

Beaver Radical



PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. TERMS - TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME V.

BEAVER, PENN'A. FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

NUMBER 25

Railroads.

PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE AND CLEVELAND RAILWAY.—On and after May 23, 1873, trains will leave as follows:			
TRAINS GOING WEST.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
7:45 AM	9:00 AM	9:10 AM	1:30 PM
10:30 AM	11:00 AM	1:10 PM	5:25 PM
6:51 AM	10:01 AM	3:07 PM	7:06 PM
8:55 AM	3:19 PM	5:09 PM	8:40 PM
10:30 AM	4:01 PM	5:40 PM	9:40 PM
12:45 PM	5:55 AM	6:09 PM	9:55 PM
1:05 PM	7:41 PM	7:55 PM	11:15 PM
2:45 PM	9:01 PM	9:15 PM	12:15 AM
4:15 PM	3:35 PM	2:55 PM	5:05 PM
5:45 PM	6:50 PM	6:50 PM	8:30 PM

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
7:45 AM	9:00 AM	9:10 AM	1:30 PM
10:30 AM	11:00 AM	1:10 PM	5:25 PM
6:51 AM	10:01 AM	3:07 PM	7:06 PM
8:55 AM	3:19 PM	5:09 PM	8:40 PM
10:30 AM	4:01 PM	5:40 PM	9:40 PM
12:45 PM	5:55 AM	6:09 PM	9:55 PM
1:05 PM	7:41 PM	7:55 PM	11:15 PM
2:45 PM	9:01 PM	9:15 PM	12:15 AM
4:15 PM	3:35 PM	2:55 PM	5:05 PM
5:45 PM	6:50 PM	6:50 PM	8:30 PM

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH R. R.			
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.—MAIN LINE.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
8:30 AM	11:55 PM	4:00 PM	ACCOM.
10:15 AM	3:38 PM	5:53 PM	
11:30 AM	4:13 PM	6:40 PM	
1:05 PM	6:00 PM		
3:40 PM	8:30 PM		

TRAINS GOING NORTH.—MAIN LINE.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
8:30 AM	11:55 PM	4:00 PM	ACCOM.
10:15 AM	3:38 PM	5:53 PM	
11:30 AM	4:13 PM	6:40 PM	
1:05 PM	6:00 PM		
3:40 PM	8:30 PM		

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
8:30 AM	11:55 PM	4:00 PM	ACCOM.
10:15 AM	3:38 PM	5:53 PM	
11:30 AM	4:13 PM	6:40 PM	
1:05 PM	6:00 PM		
3:40 PM	8:30 PM		

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
8:30 AM	11:55 PM	4:00 PM	ACCOM.
10:15 AM	3:38 PM	5:53 PM	
11:30 AM	4:13 PM	6:40 PM	
1:05 PM	6:00 PM		
3:40 PM	8:30 PM		

VALLEY RAILROAD.			
EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
8:30 AM	11:55 PM	4:00 PM	ACCOM.
10:15 AM	3:38 PM	5:53 PM	
11:30 AM	4:13 PM	6:40 PM	
1:05 PM	6:00 PM		
3:40 PM	8:30 PM		

The Beaver Radical.

The *Beaver Radical* is published every Friday morning at the following rates:
 ONE YEAR (payable in advance).....\$2.00
 SIX MONTHS.....1.00
 THREE.....50
 SINGLE COPIES.....50

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription at the option of the publisher, unless otherwise agreed upon.
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 Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices charged as advertisements, and payable in advance.
 Local news and matters of general interest communicated by any correspondent, with real name disclosed to the publisher, will be thankfully received. Local news solicited from every part of the county.
 Publication Office: In The Radical Building, Corner Diamond, Beaver, Pa.
 All communications and business letters should be addressed to SMITH CURTIS, Beaver, Pa.

FROM WASHINGTON.

General Davis a good Soldier but bad Lawyer—The Disposition of the Modocs—Conventions—The Irish American Convention—The National, Mechanics' and Workmen's Council—The Enterprise of News Correspondents.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, 1873.
 That General Jefferson C. Davis has shown himself an able soldier by the manner in which he has conducted the campaign against the hostile Indians in Oregon will probably be admitted by all. That he has shown himself to be as familiar with questions of law as with questions of military strategy is not so evident. In fact, the exact reverse of this is true. There is no law, written or unwritten, State or National, civil or military, that can by any construction, strict or liberal, authorize him to proceed with the execution of prisoners in his hands without first giving them a fair and impartial trial. His intended action in the case of the Modocs whom he proposed to execute summarily was the direct opposite of all law, contrary to the spirit of the institutions of the land and of the age.

Under the heat and excitement consequent upon the atrocities of this band of outlaws a large proportion of the people would have been disposed to justify him for taking the law into his own hands, but had he carried out his intentions we would, some time in the future, look back to that occurrence as a national disgrace, comparable only with the action of the British authorities in their treatment of the Sepoys. General Davis will himself have cause to thank the Secretary of War for the timely telegraphic order which stayed his hand from the execution of this bloody deed.

When the news first reached here that General Davis had contemplated the summary punishment of Captain Jack and a dozen or so of his confederates without even the form of a trial, it was disbelieved in official circles. Both Secretary Belknap and General Sherman avowed their disbelief of its correctness. They said that should General Davis do such a thing he would clearly exceed his authority and lay himself liable to court-martial.

Certain newspaper reports have represented that there is a disposition on the part of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and others connected with the administration to shelter Captain Jack and his band from the proper punishment of their crimes. It such a feeling exists here, I have been unable to discover it. On the contrary, such an intention is distinctly disavowed by Commissioner Smith, Secretary Delano and all other prominent officials whose sentiments I have been able to learn. They express themselves as surprised that such reports should have ever been put in circulation, as no act or word of theirs has afforded any grounds therefor. They are desirous that they should be punished according to the nature of their crimes. I have yet to hear the first person, of high or low degree, express any wish that the government should deal leniently with Captain Jack. But to say that he should have a fair trial is not to incur the reproach of attempting to shield a criminal. As General Sherman has so aptly expressed it, "We all know they are murderers; the President himself says they are murderers, and had General Davis

shot them while they were being pursued he would not have exceeded his duty. He did not do this, and could not afterward shoot them in cold blood." This is certainly the age of conventions. We have our political conventions, church conventions, temperance conventions, Sunday school conventions, woman's rights conventions, peace conventions, editorial conventions, agricultural conventions, conventions of merchants, railroad directors and master mechanics, cheap transportation conventions, Congressional conventions, and what not? It is one of the inalienable rights of our people to convene. To deny them the right to convene would be to destroy their liberties. Let them convene.

Two conventions which come off in Ohio during the coming July deserve a notice. One is a convention of Irish-Americans. The purpose of this convention is the formation of a permanent Irish-American society of a semi-political character, a sort of political brotherhood. The members are to be pledged to support Irishmen for office in preference to native Americans or persons of any other nationality. This is to be a sort of Know-Nothing party with the condition of things reversed. Instead of being an association in opposition to foreigners this is to be in opposition to natives. But this movement is not likely to be a success. The Irish are not strong enough to get up an anti-American sentiment here. They will not be such fools as to court a conflict between themselves and the native-born. Already many of the prominent Irishmen are opposing it and it is sure to come to naught. But it will make a matter to be talked about for a week or two.

Another convention having a better purpose but with, perhaps, no better prospects of accomplishing any effectual result is that called by the "National Mechanics' and Workmen's Council," an organization having its headquarters in this city. This council has issued an invitation to all anti-monopoly associations to send *bona fide* delegates to a convention to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th of next month. The call is intended to include every species of trade organization as well as the Patrons of Husbandry, but there is very little probability of a coalition of the farmers and the trades-unionists. Among the agriculturalists there is a spirit of opposition to trades-unionism, and it is scarcely probable that the members of the Farmers' Granges will admit that their organization is based upon exactly the same principle that underlies all trades-unions, to wit: opposition to the exactions of monopolies. But such is the fact and if this could be generally understood the Cleveland convention would likely contain the elements of which to form a gigantic opposition to all railroad and other monopolies. At a meeting of the council the other day a committee was appointed to draft an address for general circulation setting forth the purposes for which the convention has been called. It will be ready a few days.

One who has had no experience in such things can form but little idea of the rivalry between the correspondents of this city representing the various public journals in every part of the country. Of course each one is desirous of getting up a reputation for enterprise. Some correspondents are very exclusive and uncommunicative; if they get a choice bit of news they keep it as quiet as possible in order to excite the envy of all the rest of the fraternity. Others form cliques, or rings, and meet daily, sometimes hourly, for the purpose of exchanging items. But whatever method be adopted the aim in all cases is the same, to wit: the greatest exhibition of enterprise.

Ordinarily there is a wide difference between the correspondent of the daily and the representative of the weekly journal. The special hobby of the daily correspondent is getting the very latest news. The representative of the weekly, though he does not underrate the feature of lateness, sets his mind more specially on the discovery of the significance of events, and is generally more particular about the reliability of his information. He has a very good reason for this, too. The daily letter writer can correct his mistakes within twenty-four hours; the weekly correspondent has to wait longer.

As an instance of the manner in which such things are done, the humble individual who writes you, dear reader, the letters you find every week in the columns of the *Radical* would beg your indulgence while he relates a brief chapter of his own recent experience. The rescued survivors of the *Polaris* have been the sensation in this city for the past eight or ten days. As the whole nation is inter-

ested in this expedition there has been a great deal of competition in getting the news on this subject. Not wishing to be behind hand I have been trying by every honorable means to learn what I could concerning the evidence given before Secretary Robeson in the investigation concluded a few days since. The investigation was conducted in secret and it was no easy task to find out what the testimony had been. By such means as I had at my disposal I went to my work, but with all my endeavor I could obtain nothing that I deemed reliable. Rumors were plenty, but none were satisfactory. Despite my efforts I failed to gather any information that I thought worthy of going into type. Each day, however, I battled myself with the reflection that I was as well off as anybody else, but each succeeding day I was disappointed in running over the columns of the various papers to find that almost every Washington correspondent had found out something about the *Polaris* matter. I was disgraced and mortified to think I had been so outdone, and each day set about with redoubled energy to catch up. Then I began to think some one had the inside track; that these other gentlemen had facilities for gathering information that I had not. I wondered if they had by some secret charm worked themselves into the confidence of the officials at the department. I wondered if they had not bribed some subordinates in the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

And now, dear reader, if I have your sympathy in this my great tribulation, I know you will have charity enough to pass by my weakness when I inform you that I was actually glad, I was pleased, when I found out that they knew no more about this matter than I did. It did me good to see the report of one day denied in the letter written the next. All this semi-official information that had been sent out to the press had been nothing but mere guesses. And now that it is all over, I am glad to say, I am glad I did fail. I was glad to be an hour or so behind with my news than to be compelled to unsay in one letter what I had written in a previous one.

The evidence taken in this investigation is not yet known to anybody except the witnesses and the gentlemen who heard it. It is still kept secret, and from this fact more than anything else I am led to infer that it is important. It is rapidly being prepared for publication and a portion of it has been sent to the government printer. When it is made public it may not differ from the reports first given in the newspapers, except that it is sure to be more full and complete.

OLDOM.

MR. EDITOR: It has been my good fortune to pay a flying visit to the great oil field of Butler county. Entering it at Millerstown one is agreeably surprised to see the quaint old town rearing its golden crest above the wrecks of time. A few short years ago one would have been very loth to have given twenty-five dollars for the best location that the town afforded; now corner lots are commanding the fabulous price of seven dollars per square foot, although it is but a short time since "dad struck oil" in that vicinity. The old town has swelled to double its former dimensions. Taking the road from Millerstown to Buena Vista, one must pass through Iron City. Oh, what a city! Now as everything in oldom partakes of the nature of "uncomb," the consequential inclination to puff must be allowed a due amount of latitude; wherefore, you must not look for towns anywhere on the occult oil belt, they are all cities, and Iron City, being no town, but a city, can boast of two houses and three oil rigs, with a host of derricks looming up in the distance. Although this is oldom you do not strike the oil fields proper until you arrive at the McClelland farm. There you find derricks to the right of you, derricks to the left of you, derricks in front of you, derricks all around you, derricks near you, and derricks as far off as you can point your finger. Near by stands the great Frontman well, spouting out its greasy stuff at the rate of six hundred barrels per day. The word has gone forth somehow or other that this well produces twelve hundred barrels of oil per day. Now if anybody tells you this don't believe it, for I have it from the gentleman who gauges this well for the Cleveland Pipe Line, that she caps the climax when she reaches six hundred barrels. Leaving the McClelland farm we proceed directly to Greece City (C), and the first thing that strikes a stranger as being queer on entering the city from this side is a sign over a grocery store, and he stops to ask himself the question "where am I?" for

before his face he sees that sign bearing in flaming letters the words "Goshen City Store." He will probably say, "is it possible that I have got into the land of Goshen? Now to set his mind at rest, as well as to enlighten the incredulous public, it will be my duty to stop in this place and make an explanation. When the city was yet in its infancy (it is now ten months old), the early settlers were not certain as to whether they, in drilling, would strike buckwheat batter, grease, or old cheese; they were about equally divided on grease and cheese; the buckwheat batter faction, being greatly in the minority, had to yield to the pressure, and not being of Welsh extraction, they naturally joined issue with the grease men against the cheese faction, who threw up the sponge, except one wily chieftan, who still sticks to his Goshen idea, with the expectation that sometime during the next decade there will be a large emigration from the land of Wales, when he will be enabled to turn the tide in his favor, and have the place named "Goshen City, thereby saving the expense of getting a new sign painted. If you wish to draw a map of Greece City all you have to do is to take up a handful of mud and throw it against the side of a barn, and then you have it. It is truly wonderful to see that city of railroad shanties built up like the mushroom springs out of the ground seemingly, almost, as if by magic. It boasts already of its banking houses, its stores, its hotels, its law offices, its banquets, and its gambling halls. In its onward rush it has not left the printing press behind. No, indeed, it sports a semi-monthly paper called the *Greece City Review*. If you have not got it amongst your exchanges why get it, that's all.

Where Greece City now stands about ten months ago was an almost impenetrable glade. Some uninitiated reader may be ready to ask, what is a glade? I will try to give some faint idea of it. Glades are small bushes, apparently a cross between a stock of buckwheat and a whole-blebbery bush, and standing so closely together for miles around that if a rabbit attempts to run through them he is sure to leave his skin hanging on the branches behind him, and he is lucky if he comes out with his toe nails all left on. The people of Greece City, unlike other places, move into their houses before they have them built, and this is the way they do it. They first build the foundation. That is done by taking a sharp pointed stick, and making a mark on the ground in the shape of a hollow square, then they pile up their household goods in the center and go to weatherboarding up and down, as it is called, and when the house is weather-boarded and the roof is on, their transient home is completed. Everything about the place bears the air of Paddy catching the bumble bee, only an experiment. A lighted match thrown carelessly upon the ground might cause the city to be wiped out in one general conflagration. Maint street, in Greece City, is so crooked and narrow that during the muddy season, when a team stuck fast in it, the rest in their bustle and hurry to get along, just drove on over top, and when Sunday came they all turned in and helped to dig it out, and very often they would strike oil before the wagon was extracted.

Greece City is a lively place. All is hurry and bustle, and everybody seems to be after something, but the general rush appears to be after either oil or whisky. It is quite a difficult matter to tell from appearance which is the oil contractor or the day laborer, as all alike look saucy fat and greasy, but as a general thing you can pretty nearly always tell which is the worthless cuss, who does nothing and sponges his board, by his hair being parted in the middle and his incessant whipping of his boots with a rattan walking stick. There is undoubtedly a mine of wealth just opening up for Butler county. Although her day of prosperity was long a coming, it appears now to be rolling in like an irresistible avalanche. Her best resources for wealth, like the Irishman's good friends, seem to be all under the ground. But the energy and the will are here to bring it up, and up it must come.

The *Kittanning Free Press* says: The Republican county nominations, we are gratified to learn, give entire satisfaction throughout the county, and a hearty and united support will be given the whole ticket. With the proper organization it will make a clean sweep of the track in October, and be triumphantly elected by a large majority.

H. A. Sturgeon, cashier of the Harrisburg State Bank, is said to be a candidate for State Treasurer.

Five hotels flourish in Warren.

OVER THE SEA BY BALLOON.

The proposition by a Philadelphia aeronaut, "Prof." Wise, to cross the Atlantic by balloon in three days, recalls the once famous but now forgotten balloon hoax of Edgar A. Poe. Thirty years ago it was published in the *New York Sun*, and for a few hours set the whole town agog with wonder and delight. In those days the electric telegraph had hardly ceased to seem as impossible as such an air ship still seems. And by fixing the point of landing of his fictitious balloon at Charleston, Poe gained the interval between two mails for the undisturbed enjoyment of his deception. The hoax is worth recalling, not only for the intrinsic interest which such speculations must always have, but because of certain analogies with the scheme now proposed, which suggest either a curious degree of foresight on the one hand or some indebtedness of the other.

In Poe's narrative the great achievement is the result of happy accident, not of design. A party of English aeronauts, setting out from a point in North Wales on Saturday afternoon to cross the British Channel, are borne rapidly out to sea, and making a virtue of necessity, conceive the bold project of attempting to reach America. The party was supposed to consist of two professional aeronauts, Monck Mason and Robert Holland; Mr. Hewson, the projector of the unsuccessful flying-machine; Sir Eversald Bringhurst, Mr. Osborne, a nephew of Lord Bentinck; Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, and two sailors. Besides these eight persons, weighing in the aggregate 1,200 pounds, the car holds provisions for a fortnight, water casks, cloaks, carpet-bags, barometers, telescopes, &c., and ballast up to 2,800 pounds, the carrying capacity of the balloon. Among other articles is a machine "contrived for warming coffee by means of slack lime, so as to dispense with fire." The balloon itself holds 40,000 cubic feet of cool gas, and is provided with a marvelous steering and propelling apparatus of screws and springs and rudders, which the aeronaut of the present would dismiss with calm derision, but which to the simple folk of those days was a miracle of ingenuity. After various adventures duly detailed in journals kept by Mason and Ainsworth, the balloon lands on Tuesday morning, at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, making seventy-five hours from shore to shore.

Should Prof. Wise's hopes be realized, this invention of Poe's will read like a prophecy—not the first time either that his restless imagination anticipated some of the most extraordinary triumphs of modern progress. In a paper written about the same time, call it *Melenta Tautu*, and purporting to be the journal of another balloon voyage, a pleasure excursion, this time in the year 1843 of the present era, he clearly hints at the two greatest achievements of the nineteenth century, the Atlantic Cable and the Pacific Railroad. His ocean wires, to be sure, are carried above water on gigantic floats, and his continental trains travel at the rate of 300 miles an hour, "while the passengers dret, feast, and dance in the magnificent saloons" of the yet undreamt-of Pullman cars. Yet nothing gives so vivid an idea of the real magnitude of these two enterprises as Poe's wild, vague guesses at the truth that was to be, and remembrance of the good-natured contempt which a hardly a quarter of a century ago met soberer aspirations in the same direction. The romances of yesterday are the realities of to-day.

It is curious, too, to compare the crude notions of aeronautic possibilities prevalent in Poe's time with the practical experience of our own. Poe's balloon, with 40,000 feet of gas, and a carrying capacity of 2,500 pounds, is made to carry eight grown men. Prof. Wise thinks 325,000 feet of gas and a supporting power of 11,000 pounds little enough to carry two. On the other hand, the time specified and the lime-heating apparatus present quite as curious coincidences. If the parallel should be completed by a successful landing of the Philadelphia aeronaut on the other side, who shall limit the future of aerial voyaging, or gainsay that before long people will be going to Europe by balloon with at least as much speed, safety, and certainty as, let us say, in a Philadelphia steam-ship. A few years ago the latter mode of travel was ridiculed as wildly impracticable. Yet the *Pennsylvania* has actually struggled across the ocean with a few daring and devoted Pennsylvanians on board, getting there it is true, in a rather dilapidated condition, but still getting there. Let us not be too skeptical about Philadelphia enterprises.