

THE BEAVER ARGUS  
Will be Published Every  
IN MINIS BU...  
THIRD ST. BEAVER  
At \$2.00 per annum  
Letters and contributions...  
QUAY & RUTAN, Eds. & Pro's.

# THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 41-No. 10, Beaver, Wednesday, March 8, 1865. Established 1818

NOTICE  
Advertisements...  
Business cards...  
Marriages and Deaths...  
and other Notices of a public nature, free

## POETICAL.

### THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon."

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—  
Arouse its senses and awake,  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories glides away,  
And the stern footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,  
Which on the ocean's bosom glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem each future dream a joy  
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—  
No happier let us hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day.  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like them the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
That into the engulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Alas! the river's lordly tide,  
Alas! the Lumbard rivulet glide  
To that sad wave,  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
The path alone, of all our thought,  
Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth  
Are all these glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here!  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight  
The cheeks pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away,  
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came and laid his finger there,  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,  
The step that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows weary and we woe!  
When age comes on.

## Miscellaneous.

The following interesting reminiscence was handed us by our friend J. A. Wilson, Esq., of New Brighton, in his publication. He lost his son, a brave and gallant soldier, in the desperate charge at Farmington. Our readers will find much that is new, as well as interesting, in the following sketch.

After the battle of Belmont, the guerrillas were very troublesome in the southern part of Missouri; annoying our troops constantly—rendezvousing in the swamps and bayous, and places almost inaccessible to our troops, who were unacquainted with the country and the grounds. Some of the most cruel and barbarous acts were committed by these men almost with impunity. The roads leading from the river to the interior generally lay along the margins of the bayous and swamps, and small squads of guerrillas would be perfectly secure in their rendezvous, unless to those familiar to their haunts; and many a noble soldier and brave fellow met his death by the murderous and bloody hands of these skulking scoundrels.

The leader of the gang, Capt. Dorn, or Van Dorn, was a daring, reckless villain, of the "border-ruffian" stamp, who was never known to take a prisoner; his motto being "Death by the knife, and knife to the hilt." He lived above New Madrid, on the roadside, about ten miles from the Mississippi river, and a short distance from one of the bayous or swamps. Information was brought to Headquarters that he was at home, and Capt. Wilson, of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, was ordered to take a squad of men and try to capture him. The Captain selected eight men out of his company, and employed a guide who was well acquainted with Dorn and his premises, and started so as to reach his house about daylight. A short turn in the road brought them in full view of the house, and dashing up at full gallop surrounded it, the Captain leaving his brother, J. C. Wilson, and four men, in front, to force an entrance, and the Captain, with the balance of his men, went to the rear of the house for the purpose of cutting off his retreat from that quarter. His attention was directed to the windows of the house, and he was startled by the click of a gun-lock in the rear of the house. He turned quickly, with his revolver cocked in his hand, and saw Dorn, about fifty yards off, at the head of a party of mounted men. Dorn had his carbine raised and was in the act of

taking aim at him. Capt. Wilson fired his revolver at Dorn; more to distract his aim than with the expectation of shooting him. It had the desired effect, as the ball whistled past without harming him. Capt. Wilson and party immediately dashed at the rascals; they broke and fled, each man for himself. The firing attracted the attention of the party in front, who were dismounted, and by the time they had regained their saddles the guerrillas had the start of them. Then commenced a race that was the last one for more than one of the retreating party. Capt. Wilson took the track of Dorn, and they went down the road pell-mell, each one firing his revolver at the other, as opportunity offered. Capt. Wilson was gaining on him until a short curve in the road brought him so close to a tree that his elbow struck, knocking the revolver out of his hand, and some thirty feet away, leaving him to pursue the chase with a disabled arm, a sabre and carbine; but the delay enabled Dorn to effect his escape. Dorn usually rode a white horse; but this time he was not on the white, having exchanged with a brother. Capt. Wilson's brother, J. C. Wilson, although last to regain the saddle, had a steeter horse, or was a more reckless rider, took the track of the white horse, and soon passed some of his own party and several of the guerrillas, pressing the white horse very hard, exchanging shot as they flew along, until the white horse left the road. Wilson still pressing on and gaining on and firing at him with his second revolver, demanding his surrender at short intervals, until they had left the main road about a mile, when suddenly the white horse was wheeled round and the man threw up his hand, cried out, "I surrender! I surrender a prisoner of war!" The grim-looking customer was armed to the teeth, and at least one-third larger than his captor; but he was quickly disarmed and driven into camp by Wilson, who was much elated with his exploit. But he did not prove to be the leader of the gang, as he was supposed to be during the pursuit. The guide drove his man into the swamp, and his horse fell and floundered; but before the guerrilla could extricate himself the guide shot him, and both horse and rider disappeared in the dark water of the swamp. Three of the guerrillas were killed, and each of the party, excepting Capt. Wilson, had made a capture. But Dorn left that part of the country very carefully.

After participating in the fights at Island No. 10, New Madrid, and Tippecanoe, the 2d Iowa Cavalry was sent up the Tennessee to Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth, and Farmington. At the latter place J. C. Wilson was killed in a most desperate charge upon the enemy's batteries, on the 8th of May, 1862. A full description is given in Henry's History of the Rebellion, vol. 1, page 453.

The action commenced at ten, with artillery, and continued till noon, when it ceased. Gen. Faine who was in command of our forces, discovering that the rebels were manoeuvring to get in rear of him, and cut him off from the main army, determined to withdraw.

"A swamp" was in his rear, across which only a single road led, over which he must carry his entire command. In the meantime, the rebels had moved their artillery so as to deliver a cross fire on this; while their extended wings were sweeping down on either flank.

"To leave nothing behind, and gain time to get his columns across this single narrow crossing, Faine ordered the second Iowa cavalry to charge the enemy's guns.

"It was a desperate order, but Colonel Hatch, to whom it was delivered, cared little for that. Five hundred were to charge in the face of ten thousand; but his only anxiety was lest his men should refuse to follow him. But the brave Iowans were ready to a man. Filing up a ravine as far as they could, to avoid the shot and shell that swept the field, they boldly ascended the slope, face to face with the battery.

"Quickly forming, they responded to the pealing bugle with loud shouts, and with sabres flashing above their heads, dashed full on the guns. The skirmishers in front went down like bending grain, before their fierce gallop; but the moment the field was cleared of these, the artillery opened on them with canister and shrapnel. Before the destructive fire, that line of horsemen would have disappeared like mist in the atmosphere, had not the guns, in the astonishment caused by this sudden apparition, been too much depressed.

"The fiery loads tore up the ground in front of them, cutting down a hundred horses, but did not stop the remainder. Seeing the clattering tramp full upon them, the affrighted gunners quickly limbered up their pieces. The object of the charge being accomplished, which was to silence the battery while the columns could swiftly pass where its cross fire swept, Hatch ordered the bugle to sound the recall. But the excited troopers never heard it; or if they did, heeded it not; and dashing on the gunners, sabred them at their pieces. They then fell back to the swamp, and the columns safely effected its retreat to the farther side."

New Brighton, Feb. 22, '65. W.



HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX, Speaker of the House of Representatives.—[SEE 2D. PAGE.]

## "The Future of Our Country."

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

On Monday afternoon, Feb. 20th, a large concourse of people assembled in the spacious audience room of Mount Union College, to listen to the eloquent oration of Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia, Pa., on the Future of Our Country. God was praised, in stirring music, after which Rev. Dr. Williams, of Massillon, Ohio, addressed an earnest prayer to the throne of grace. The Bishop was introduced by Rev. Dr. Hartshorn, President of the College, and gave us a masterly and deeply entertaining speech of two hours' duration.

He gave us an idea of this well-timed performance to one who has not heard it, and we propose to offer to the reader only a brief and fragmentary outline. After a brief introduction expressive of his appreciation and regard for all educational agencies and achievements, the speaker addressed himself to his subject as follows:

All eyes are turned to the front; all hearts are anxious for fathers, husbands, and sons, who are fighting for us and may return no more. What will the end be? is the great inquiry. Though we cannot prophesy, we have some means of knowing what shall be. We believe to-morrow morning's sun will rise for that is a law of nature. There are also laws for nations. God has revealed his purposes in establishing governments. If we know his mind, we can predict the result. God is for the rulers, but for the people. We may regard it as a law that the government which elevates the people in science, literature, and morals, is according to God. The nation which does not do this, God will overthrow. Thus, Israel displaced the Canaanites. Egypt passed away, because it oppressed God's people.

There are several possible issues in our present national conflict. One is, shall this nation perish? If so, the nation superseding us must be better than ours. Has the nation finished its mission? If we perish now, God deals with us as he never has with any other nation. No nation ever perished in a hundred years. Search history, Egypt counted its growth and decay by centuries. The same principle holds in regard to Babyloha, Phoenicia, Greece, Rome, and in more modern times, to France, England, Germany, and Russia. The age of the world which God chose for our birth showed there was a great mission for us. We were hidden till science and religion needed us. Other lands were discovered from temporal motives; ours from religion. Columbus was defeated in every effort to get the people of the new world to be lost if they did not hear of Christ. Columbus shall have ships, said the Queen, if I have to sell my crown jewels.

This was three hundred years ago when the women, if they got anything into their heads, generally accomplished it. [Laughter.]

If we compare this nation to others, 1. It has done more for humanity than others. It has severed church and state, and thus struck a deadly blow at hypocrisy. 2. It has educated the masses more than others. 3. It has educated and elevated women to positions of higher usefulness and honor. 4. It has done more than others to elevate the humblest to places of honor and trust. The hostler, the farmer boy, may be in the highest offices yet. Who does not remember Clay, the mill boy of the slavers? Jackson was of poor parents. And he had read somewhere

in history of a "rail-splitter" becoming President of the United States. [Great applause.] 5. This nation is open to all others. As the bee gathers honey from every flower, so we get our population from every land: Rev. erently speaking, God can not afford to do without America. We are not to perish in this struggle.

In the second place, shall we be divided? Vice divides; virtue unites. Virtue brings forth rail roads, telegraphs, and all the improvements of civilization. Vice destroys these. The state of our civilization looks to union, instead of disunion. Then there is no natural line of separation. Division must be made by an impassible gulf, or there will be perpetual war. Let us settle the question now, if we have to fight for twenty years.

In the third place, shall we have a monarchy? Some of us, perhaps, might consent to be governed by a Queen; or we might admit a nobility provided we were the nobles, or we might not object to large landed estates, provided there was "oil" in them. But a monarchy in this country is impossible.

In the fourth place, shall the country be preserved? Yes, if we understand the indications of providence. God has long been preparing us for this struggle. The Coast survey gave us the soundings of almost every bay and river in the land. This was indispensable to us in the war. Ship building had long been making rapid improvements. Thousands of miles of railroad had just been finished, when the war broke out; and note how the lines run, not from north to south, but from east to west. Telegraphic communication had just been completed so as to be available; so too of sewing machines and agricultural implements. Did this merely happen so? As to such abundance in California, Nevada, Idaho, and many other places, that our national debt, if it amounted to four thousand millions, could be paid out of these mines, and there would be enough left to give a fortune to every inhabitant of our land. The Bishop had visited these mines, and was able to describe the almost incredible wealth which they contain. It is a remarkable fact that an Irish priest had obtained from Mexico a title to much of the gold region of California just four days after Fremont had taken possession of it for the United States. Just at the right time, God has opened to us "rivers of oil."

England and France doubtless had something to do in fomenting this war, Napoleon had his eye on California, England and France were fearing that our nation was becoming too large, but when our Monitor crushed the Merrimac, they suddenly became very neutral.

The Bishop saw the speedy close of the war in the depreciation of the rebel currency, the scarcity of their men, the evidence of despair shown by the manner of treating our prisoners, and in the desertions and desponding of the rebel army. On our side he saw money and men, and valor—inspiration almost, as in the case of Hooker and his men in Lookout Mountain, fighting above the clouds. Who can conquer men who fight above the clouds? Slavery will be abolished. The conquests for freedom are surpassing all expectations. (What shall be done with the negroes?) Let us do with them as Jeff. Davis wished us to do with him—let them alone. 2d. Instead of obligating, educate them. 3d. Let them redeem Africa. 4th. Let them have Texas and Arkansas. They will be prepared for a higher civilization and freedom after their baptism of blood.

After summing up the more noted measures, battles and incidents of the war, and the various binomial results certainly to accrue to this nation and

## Nasby is Finally Drafted.

CAMP OF THE 77th REGT. OHIO INFANTRY, Toledo, Oct. 2nd 1864.

I am here, clad in the garb of slavery! Nasby, clothed in a bobtailed blue coat, a woolen shirt and blue pants, with a Oysterman musket in his hands, a grin thro the exercise of Good heavens! was a spectacle!

The draft was over, and I, that that must more I'd visit my native land. Gaily I stepped aboard the boat that was to carry me from British shores—gaily I say, for my money had given me some weeks ago, and I had earned a precarious subsistence a saw-wood in partnership with a disgustful mulatto, and I looked forward with joyful anticipations to the time when I should again embrace Looker Jane (the partner of my buzzum), and keep my skin perpetually full of the elixir of life, out of her washin money. Gaily I sprang off the boat onto the wharf at Toledo, when a heavy and was laid onto my shoulder. Twas a soldier! The fellow conversed ensouc:

"Wat Wantest thou, my jontle friend?"

"I want you, my gay Kanajan?"

"On wat grounds?" retorted I

"On the ground uv elooden uv the draft," sez he.

"Your mistakon," sez I, I'm "a abolitionist's emissary. I hev bin a spered in the bred uv life among the poor kilrod brethrin in Kanady, and am just returnin to run thro another lot. Let me pass I entreat thee, nor stay me in my good work." (This was strategy.)

"Not much," sez he, "I know better. Your a butternut."

"How knowest thou?" sez I.

"Your nose," sez he. That big nose becomin like was'nt got out uv spring water.

"Your knowledge uv men and things is too much for me. I confess and surrender as a discredul—de with me ez thou wilt."

And he did. I was led out to camp, and was allowed to volunteer to fight against my convictions—against my brethren, who hev taken up arms in a righteous'oz. So be it. Hentzath the name uv Nasby will shine in the list uv martirs.

Amid the dark, deep gloom that enveloped me, wan ray uv light strikes me. I hev seen, the clock's return, and wen I seed em I yelled Hallelujah! Me and another victim uv Linkin's tyranny, who is a Dimekrat, (the postmaster under Bookianon, and when removed by Linkin did not give up the balance uv money he had on hand, fearing twod be used to subvert our free institutions) had a justice. We smuggled a bottle uv non-dumal whiskey, and celebrated muchly. "The North's redeemed!" showed I.

"Let's the Eagle scream!" yelled he.

"The Quakers hev rotid!" showed I.

"Abraham's dead!" screed me he.

"Dimocracy's triumphed!" left I, and so on, until after midnite, when, completely oggastid, I sank into slumber, with a empty bottle between us.

PERCIVAL V. NASBY.

P. S.—Toll Looker Jane that I may never see her again—that she'd it be my fate 2 perish in the battle-field, amid the roar uv battle and the horrors uv miscellaneous carnage, my last thro, ez life ebbs slowly away, shal be av bet, and ask her if she can't send me half or three-quarters uv the money she gits for washin, ez whiskey costs fitrely here.

P. V. N.

## Buying Gold Makes One a Rebel.

There is instruction and example in the following incident narrated to us by a Pennsylvania friend.

An honest Schuylkill County German merchant, who had accumulated more money than he could employ as capital in his business, came to a patriotic banker in Philadelphia and said:

"I have got some moneys and I want you to buy me some gold."

"Why, Schultz, what do you want gold for? That isn't a thing you sell in your store."

"I knows dat—but I want to make some money on de rise of gold. Peoples say it is going up, and I tink I may make a thousand dollars."

"Schultz, you dear old fellow, don't you know that if you buy gold you will be a rebel?"

"No!" said Schultz, with a tone of resentment in his worder.

"Suppose you buy \$10,000 of gold. Suppose that some morning you read in the papers in big letters: 'Terrible disaster to the Union cause!—Grant's army routed and destroyed! The Rebels marching on Washington!'"

"I should say dat was tam pad news," excitedly interrupted the German.

"Yes, but wouldn't you say right off, 'dis, however, will put gold up—pad for the Union cause, tam pad, but it is good for my ten thousand.' Don't you see, Schultz, that in buying gold you instantly make the interests of the Rebels your interests—that you bribe yourself to wish them to succeed, and to wish your country and your countrymen to fail? And if these unholo desires, Schultz, don't define a Rebel, there is no language to define one. Don't you see that buying gold inevitably turns honest, patriotic, devoted men like you, away from the cause which they ought to support, and which they think they do support; but which they have made it for their interest not to support it? Don't you see it, dear old fellow?"

"Be shure I do," said the honest man, with gravity of manner and humility; "and I ax pardon of the war. Put the whole of dat in Seven-Thirties: My money goes with my principles."

—N. Y. Tribune.

## Religious.

It is asserted that His Holiness, the Pope, will send the hat and sword which received his benediction previous to the Christmas ceremonies, to the Emperor Maximilian. The hat is of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, trimmed with a golden cord, having a dove—the symbol of the Holy Ghost—in the middle of the crown. The gift is made to the prince or potentate whose conduct during the past year has demonstrated most obedience to, and zeal in the cause of Holy Mother Church.

We understand, says the Leeds Mercury, that a "Brotherhood" is being organized in Leeds, under the auspices of the clergy of the parish church to be called "The Brotherhood of the Holy Redeemer." The brethren are to be subject to strict rules, and will be expected to attend prayers, etc., at similar hours to those which are appointed in the Romish Church.

The following obituary notice of the death of a Christian who had by misfortune and sickness lost all, yet maintained a cheerful spirit contains a profitable lesson: "Exchanged his poverty for eternal riches, and his rage for a crown which fadeth not away—at the Winchester Poor House, (Ct.) November 5th, 1864, James C. Smith, aged sixty-seven. The pall bearers were few on this side—not so many perhaps as they that waited on the shining shore, and went up with the old man to his Father's house."

The Psalmody question is attracting a good deal of attention across the water, as well as in this country. The discussion is very spirited, and we look for good results from the ventilation of the subject. The Presbyterian says the English Presbyterians are earnestly discussing the subject of "Praise." The articles in Peter Baine's Weekly Review, of a late date, are written with much intelligence, and no little warmth of feeling.

The Advocate and Journal has an article on "Church Reconstrution in Rebelldom," in which it is assumed that the M. E. Church owes it to herself and to the people of the South to enter into and occupy all that country, and that, too, entirely independent of the pretensions of the local Methodism, which has become hopelessly debauched with pro-slaveryism and tainted with treason.

The laymen of the Baptist churches in Boston and vicinity have formed a "Social Union," for the promotion of friendly intercourse among the pastors and churches of that vicinity.

## Agricultural.

**Corn Sugar.**

The Buffalo Commercial states that the parties interested in the recent discovery of sugar to be manufactured from corn are actively engaged in making preparations for the extensive manufacture of sugar by the new method; and that they will be prepared to put the new staple upon the market in a few days. The Commercial adds: "Developments which have been made since the matter was first announced by us, have more than confirmed the statements made at that time, and more than justify the anticipations we indulged in as to the complete success of the enterprise."

Every sugar consumer will be glad to hear that, and will hopefully await the advent of the "new staple" in large quantities at cheap rates.

**Oatshetan.**

Messrs. Croy & Sons, of Ind., write us as follows concerning their experience with this variety of cane: "Our success in making sugar from the Oatshetan cane, the past three past years is all that we could reasonably desire. Of our last year's crop of syrup more than three-fourths of it is already a beautiful sugar sediment of well developed crystals, and no less pure and sweet than that found in the bottom of molasses casks of the best southern manufacture.—Prarie Farmer.

**Pruning Trees.**

At the last meeting of the Farmers' Club there was a long discussion on pruning trees, by Dr. Ward, and Messrs. Ely, Carpenter, and Smith, and they agreed in opinion, as the result of their experience, that the best time for pruning is the summer when the trees are growing. Trees pruned at that time heal more readily, and are less likely to be attacked by black blast, or otherwise injured, than if pruned in the winter.

**Cherry Grfts.**

Not a day should be allowed to pass without gathering your cherry seeds, if it has not already been done. Each variety separately in a bag, and label it. Then bury them in a shed, where the ground is moist; or each parcel can be put at the foot of each tree, which will not effect them.

No man living can show a good fruit which was kept in its own years of its life. It is tied beyond controversy to be healthy and productive cultivated most of the time.