By faith and good works she strove to make perfect her Christian character. Her Christian character was symmetrical. She gave all diligence to have faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, gentleness, kindness, and charity developed in beautiful and divine proportions. She abounded in the knowledge and love of God. By faith and good works she strove to make perfect her Christian character.

The Southern Rebellion and the French Revolution—A Parallel.

Between the Southern rebellion and the French Revolution, viewed simply as great events, without reference to their causes, and especially without reference to the question of right, there are some notable resemblances. We of course hold that every circumstance in French history, and every point in the Southern rebellion, are the result of the overthrow of the ancient monarchy, and broke up through the crust of European order, in their attempt to establish a free government. We as definitely hold that the Jeff. Davis rebellion is the most wicked attempt that history ever saw to break down a good government for the perpetuation of a monstrous evil and for the gratification of personal ambition. So much premised, we may compare the events without danger of having it thought that we confound them one with another in any general sense.

Both were revolts against the established order of a continent, and each effectively arrayed the power of a nation against the conservative forces. In France and the United States alike the revolt was nursed when it might have been crushed by the men whose duty it was to oppose it. Louis might have put the revolution down a dozen times; but he heeded in the premises with such a cautious extremity of weakness and vacillation that it was not supposed any man could be so utterly purposeless, and his conduct was thought to be the result of some deep design. Lennox said, "The executive is pretending to be dead." Here Buchanan was a re-duplication of Louis. He stood still and let the rebellion grow into an organized power. Though his utter want of character was well known, yet the people were disposed to credit his conduct to a reasonable complicity, rather than to believe that any such complete nonentity as he appeared to be could ever have been elected President of the United States.

Europe put a considerable power in the field in the case of order, and expected that it would put the rebellion down at a blow. It sent its well equipped troops on a "military promenade" against the raw levies of revolutionary France, drilled and formed by the excellent officers of the old French armies. Or the field of Valmy the French Revolution, contrary to all anticipation, gained its "Ball run" battle. Had the forces opposed to the rebellion gained that battle, they would have marched to Paris without another struggle, re-established the old order, and the rebellion would have been done with. But there, as here, the unlooked for event led strangely to another result. Valmy showed that Europe had an enemy that it could not despise, and impressed every one with the conviction that it was but the first battle of a protracted and desperate war. There was an immense cry to arms; and arms were taken up so eagerly to be laid down at all and every household on the continent had felt the influence of the struggle.

Valmy and Bull run each apparently gave a start in life to a new nation; but the dreadful contentions of ambitious politicians nearly destroyed the existence of these battles. The Reign of Terror that swept France was not less terrible, though different

Supplies for Union Prisoners.

The following Message of Governor Curtin, in relation to the supplies for our prisoners in the South, contains valuable information to those who have friends in rebel hands:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Harrisburg, Jan. 27, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:—Arrangements having been perfected by the National authorities, under which supplies for our volunteers, now prisoners in the South, can be forwarded to them, I think it right to announce the fact to our people through you, and that the State authorities can and will, under existing laws, defray the expense of transportation of all supplies which they may send to this place, and forward the same to the places designated as far as it is practical. The prisoners, if it is well known, are in want of food, clothing, and in fact all the necessaries of life.

The United States government will forward to its prisoners of war in the South the following articles:—Uniforms, Hats, Caps, Coats, and Jackets, Flannel shirts, Drawers, Soap, Blankets, Woolen blankets, Gun-bags, Stockings, Bologna sausage, Corn Meal, Nutmegs, Pepper, Mustard, Table salt, Salt fish, Crackers, Cheese, Pickles, Sauces, Vegetables, Dried fruit, Lemons, Nuts, Apples, Matatoes, Yeast powder, Crookery, Glassware, Tinware, Meats and fish in cans.

Our generous loyal men and women have never failed to respond to such an appeal, and it is scarcely necessary to urge upon them the necessity of prompt action on this occasion, if they have the knowledge, as supplies can be sent to their destitute relatives and friends. The destitution and suffering to which our prisoners have been reduced by the barbarity of our savage enemies, cannot be adequately described, and we should all, at once, avail ourselves of the opportunity now at last afforded to relieve them.

A. G. CURTIN.

When some of his courtiers endeavored to excite Philip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill, he said, "I know, that I can revenge myself; but it is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power and not use it."

Dr. Kane relates that when a day worn out with fatigue, he and French lay in an Esquimaux hut to sleep, the good natured Esquimaux wigwag covered her own baby!

Rights of Man.

Absurd prejudices have perverted human reason, and even stifled that instinct which teaches animals to resist oppression and tyranny. Multitudes of the human race really believe themselves to be the property of a small number of men, who oppress them. Such is the fatal progress of that original error, which in posture has either produced or kept up in the mind of man. May true knowledge revive those rights of reasonable beings, which, to be recovered, need only to be felt! Sages of the earth, philosophers of every nation, it is yours alone to make laws by pointing out these rights to your fellow-citizens. Take the glorious resolution to instruct your fellow creatures, and be assured that if truth is longer in diffusing and establishing itself than error, yet its empire more solid and lasting. Error passes away; but truth remains. Mankind, allured by the expectation of happiness, the road to which you will show them, will listen to you with attention. Excite a sense of shame in the breasts of those numerous hireling slaves, who are always ready at the command of their masters, to destroy their fellow-citizens. Rouse all the powers of human nature to oppose this subversion of social laws. Teach mankind that liberty is the institution of God; authority that of man. Expose those mysterious arts which hold the world in chains and darkness; let the people be sensible how far their credulity has been imposed upon; let them reassume their own sacred the use of their faculties, and vindicate the honor of the human race.—Abbe Royanal.

Among The Tar-Makers.

A newspaper correspondent with General Sherman's army gives the following picture of the cavalry in the far region: "When the stars came out that night, they looked down on Wood's and Corse's divisions en echelon, eight miles south of the Oconee. Halting one day to allow the trains to close up, the whole corps moved steadily forward, on the many and difficult roads through the interminable pine forests, between that river and the Atlantic. Every school boy will remember the picture in Mitchell's Geography which represents tar-making in Georgia. While traveling through the unbroken pine country, the memory recalled the picture in the presence of the reality. Among the tar-makers pine of course, is a five-mile, in any of those counties, and not find any other tree or shrub or plant. Ignorance prevails with the masses there. No thrift, or enterprise, or enthusiasm ever finds followers among them. A soldier asked a lady one day: "What county, Madam?" "Don't know, mister." "Why don't you know?" half angrily replied the soldier. "Oh, mister, I've only lived here one year." The people of these dark regions had heard of Sherman's famous "General Hood," had seen "Wheeler's critter company" several times, and were universally "down on abolition and riggers marryin' white gals, as they do up North." Their staples there are pine plantations and ignorance; their products, tar, negroes and sweet potatoes. School-houses there are myths, and churches more than a nine days' wonder to the oldest inhabitant.

Smuggling.

A very cunning case of smuggling on the Canadian border has recently been detected, for which the law provided no remedy. It seems that the smuggler built his house immediately upon the boundary line, with an entrance from the North and another from the South. He can thus bring British or American goods into his house without paying duties to either government, and can, without detection, easily pass them over to the other side. It is said the fellow has, by this illicit trade, grown rich, and scarcely feels under the necessity of concealing the secret of his ill-gotten gains. The Government of the United States has, of course, been the principal loser, as the import of dutiable goods greatly exceeds the export. But this rat-hole is to be stopped. Anvention of smuggling is about to be presented in Congress, and will unquestionably be adopted by which the fact of building upon the boundary will of itself be assumed as evidence of a purpose to smuggle, and the revenue officer will be empowered to enter and search the premises, and seize the goods.—Washington Chronicle.

The Oldest Republic on Earth.

The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small republic in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference and its population about 7000. The republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equity, and has preserved its Liberty and Independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express the sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people (sixty six in number) who were chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty, the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.

A Beautiful Thought.

A writer, whose life has passed his meridian, thus eloquently discourses upon the speedy flight of time:

Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to make. It now seems but a step, and yet, along the way are broken shrines, where foot-steps sacred under their drifting dust, green moulds where the grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened steps a d'hop push on toward evening, whose signal light will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat."

AN OBITUARY.

Josh Billings of ten mars his productions by his bad spelling. His humor is charming, and needs none of this trickery of paint to commend it. We copy from the Troy News, his official organ, the close of an article tributary to old Veiver Toes, deceased: "Old Veiver Toes has shaved his last one. No more will the widow's tear gleam on his threshold, no more will the orphan shudder to meet him, and no more will the tax gatherer, like a wet ghost, sit down before him. Come all ye that have any just pretence of being all persons from harboring or trusting her on any account, as I will not pay any of her taxes." JOSEPH JAMES.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1 per square each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements. A space equal to twice the line of this type measured as a square. Special notices 25 per cent. additional above regular rates. Business cards, 75 cents a line per year. Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

Religious.

FAITH.—A father asked his son to take a vessel and go to a fountain and fill it with water. He answered, "I can't fill it, it is sealed." "How does our Heavenly Father pour down the fountain of life and bids us go and drink that our souls may be filled with Heavenly blessedness? But how may we answer like the son—'I can't, my heart is sealed.' Yea, sealed by unbelief—the sin which God hates—the sin which is soul-damning. Hear then the Savior's voice—"Have faith in Me."

At the session of the General Conference in May last, provisions were made for the organization of a Methodist Church Extension Society, the headquarters of which were to be in Philadelphia. The duty of inaugurating the movement was assigned to a committee with Bishop Simpson, who resides in that city, at the head of it. Within a brief period the Society has been organized by selecting as President, Thomas T. Tasker, Sr., assisted by three Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer and a Assistant Treasurer. The Board consists of twenty-five ministerial and twenty-five lay Managers. Term of service expires in November next.

The able London correspondent of the *Presbyterian Banner* affirms that the Bishop of Exeter is so high in the Church in his notions, that he will give no curate to officiate, who does not aver his firm belief in the reality of Baptismal Regeneration. Notwithstanding his high church views, he is jealous of Rome, and dislikes Romanists. He wrote to the Church wardens of a parish at Torquay, where a sculptured representation of the "crucifixion" was about to be set up immediately behind the communion table, thus: "That unhappy crucifixion of more than one of the clergy immediately connected with that church, having lately ceded to the Church of Rome, cannot but have provoked the sensibilities of those who object to every indication of Romanism." The sculpture is to be removed as soon as possible, and is in the mean time to be concealed.

The clerk of the U. P. Presbytery of Boston reports that the name Presbyterian was unknown in that city in 1845. Now there are six organized churches, four of these having settled pastors, viz: One Reformed Presbyterian, (old side) two of the "Old School party," of the Presbytery. He says toil and self-denial have been required to preserve this issue in an ecclesiastical atmosphere most ungenial to its existence, and under the blessing of God they have so far succeeded.

The *Messenger*, (German Reformed) reviewing the operations of the Church during the past year, says the most prominent feature of the past year was the Convention held at Reading, Pa., in May last, to close, with appropriate services, the three hundredth anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism, the Shakespeare Tercentenary, and the Tercentary commemoration of Calvin's death. The Tercentary contributions amount to over \$103,000.

The *Courier du Canada* states that the Holy Father grants fifty days indulgence to all the faithful who faithfully attend to the words: "Praised be Jesus and Mary," and he who answers, "Now and forever, gains the same indulgence. Each time those simple words are repeated at meeting, a person, it saves fifty days of purgatory.

The Archbishop of New York, with a view of completing the Cathedral of St. Patrick now in process of construction, corner of Fifth avenue and Fifth street, it is stated has assessed each of the Catholic churches fifty thousand dollars apiece, in order to hurry up the work on the edifice.

Bishop Thomas Church Brownell, D. D., L. L. D. of the Diocese of Connecticut, and presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, died recently, in the 86th year of his age. He was a descendant of Colonel Benjamin Church, one of the heroes of colonial times.

The New organ building for the Catholic Cathedral, Philadelphia, is on the principle of the great instrument in the Boston Music Hall, and will cost about twenty thousand dollars.

The sexton of Henry Ward Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., receives a salary of \$2,500 per year. The organist is said to receive more than the sexton.

It has been ascertained that there are 104 churches and halls open in Boston every Sabbath for religious worship, and that the average attendance amounts to 68,475. The population is 175,000.

It is stated that loyal members of the Presbyterian Church in New York have been petitioned to send them some "anyway" of the appointment of all compound manufactures, which our farmers make.

The best kind of agricultural implements—farmers' daughters.