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POETICAL.

THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had won before
Another's heart than mine,
And laid his first and dearest love
Upon an earlier shrine.
They said my spirit oft must grieve
If I my love would cast
With one who held so sacred still
Remembrance of the past.
I needed not my bark was launched
With her's, on life's wide sea;
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine—a second bride.
I know that he had loved before
What life may never give back;
The flowers that bloomed in freshness once
Have withered in his track.
I know that she—the angel-called—
Looked out from Paradise heaven,
A wreath of the earth-bound soul,
From which her own was risen.
Together we oft recall
The dream of other years,
Nor do I love him less to know
That he had cause for tears.
More than an I that it hath been
My life's appointed task
To see anew the "light of home"
In which his soul may bask.

Miscellaneous.

Clymer and the Reserves.

Under the caption of "Clymer and the Reserves" the Lancaster Express thus writes:

On the 12th of April, 1861, when Sumner was already beleaguered, and the traitors of defiant treason came marching from the South, it was moved in the Legislature of Pennsylvania to arm the State—to put the old Commonwealth in a condition to defend itself, and protect the homes and the women and children within its borders. On this motion, prompted by the instincts of freedom and patriotism, Hiestor Clymer, then a Senator of the State Legislature, misrepresented the Revolution, and voted no! It seems hard to believe—it seems a strange thing to credit—but so it is, and the record of a man's life is a record of his legislative minutes. There were but six men in the Senate of Pennsylvania so lost to all sense of honor or of shame as to vote against self-defense, and Hiestor Clymer was one of them.

World that every man and woman and child could know this Hiestor Clymer was in favor of surrendering without firing a shot. He quailed at the pistol and bow-knife, and on the trident traitors, before they had marched one step or shot one gun. Hiestor Clymer, whose grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence, covered at the crack of the alder-traitor's lash, and was willing to trail the colors of a Commonwealth consecrated by a thousand memories of revolutionary suffering and sacrifice without a word.

What right has he to face a woman in all this land?—The recreant, dastard, false to his country, false to his ancestry, false to his own freedom. And this is the man whose surrender and Democracy presumptuously call on soldiers to support?—There is a soldier who can bear that record?

This same bill organized the Pennsylvania Reserves—that heroic phalanx of the Commonwealth—Clymer would have strangled this corps in its cradle. He would have had Pennsylvania of all the Northern States, alone, without a son to defend her. Every soldier of the glorious Reserves went out against this man Clymer's will, and the undying honor which it ever will be, to have been enrolled in these immortal legions in spite of Clymer. He proved his own manhood and shielded his own home, and gathered new laurels for the eagles of the Commonwealth, in defiance of the stretched and mutilated, the out-Vallandigham Vallandigham in the very hour of the rebellion.

Soldiers of the old Reserves, you can again and again have borne, without fear or flinching, the fiercest storm of battle against whose steady front again and again have tolled the ancient waves of treason, can you dare to this man? Will it be doing honor to yourselves? Will it be doing honor to the memory of the martyr? Will you tell beside you? Think of this! You who are the comrades of the dead.

We are not talking now to the men who have seen a battle, whose boldst march was to the parties of Washington, who go honorably discharged before they have heard the whiff of a hostile musket, who have faced the forked flame of a rebel musketry who deserted their comrades in the advance of danger. We are talking of and thinking of the men who have stood at bow and arrow, who have held the torch of battle, and who know the comradeship of the dead. We say think of your dead comrades, think of your brothers who have fallen, and vote for Clymer if you can.

The Burning Springs Oil Region, West Virginia.

The peculiar internal location of a place of this importance, and the knowledge to the country for thousands are interested in it. You reach the mouth of Burning Springs, on the Little Kanawha, about 25 miles from the mouth, at Parkersburg. The valley of the run widens as you go up, and you soon find plateaus of various extent and height. They are all arable; but the hills adjoining are only fit for the grape or berries. Most of them are still well timbered. The derricks and wells extend from the Point to the extreme of Upper Burning Springs, nearly three miles, through a valley averaging about 500 yards wide, through which and on the plateaus are the wells. On this ground and the various ravines putting out are about 270 derricks and wells, or wells, common to a comparatively permanent character, is about 2000. The residences are generally cheap, but many of them very comfortable. A few persons are just now living temporarily in tents; but buildings are going up fast. The summer as well as the soil is sounding all the time.

THE OIL CENTER.

For the products of oil and quality of oil, West Virginia surpasses any portion of the world, and Burning Springs, although not equaling in gravity the oil of White Oak, Dick Run and Gale's Fork, surpasses as an illuminating oil any oil produced. It yields 83 per cent more of refined oil than any of the Pennsylvania wells. This is an important item and one that should be regarded by land and well owners as an important matter in the development of the country. If our oil is quoted as the Pennsylvania oil we must come on a pari. We must fix a standard for ourselves. Why should not Parkersburg have an oil association and trade direct? Why should we not command the eastern markets? We can do it, for we have the material within ourselves.

We have dwelt upon generalities in the oil of Burning Springs. We propose to go into detail as we observe them, not consecutively, but as we noted them on the spot.

THE WELLS.

The Fitch Company on Friday struck a flowing well. This is a Toledo Oil Company. We considered it as good a well as any, when properly tapped. The estimates are from 3 to 100 barrels per day. This is a well of 300-barrel tank was filled from Saturday night to Sunday morning, and in the transfer of pipes at least 100 barrels went in the run and were scooped up. This is immediately near Jones well No. 2, which is now flowing steadily five or six hundred barrels a day, although there are some inlets which obstruct the oil. These wells will be removed as soon as the floor will permit.

We walked on up Burning Springs Run. Llewellyn & Gillespie are about to commence boring just above the Jones well, McFarland & Co. are down 250 feet. McConaughy, Porter & Co. have a well down 250 feet. Up this run are Whetzel & Co., and Jones & Co. They have also an old well that has produced well and will again. It is one destroyed by rebel Jones—Camden & Byrne have a well here, which was the A. Rathbone well in 1863. They are commencing operations and will speedily find the oil.

There are several wells on the margin of this run which have been abandoned; but they will soon be made productive by the application of energy. Above these are Marling, Jones & Co., boring deeper in old wells, with good prospects of success. Clouston, Jones & Co. have several wells a little above that are in the same position. The facts are that when the owners think it will pay them, they will produce all the oil needed now.

The Gen. Karnes old well, the pioneer of all wells in West Virginia, stands before us a monument to his energy and an evidence that while a man benefits himself he benefits those around him. It is now a West Jersey Co. They are boring deeper and have every prospect of making this an important well. The old McLean well and others, come next, not much doing. Whetzel & Co. have up here a well flowing freely. There is a well up here, a McFarland's well, pumping some oil, but lazily. McConaughy, Jones & Camden have a good well flowing on this run. It will prove a good one. It gave 10,000 barrels in the month of June. The orchard well has flowed about 200 barrels per day for a time; is being bored.

Blalock & Co., A. Rat & Co. have within the last week a good flowing well. Jones well No. 1, which they will commence to clean in a day or two, is flowing pretty freely—say 800 barrels a day; but it can be carried beyond its capacity. Mr. Cornell has a well in the vicinity that has flowed gas powerfully for two weeks. They commenced sinking deeper yesterday morning.

There are several wells in this vicinity, the proprietors or superintendents of which we could not see, and must leave especially unnoticed. The Newberger & Braidon wells are run down 600 feet. The rods are all covered with oil. They will strike a good well in a few days. The Eck well is down 780 feet, with a good flow of oil—still boring. The Wyatt well flows periodically; but they are steadily boring. The Otteron lower well is being bored to 1000 feet. It shows well.

The Kilpatrick lower well commenced flowing freely on Monday morning. He is going to bore deeper. Maloney & Co. have one pretty good well, but are going 900 ft. down on another. Wheaton is superintending a well to be put down 1,000 feet.

On the right fork of the run we found the well of the Enterprise Oil Company, J. M. Burns, Sup't. They are down 450, with steady show of oil. Captain Burns is pushing the work energetically, and they will have a good well.

A short distance above Jones well No. 2, is the White well, down 800 feet, with good prospects. Washington Company, Murray, superintendent, is down 800 feet, with good prospects.

Mr. O. L. Williams has two old wells destroyed by Jones of the Kanawha bank. He is clearing them out and we have no doubt they will be good wells.

On Standing Stone, Mr. McBride, superintendent, has a well which is down 770 feet, with a first class show, and we don't see why he should not find an abundance of oil.

We have not noticed the larger portion of the wells because we do not find room, or that they are not pumping.

Antietam National Cemetery.

The Hagerstown Herald has the following account of a recent visit to the battle-field of Antietam and the National Cemetery located on a portion of the same:

The cemetery had been agreed upon by Dr. A. A. Biggs, the energetic president of the board, was elected superintendent, and the work of grading and digging the foundation for the wall was immediately begun.

During the winter the stones were quarried for the wall and the lime was dug. The sand used was dug from the bed of the Potomac river, and is of the very finest quality. The lime was burned at an expense of fifteen cents per bushel, which is less than half what it would have cost had it been purchased at the kilns.

The stones for the wall were quarried about a quarter of a mile from the cemetery. They are taken out in large blocks, some of them eight feet in length. When dressed they present a smooth and beautiful surface. The granite for the coping or cap stones of the wall is obtained from a quarry near Keedysville, and is brought to the ground ready dressed, in ten feet blocks, varying from five to ten feet in length. These cap stones are two feet in breadth, eight inches in thickness, and beveled one inch on the upper side.

As soon as the wall and grading are completed, the work of removing the dead will be begun. Mr. Good of Sharpsburg, has a record of all that could be identified at the time of burial—perhaps one-half of the graves marked with the same company and regiment of the dead soldier; a still larger number of the regiments alone, and nearly all of the State to which the regiment belonged.

As we walked over the battle field we saw the bones of a soldier that had been turned up by the plowshare. By referring to Mr. Good's register, it was ascertained that the soldier whose bones were bleaching in the rain and sunshine, came from Wisconsin. We forbore to give the initials of his name, or his company and regiment. On reporting this matter to Dr. Biggs, a man was forthwith dispatched to replace the bones in the grave and cover them up.

The location of the cemetery is the best that could possibly have been selected. It overlooks the battle-field, and many of the most important points around which the fight raged. It is a large rock, on which General Lee stood for some time and watched the progress of the battle. There has been a difference of opinion among the gentlemen having control of the cemetery whether this rock should be allowed to remain. We believe it has been decided not to disturb it. Whatever is calculated to perpetuate the historic associations of the place should be preserved. Although the rock has been pressed by tractor footsteps; there will be few pilgrims to this spot, now made sacred by the nation's soldiery, who will not stand upon it and recall the scene which General Lee gazed upon that bright September morning.

The row from this rock is grand. On the right is the Elk ridge, and beyond is the South mountain, curving to the left until it seems almost to touch the North mountain range, curving to the right. These mountains approach within a few feet of each other, but in the distance they seem to touch.

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Letter from Attorney General Speed.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1866.

To Hon. J. R. Doolittle, Chairman, &c. Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 10th inst., with a printed copy of a call for a National Union Convention, to be held at Philadelphia on the 14th day of August next. You request, in case the call and the principles enunciated in it meet my approval, that I reply to it in my earliest convenience. This language would seem to imply that to answer is desired if I do not approve the call and the principles avowed in it in other words, that a failure to answer may be interpreted as a disapproval not only of the call, but of each and all of the principles announced in it.

This is a position in which I am unwilling to be placed, when I approve of many of the principles set forth in the call, and yet do not approve of the call itself. I will briefly state my reasons: first, promising that I do not recognize the very respectable gentlemen who have made this call as the acknowledged organs of the great Union party of the country.

Since the outbreak of the terrific struggle from which the country has now emerged, we have had a National Union party that have exhibited more devotion, made greater sacrifices, and manifested more unselfish patriotism than any party ever did previously in the history of the world.

That party is still in being, with its organization intact, and its organs known and as that party, by its faith, its doctrines, and its exertions, has in the face of its prophecies, saved the New and all the Old World, and the Government and Republican institutions of our common country from demoralization, and indeed from utter ruin, by vindicating at all hazards the primordial theory of the eternal, indivisible union of the States, through which only can a particle of the theory of State rights ever be maintained and carried out; it would appear to me to be still the only one, or at any rate the most effectual means, as far as they can do it, of finally adjusting all the remaining minor and unsettled matters of reconstruction consistent with the requirements of the theory mentioned.

The party is the same to-day as it was the day of its trial; the same in its aims, as when, but a few short years ago, it elected Lincoln and Johnson, and the majority of the present Congress, and as I acted with it, I am bound to act with it.

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Justice that will put in form the magnificent and lofty dreams of the American continental mind, and fulfill in the future the highest efforts of the present and the past.

It is not the vague delusion that the rights of the States need doctoring. The American theory culminates properly in the sacredness of the rights of individuals—of each single individual. This, after all, is what Washington carved out with the sword, and Jefferson filtered through his subtle and free mind, dug up and put on record with the pen.

It is well known that in the political and legal history of the United States, the only departure or compromise of the kind alluded to have been those of the interest of Slavery, and of its manifold incidents. I do not, of course, propose to go over the thousand times old tale of the past 60 years. To day, Slavery, as a confessed legality, is, as we all know, no more. But some of the most important of its incidents or compromises still remain—blots and incongruities upon the law. What equitable reason can be given why these incidents also should not be erased? Time was that when the brains were set on the man would die; but now we see the limbs demanding to live and move, as if the nervous center still existed.

The persistent attempts to keep in the Constitution the rule of an unequal and unfair basis of representation is perilous to the future peace of the country, and will surely cause a change of sense of the injustice as long as it is continued.

Furthermore, the high mission of the Union party, as avowed in the Baltimore Convention, to "extirpate Slavery," includes the removal of all the hateful and anti-popular excrescences engrained by that institution for its own selfish aggrandizement upon its free national laws and policy. That high mission and obligation cannot be accomplished until all which Slavery has so engrained is cut out; for until then Slavery is not "extirpated."

Eagerly sympathizing with the men who look to a law of equal representation as the only guarantee both for popular rights and popular acquiescence, I would feel myself out of place in a party that favors a basis of representation giving peculiar and unrighteous advantages to a portion of the body politic, to the detriment and dissatisfaction of the whole.

Uniting with you and all good men in the soul-felt desire that peace, prosperity, and that amicable brotherhood, may soon prevail, and continue unbroken through our beloved common country, that former enemies shall die out and be forever lost, and that all over the broad domain of America equal laws shall protect equal rights to all mankind. I have the honor to subscribe myself your obedient servant.

JAMES SHARP.

Too sharp—An amusing incident is told of a woman in England, whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man;" thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud, and so two rogues shared the estate.

The Rev. J. B. Ferguson is the Recording Secretary of the Johnson Club, in Washington. He and Andrew Johnson know one another. When Governor of Tennessee, Johnson offered a reward for Ferguson, as an enemy to the country. He fled to Philadelphia, then to Europe, along with the notorious imposters, the Davenport brothers—returning, he turns up conspicuously in the new party movement. The thing is perfectly natural, and as easy as rolling off a log!

There is a story extant of a barber who, being called upon to shave President Johnson, carefully tweaked his Excellency's nose. "Pardon me," said the confused operator. "Put your hand in my coat pocket," said the President, "and take out a blank pardon. I'll fill it up and sign it as soon as you have finished shaving me."

A well-known citizen of Worcester, Mass., retired to bed the other night with his full beard, and was surprised and grieved the next morning on waking to find that during the night it had fallen off, leaving his face as bare as a boy's. The occurrence is unusual, but not unparalleled.

The Ford's Theater building in Washington is being fitted up under the direction of Surg. Gen. Barnes. The upper story will be used for the Army Museum, and the first and second stories for the valuable military records of the war.

That general idea consists, in brief of the political liberty and equality of mankind under the law. Such, and such only, can be the Union, the na-

A Gypsy Divorce.

A writer on the habits of the Gypsies gives the following account of the ceremonies of divorce. He says: Divorce is common. It is performed over the body of a horse, which is sacrificed for the occasion. The ceremony must take place, if possible, "when the sun is at its height." All the parties concerned in it carry long staves in their hands. A horse, without blemish is led forth, and a member of the company is chosen by lot to act as priest on the occasion. He walks round the animal several times, repeating the names of all the persons, whose position it has been, and extolling its rare qualities. It is then let loose, and several gypsies set off in pursuit of it. If it is wild and intractable, leaps, ditches, kicks, and will not allow itself to be easily caught, the gull of the woman is looked upon as enormous; but if it tames and docile, her crimes are thought to be less heinous, and the death of the horse is sufficient to wash them away.

The individuals who catch the horse bring it before the priest. They repeat to him all the faults and tricks it has committed, laying the whole of the crime of which the woman is supposed to have been guilty to its charge, and upbraiding and scolding the dumb creature, in an angry manner for its conduct. They bring, as it were, an accusation against it, and plead for its condemnation. When this part of the trial is finished, the priest takes a large knife and thrusts it into the heart of the horse, and its blood is allowed to flow upon the ground till life is extinct. The dead animal is now stretched out upon the ground. The husband then takes his stand on one side of it and the wife on the other, and holding each other by the hand, repeat certain appropriate sentences in the gypsy language. They then quit hold of each other, and walk three times around the body of the horse, each twice, passing and crossing each other in opposite directions, as they proceed in opposite points of the compass of the animal. (The corners of the horse, was the gypsy's expression), such as the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, the head and tail, the parties halt and face each other, and again repeat sentences in their own speech at each time they halt. The two last stops they make in their circuit round the sacrificed are at the head and tail. At the head, they again face each other and speak, and lastly, at the tail, they again face each other, utter some more solemn parts of the ceremony, and then sever again to be united in this life. Immediately after receiving a token which places the woman in possession, a token which is made of cast iron, about an inch and a half square, with a mark upon it resembling the Roman character T. After the marriage has been dissolved, and the woman dismissed from the sacrifice, the heart of the horse is taken out and roasted with fire, then sprinkled with vinegar or brandy, and eaten by the husband and friends then present; the female, not being allowed to join in this part of the ceremony. The body of the horse, skin and everything about it, except the heart, is buried on the spot; and years after the ceremony has taken place the husband and his friends visit the grave of the animal to see whether it has been disturbed. At these visits they walk round about the grave, with much grief and mourning.

The husband may take another wife whenever he pleases, but the female is never permitted to marry again. The token, or rather bill of divorce which she receives, must never be from about her person. If she loses it, or attempts to pass herself off as a woman never before married, she becomes liable to the punishment of death. In the event of her breaking this law, a council of the chiefs is held upon her conduct, and her fate is decided by a majority of the members; and, if she is to suffer death, her sentence must be confirmed by the king or principal leader. The culprit is then tied to a stake with an iron chain, and there cudgelled to death. The executioners do not extinguish life at one beating, but leave the unhappy woman for a little while to return to her, and at last complete their work by despatching her on the spot.

CHRISTOPHER MEDAEA, now residing in Hollidaysburg, but formerly of Blair Furnace, Blair county, is one of the heroes of the country. He gave six months to the armies of the Union, of whom five died or were killed in service, and the sixth one was wounded and discharged on account of wounds received in battle, and was for a long time totally disabled.

The Washington correspondent of the Rochester Democrat says that the call for the Philadelphia National Convention was prepared by Secretary Seward.

The editor of the New York Day Book appears to have a big job on hand. In one issue of his paper a two column leader appears to prove that he is better than a negro.

There are two ways of being rich: raising your revenue to the level of your desires—or lowering your desires to the level of your revenue.