

THE BEAVER ARGUS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. In the old Angus building, on Third Street, Beaver, Pa.

# THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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### RAILROADS.

PITTSBURGH, WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Oct. 6th, 1867, Trains will leave Stations Daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Pittsburgh	6:15 AM	10:20 AM	2:15 PM	3:00 PM
Rocheater	8:15	10:20	3:30	4:00
Allegheny	10:15	12:20	3:30	4:00
Galesburg	12:15	2:20	4:30	5:00
Warren	14:15	2:20	4:30	5:00
Marysville	16:15	2:20	4:30	5:00
Waynesburg	18:15	2:20	4:30	5:00
Waynesburg	20:15	2:20	4:30	5:00
Waynesburg	22:15	2:20	4:30	5:00

TRAINS GOING EAST.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Waynesburg	6:00 AM	10:15 AM	1:00 PM	1:45 PM
Waynesburg	8:00	10:15	1:30	2:15
Waynesburg	10:00	10:15	1:30	2:15
Waynesburg	12:00	10:15	1:30	2:15
Waynesburg	14:00	10:15	1:30	2:15

### CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Oct. 6, 1867, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	MAIL	EXP.	EXP.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	8:00 AM	10:15 AM	1:00 PM	1:45 PM
Elyria	9:15	11:30	1:30	2:15
Hudson	10:30	12:45	2:00	2:45
Willard	11:45	1:00	2:15	3:00
Massillon	13:00	1:15	2:30	3:15
Marion	14:15	1:30	2:45	3:30
Wellsville	15:30	1:45	3:00	3:45

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH. Arrives Beaver, Pa. at 9:00 AM. Leaves Beaver, Pa. at 10:30 AM.

### TWO PICTURES.

BY ELIZA F. MORRIS.

Clouds and bright the heavens,  
Sparkling and blue the sea;  
A ship upon the waters,  
Sailing away from me.

Two little hands are waving,  
Love's passionate adieu;  
Through weary years have vanished,  
It all comes back to view.

My wife is seated near me,  
I gaze upon her face,  
And love her for her beauty,  
Her goodness and her grace.

And yet those looks between us,  
A vision of lost years,  
The beautiful face of boyhood,  
That all the past endears.

Smiling and clear the heavens,  
Peculiar the air below;  
My first love bending o'er me,  
With blissful words breathed low.

Two thrilling hands are clasping,  
My own, unthinkingly;  
These hours, forever vanished,  
Still live in memory.

### NASBY.

A MEETING AT THE CORNERS TO CONSIDERATION OF THE BEST AND MOST FEASIBLE METHOD OF PRESERVING TO THE DEMOCRACY THE STATES THEY WON THIS FALL.

POST OFFICE, CONFIDENTIAL ROOMS (Which is in the State of Kentucky), Oct. 30, 1867. I was sitting in the Post Office, day before yesterday, cogitating upon the glorious results of the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections, and hoping for an equally good report from New York; for think the while that perhaps of my hopes was realized, and such a Constance of Democrazia as Penitence or Seymour should be elected. I mite, in consideration of my long and I believe valuable services, aspire to nothing higher, and better, and more profitable than a Post Office, such as I am at present holding. I do not complain, for the position has bin the means of establishing a credit upon which I have lived thus far comfortably, but yet I should prefer a place where the salary would be sufficient to give me enough so that I could lay up a little for old age. The time is not far off when my individual exertions will not supply my wants.

I felt good over the victory, and it seemed to me, as though we ought to speak of Kentucky, to our brethren North, instruct us how to hold the States which they have won for us. When I decide upon a pint, I allude at, and so it was this time.

I give notice, by Issaker Gavitt, that the Corners would assemble at the tootin' in the horn, for the purpose of voting forth the voice of Kentucky to the States North. The evening came, the horn was tooted from the steps of the church, and the entire Corners wuz there. Deekin Pogran wuz in his regular dress; Issaker Gavitt wuz in his salted father's place; wuz here, too, Kerol McPeters wuz there, and also the others who made up the male population of the Corners, and their wives. It was a glorious meeting, and I wuz a rub'in my hands and feeling good at the prospect of an improv'n occasion, when to my utter disgust, I saw the door open and Joe Bigler, who wuz born to be my best, come in, with Pollock, and twenty-five niggers, old and young, male and female, white, yellow and black, and all wuz em tooted seats together in the corner of the church. I know'd by the meek look of the niggers, and the eggstrange quietude of Bigler himself, that suttin wuz up, which would of course develop itself. Bigler and Pollock generally develop.

I opened the meelin by remarks that the times were an auspicious look. The power of the nigger in American politics had bin demonstrated. The nigger had bin so manipulated in Ohio and Pennsylvania, as to give up these States, which wuz good hold of we choose. But the Democracy of Ohio and Pennsylvania had a work to do, which they could not neglect with safety. They had declared the nigger inferior to the Caucasian, which he undeniably is, and they must keep him so. The nigger must be kept just eggstrange where he is, to serve as a irritant to Democracy. Ohio gives the niggers wuz that State certain facilities for learnin to read and write, accomplishments which no laborin class which is to be guided, controlled and worked exclusively by a superior class needs or has any business with. So soon as a man begins to read he begins to be an inquirer in mind, and begins to feel his position with his species. Let Ohio, then, wuz leave to winnast, that the niggers may be wuz the white, risin, and git to be the superior of the white. Is that a professor? "Not eggstrange that," returned I; "not knowin what he wuz drivin at, wuz he, in ordained the niggers to be inferior to us, and serve us, it looks rather dangerous to us."

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All this time the niggers wuz sittin, and the white wuz wuz gassin for breath, and the men wuz tyrin red and white wuz. I arose to rebuke him, when Bigler remark that he guest enuff had bin tol, and that probably the meelin had better be adjourned. And the audacious cuss give us two minutes and a half to get out of the buildin.

I woud give my next quarters salary of the yellow fever wood come to the Corners, provided I could be ashored that Bigler and Pollock wud be victims.

PETROLEUM V. NASTY, P. M. (Which is Postmaster.)

### OLD HYMNS.

The Journal of Commerce has an interesting article on the suggestiveness of old hymns. Three persons are represented as conversing together in a library, and their talk goes on as follows:

"Doctor—An hymn is a great thing. What voices have sung it! An old hymn book is suggestive. What emotion it bears record of! It is not much of a literary man, and when I get an hour's leisure from the pains and sufferings that occupy my life, I very often sit in reading old hymns. It is only once in a great while that I have a sensation. I've almost outgrown sensations. When I was fifty years old, I thought it over, and concluded that my profession had worn out the sensational possibilities of my soul. But an old hymn to an old tune convinced me I was mistaken. Last Sunday morning I was driving on my morning round, my mind intent on a case of surgery that had kept me up all night. I was passing a Presbyterian church, in some street, when I heard a strain of familiar music, and I pulled up short, just in time to catch the last words of a verse: If the hymn they were singing. Why, Phillips, they speak of the war-house starting at the sound of the trumpet, so my old heart started at the sound of that hymn and music.

"Phillips—I understood you. Once I was walking listlessly of a Sunday afternoon through the narrow streets of Cairo, the heart of the orient to this day, as in the days of the caliphs. I came accidentally near the house where some Scotch missionaries reside, and where they and their families were holding service. Out on the strange atmosphere of the old city, whose every stone and lattice, and whose every sky were mysterious, old and incomprehensible, floated with perfect distinctness the words of an old hymn. In an instant I was carried away to the old church in the up-country village, and I leaned against the wall of a house and thought and thought, and thought, till the misty condition of my eyes reminded me where I was. And that wasn't half so powerful a sensation as I had some months later. I never knew a more tempestuous night, for a starry one, than I had in Upper Egypt, when a fierce gale carried my boat through the pass at Hagar Silicia. About nine o'clock in the evening, I was standing on deck, watching the stars, and listening to the rush of the boat through the brown Nile, swinging and swaying her great sail as she dashed along. Suddenly I caught on the wind the strain of an old tune, and I saw that there were passing a boat which lay near the shore. There were Americans on board; and the very words of the hymn came clearly to my ear, or else I imagined them. Either way, it was a startling interruption to the wildness of the scene. My Arabs were as heedless of it as the wind. They lay on deck, wrapped up in their hammocks, slumbering heavily. The Nubian pilot stood firm at the helm. But to me the sound was like the voice of an angel. What I saw in the next moment's imagination I could take hours to tell. We think swiftly the vision was one of exceeding beauty and peace—such peace! Do you remember Deacon Stuart Joe?

"Stenstamm (waking from a doze.) Deacon Stuart! What—here? (I thought he was in plenty for a quiet so.)

"GUYLIPS—Not quite so long, as we count time in this slow world. But twenty-five years ago they buried the good man, then full eighty-five years old, and ripe for heaven. No, he is not coming here to-night, Joe; but if he didn't come to my Nile boat that night with his grand-daughter Kate; then all I can say is that I had a powerful imagination. Don't you remember when she died? I was a boy. She was the prettiest girl in the whole congregation—older than I was by some five years; but I used to look at her in church, and wonder if anything more beautiful was ever seen in any age or land. When I read of Helen, and Cleopatra, and Lucretia, and all the beauties of old times, it was always with the notion that each one, blonde or brunette, must have looked like Katie Stuart. She died very suddenly. One Sunday morning the church was unusually full; for there had been two deaths in the previous week and a funeral sermon was expected. The day was bitterly cold. The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero all day. I remember how much emotion was visible in the church; for the deaths had been those of young persons very much loved, and there had been a story that had come to a fine fellow, but long falling, had loved Katie Stuart very dearly. Whether she knew it or not, no one could say. But when the minister had finished a touching sermon, leaving young and old in tears, and gave out the hymn to sing, it was hard to sing it. The preacher got along tolerably well till he came to the beginning of a verse where he found himself one to help him, and he sang the first three or four notes with only two or three voices accompanying him, and then he broke down with a sort of sob. Then—I can hear it now, how delicious, how glorious it was! Katie Stuart's voice, clear as a bird's floated up as if she was inspired, and the very atmosphere was filled with its melody as she sang—

"I would begin the music here, And so my soul should rise; Oh for some heavenly notes to bear My passions to the skies!"

"It was five miles from the church to the Deacon's farm. The old man drove and Katie sat wrapped in buffalo robes by his side in the sleigh. I remember the black horses well. I owned them afterwards. When they started, I was looking at her face. I had watched her from the close of the service. She spoke

to no one, but went directly to the sleigh quietly, her grandfather wrap the robes around her, remained silent, and the horses went off at a bound. What the Deacon thought of all the way home no one can imagine; but when he reached home, Katie had gone far away. She was sitting wrapped in the robes, with a smiling face, but cold, and calm, and dead, in the sleigh. That hymn was her last utterance in our language, which, make it as passionate as we may, does not, cannot remotely imitate the songs they sing up yonder."

### The Little Lion Tamer.

Harry was a wild boy and kept the whole house in a turmoil. He was terrible mischievous and thoughtless; pouncing in his Sunday hat and drinking therefrom, leaving his school books on the roadside while he played ball, and forgetting where they were until they were ruined; and carrying matches, fire crackers and fish books in his pockets. What was ever to be done with this boisterous fellow none of the household could fathom. This was master Harry as he was three months ago; today he is another boy, tamed down to the gentleness of a very lamb, moving quietly about the house, waiting on grandma, leaving the kitchen to those who belong there, and hovering morn and night about a certain chamber door. What wrought the change? Who tamed the lion?

One afternoon our noisy hero came home from an expedition which had brought more weariness than fish, poles, books, lines, worms and mud were all deposited on the newly scrubbed kitchen floor, and he shouted as usual:

"I'm hungry, I'm tired! Can't tea almost ready?"

"I tell you mother sir; but now Hridget looked wonderfully amiable, as she said, 'Ye can't guess what we've have got.'"

"What?" asked Harry.

"A baby!"

"What's it?"

"Our own entirely!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Ask yer grandmum, in yonder."

"Grandmum," shouted Harry, have we got a baby of our own?"

"Yes, we have a sweet little sister," replied the old lady, coming into the kitchen.

"Is it our own, to keep forever?"

"To keep as long as God pleases, my dear. He sent it to us and He can take it away, if we are not thankful!"

"I'm afraid it will die!" cried Harry, looking alarmed.

"Can't I look 't it, grandmum?"

"Yes, my dear, if you step very softly, it is very tenderly nursed for some time. It should handle it as you do the cat or dog, you would kill it in a moment."

"Why, grandmum?"

Babies were a class of the community with whom Harry had very little interest. He never brought out his slippers—their office was washed, his face and hands, brushed his hair and then followed grandma up stairs on tip-toe—a style of walking he had never tried before. He went into the chamber, and there wrapped in a blanket, and lying in the rocking-chair was she whom we call "The Little Lion Tamer."

Harry touched the velvet cheek, lifted the tiny hands, and examined the wondrous frame. Tears filled his eyes as he kissed his mother, and said, "O mother wasn't it kind in God to send it here? I do hope it won't die!" From that hour he has been subjected; and if at any time the old boisterousness returns, a glance from those baby eyes, or a wall from the little lips, brings him back again to his new found gentleness. The stern influence of the helpless babe has done for Harry what neither the discipline home nor the chastisement of school could ever accomplish.

### Seymour in the Field.

Horatio Seymour has been nominated for President, and the initiative has been taken in precisely the right quarter. His trumpet is Gen. John A. Green, of Syracuse, who no doubt through the rebellion, emboldened more of the virtues of treason, secession, and rebellion than was to be found north of Maryland, except under the jacket of some skulking fugitive of rebellion, who was too cowardly to fight for his cause, and hence sought his way surreptitiously through our territory to Canada. Gen. Green proclaims Mr. Seymour as a candidate for the Presidency, and his flat is now law with the Democratic party. This we regard as settling the question.

It would be well to bring the two sides of the late issue from which came a sacrifice of so much life, blood and treasure in open contest in the next Presidential campaign, and we see no way in which it can be more definitely done than by drawing the party lines over the backs of Ulysses S. Grant and Horatio Seymour. The one defended the Government and the Nation through the perils of that dreadful struggle, while the other had sympathies which prompted him to a continual leaning to the side of secession during the contest. Let it be fought out on that line, and under those leaders, say we. There is a fitness of things in such an issue that will be apparent to every loyal man in the nation.—*Har. Z.*

Says a Washington letter: It appears that no purchasers can be found for the wardrobe of Mrs. Lincoln, and it may be that the dresses, hoes, &c., have not been well described. Accounts of such articles as were worn by the money-seeking lady at her receptions and levees at the White House can be had here, on application to the reporters of the local papers. She used to furnish them in her own handwriting, that nothing might be overlooked or wrongly described.

A STUDENT, or doctor's assistant in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, actually died off a corpse lately. The case was investigated and the criminal dismissed in ignorance.

### Americans in Egypt.

There has been of late some trouble between the Egyptian Government and some American missionaries. The latter, who belong to the United Presbyterian Church of this country, have had for years a highly flourishing mission among the Copts, the native Christians of Egypt. They have established a number of schools, which were visited by children of all creeds, a theological seminary, and a press, thus showing quite a ferment among the people of the Coptic Church. The latter number about 150,000 souls, and with the exception of the Abyssinians, are the most ignorant and the most degraded of the so-called Eastern Churches. The Patriarch of the Coptic, like the Patriarchs of the other Eastern Churches, enjoys a kind of temporal jurisdiction over the members of his Church.

The influence of the American missionaries upon the Coptic population was of course regarded by the Patriarch with the utmost dissatisfaction, but nothing was done to the arrest of the movement until early in the present year, when the Patriarch made a journey through the Coptic districts of Egypt, and instituted the most barbarous prosecution against all associating with the American missionaries, closing their schools, inflicting bodily punishments and even procuring the banishment of some of the leaders of the Protestant movement. All this was at first silently indorsed by the Egyptian Government, and at length openly approved. Thus the American missionaries were included in the decree of banishment; and the many errors of the Coptic despatches. At all events however, the work of many years of toil and sacrifice was wofully threatened with utter destruction.

The American Consul-General of Egypt properly has used his diplomatic influence with the Egyptian Government in behalf of his persecuted countrymen, and, if the Cairo dispatch can be relied upon, his efforts have finally been crowned with success. At least, it is stated the Viceroy of Egypt has repealed the decree of banishment against the Copts who had joined the American missions. Thus the cause of religious toleration has gained a new triumph in the East. In Western Europe public opinion is almost everywhere overwhelmingly in favor of introducing full liberty of religious worship; but in the East, the progress has been less rapid. We have during the current year had new exhibitions of intolerance in Russia, in Roumania, in Constantinople, and elsewhere; but every where there are strong influences at work in favor of religious liberty, and the favorable issue in Egypt affords new hope that the progress towards religious liberty will be in the East as steady, if not as rapid as in the West.—*N. Y. Tribune of Nov. 19.*

We learn from the Gettysburg Star that previous to the late October election, the Democracy of this State "sounded" Major General Meade as their present for the Presidency. The politicians pressed the cause very plausibly and urged the General to become their candidate. He replied substantially that there were three difficulties in the way.

First—He preferred his present position—A Major General in the regular army.

Second—He had no taste for the duties of the Presidency.

Third—He called himself a Republican, and intended voting the Republican ticket at the October election.

The "republicans" were satisfied that nothing could be done, and left it up to their service. The hero of our great battle is faithful to the flag, and to the principles for which he has fought.

### A Nasby Version of the Scriptures.

Nasby, writing from his military and biblical instut in Kentucky, recounts the effect of the defeat of equal suffrage in Ohio:

"The Faculty of the Institut met next mornin' for the purpos av revisin' the Scriptures. It wuz decided that the word 'white' should be insercted wherever necessary, and that the addition only be yosod by the Democracy and Conservative Republicans. We made progress, the 'fuller'n' bein' a few uv the changes:

"So God creatid a white man in his own image."

"Whoever, therefore, shall confess me before white men," &c.

"Suffer little white children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Which last is comfortin', ez it shows that the distinction is kept up through all eternity. I give these merely as samples. We shall have it finish in a few days, and if funds can be raised, shud publish it. Such a vershun of the Scriptures is needed.

A J. last week spoke a piece. The country will be rejoiced to know that he thanked God—that he relied upon the people—that he has no idea of 'going back' upon the Constitution—that the real of despotism will be broken, the armed heel of power lifted from the necks of the people, and so on. The speech is remarkable for not aving around the circle and for the absence of any allusion to the fact that his Excellency was formerly Mayor of his native village—and that now he has reached the light of his ambition. Andy is in better hands now than when he went to Chicago.—*N. Y. Tribune of Nov. 14.*

As 'improved nursing apparatus' is advertised. We don't believe the old way can be improved very much. There are some things that are about complete at the beginning.

As a funeral party in Houston was bearing a victim of yellow fever to his grave the supposed corpse kicked off the cover of his coffin and indignantly insisted that the pall-bearers should carry him back. It is now recovering.