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 mail, shall have prompt attention.

J. S. RUTAN & Co. Eds. & Pro'rs.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 42—No. 11. Beaver, Wednesday, March 14, 1866. Established 1818.

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, 15 cents a line, per year.

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

POETICAL.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate:
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And, where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them,—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Miscellaneous.

Pennsylvania—Clymer.

We do not often have a chance, says the New York *Tribune*, to praise the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, but we never leave one unimproved, and we are now enabled to gratify our natural inclination with a good conscience. Their nomination of Heister Clymer for Governor is one that it was eminently fit that they should make. For, in the first place, he is a good citizen, of very fair ability. He lives in Berks county, which has generally given large Democratic majorities, and has repeatedly tried [illegible] Governor but has [illegible] and it is but just to give her another chance. Then he was a Whig of other days; and it is but fair that the party which has furnished to the Democracy of Pennsylvania so large a share of its brains should occasionally have the post of honor; and it shows a proper liberality in the birthright members to accord it. But, lastly and mainly, Mr. Clymer was an unmitigated, unqualified Copperhead throughout the war, and did not pretend to be anything else. He supported the decision of the Democratic majority of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania which pronounced null and void the act of Congress providing for the enrollment and calling out of the national forces"—a decision which, had it not been overruled, would have laid the republic prostrate at the feet of the rebellion, and effected the dissolution of the Union. We do not know that he ever affected to desire the triumph of the national arms—we *do* know that all his public acts and utterances tended to secure the success of the rebels. Mr Clymer was in all things in perfect accord with nine-tenths of his party, is their proper representative, and will poll their full vote. There is no cheat in his nomination, which makes a square, clear issue. If he gets beaten, it will be because the people are not of his school, but believe in upholding the Union.

Real Unionism.—We cannot consent that the live and living traitors of the country shall ever enjoy any degree of political power, much less that they shall ever be elected to a special office. The true and proper punishment of treason is *death*. If we allow life and liberty to those who have four years endeavored to overthrow the government we do all that justice or humanity could require, and more, we stretch the quality of magnanimity to its utmost tension. We agree with the Pittsburg Dispatch in the following:

Petitions from the real Union men of Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, and other Southern States, flow into Washington, entreating that they may not be deprived of the protection of the United States authorities until matters there are once more settled, and the bitter rebel spirit now rampant, has had time to expend itself. There is nothing they dread more than the return of the original traitors and secessionists to power, either in the State or Federal Governments. Congress owes it to the Union men of the South—not the amnestied—that care shall be taken and legislation so shaped as to keep these men who ever since they have been pardoned, have shown themselves base ingrates, out of political power. Any other course will inaugurate a state of affairs, compared to which the terroism of the Jeff Davis tyranny was nothing.

From Henry S. Foote's "War of the Rebellion."

Jefferson Davis.

I saw him first in the city of Vicksburg, more than thirty years ago, as Lieutenant Davis. He was then a young man of modest and pleasing aspect and manners, but gave slight indications of any ability likely to lead to future distinction. He married, left the army, and settled himself on a plantation of respectable dimensions in the southern part of the county of Warren, some twenty miles from the city of Vicksburg, where he has constantly resided since, until he became President of the Confederate States.

Mr. Davis and his official associates had no correct conception of the true character and dimensions of the war into which they had so hastily plunged, as was afterward frankly confessed in many a lugubrious harangue and in more than one solemn official document. They did not believe at first that the conflict would endure for a twelve-month, and were even weak enough to calculate most confidently on strong Northern aid, which it is now well known there never was the least probability of their receiving, albeit ex President Pierce and several others, whose letters to Mr. Davis have recently seen the light, had plied this confiding personage with secret promises of support, upon which he built in part his hopes of one day wielding an imperial scepter.

As to the interposition of foreign powers in behalf of the now warring States of the South, though many deceitful assurances were received from abroad at different periods of the contest, no man of sound intellect any where now supposes that either the French or English Government ever seriously thought of embroiling itself in a transatlantic civic feud. Mr. Davis vetoed more bills during the short provisional *régime* than all the Presidents of the United States put together from Washington to Lincoln inclusive, and no attempt to pass a single bill over his head was ever made.

DAVIS' CABINET.

There were only two of these functionaries, whose official qualifications were even respectable, the attorney general, Mr. Watts, of Alabama, and the postmaster general, Mr. Reagan, of Texas. The secretary of war, Mr. Benjamin, besides his inability to meet the military exigencies which he had been encountering, as well as the more serious ones in prospect, [illegible] of a high cabinet position of the greatest and most vital character.—His reputation for integrity had never been good, and of late years it had become deeply tarnished by his known participancy in schemes of notorious corruption, both in the State of Louisiana and in Washington City. The offensive moral odor arising from the celebrated Houmas fraud, one of the most unblushing and profligate legislative transactions that had ever disgraced the annals of a free people, had affixed such a stigma upon the reputation both of Mr. Benjamin and his friend and patron, Mr. John A. Slidell, as it was not possible that any lapse of time could entirely efface.

SEDDON.

The career of Mr. Seddon as secretary of war will long be remembered by all who ever entered the war department, while he sat enthroned therein, with unmingled regret and indignation. It may be safely asserted that he did not possess one of the qualities needful to a creditable and useful performance of the duties which were now devolved on him. He was never able to learn even the ordinary routine of official business, and often scornfully declined attendance to matters of the most urgent importance. He was as arrogant and insulting to those who approached him in his official *sanctum* as he was notoriously servile and fawning to his own executive chief. He evinced from his very entrance into office an utter disregard of all constitutional obligations, and in the exercise of the authority committed to him he proved himself to be the most heartless and ruffianly tyrant whom I ever yet saw in the possession of official power. Though he had always been an ardent State-rights man in profession, up to the breaking out of the war, it soon became evident that he had never sincerely cherished the smallest regard for the principles embodied in the well known State-rights creed; and he habitually trampled under foot, and without a blush upon his livid and atrabilious visage, all the anciently recognized muniments of State sovereignty.

GENERAL HINDMAN ONE OF DAVIS' PETS

General Hindman, of Arkansas, when a very young man, had in the State of Mississippi been a most noisy and unscrupulous advocate of Jefferson Davis and secession, at that time propounded—had afterward gone to Arkansas, where he had led for many years a very turbulent and disreputable life, but by force of party drill had been sent for a year or two to the Federal Congress—when the war broke out, was almost immediately given a high military command, and was rapidly promoted until, as a major general, he was sent to the State of his residence for the purpose of holding an important position there.—This man, as his own formal report to the war department evidenced, finding, as he said, that the very comprehensive provisions of the conscription law were not quite comprehensive enough to suit his purposes, deliberately amplified them by proclamation, declared martial law throughout Arkansas and the northern portion of Texas, and demanded the services of all whom he had thus illegally and tyrannically embraced in his own wide-sweeping conscription list.

All who refused to obey his mandate, as he expressly confesses, were apprehended, subjected to trial by a military court appointed at the instant by Hindman himself, and when convicted, as a number of them were, of an offense, which he unblushingly acknowledges in this same report, wholly unknown to the law of the land, he had them executed, and, going even beyond the infernal Jeffreys himself in barbarity, he, as he also ostentatiously declares in that same report, took care to be present to witness the dying agonies of his victims. This man seized upon all the cotton and other property for which he had use, (as he boldly avows), burned some, retained some, and appropriated a third portion to such purposes as he pleased. His cruelties were so enormous in Arkansas that it became unsafe that he should remain there longer.

SEDDON AS A CHEAT.

And yet Mr. Davis retained this man in the office of secretary of war, amid continual indications of popular indignation and disgust, from month to month and from year to year; nor would he have been at last seen to vacate the official position which he had so long deeply dishonored, but for the undeniable fact that I had directly charged him upon recorded testimony—that is to say, upon the evidences supplied by the books of his own department—of having caused to be paid to himself, by his own official subordinates, forty dollars per bushel for his whole crop of wheat for the year 1864, while he was, by the instrumentality of forcible impressment, compelling the farmers of North Carolina, Georgia, and other States, to yield up their wheat to the government officials at the inadequate price of from seven to nine dollars in confederate paper. I made this exposition in the last speech which I delivered in the confederate congress.

Mr Seddon resigned the department of war the very next day. As chairman of a special committee of the confederate Congress, organized for inquiring into cases of illegal imprisonment, I obtained from the superintendent of the prison-house in Richmond, under the official sanction of the department of war itself, a grim and shocking catalogue of several hundred prisoners, then in confinement therein, not one of whom was charged with anything but suspected political infidelity, and this, too, not upon oath in a single instance. Before I could take proper steps to procure the discharge of these unhappy men, the second suspension of the writ of liberty occurred, and I presume that such of them as did not die in jail remained until the fall of Richmond into the hands of the Federal forces.

THE ERLANGER LOAN.

The celebrated Erlanger loan, the proposition to enlist in which came to Richmond under the sinister auspices of Mr. John A. Slidell, seemed to a considerable number of the members of the confederate congress to be a speculative project, adroitly set on foot chiefly for the benefit of Messrs. Slidell, Benjamin & Co., their aiders and abetters in the United States and foreign countries, and therefore we struggled most earnestly to defeat it by every expedient known to parliamentary tactics. By the aid of the celebrated ten minutes rule, and the sitting with closed doors, it was carried by a somewhat meager majority in the house.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The fact was very well known to me that Mr. Davis and his friends were confidently looking for foreign aid, and from several quarters. It was stated in my hearing repeatedly, and by several special friends of the confederate President, that one hundred thousand French soldiers were expected to arrive within the limits of the confederate States by the way of Mexico; while it was more than once rumored that a secret compact, wholly unauthorized by the confederate constitution, with certain Polish commissioners who had been lately on a visit to Richmond, had been effected, by means of which Mr. Davis would soon be supplied with some thirty thousand additional troops, then refugees from Poland, and sojourning in several European States; which latter force, when it should arrive, not being levied under congressional authority, would be completely at the command of the President for any purpose whatever.

A young lady in Florida, who had been gradually becoming insane, lately destroyed her ambrotypes and letters, set fire to her clothing in a wardrobe, and dressing herself in heavy woolen fabrics and a broadcloth cloak, set fire to herself and sprang into bed, where she was found enveloped in flames, with clasping hands, exclaiming, "Oh, ain't this glorious? Ain't I a martyr?" Though her limbs and the lower part of her body were baked brown, she did not appear to suffer pain.

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to destroy himself by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lighting overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot; the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

Bacon the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman just entering the yard, observed the top of his head and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector.—All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the seige of Leicester a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." [illegible] ly, an infant [illegible] was believed to be dead. A nurse [illegible] she saw some signs of vitality, [illegible] the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been, fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat and made a hole in the foot of a candle-stick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few moments sooner he must have perished with the rest on board.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draft one—the passengers were startled by the cry of "man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when his voice was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your old steamboat! I'll walk along behind you."

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one of the bustling order,—"Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under:—"Has been tried and acquitted."

A Pennsylvania seven year old was reproved lately for playing outdoor with boys; she was "too big for that now." But with an imaginable innocence she replied, "Why granny, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

Fight with Indians—An Obstinate Conflict—Every Redskin Slain.

The Humboldt *Register* of January 20th, gives the following account of a late fight with Indians:

One of the best fights yet recorded since the Indians on our Northern border commenced hostilities was that made near the confluence of Queen's river and Fish creek last week.

The Indians had become so daring and troublesome of late that communication between Dun Glen and Camp McDermit was unsafe. The Queen's river region was dangerous. Captain G. D. Conrad determined on a raid against the marauders. All preparations made, the command set out from Dun Glen on the morning of the 8th, headed for Queen's river. The entire command consisted of fifty-six persons.

After extraordinary suffering from the cold and a long march of three days, they at length arrived upon the Indians, and immediately the fight began in its fury. The Indians had the advantage of the ground. The field fought over was about two miles square, and a large portion of it was very much cut up with gullies and ravides, and bore also a great quantity of Spanish broom. The Indians could not have selected a field better adapted to their style of warfare.

The Indians discovered the three columns coming dashing down on them when about a mile distant, and then they could be distinctly seen preparing for battle—dividing off into squads of four and six, and selecting their places for combat where it would be most difficult to manœuvre cavalry. Each warrior had from fifty to seventy-five poisoned arrows, giving each squad from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty shots. The moment before the battle commenced, owing to the extreme cold, a dense cloud of frost commenced flying so thick that a horseman could not be distinctly seen over a hundred yards.

This gave the Indians a great advantage, as it compelled the soldiers to fight at short range, so that the bow and arrow could be used, and it also increased the chances of escape for the Indians. Had the frost commenced flying earlier, no doubt many of them would have escaped. The plan of battle was such that the right and left columns flanked the Indians and soon surrounded them. They fought with desperation. In no instance did a warrior lay down his arms till he laid down his life. They [illegible] their arrows between their [illegible] charged with as much bravery as any soldiers in the world. The excitement was intense. Soldiers, citizens and the savages charging and yelling, each straining all his powers to destroy the other, the wild, ringing warhoop, the rapid firing of eighty disciplined men, the thunder of a cavalry charge, altogether created a scene that beggars description.

The battle continued in full force for two and a half hours, when the conflict was reduced to points, at which several warriors had selected deep, short gullies, and were making what they know to be their last fight.

* * * * * * *

The battle, with the exception of a few stragging shots, was over. The Indians had fought with a heroism that astonished every one who had witnessed it. They made no offer to surrender; uttered no sound but yells of defiance, and continued to fire their poisoned arrows until they were so weak that they could throw them but a few feet; and some of them dying would shoot an arrow straight up into the air, in the hope that the deadly missile would fall on the hated and victorious foe.

At the close of the battle thirty-five dead Indians lay on the field, with their bows and quivers still clutched in their hands. All of them were large powerful men—a picked company of braves prepared for battle. But five squaws were in the band, and they were acting in the capacity of a pack train. Two of them were killed in battle by mistake, the other three were furnished with some provisions, and left unmolested.

Scouting parties made the entire circuit of the field, and found that no living thing had escaped, as the snow was three inches deep, and there were no tracks leading from the camp.

On the Union side seven were wounded.

The Indian camps were all destroyed, the wounded all cared for, and the command marched for Fish creek, where water could be obtained, and camped, the train having arrived there before them.

A certain deacon being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, he received the following polite note: "Deacon ——— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the *text*."

A poor darkey who was sent to jail for marrying two wives, excuses himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning "that he had slept like a top." "I know it," replied the other, "like a humming top."

A War Anecdote.

Colonel Heros Von Borcke, who is writing for Blackwood the story of his adventures as aid to the rebel General Stewart, during the war, tells the following story, which being at his own expense, is probably true:

One of the Yankee officers, who, as I was later informed, was the Colonel of a regiment that effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention by his gallantry and the excellent dispositions he made of his troops. I saw him again galloping very near us on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing men accordingly. After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and selecting a couple of my infantrymen, who had been pointed out to me as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly toward him.—Having arrived within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharpshooters to fire at the daring Colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without having paid me the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and turning around, advanced a few steps and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, he raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now on my part, and wheeling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines.

The Cattle Plague.

The Committee on Commerce, of the House of Representatives, have reported a bill, which has passed the House, amending the bill prohibiting the importation of cattle, "by giving the Secretary of the Treasury power to suspend its operations in cases where it will not tend to introduce infectious diseases among cattle. The President also authorized him to declare the act inoperative whenever his judgment assured the importation of cattle not to be injurious. Punishment is also provided for offenders against this law." The Secretary of the Treasury has decided, in response to an application, that no general permit can be granted to importers of hides, and that before a cargo can be removed from a vessel indubitable evidence must be produced that the animals that have died from the effects of the cattle scourge.

This all seems very well, and yet we are impressed that gentlemen at Washington do not appreciate the imminence and the immensity of the danger that threatens us. The cattle plague is one of the most dreadful scourges that ever desolated the earth. It is malignant and infectious, almost beyond belief. A single diseased bullock, or hide, imported from Englann now, might kindle the flames of the plague in our cattle, and sweep them away by the million, inflicting upon the nation a calamity only inferior to that of a war. The only thorough protection is in forbidding absolutely the importation of cattle or hides from Europe, until the plague passes away. It is useless to adopt any safeguards unless they are so complete as to be unmistakable by any blundering officials. There is only folly in exclusiveness in this matter, unless we cut off the chances of infection.

The Fruits of Liberty.

In his speech on Saturday night, General Howard reported that he had official notice of seventy thousand negro children attending school in the Southern States, and he knew of many self-supporting schools beside. He mentioned six colored schools in one town, Tallahassee; in Lynchburg he found a school taught by a colored man. The Freedmen's Bureau had secured school privileges in the labor contracts, he added. The Macon Journal reports that more than four thousand colored people, of both sexes and all ages, are attending schools in that city. "Whole regiments of colored people have learned to read," said General Howard, "and I should not be surprised to hear that on every plantation at the South, some of the people know to read."

Six years ago, men were hanged and women imprisoned for teaching colored children to read. Six years hence a great part of these very colored people will be in the exercise of the elective franchise, with the voluntary consent of the communities in which they live, and as the natural result of their intelligence, enterprise, and good conduct.—*N. Y. Post.*

Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

A youngster, four years old, being asked by his parents if he said his prayers at night during their absence from home replied, "No, but I counted a hundred!"

A footman having learned from his master that mala propos meant "out of place," meeting a brother footman who had been discharged, he exclaimed, "I am sorry for you, you are a mala-propos."

Religious Intelligence.

Jay Cooke, the great financier, has made a princely donation to the Episcopal Divinity School, in the offer of eight acres land, in admirable location near Cheltenham, together with an endowment of money, which will make the whole donation equal to $50,000, on condition that the School shall be transferred to that place.

Quite an extensive revival of religion prevails in nearly all the Methodist Episcopal churches in Washington City. About one hundred accessions have been made to the Ebenezer church, over one hundred and twenty-five to Foundry church, and a large number to the Wesley Chapel.

A Congregational Society of twenty-seven members, has been regularly organized in New Orleans. They just purchased the Second Presbyterian meeting house for $20,000. The Congregational Union is expected to furnish liberal aid.

It is reported that Peabody, the London banker, is to erect a new Congregational church edifice at Georgetown, Mass., to accommodate those who are opposed to the new divinity introduced there by Rev. Chas. Beecher.

A project is on foot to establish a "Baptist home" in Philadelphia, where Baptist ministers and widows, and as far as consistent, members of Baptist churches generally, may find a home when overtaken with poverty, age, and sickness.

For ninety-five successive years, the Moravian Missionary ship has made an annual voyage from Europe to the shores of Greenland and Labrador.

The Rev. Dr. J. W. Cummings, pastor of St. Stevens' Catholic Church, New York city, who died recently, was probably the most accomplished, learned and successful minister of the Roman Catholic Church in that city.

The Free Presbyterian church at New Castle, Pa., Rev. A. B. Bradford, D. D., pastor, at their request was unanimously received into the Presbytery (New School Presbyterian) of Pittsburg.

The Lafayette street N. S. Presbyterian church at Buffalo, New York, has recently expended a large sum in reseating and improving the galleries of their new house of worship, and yet the church is unable to accommodate the congregation. Every seat is now rented and more are wanted.

Horses' Feet and Legs.—If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances:

First, they are all shod with a few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time it moves; second, that they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; third, they spend two hours daily in walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourth, that I have not a headstall or track chain in my stall. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to old age.—*Miles.*

About Drains.—Experience has determined that twenty-five to thirty feet apart, for compact or clayey soils, and thirty-five to forty for light and porous soils, are proper distances for accomplishing speedy and effectual drainage. Three feet is the most economical depth. When draining was first introduced into some parts of Britain, the drains were made one and a half or two feet deep, and eighteen feet apart. After many thousand miles were laid, they became defective. They were then made about three feet deep, and twice as far apart. This cost less, and was more efficient. A greater depth and distance was again found unfavorable.—*Annual Register.*

Heaves in Horses.—A single feed of carrots per day is the best preventive of heaves in horses. Reduce the quantity of grain one third, and substitute carrots in its place, and your horses will require no medicine, enjoy fine spirits, loose hides, and the ability to perform full work.—*Exchange.*

Insects.—It appears by the proceedings at a late meeting of an agricultural society in France, that certain learned cultivators there, have met with great success in the use of coal tar and phenic acid in protecting plants and vegetables from insects.—Three per cent. of the tar mixed with earth, and placed about grape vines, had caused abundant crops, when without it, the fruit was certainly destroyed.

Vaccinating Cattle.—It is reported in England that one dairyman, with twenty-seven cows, had entirely escaped loss by the cattle plague, while those of his neighbors have been perishing, simply by vaccinating them as children are vaccinated for small pox.

By stabling and sheltering your stock through the winter, a saving of one-fourth the food may be affected; that is one-fourth less feed will answer than when the stock is exposed to the inclemency of the weather.