

BEAVER ARGUS.



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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
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POETICAL.

IN MEMORIAM.
REV. J. L. G. FRYER, AGED TWENTY SEVEN.
"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou
shalt know hereafter."—BIBLE
Through sacred aisles there rings a mournful
sound.
As still and heavily the dark pall down,
And warm September sunshine softly falls
Over a sleeper hushed in calm repose,
Who bright bow wears the immortal light
of Heaven
In the far Land whose glory no man knows.

Miscellaneous.

OUR NEW HOUSE
"Eureka! I have found it!" I cried,
I entered the house.
"Found what?" queried Mrs. Dobb.
"The house, my dear. The very
house we want."
"Oh! have you?" exclaimed my
wife, with an intensity of emphasis
that sufficiently explained her apprehension
of the horrors of house-hunting.
"I am so glad! It relieves my
mind of more anxiety than you think,
James. Where is it?"
"Here, in the paper."
And I filled the morning paper
from my pocket, where I had carried
it all day, and struck it open triumphantly
with one sweep of my strong
right hand.
"Oh! James!"
I despair of conveying in print a
clear idea of the expression my wife
put into the utterance of those two
words. It was the cry of a deceived
and wounded spirit. Mrs. Dobb's
face looked almost ghastly. It seemed
as if the light was all struck out of it
by the crash of sudden woe.
"Yes, in the paper," I went on,
"figuring not to perceive the havoc I
had created in the sensitive breast of
woman. "An advertisement, you
know. What a blessed institution the
advertising system is."
"Well read it!"
I read it:
"To Rent—A snug, cozy house in
the suburbs, handy to a line of horse
cars. Will be let to a careful tenant
at fifteen dollars per month. Apply
at No. 25 That street. Take a Blank
street car."
"Now, then," I cried, exultant.
"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Dobb.
"Ridiculous, Susan! Not a bit of it.
Believe that house to be a prize. I'll
go once and see it. There'll be a
number of applicants for it."
Mrs. Dobb smiled incredulously.
"And so cheap, too," said I. "Fifteen
dollars a month! Did you ever
hear of such a thing?"
"But Mrs. Dobb was by no means fa-
vorably impressed with my new en-
terprise. She argued the point long
and earnestly with me, reminding me
that cheap things were invariably the
dearest in the end; and at last, in the
fret of discussion, I did a very rash
thing.
I agreed with Mrs. Dobb that if, on
visiting the house I had in view, it
did not prove every way desirable, I
would release her in toto from all
further trouble regarding a house—
I would do the house-hunting this
time myself.
I may say briefly that I bitterly
repented of my promise afterwards.
That house was a worthless affair—
And then I had to go out on a house-
hunt.
I need not recount my sorrowful
experiences. To those who know
what house-hunting is I could tell

nothing new; and to those who do
not, I have only to express the kindly
hope that they never will. I had
doors banged in my face by irascible
housekeepers, who declared their car-
pets were being ruined; I was asked
what my name was; what my business
was; how many children I had; where
I lived; in fact, I never had so many
questions asked me in the same num-
ber of hours since I was examin-
ed by a life-insurance physician. One
man even asked me to lend him five
dollars, but he had no house to rent.
At night I came home weary and
worn, and no nearer my object than
when I began.
"This is an unprofitable business,
Susan," said I. "I shall pursue it no
longer."
"But what will you do, James?—
Stay here?"
"No; we can't stay here at the ad-
vanced rent."
"Then, what will you do?"
"I'll go to a house agent. I ought
to have thought of that in the first
place."
I called on an agent the next day,
and had some conversation with him.
"If you tell me about what sum you
wish to pay for a house, Mr.—"
"Dobb is my name."
Mr. Dobb, I have no doubt I can
rent you a T.
I named a sum a little in advance of
what I had paid the past year for the
house I now occupy, and the agent
replied—
"There is a house, in one of the most
gentle and agreeable neighborhoods
in the city, which is to be vacated in a
few days, which I can let you have at
the price you name, and is really a
treasure at that figure. It has ten
rooms, an enclosed piazza in front,
overrun with flowering vines in the
summer, and is two stories high. I
can recommend it in every respect,
sir. The conveniences are such as to
admit of no criticism, and I promise
you, and stake my reputation on the
event, that you will find it quite to
your liking. The rent is not low, to
be sure, as things go; but the neigh-
borhood is one of the choicest in the
city. It has been occupied the past
year by a very careful tenant, to
whom no objection is entertained, that
I can learn, except that he has child-
ren."
"So have I children," I said, very
decisively, "four of them; and I in-
tend that they shall occupy the same
house with me during the next twelve
months at all hazards. So, if that is
the objection, I believe we can drop
the subject where it is."
"Ah! yes," says the agent, blandly.
"It is only an objection of principle,
however. The owner is opposed to
renting his houses to families with
children on principle; and the house
to which I refer forms the only ex-
ception to this rule. I have no doubt
he could be induced to make the same
exception in your favor, sir."
"But if for me, why not for his
present tenant?" I asked.
"Oh! he would for his present ten-
ant," he told me; but the gentleman
refuses to pay the increased rent, I
am informed, and has found another
house."
Some farther conversation followed.
I was shown a plan of the offered
house, and its various excellencies were
explained to me. I was fully con-
vinced it was an excellent residence; and,
after my weary experience in house-
hunting, I felt quite a glow of satisfac-
tion at the prospect of release on
such comparatively reasonable terms.
I engaged the house at once.
"Have a lease prepared to-day," said
I to the agent, "and to-morrow I
will call and sign it."
Mrs. Dobb was overjoyed when I
her all about it that day at dinner. It
was plain to see that we had secured
a good home for the future.
"But James," said my wife, "you
haven't told me where the house is
situated."
"Well, that's a good joke," said I.
"Upon my word, I never thought to
ask. I'll do so after dinner."
I did so. The agent said it was in
Sutcha street.
"Is it?" said I. "Well, that's pleas-
ant. We shan't have far to move,
then; probably, for I live in Sutcha
street now, and a delightful street it
is. What did you say was the num-
ber?"
"The number is seventeen."
"Seventeen!" I cried, in astonish-
ment.
"Yes, sir."
"West side?"
"Yes. You know the house, per-
haps?"

"I should think I ought to," was
my response, in a hysterical tone;
"I've lived in it for the past year."
Yes, I had rented my own house
at a comfortable advance on last year's
figure. When I told Mrs. Dobb about
it she laughed till she cried.
I went roaming over the house, ex-
amining its merits critically, and scruti-
nizing all the rooms with quite a
new and peculiar interest.
"It is a good house," Susan, at any
rate. That we know."
"It is, James. I am very well sat-
isfied. To be sure, the kitchen is ra-
ther small, and there is more room up
stairs than we really need; but, taken
altogether, I don't believe we could
do better suited."
"And then, my dear wife," cried I,
in a tone of exultation, "think what
an escape from the horrors of moving.
No exorbitant charges to cartmen—no
broken mirrors and scratched furni-
ture—no sleeping on the parlor floor—
no going to a restaurant for dinner for
the family. Here we can be as happy
as the shepherds of Arcadia."
AN INCIDENT OF THE REBELLION.
In the month of May, 1861, Mr. H. A.
Chambers, of Carbonate, forwarded to
the Secretary of War a model and
plans of a new projectile which he fel-
licident would prove of signal ser-
vice in the conflict just begun. But
hearing nothing from the War De-
partment his patience, like that of
many other inventors, became ex-
hausted, and he went into other busi-
ness in Philadelphia.
Soon after the fall of Richmond
Mr. Chambers visited that section of
the country on business. While walk-
ing near Petersburg examining a huge
pile of rebel material accumulated
there, a soldier friend accosted him
with the remark—"There, Chambers,
is your shell," at the same time pick-
ing from the rebel heap a shell of the
identical plan of Mr. Chambers.
It proved to be one of a kind
thrown from the defenses of Peters-
burg, and known to our soldiers as
"Whistling Dick," and up to that time
supposed to be a new invention.
This incident only serves to show
the treachery that pervaded all de-
partments at the beginning of the
war, for some traitorous Westch in
the War Office must have sent this
Yankee contrivance off to Jeffson for
experimental use on the detested
"Yanks."
The following is an old obitua-
ry notice of Jacob Johnston—the
father of President Johnson—taken
from an old file of the Raleigh (N. C.)
Star, dated January 10th, 1812. "Died,
in this city, on Saturday last, Jacob
Johnston, who had for years occupied
an honorable but useful station in society.
He was a city constable, sexton, and
porter to the State Bank. In his last
illness he was visited by the principal
inhabitants of the city, by all of whom
he was esteemed for honesty, indu-
stry and humane and friendly disposi-
tion. Among all to whom he was
known and esteemed, none lamented
him more (except perhaps, his rela-
tives) than the publisher of this pa-
per, for he owes his life, on a particu-
lar occasion, to the boldness and hu-
manity of Johnston."
A WONDERFUL TREE.—In the birch
wood of Culloden, Scotland, there is a
remarkable tree, well worthy of note.
Some years about thirty years ago a
little giant of the forest was blown
down in a storm, and fell right across
a deep gully or ravine, which it com-
pletely spanned, and the top branches
took root on the other side. From
the parent stem no less than fifteen
trees grew up perpendicularly, all in
a row; and there they still flourish in
all their splendor, while the parent
stem evinces no token of decay.—
Several of the trees are not less than
three feet high. The tree is a
large fir.
VALUABLE INFORMATION.—A gentle-
man saw a notice of valuable infor-
mation sent to any address on the re-
ceipt of ten cents, and thought he had
ten cents' worth more knowl-
edge. He sent his dime, and received
in answer the following: "Friend, for
your ten cents, postage, etc., please
find enclosed advice which may be of
great value to you. As many persons
are injured for weeks, months and
years by the careless use of a knife,
always whittle from you."
"Ah, Sambo, I am going a long,
long journey." "Never mind, massa,"
said the negro, consolingly, "it am all
de way down hill!"

**Singular Customs of New Eng-
land.**
Dr. Palfrey, in his History of New
England, makes it quite evident that
this part of the country was not a
pleasant place for emigrants to live
in the early Puritan times. The for-
ger's doom was to stand in the pillory
three several lecture days, and render
double damages to the party wronged,
and also be debilitated by any evi-
dence or verdict to any court or mag-
istrate. The burial place of a suicide
was in the common highway, with a
cart-load of stones laid upon the grave
as a brand of infamy. The profane
swearer, in whose offense was not only
included irreverence toward God,
but wicked cursing of a person, for-
feited ten shillings for a single oath;
if he swore more oaths than one at a
time before he removed out of the
company in which he was he swore
at the cost of twenty shillings. Idlers,
among whom were, especially reckoned,
common coasters, unprofitable fow-
lers and tobacco-takers, expelled them-
selves to the house of correction. It
was punishable by a fine of five shil-
lings to dance, or use the game of
shovel-board, or bowling on any other
play in or about a house for entertain-
ment; or to play a game of money
or money's worth; or to derive any
such day as Christmas, and the like,
and the bringing or keeping of cards
or dice within the jurisdiction subject
ed the offender to a fine of five pounds.
An attempt to draw away the affec-
tion of any maid, under pretence of
marriage, before obtaining her consent,
and allowance from her parents or gov-
ernors, or, in absence of the, of the
nearest magistrate was punished by a
forfeiture of five pounds. For a
repetition of the attempt the culprit
was fined ten pounds, and compelled
to enter into a recognizance for better
behavior. If still unrepentant, he
was, on conviction, by the county
court, committed to prison to remain
there, until the court's assistants
should see cause to release him. No
person whose wife or child was con-
victed to live abroad was allowed to
re-enter the country. No man might
strike his wife, or any woman her
husband, on penalty of such fine not
exceeding ten pounds for one offense,
or such corporal punishment as the
county court should determine.
The Heart and Brain.
In some of the lower types of
man a nervous mechanism can be
discovered. A little fiber in the
scale the mechanism is very slight and
simple. Still higher it becomes com-
plex and important. It culminates in
man. Corresponding with this scale
of complexity is the nature of his life.
As the two rise in instance they rise
in the scale of depravity. Thus a
frog or a triton will long after
its brain is removed, have kept
frogs for several weeks out their
brains, and titons about their
heads. Reddy the illustrious Italian
naturalist, kept a turtle alive five
months after the removal of its brain.
Now it is needless to say in high-
er animals death would follow the
loss of the brain, somewhat
similar parallelism is seen the re-
moval of the heart, so of the
higher animals can suffer a serious
injury to the heart; but organ
may be removed from the body, and
the animal will crawl as seemingly
as lively as ever. A will live
several hours without heart, and
will hop, swim and strut as if un-
injured. Still one need recall the
vicars from a frog, who, however,
continued for one hour up, defend
itself, and its various unprofitable
vivacity.
**Logical Submission to Lynch-
burg (Va.) Republicans.**—The
latter has submitted to the use of arms,
and acquiescence in theft; but it
wants it distinctly understood that
it does not yield an iota of its great
and fundamental principle of strict
construction and States rights which
we have always maintained.
The logic of arms, it would
seem, has simply disarmed this rebel.
He proclaims himself such a rebel
as ever and is now awaiting
the advent of another force to put
his successful notions into practice.
In Peyton the nice cere-
mony is performed by the couple
together; the thumb in this country
they are more readily put to-
gether by the ears.
Quincy some tells an
anecdote of a man who had been threat-
ened with an assault when he was
laid out "Come on of you."

Four Idle Daughters.
Yes, every one of them, idly, sloth-
ful, and consequently, selfish and
unrepentant. Dress in exquisite taste,
do they? No doubt, and show white
fingers as they crochet or play the
opera-box; or the concert-room
and theatrically as the pretty B's—every-
body who knows them at all, knows
them as four idle daughters. The
gentlemen who, captives of a passing
fascination, call upon them at times, know
that from morning till night they pass
their lives in the kitchen till her face is
inactive, silly lives; that their mother
curses them, and her feet ready to drop
with fatigue. Oh! they can't be a bad
one of whom I'm willing to lessen the
burden of expense by even a trivial
employment, not one of them willing
to wash a mop, or prepare a meal.
Useless members of the ground are
they, and nobody would miss them
were their foolish, unreasonable lives
to be cut off to-morrow. They pre-
tend to be educated, can tell probably
what London is in the metropolis of Eng-
land, and France is a funny thing;
practical common sense, genuine self-
respect, that would make them blush
for their ignoble dependence, these
four idle daughters lack. They are not
gentle to wash for themselves, they are
not lady like to sweep a room, except
for those coarse common-place per-
sons who have been brought up to
work. And what, pray, are they?
The children of common-place people
who labor as God means every son
and daughter of Adam should labor, or
pay the penalty of idleness. Now they
are four great animals, feeding,
lounging and sleeping. They will
never be either respected or beloved
by anybody whose love or respect is
worth a farthing. As long as their
foolish mother lives she will slave for
them, humiliate them, and please herself
with the imaginary belief that they
are ladies; for "they never did a stitch
of work." When she dies, how mis-
treated the lookers on will say: "Now,
these four girls have got to work; I'm
glad of it." They will never find
half the sympathy or respect they
might have looked for, if they pos-
sessed common sense enough to em-
ploy themselves. Idleness is the
bane of men and women to be pure and
virtuous, if they had lives of laziness and
inactivity. These four idle daughters
are, consequently, the bane of their
with some suspicion. It is a hard
saying, but the truth, that strict puri-
ty is incompatible with laziness.
Many a fair-browed girl, with spark-
ling eyes and engaging smile, is sadly
wanting in mental innocence. Watch
the deportment of the daughters you
know. If at home they are minister-
ing angels, lightening the cares of
the over-taxed mothers, not ashamed
to be seen with uprolled sleeves and
solid fingers; if they are always busy
at some sweet, agreeable task, even in
what they deem their idleness; the
outward beauty of the shadow of the
soul, pure, quiet, gentle, womanly—
Marry one of them.

Religious.
For a long time there has been
a lively discussion between the two
parties, High and Low, in the Luth-
eran Church. To persons outside of
this communion, it is somewhat diffi-
cult to get at the gist of the matter.
The Observer representing one party
says: The whole controversy hangs
simply upon two points, vital in them-
selves, viz: "The real presence," and
"Baptismal Regeneration." These
real issues as we may here lies the
difficulty; and unless there can be an
understanding effected on these points,
our useless, and would to God they
were harmless, controversies, will be
unwonted. The idea of liturgical or
non liturgical services, in churches,
would fall to the ground, as if
legitimate cause for dispute, if once
this vexed question were settled. The
Lutheran of the other party, we be-
lieve, comments on the above para-
graph thus: The Observer states the
question well enough; but when he
comes to the species, he blunders
greatly. There is hardly an article
of the Augsburg Confession, which is
not more or less involved in the
life question of our Church in this
land.
The General Baptist Association
of Virginia invited the colored
churches to hold a conference with
them to see what terms they could
make with them for a basis of co-op-
eration. Notwithstanding the oft-
repeated assertion of the organs of
the Southern churches that the mem-
bers of the Northern churches, the
colored churches refused to co-operate
unless they have equal rights in the
General Association, and could have
fraternal relations to the Northern
churches. These requests the white
Baptists were unwilling to grant, and
the colored churches will therefore
act an independent organization.
It was asserted at the late
meeting of the General Assembly of
the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,
that more than 100,000 copies of the
Donay Bible had been sold by a single
publisher, Mr. Duffy, who is a Roman
Catholic. The N. Y. Observer refer-
ring to the liberty allowed to the
Roman Catholics in Ireland to read the
Bible says: If the priests would allow
the reading of even of this authorized
version, copies would be supplied gra-
tuitously to the whole of the popu-
lation of New York City,
within less than a twelve-month.
It is thought that considerable
discussion will take place at the next
session of the General Synod of the
Lutheran Church, relative to the ob-
ligatory character of the Augsburg
Confession. When the Frankean Syn-
od of New York was admitted to the
General Synod, quite an animated dis-
cussion occurred between the High
and Low Church Lutherans at the
recent session of the Frankean
Synod, it was very strongly protested
against an "unqualified recognition of
the entire confession."
The New York State Sunday
School Association held its annual ses-
sion at Syracuse, N. Y., recently. It
was a grand affair, and the attendance
so great that no church in the city
was large enough to accommodate
them. Weiting Hall was crammed
all the time. It is supposed that
twenty-five hundred men were in at-
tendance. Why can't the Keystone
State have their annual gathering?
The last Convention held at Pitts-
burg over two years ago, was a great
success.
The census of religious worship
in Great Britain, taken in 1851, shows
that forty-eight per cent. of the wor-
shipping population of England and
Wales were connected with Free
Churches. It was also ascertained
that in Scotland only one-third of the
people attended the services of the
Established Church, and that country-
men in Ireland, out of every one hundred
of the population only twelve are
members of the Established Church.
A Congregational paper (at
least rated one) referring to the rules
of the Presbyterian Church requiring
ministers joining a Presbytery to sup-
port its system of polity, wonders to
find that seven out of nine ministers,
having pastoral charge, in the (O. S.)
Presbytery of Londonderry, are pas-
tors of Congregational churches.
Dr. Colenso when presented with
the gift of £3,330, by 600 subscribers,
partly to make for the loss of Episco-
pal income, and partly to testify to
his services in the cause of free ex-
pression of opinion within the Church
of England, he urged the importance
of never surrendering in resistance to
the spirit of sacerdotalism.
The Bishop of Winchester, in
England, has decided that lights, in-
cense, and other such vestments may
be used in the churches of his diocese.
This decision will not be resisted by
the evangelical portion of the minis-
try of the Establishment, but it will
greatly delight the Puseyites.
Some newsmonger has ac-
counted that out of two hundred and
twenty five Evangelical churches in
the city of New York one hundred
and seventy were closed from the
middle of July to the last Sabbath in
August.

Agricultural.
Unprofitable Farming.
1. Purchase poor land at a low
price, instead of the best at a high
price.
2. Want of underdraining in all
places where work is retarded, growth
retarded, and manure lost by a surplus
of water.
3. Insufficient fences, admitting dep-
redators to destroy crops, and dan-
gerous farm order.
4. Building poor barns and stables,
and allowing them to become dilap-
idated.
5. Wintering cattle, sheep, and colts
at stacks in open fields.
6. Plowing badly, on the shallow,
cut-and-cover system, instead of
throwing up the soil into a face, deep,
even, mellow bed of earth.
7. Covering seed imperfectly, in
consequence of such bad plowing, and
thus allowing weeds and grass a joint
occupancy of the land.
8. Planting and sowing too late,
thus diminishing the crop to an am-
ount equal to that, would be the
whole net profit; that is, throwing
away the entire year's.
9. Allowing corn fields to be filled
with a dense undergrowth of weeds,
and potatoes and turnips with a dense
overgrowth of the same.
10. Procuring cheap implements,
and losing many times the cost of good
ones by the slow and imperfect work
they perform.
11. Leaving implements exposed to
weather, to crack, warp, and decay,
scattering them in fields, about the
barnyard, or along the side of the
public highway.
12. Throwing brush rubbish, &c.,
along the fences and highways, thus
promoting the growth of mullein, thistles,
bitulocks, and nettles; instead of
destroying such brush by fire, and
leaving neat and clean borders to the
fields.
13. Planting the same crop year after
year in the same field, thus dimin-
ishing the product, and filling the land
with weeds.
14. Omitting to spread manure at
the right time, and then selling or
giving it away to get rid of it.
15. Raising hump-back cattle and
lanklike hogs, that will consume
monthly their entire value in food; in
stead of the best animals, which fat-
ten easily on little, and sell quickly
for cash at high prices.
Draining Swamps.
The editor of the Geneva Farmer
has a swamp that he thought was
nearly a dead level, and was afraid it
could not be drained. He had it sur-
veyed, and found a fall of no less than
ten feet. A little exultant over the
discovery, he says:
"Now for a big ditch, and then for
big crops of grass, and then for plenty
of manure to enrich the upland por-
tion of the farm. The low land has
been receiving matter from the high
ground, and now I hope for a change
to get it back again. This is the
best way of getting manure."
"Can't you draw the muck on your
land?" Yes! but I prefer to get it in
a more concentrated form. Grow
big crops on your low land, and these
will make manure for your high land;
and at considerable less expense.—
There is nothing like plenty of allu-
vial meadow land to enrich a farm."
HINTS ON HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT.
The excellence of buckwheat flour
depends chiefly on the management of
the grain between the time of ripen-
ing and grinding. The common way
of treating buckwheat effectually pre-
vents making good flour, it being al-
lowed to remain in the swath for
several weeks, when it should never
be suffered to lie longer than a day
or two, and it is decidedly better for
the grain to rake it and set it on end
as fast as it is cradled. Much less
grain will be wasted by shelling out;
the straw will cure and dry out soon-
er, and make better fodder; the crop
will be ready for threshing or housing
in less time; and the grain will yield
a much better quality of flour. It is
especially injurious to the grain to be
exposed to storms before it is set up,
for dirt is scattered all over the grain
by the falling of large rain drops.—
This makes the flour dark colored and
gritty. Wetting and drying the grain
several times destroys the "life" of the
flour. It will never be as white nor
make as good cakes, out will hostickly,
and the cakes clammy, like the flour
of sprouted wheat.—American Agri-
culturist.
Colic in Horses.
The following is a certain cure for
colic in horses. We have seen it tried
dozens of times, and always with suc-
cess. We are sure it will save any
horse if the directions are followed.
Dissolve one pint of salt in a pint of
hot water; then add a quart of good
vinegar, and pour half the mixture
down the horse's throat. If the horse
is not well in half an hour give him
the remainder; and you will soon find
him all right.
Sheep.
One of the correspondents of the
Geneva Farmer, who is quite success-
ful with his sheep, says he always
keeps a bucket of tar, and whenever
he hears a cough he smears the nose
of the sheep with it.