THE BEAVER ARGUS
Will be Published Every Wednesday
IN MINIS' BUILDINGS,
THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.,
At $2 00 per annum in Advance

☞Letters and contributions, by mai shall have prompt attention.

QUAY & RUTAN, Eds. & Pro'rs.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 41--No. 28, Beaver, Wednesday, July 19, 1865. Established 1818

POETICAL.

OUR MARTYRED RANK AND FILE.

Our Rank and File: our Rank and File:
In distant graves these martyrs lie.
Chiefs are retombed in native soil;
Soldiers must moulder where they die.
They sleep unsung. High-gifted bards
For fallen leaders pour the lay,
But genius not a line awards
To grace unpauleted clay.
In pits and trenches—charnels vile—
Unknoned rot the Rank and File.

Be these my theme. Great names command,
As fit they should, a requiem proud;
But amid nameless graves I stand,
Sad poet of a slaughtered crowd.
Though in the histories written here
Their deeds, their worth, may ne'er be shown,
The record shines forth bright and clear,
Where earth's unrecognized are known.
Good angels welcome with a smile
The spirits of the Rank and File.

Take comfort, all ye widowed ones,
Who seek your husbands' dust in vain:
Take comfort, mothers, ye whose sons
Lie lost in mazes of the slain,
Up from the dark and bloody ground,"
That hides them from you now, shall come
The buried cohorts glory-crowned,
When peals the resurrection drum.
All peacefully they rest meanwhile,
These heroes of the Rank and File.

But late a living wall they stood
Between our homes and harm—these braves:
When I forget such brotherhood
May heaven my portion cast with slaves!
I sing their dirge with bated breath;
I write these lines with quivering pen.
Song has no voice, and fame no wreath,
Too glorious for such glorious men.
Their shrine instead of marble pile
Shall be our hearts—the Rank and File.

Miscellaneous.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MCDEST MAN.

"I could'nt think of such a thing."

"But you *must*. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thing-umbobs, and the what's-his name."

And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of female apparel.

His idea was that I could personate his lady love for one day to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference, that is, *until* the minister should have tied it fast between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could undo.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight.—Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Then I had light hair tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but what I was really one of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one.—Maggie's father was to drive her to D——, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D—— river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my shirt-sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D——, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pickaninnies were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asked if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagement, you know, and all that sort of thing.—Deuced sorry. I can't go, though. Just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee; Miss Withergall, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a string of introductions, which convinced me that few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking man, with a book nose, and eye glass and finey hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my *personelle*, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out:

"Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little look out on her, will you"—then, lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you old fellow; she is rich."

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Good day!" and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D—— he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him good bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us, of the pic-nic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the Grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and in his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket (the boat was a regular excursion packet) and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my *role* the [illegible] hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was among them a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my fingers tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but I had been in *propria persona*, I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I were obtaining goods under false pretences, and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground, at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secresy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentleman.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known Bob Styles' trick would also come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing dreadfully high—your ancles will be town talk with the gentlemen!

Nor was I conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings which came nearly up to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my running gear looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangulated laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my filagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lack-a daisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as kind as you are fascinating!"

"You flatter me!"

"I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flatterly, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really you are a very naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first for me to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman killer—a sort of devil may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to play off against my [illegible] Bimby. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half facinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musician to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I—a, have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now, I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha or Schouncbrunnen ring in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a year.

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then."

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps—

"Oh, a—are you not—get—get—getting tired, Miss Lee?"

"Oh, no!" I burst forth as coolly as if we were riding round the room.—"I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave me was terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and altogether I saw he could not hold on much longer.

"This is delightful," I said, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily."

Puff—puff—"Ah,"—puff—"yes—oh—puff—"very"—puff—"delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster?"

His eyes rolled heavenward in an awful agony.

"Ah,"—puff, puff—"I dont—ah"—puff—"don't know."

So, when we neared the musicians, I said, "Faster, if you please, faster!" and they played *a la* whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a small bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman killer for a glass of ice-water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea, from this, of the fun the ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, such before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavillion, which served as a ball room. As she came near I perceived her hands were clenched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!"

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, an anathemized Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

I said I was tired out—could not someby else go?

No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What, if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her?

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then.

However, I nerved myself up for the task and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—petticoat fell to the floor.—She was about to proceed when I alarmed her by sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; "stop! don't undress, for God's sake!"

She opened her great, brown eyes to their fullest extent.

"And why not?"

"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look! Why, what is the matter—Maggie—you—why—oh! oh! oh!"

And she gave three fearful screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost," I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. I swear I mean no harm; if I had, I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?

I told her the story as brief as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside of the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of one burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did.

She blushed a good deal, but didn't resist; only when I got through, she glanced up timidly and said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."

When I returned, I found lawyer Bimby had quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands for supper, which was served in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind, and from sight.

Here we sat in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had supper, felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went to a little stand near the ball-room, and purchased several of the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all fears for my incognito, and reveled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven only knows. We talked and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there, until the month of August, in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty seven, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begot questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the shadowed nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us, or we them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat towzled up; one foot rested on the ground and the other on a rock, about level with my head (regardless of ankles this time), and there I sat puffing away in a very unladylike style, at a highly flavored Concho.

Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head *almost* on my shoulder, and her waist *almost* encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice:

'Just think of poor What's-his-name there—Bimby. Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?"

"Hush!" cried Jennie; "look! there he is; and, oh, my gracious! there is the whole company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless one flesh, and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to D——.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligation to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.

☞General Sherman, in a speech at Cincinnati, stated that, a little over a year ago, General Grant and himself, in a room at the Burnett House, arranged the plan of the campaign which has since resulted in the termination of the war.

☞"C. S. A.," the boasted initials of the late so called "Confederate States of America," mean, according to a late translation, Crinolinum Shirtum Absquatulatum."

☞The Chicago *Journal* says Gen. Sherman belongs to no religious denomination. His wife is a Catholic, but he has never become a member of any church.

A Soldier's Welcome.

The following pleasant anecdote is told by the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

An interesting and touching incident occurred the other day in the great throughfare, while one of the New England regiments was marching by. A very handsome young lady, a dweller in Lexington avenue, was gazing out of the window of her carriage drawn up near the side walk, and as she heard the band she stepped upon the Russ pavement, while her face lighted up with enthusiasm at the approach of the brave soldiers. As they passed by her, she waved her embroidered, perfumed handkerchief, and exclaimed, "God bless you all for your heroism. You don't know how we have all loved you and prayed for you while you were fighting the battles of the country."

As she stood there, her cheeks all aglow, quite a boy, who looked pale and haggard, tottered by and almost touched her robes. He attracted her attention at once, and seizing him by the hand, she took him, all dusty and soiled as his garments were, in her arms and kissed him. "My dear boy," she said, "you resemble my beloved brother—he was about your age—who was killed in Virginia; and I love you for his sake. Tell me, can I do anything for you? Here, take this," and she thrust her purse into his hand, while the tears started to her eyes and those of a dozen of his companions in arms who witnessed the touching scene.

Noble fellows, they had laid in the deadly trenches of Petersburg, and half charged the enemies batteries again and again before Richmond, with firm lip and unblanched cheek; but they could not look unmoved upon that earnest, generous girl, with her gushing tenderness toward those who had endured every sacrifice for the sacred cause of freedom.

A stately dowager in the carriage, who d[illegible] necessary [illegible] ture to interfere, went to the side of the excited girl, and drew her, all blushes and tears, that served only to brighten her charms, back to the soft cushions she had abandoned, and the liveried coachman drove off amid the cheers of the delighted soldiers.

Can't Support Himself.

A writer, describing his observations in a late tour through Georgia, states that having questioned a negro's capacity to support himself, the following reply was made which thoroughly upset his scepticism: "My name is Bryan, so called from my last master. I was born in Virginia, where my first master having broken up, I was sold to a trader and brought to Georgia. Here I have changed masters six times. I married here, and each time my own look-out only saved me from being parted from my wife and family. My master didn't care. They sold me wherever they could first get the money. I can't read. My wife can a little. I am a tailor. Before the war I paid twenty dollars a month for myself, and ten dollars for my wife, and have still managed to lay up fifteen dollars a month beside. I am now sending my oldest boy to school at two dollars per month. Judge whether I want to be free. I have supported not only myself, but my master. Why shouldn't I be able to support myself?"

A PERJURED spirit continually feels its false oath hurled back upon it from heaven; fraud spoils the taste of luxury, and makes ill-gotten wealth a cankering chain; murder always hears its brother's blood crying from the ground, making the crowd more solitary than a wilderness, and the desert more populous than a city; while sometimes that pale face hangs in the sunniest prospects by day, and that awful memory breeds a fountain of stark and ghastly dreams by night.—These men, all unwhipped of *human* justice as they may be, in the heavy consciousness of sin, hear thunders more deep than the sentence of its judgment-seat, and are girt with a burning cincture, more terrible than its punishment.—*E. H. Chapin.*

IT is reported that the government is about to send Admiral Farragut to Europe to examine and report on "foreign naval dock-yards." It is suggested that he go in his old ship, the Hartford.

PROF. WHITNEY, State Geologist of California, gives out that he has found in Tulare county, in that State, mountains fifteen thousand feet high, which he claims to be the highest within the limits of the United States.

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 twelve lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

Religious.

—From the annual report of the American Baptist Publication Society, we learn the receipts for the year from all sources, are $152,095, a gain of $42,000 over the previous year. Twenty-six colporteurs have been employed. The following is a summary of their labor: 7,967 days of service; 60,053 miles traveled; 19,316 volumes sold; 3,740 volumes granted; 103,566 pages of tracts distributed; 2,753 sermons preached; 1,736 prayer meetings held; 267 persons baptized; 18,011 families united; 339 families supplied with the Bible; 27 Sunday schools; 4 churches established. The Publication Society is now in the fortieth year of its existence.

—From the statistics presented at the recent Quadrennial General Conference of the United Brethren held at Western, Iowa, we learn the following statistics: Preaching places, 5,680; classes, 4,630; aggregate of members, 89,811; meeting houses, 1,248; Sabbath schools, 1,906; teachers, 999; Sabbath school scholars, 68,171. There has been a decrease in the membership, owing to the fact that many of the young men have died in the army, some have withdrawn because of sympathy with the rebellion, and others have been dismissed.

—In a report of the proceedings of the New School Presbyterian Assembly, after referring to the fraternal address of Rev. Dr. Hickok, delegate from the Old School body, says "there is an increasing under-current of feeling among the young men of both 'Schools' for re-union. The old issues are at an end; and, when a score or two of honorable graves have been filled, it is likely that there will be but one 'General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.'"

—The Bible Christian Church in Philadelphia celebrated its forty-eighth anniversary as a church recently. The peculiarity claimed by this church consists in dispensing with all human creeds and traditions as of any binding effect. The Bible alone is their guide. The Discipline of the church requires its members to shun the common evils of the world; to abstain from all intoxicating beverages, and from the flesh of all animals. The Church numbers eighty members.

—It is stated by reliable authority that a clergyman of the English Church has refused to divulge the confession made to him by a woman who has given herself up as the murderer of her little sister. The law of the Church forbids him to reveal what he has been told, tho' the law of the land requires him to testify.

Agricultural.

Shoeing Horses.

But few blacksmiths seem willing to learn anything new about shoeing horses, or will admit that there is any need of it. But while they know no better plan of remedy overreaching than making the shoe shorter, and placing the forward one on the toe and the hinder one on the heel of the horse, they need to understand that there is a better way, and owners of horses should make them practice it. A correspondent directs as follows in the Ohio Cultivator:

"Make the forward shoes long, and the toe-calks short and standing a little under, and then set them as far back as convenient, in order to let the feet roll over as soon as possible to get out of the way. And in setting the shoes on the hind feet, reverse the order to keep them back, to give time for the forward feet to get out of the way. Make the toe-calks high and the heel-calks low, to keep the feet back, and then he will travel like other horses. This may be remedied in part in the mode of paring the hoof. This is essential in all cases, and is where too many horses have been made cripples."

Tree Planting.

It is an error to manure, in the hole, newly planted trees, whether fruit or forest. Make the earth deep, fine and rich from previous manuring and cultivating, but do not use any manure, unless it is the very finest loamy compost, at the time of planting. To protect and enrich the roots, you may cover the surface with straw, leaves, brush, or very coarse manure, to decay gradually. If set in the spring, you may apply manure liberally in autumn. If set in autumn, you may mulch pretty liberally with coarse manure before the ground is frozen. When trees get a good start, and are making roots and limbs rapidly, we do not know that you could hurt them with manure, lime or ashes, in any reasonable quantity. We do know, as a general thing, all sorts of trees, vines and shrubs are woefully neglected and suffer the want of manure.

Fence Posts.

In setting fence posts in ground liable to heave, we put an one-and half inch pin through the bottom of the post with its ends projecting. The wind affects it less, and the frost cannot raise it. This is an entirely new idea.