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. 16. Beaver, Wednesday, April 18, 1866. Established 1818.

## POETICAL.

### THE WORKERS.

Clink, clank, sound the hammers now;
The sturdy anvils ring;
The bellows roar, and the hot flames pour
Their ruddy light far over the floor;
And the brawny smiths, they sing.

Whirr, whurr, go the busy looms
In the factories dark and high,
Where the timed sunbeam softly falls,
Thro' the crusted pane, on the blackened walls,
From the pure and beautiful sky.

Stitch, stitch, go the needles bright
And the silver gleaming thread;
Woman toiling early and late,
While the eyelids droop with a heavy weight,
To earn their daily bread.

Click, click, go the slender types,
As they fall from the printer's hand;
Scattering wide each burning thought,
As it shaped itself in the mind that wrought,
For over the waiting land.

Burr, burr, go the busy planes
In the happy work-shops, where
The sinewy joiners all day ply
Their noisy craft; and the shavings fly,
And their fragrance fills the air.

Ring, ring, chime the virgin coin,
As the mighty lever falls
On the solid bars of silver and gold,
By the swarthy miners fashioned and rolled
In the great mint's vaulted halls.

Delve, delve—hear the miners at work
Far down in the hidden mines,
Toiling by day and toiling by night
Amid the serious glooms, where no ray of light
From the warm sun ever shines.

Plow, on, speed the sharpened plows
Ere they turn the heavy soil
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the last year's furrows, gleaming bare,
With the horny hand of toil.

These are the workers, hour by hour,
With hearts that are brave and true,
From dawn so dark, through the whole day's length
To eve, gives with an earnest will his strength
To the work he finds to do.

What a grander task for all remains
Than will only end with Time;
And this grand task is 'mid the ceaseless din
Of the constant struggle that hems us in
To make our lives sublime.

## Miscellaneous.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

### The Political Situation.

It was unfortunate that the President should have lately said to a deputation from New Jersey that he is too old to change, for the greatest changes of his life have occurred within the last five years, and no reasonable man is ever too old to be convinced. Especially at a time like this, when the wisdom of public policy and the national welfare depend not upon theories but upon the actual condition of affairs, it is surely the part of wisdom to cultivate patience and toleration and an open mind. During the dark days of the war a Union Senator came one day from an interview with President Lincoln and exclaimed, impatiently: "There's no bracing atmosphere at the white House! The President's mind is never made up. No wonder Joan is stronger for seeing Visions." Then it was a very dull Union man Mr. Lincoln was strong because he was patient. His patience enabled him to know and to weigh exactly the force of opinions. If he had constantly said upon the vital points of the war, "My mind is made up. I am not to be moved," he would have lacked precisely the distinctive quality of his greatness as a man and of his fitness as President.

President Johnson's temperament differs from President Lincoln's as Gen. Jackson's did from Gen. Washington's. Mr. Johnson likes a fight. All his life he has been a sturdy political champion. He has been trained in the most orthodox discipline of the most despotic of parties, and he gives blows as well as takes them. At the close of a fierce war he stepped into the Presidency over the body of his predecessor murdered by those who would gladly have killed him; and his whole resolution to maintain the Constitution and Union, as he understood them, promised to be inflexible against those whose views differed from his own. In forgetting, as it seems to us, that the most patriotic men may honestly differ in a crisis like the present, he most imprudently recognizes as the only friends of the Union those who support his policy in every point, without weighing the probable and various motives of such support in many quarters. Thus while he declares himself with peculiar emphasis the defender of the Union and Constitution it is remarkable that those who have not shown during the war that they were its enemies doubt the wisdom of some of his measures, while those who have been the open and bloody or secret and treacherous foes of the Union now vehemently applaud every word he utters and every act he does. Is it that those who with Andrew Johnson have hitherto defended the Union against every assault did not comprehend what they were doing, or is it that those who after long deliberation struggled fiercely to defeat it are at heart its most intelligent advocates, its truest friends, and the safest counselors in its reorganization?

But this rapturous approval of the President by his political enemies is not a new phenomenon. The party which advised surrender to the rebellion, and exhausted the language in contemptuous vituperation of Mr. Johnson while he stood like a rock against their treasonable fury, has no course left but to excite and exasperate division between him and his friends. They applaud him not because he demands that treason shall be made odious, not because he maintained military rule and suspended the *habeas corpus* in the disturbed States, not because he imposed assent to emancipation upon those States and excepted large classes from amnesty, not because he demanded that "a public enemy * * * should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship," but because his measures do not command the unqualified support of all Union men, and because they hope to widen a difference into a fatal breach. When Mr. S. S. Cox, who said at Chicago in 1864 that Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together now says at New Haven that Mr. Johnson, the faithful friend of Mr. Lincoln and elected with him, is the best of Presidents, it is hard to believe that a politician so experienced as Mr. Johnson does not estimate such support at its true value. He must know that the breach between him and the Copperheads is irreparable. He must know that they would willingly use him as a wedge to split the Union party, as a stalking-horse to their own purposes, as a spring-board to leap into power; that they would use him to the last and then contemptuously discard him. He ought surely to know that the party which must rely for success upon its old alliance with the old spirit of Slavery in the South, and not upon the new spirit of Union and Liberty there, would as soon vote for Charles Sumner as for Andrew Johnson. The Copperhead policy of to-day is a vast reaction against the spirit and results of the war, and in favor of the old Southern policy. In such a reaction does the military Governor of Tennessee, the Senator who alone from his section defied to the death the leaders of that old Southern policy, think that he has any place? Had the Presbyterian church honor and confidence in the Court of the Restoration?

The President can not hope to create a new party however doubtful States may waver. The Union party comprising that overwhelming majority can not abound merely because the war is over. It will of necessity cohere until the fair results of the war are secured. With whom, then, will the President trust himself, with his friends or his foes? However he may differ with those friends, can the difference be really so radical as it is with his opponents? We have no wish to conceal that difference. The various views and measures which compose what is called "the President's policy" are undoubtedly held and proposed by him in perfect good faith. They are inspired by the conviction that the great object now to be attained is security with conciliation, and the preservation of our constitutional system. In this conviction all patriotic men will agree. But upon the question what is security, and what is or is not Constitutional, there are wide differences. When the President assumes that by a formal acceptance of the terms he has imposed the Union is really restored, when he refuses to hear of further delays or conditions; when he opposes any constitutional amendment, or any serious national legislation whatever until the late rebel States are represented in Congress; when he thinks that the present remedies of law are sufficient for whatever friction or wrong there may be in States so long distempered, or, if they are inadequate, that they should not be strengthened until those States have a voice in Congress, he differs from the vast body of the Union party, and apparently begs the very question at issue, which is, upon what conditions those States shall have a voice?

It is enough that he declares himself the defender of the Constitution against those whom he call its new assailants. It is not enough that he declares his abhorrence of centralization. It is not enough that he declares that he stands by the Union, and that those who do not agree in every point of his policy are enemies of the Union. That question still remains. The President is unquestionably pure of purpose, and very determined. He may be clear in comprehending and skillful in interpreting the Constitution. He has certainly proved his fidelity to the Union. But the equal integrity, and ability, and devotion, and firmness of Congress can not be questioned.—President Johnson must see that the Union party can not accept the indiscriminate support of all his views and measures as the test of constitutional fidelity; and he makes a profound mistake if he regards the situation as a struggle between himself and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. When he sees those who have as little respect for Mr. Steven's wisdom as he has himself gravely questioning his course, it is a fatal delusion if he sees only Mr. Stevens.

The question is simple. Is it possible for the President to believe that the party whose last general and official manifesto was the Chicago Platform of 1864 is sincerely the Union party of this country? Would he trust to that Convention to settle the questions of to-day more than of two years ago? If the alternative is presented to him of surrendering to that party, or of attempting to form a party composed of the Copperheads, the late rebels, and a few recruits from the Union line or of continuing to act with those who have fought with him the good fight, but who now, in some important points, differ with his judgment, we shall believe, until belief is impossible, that he still holds to his words of the 8th of February, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and he should feel wholly at liberty so to differ, and to state the grounds of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party and had no desire or intention of being found outside. He intended to exercise his own judgment, but was ready to yield it when he found it was not sustained by the judgment of the people."

### Lee and His Slaves.

It has frequently been represented by the friends and admirers of Robert E. Lee, late an officer of the rebel army, that, although a slaveholder, his treatment of his chattels was invariably kind and humane. The subjoined statement, taken from the lips of one of his former slaves explains itself. Its publication will doubtless greatly enhance the reputation of this "great and good man" among the chivalry of the South and the Copperheads of the North:

"My name is Wesley Norris; I was born a slave on the plantation of George W. Parke Custis; after the death of Mr. Custis, General Lee, who had been made executor of the estate, assumed control of the slaves, in number about seventy; it was the general impression among the slaves of Mr. Custis that on his death they should be forever free; in fact this statement had been made to them by Mr. C., years before; at his death we were informed by Gen. Lee that by the conditions of the will we must remain slaves for five years; I remained with Gen. Lee for about seventeen months, when my sister Mary, a cousin of ours, and I determined to run away, which we did in the year 1859; we had already reached Westminister, in Maryland, on our way to the North, when prison, and General Lee ordered us our arrest; we remained in prison fifteen days, when we were sent back to Arlington; we were immediately taken before General Lee, who demanded the reason why we ran away; we frankly told him that we considered ourselves free; he then told us he would teach us a lesson which we never would forget; he then ordered us to the barn, where, in his presence, we were tied firmly to posts by a Mr. McGwin, our overseer, who was ordered by General Lee to strip us to the waist and give us fifty lashes each, excepting my sister, who received but twenty; we were accordingly stripped to the skin by the overseer, who however had sufficient humanity to decline whipping us; accordingly, Dick Williams, a county constable, was called in, who gave us the number of lashes ordered; Gen. Lee, in the meantime, stood by and frequently enjoined Williams to lay it on well,' an injunction which he did not fail to heed; not satisfied with simply lacerating our naked flesh, General Lee then ordered the overseer to thoroughly wash our backs with brine, which was done; after this my cousin and myself were sent to Hanover Court-house jail, my sister being sent to Richmond, to an agent, to be hired; we remained in jail about a week, when we were sent to Nelson county, where we were hired out by General Lee's agent to work on the Orange and Alexandria railroad; we remained thus employed for about seven months and were then sent to Alabama, and put to work on what is known as the Northeastern railroad; in January, 1863, we were sent to Richmond; from which place I finally made my escape through the rebel lines to freedom; I have nothing further to say; what I have stated is true in every particular, and I can at any time bring at least a dozen witnesses, both white and black, to substantiate my statements; I am at present employed by the Government, and am at work in the National Cemetery on Arlington Heights, where I can be found by those who desire further particulars; my sister referred to is at present employed by the French minister at Washington, and will confirm my statement.—*New York Tribune.*

### Oriental Legend.

"Every man," an Eastern legend says, "has two angels, one upon his right shoulder and the other upon his left." When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down but does not seal it. He waits until midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned!—forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

### Horace Greely's Ride.

When Mr. Greely was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the New York *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town, the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra relay of horses was chartered of the California Stage Company, to carry him from Folsom to Placerville, a distance of forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom till late in the afternoon. Mr. Greely was to be fêted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra—"Henry, this great man must be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered—"The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state of repair, and during the first few miles out of Folsom, but slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Greely, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically replied Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly and sleepily forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greely, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at 7."

Again came the answer—"I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greely chafed away another hour; when, as he was about to remonstrate once more with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greely; "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville.—Now we are going!"

They were, indeed, going at a terrible speed.

Crack! crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air with "Git up! hi yi! g'laug! yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, the speed never [illegible] and encounter danger, if he knows that it is not spending his strength in vain; but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for this voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

Mr. Greely was flying from one end of the coach to the other, like an India rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, and said:

"Do—on't—on't you—u—n think—we shall get there by 7 if we do—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on, over on, tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremly sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head might have been seen at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—care—sir, if we don't get there at 7."

"I have got my orders."

Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, regardless of anything and everything.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greely; "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

"I've got my orders!" This is what Henry Monk said. "I work for the California Stage Comany, I do.—That's wot I work for. They said get this man through by evving. And this man's going through. You bet! Ger-long—hi—whoop

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greely's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong cloth.

"Stop, you maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Hen Monk,

"I've got my orde! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, village a few miles from Placerville, by met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him to town. There was a military company, brass band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels, in white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was near dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bores blazed all along the road to Placville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Spgs, where Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greely on ard?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was, a few minutes!*" replied Monk. "Yes," he added after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach roof; "yes, I can see him. He is there!".

"Mr. Greely," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the co "Mr. Greely, sir, we are come most cordially welcome you, sir—, God bless me, sir, you are bleed at the nose!"

"I've got my order broke in Mr Monk. "My orders is follows: Git him there by sevi It wants a quarter of seving and out the way!"

"But, sir," exclaim the committee, seizing the off le by the reins, "Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town. Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Henry Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no band and young wimmen. My orders say 'Git him there by seving.' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Keep your seat, Horace!" And the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the women in white.

Years hence, gray haired men who were little boys in this procession will tell their grandchildren how the stage tore through Mud Springs and along the road, and how Horace Greely's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greely was very indignant for awhile; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a bran new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating the story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in admiration of Horace Greely.

### A Wedding Fee.

"Many and many a year ago"—how many deponont saith not—a youthful couple appeared at the gateway of the parsonage in a town not a hundred miles from Harvard—Mounted on a sober nag, they also claimed companionship with a bag, evidently filled with, to them, some valuable commodity. Dismounting, the gallant youth left his lady and the bag, and proceeded up the avenue of elms leading to the pastor's door, and entered the mansion. Soon reappearing, he waved his hand to the waiting damsel, at the same time calling, in stentorian tones, "Come along—he says he'll take the beans!"—Guiding the steed to the door, the lady was received by her would-be lord, and soon "the twain were made one flesh," and the minister left in possession of goodly supply of beans.

### Co Operation of the Wife.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife.—If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he

### Treatment of the Aged.

A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy that fell with theirs, now all gone! Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

### A Neat Swindle.

Not long since, fine engravings of George Washington and Andrew Jackson were advertised in the Eastern papers, to be sent free by mail upon the receipt of twenty-five cents in postal currency. The Detroit *Advertiser* says a gentleman in that city, a connoisseur in everything perthining to the fine arts, at once dispatched the shinplaster, and in due time received by mail a couple of—*postage-stamps*, of the denomination three and two cents respectively. We can forgive the perpetrator of the swindle for his truthful honesty; he did send what he promised, to the very letter.

THE Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of say things. Thackery tells us of an Irish woman begging of him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"

DISAPPOINTED PICKPOCKET.—"Well, if this ain't mean! Here's this feller agoin about with this here yaller chain, and when I pulls it out there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct of these flashy clerks is enough to break the heart of a poor feller like me, as has to depend on his trade for a livin."

SHERIDAN, who was always distressed for money, was one day hacking his face with a dull razor, when he turned to his eldest son, and said: "Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling." "Very well, father, retorted Tom, "but *where will you get the shilling?*"

### The Record.

The Connecticut State Central Committee, previous to the election, issued a stirring address to the people of that State. We copy the address in full, as it contains certain truths which may be read as profitably in this quarter as in Connecticut. It makes out the following very bad record of the Democratic party during the last five years. It contains not one word but what is true:

"Our opponents were five years ago the allies and firm friends of the entire band of conspirators. Not a perjured traitor that plotted treason for thirty years but called himself a Democrat at last, misusing and abusing that noble word. Every Senator and Representative in Congress that led in the scheme, the President and Cabinet that denounced coercion, let treason have its way, and well nigh wrecked the ship of State—all were Democrats. That party denounced all who would use force to maintain the Union; it declared coercion unconstitutional, and in its State Convention of 1861 enthusiastically applauded the threat to use force against the departure of our citizen soldiers. Through its recognized speakers and presses it vehemently affirmed the right of secession and ridiculed the promise of President Lincoln to retake the captured forts. It denounced all calls for troops, whether by volunteering or draft, and went to the verge of open insurrection in obstructing them. To that party the just war was a butchery of our fellow citizens. It cried down our national credit, and magnified the burdens we were cheerfully assuming.

"It malignantly opposed permitting soldiers in the field to vote, and basely slandered their votes for the Union as given under fear and compulsion. In its National Convention it pronounced the war a failure, and called for a peace which could only have been obtained at the price of dishonor and a dissevered Union. It was fierce in its jealous guardianship of slavery, and when the struggling nation, sorely pressed by traitors whose strength was in human bondage, proclaimed freedom to the slave, and upon this step, warranted by the Constitution and demanded by military necessity, invoked the considerate judgment of mankind and the blessings of Almighty God, the Democratic allies of upon the rights of slaves, and when by the unquestionably just method of Constitutional Amendment it was sought to destroy Slavery completely, these unreasoning enemies of all progress only gained fresh fury and assailed the Amendment as a wanton trampling upon the *rights* of the States and an eternal barrier to the Union.

"In the columns of Democratic journals only have the murderous jailors of Andersonville and Salisbury, or the foul assassins of Abraham Lincoln, found palliation and apologies. Wherever, in all villages or cities, a soldier was wantonly insulted, or a white flag hung out, or the stars and stripes secretly torn down, or a Rebel victory exulted over, there is not a schoolboy so ignorant as to think any but a Democrat could have done it.

"In the very closing scenes of this most heroic war, waged by the spontaneous, united efforts of the people themselves for the good of common humanity, this party holds its convention, and has not one poor word of thanks to Almighty God, or gratitude to our noble armies and navies? Not a kind word could it spare for a living soldier; not a word for the mourning but proud fathers, and mothers, and wives and sisters whose beloved dead lie scattered upon a thousand hillsides.

"By the fortunes of war and the will of the nation most solemnly expressed, the system of slavery, so long a sin, a reproach and a stumbling block, has been altogether destroyed. Not a word have they of even mild congratulation, for did they not but last year regard the grand amendment as an outrage and an eternal barrier to Union? Never has that party given a word of sympathy to the persecuted but indomitable loyalists of the South. Never a pledge of faith to the sacred national debt. Never has it asked for a thread of security against future secession or rebellion. Not a Rebel would it ever punish in lands, chattels or person! Their whole declaration of principles is but a desperate clutch at office and the speedy and indiscriminate restoration to full power and honor of all Rebels whatever.

"Such, fellow-citizens, are the men who insult every soldier's grave by claiming to be the true friends of the Union!"

"CAN you see anything in my eye—it feels very sore?" asked a lazy good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendall Holmes. "I can see a very bad pupil," was the reply of the Professor, who never likes to be funny when he has his professional garments on.

THE mayor of a Western town proposes to kill half the dogs in the place and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

AN inveterate bachelor gives as a reason for not getting married, that he wishes to preserve his good opinion of the gentler sex.

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### Religious Intelligence.

Calvary Baptist church, Savannah, has for its pastor a former slave, who bought his freedom. A subscription is now open for a new church. The pastor says, "I paid old massa $12 a month for my freedom, and I will pay Massa Jesus $12 to build him a house." So the house will be built. The three colored churches in Savannah number three thousand members, with five schools.

The Pastoral Association of the Reformed Dutch Church, composed of the ministers of that denomination in New York city and thereabouts, are discussing the question: "How can the influence of woman be properly utilized by the Church!"

A Sunday-school friend gives the following hints to teachers: 1. Maintain order. 2. Attend teachers' meeting. 3. Study the lesson. 4. Pray over your work. 5. Belief brings salvation. 6. Encourage your scholars to benevolence. 7. Be prompt.

Rev. James C. Taylor, a member of the Pittsburgh M. E. Conference, who took sick during the recent session of that body at Washington, Pa., died there two days after its adjournment. He was an old and highly respected minister.

It is stated by the *Congregationalist* that many ministers in New England are resigning their pastorates, and going into secular pursuits, because of an inability to live on the sums paid them.

The *National Baptist*, in an article entitled "Baptists in Pennsylvania," while it speaks of the success of the Church in the past, refers to the humiliating fact that in eleven counties in this State, with an aggregate population of 237,000, there is not one Baptist church.

Recent intelligence from Scotland states the United Presbyterian church is carrying forward very promising missionary operations in some of the principal towns. The results are quite encouraging.

At Pekin, China, a heathen temple has been emptied of its idols, and turned into a missionary hospital.

A Catholic Seminary is about to be erected in Philadelphia, for the education of Catholic priests.

The Baptist Home Mission Society, it is stated, has organized a thousand churches in the West since it be- mond, Virginia, a church of the Southern type in New York City.

### Farm, House, &c.

PROPOGATION OF FISH.—Have you a living spring upon your farm? or have you a pond that does not dry up in Summer? If you have, you can easily raise fish—much more easily raise it for food than you can beef or pork. In Europe the raising of fish for market is carried on largely by private persons. It is attended with great profit. The principal outlay is in preparing the ponds, and stocking them with the choicer kinds of fish. They need but little care or attention. They require but little food, though it is found profitable to feed them some, as they will mature quicker. They are easily caught in nets, and the smaller ones are thrown back, and the larger ones sold. Fresh fish have always been considered one of the luxuries of the table. Our western farmers could raise them as well as they can stock. Let them make their ponds and put in their fish, and they will multiply wonderfully.—The spawn of the choicer kinds can be obtained and transported thousands of miles safely. We commend this this subject to the consideration of our readers and hope they will act upon our suggestions.—*Rural World.*

FEED FOR MILK COWS.—The sources of feed for milk cows in the summer and autumn are, as we have seen the past season, rather fluctuating and uncertain. A milk cow requires full feed during the entire season, and if she is stinted she will fall off in yield. But we are liable to droughts every year, and our light land pastures are often the first to suffer. We should do better to look out beforehand for an extra supply of food to meet these emergencies. For want of extra sources to draw upon, many of us had to put the herd very early upon the fall feed, and to the injury, no doubt, in many cases, of the next years hay crop. If we had looked out in season for an extra supply of feed in the the shape of green corn, cabbages, and other crops, it would have been better economy to have resorted to stall feeding during the drought, and saved our mowing lots. We can do better next time.—*Mass. Plowman.*

DISEASE AMONG SHEEP.—Late in telligence from Edenburg is to the effect that a disease has broken out among the sheep in several portions of Scotland. Examinations have been made and all the evidence elicited goes to prove that the plague, which has assumed a serious nature, is rinderpest. Heretofore it has been believed that sheep were exempt from attacks of this fearful malady, but its appearance among the Scottish flocks does not warrant the assumptions of those who advocated the theory.