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BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 40—No. 14,

Beaver, Wednesday, April 6, 1864.

Established 1818

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. Advertisements... 25 cents. A liberal discount made to steady advertisers...

OUR UNION

Dissolve the mighty Union! Go stop your rolling sun—Blot out the planets from their spheres...

Dissolve this happy Union! Command God to sleep, And cease the soas of freedom In bitterness to weep...

Dissolve this matchless Union! Oh! what a wicked thought! To blast this mighty structure That was so dearly bought...

Dissolve this wide-spread Union! Her mountains on you frown; Volcanoes in their fury rise In floods, to sweep you down...

Great Outrage

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, with the army of the Cumberland, narrates the following incident:

A certain wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish, was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp...

Human nature could not stand that the prisoner was cuffed, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out: "Simbo!"

"Well, massa," "Said for the Colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand guard over me; it's an outrage; no gentleman would submit to it."

"Laughing in his sleeve, the dark faced soldier promptly called out 'corp's guard!'" "That dignity appeared, and presently the colonel followed."

After listening to the southerner's impassioned harangue, which was full of invectives, the colonel turned to the negro with: "Sam!" "Yes, colonel!" "You know this gentleman, do you?"

"Ob course, he's massa B., and has big plantation in Alabama." "Well, Sam, just take care of him to-night," and the officer walked away.

As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument: "Listen, Sambo!" "You bush, dar; it's dese gone talkin' to you now. Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command...

"Quilt" is a great admirer of children and says he likes the crying ones best! A matron, with a baby in her arms, smiled at his odd fancy and asked him the reason of it. "Why, you see, madam," said Quilt, "I have observed that in well ordered families as soon as a child cries, they carry it out of the room."

Official Report of the Examination of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, Va. who was Recently Enslaved by Order of Gen. Butler.

It has already been announced that General Butler has sent the Rev. Jas. D. Armstrong, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., to work upon the fortifications at Hatteras as a punishment for disloyal practices. The following is the official report of the examination of this disloyal clergyman:

Question. Do you call yourself a loyal man in letter and spirit to-day? Answer. I prefer not answering.

Q. What is the name of that gentleman who had taken the oath, and while coming out of the Custom House with you, made the remark that he "would like to spit upon Northern Yankees," or something to that effect? A. I prefer not answering.

Q. Have you ever in your pulpit alluded favorably to the Southern cause? A. I preached a sermon on the recommendation of the Southern Congress.

Q. Did you object at that time to doing so? A. No, sir. Q. Have you since the commencement of the war preached in your pulpit a sermon favorable to the Union cause, or that would please the loyal and displease the disloyal? A. No, sir.

Q. Where were you born? A. In New Jersey. I came to Virginia when about nineteen years old.

Q. Have you determined in your mind not to pray for or allude to the President of the United States, the Antislavery, the armies and navies thereof, that they may be successful in all their efforts to put down this wicked rebellion? A. I have.

Q. Do you think this a wicked rebellion? A. No, sir. Q. Have you, since the commencement of the war, opened your Church on any fast or Thanksgiving day recommended by the President of the United States? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ever open your Church on Jeff. Davis' recommendation? A. There has been meeting for prayer. Q. Should the President of the United States, within a short time, recommend a day of thanksgiving or fast, with a view that Christians would unite in prayer for the overthrow of all rebels in arms against the Government of the United States, would you willingly open your Church and take charge of such meeting to that end? A. I should not.

Q. Do you look upon slavery as a divine institution? A. I look upon it as allowable. Q. Did you look upon the hanging of John Brown as just and right? A. I did.

Q. Would you look upon the hanging of any of the prominent rebels, Jeff. Davis, for instance—as just and right? A. I should not. Q. Are you religiously and morally opposed to capital punishment. A. I am not.

Q. Do you look upon Jeff. Davis or any of his confederates as deserving any severe punishment for their public acts against the Government since the commencement of the war? A. I do not.

Q. Do you sympathize with the Union cause or with the Confederate? A. With the Confederate. Q. Do you look upon Jeff. Davis, Wigfall, J. M. Mason, and their former colleagues in the United States Congress just preceding the year 1860, as perjured men, and deserving a traitor's reputation for all time, until they show works moot for repentance? A. I do not.

Q. Did or do you now regret the Federal loss at Smithfield a few weeks since? A. I prefer not answering. Q. Do you think the attack on Fort Sumter by the rebels justifiable? A. I prefer not answering.

Q. Do you think the South justifiable in ever firing on the old flag? A. I do. Q. Should you know of any blockade runners or secret mail carriers to or from the rebels would you give immediate information thereof to our authorities that they might be detected and punished as traitors deserve? A. I would not have anything to do with it.

At a dancing match at Chicago lead recently a buxom Dutch girl danced nice hours in succession, when her partner acknowledged himself fairly beaten and very tired. The dame then took six glasses lager and quietly went to breakfast.

Terrible Calamity at Sheffield, England.

The London papers of March 16th give detailed accounts of the fearful calamity at Sheffield, England, briefly noted in the foreign summary in yesterday's paper. On Saturday, March 12, the reservoir of the water-works at Sheffield, covering seventy-six acres, and containing over a million cubic feet of water, suddenly burst its boundaries, overflowing the adjacent country, and causing great destruction of life and property. It is estimated that more than two hundred persons were drowned in the rush of the waters.

The London Times says: "Many months must elapse before the buildings are restored, and years must go by before the face of the country can wear the aspect of verdure and careful cultivation which it bore on Friday night. The river, though fallen, is far from being as low as it generally is at this time of the year, and every furlong of the stream's banks exhibits almost innumerable traces of the inundation—such as trees, balks, and beams of timber, firmly embedded in its bed. The open land in this neighborhood is still mostly under water, and as that drains off a number of bodies will, it is feared, be exposed to view. The large hollows which abound are filled up by the hundreds of cartloads of mud which are deposited in them. The great manufacturers are busily engaged cleaning out their warehouses and polishing their machinery, which had become rusty by the water. Round Neepsend and by Hillsborough and Qwerton road, where the great mischief fell, the inhabitants of the houses are busily engaged pumping the water out of their cellars. Wallers and masons are engaged in rebuilding, wherever practicable, the walls that have been washed down. Further down, in the gardens opposite, at the other side of the river, a very painful incident occurred. Two of three men were engaged in removing the rubbish of one of the small, inhabited garden-houses. Near them stood a young woman, with two children clinging to her dress, the only ones saved from the wreck of their cottage. The rubbish had almost been cleared away when the leg of a human being was exposed to view. Brick after brick was removed, until the poor woman recognized the remains of her husband. A little above where this incident occurred, the corpse of a child was brought out of the mud in an open space near the old Brewery. About twenty yards from this the body of a man was also found.

"In the Kelham rolling mills" the escape of the workmen was very narrow indeed. The first alarm was given by a man who had been asleep at the bottom end of the mill, and who was awoke by the rushing in of the waters. He hastened to where his fellow-workmen were getting dinner—these men being what are called the night shift—and gave them warning. Fortunately, the gates of the yard were closed, and the men had no means of getting out by these means. Had they done so they would inevitably have been swept away by the tide which passed in front of the buildings. They climbed on the roof, and as has already been told, contrived, in their extreme eagerness to escape, to set it on fire doing so. But the more remarkable circumstance remains to be told. The man who gave the alarm, and who was the means of saving the lives of so many of his fellow workmen lost his father, mother, wife and two children, who lived at Malin Bridge; and his own bedstead, with other of his furniture, floated into the mills where he, with others, was a prisoner—a distance of not less than two and a half miles. In another part of Kellam Island a man and his wife, who occupied a small cottage, on hearing the noise of the waters went out to save their pig. Both were swept away by the torrent, and the pig as well.

An Irish officer upon seeing a beautiful picture sketched upon a wall in America, exclaimed: "It's a fine painting, but it was never done in America."

"Oh, sir," says his friend, "don't you see it is on a solid wall, and therefore must have been done in this country?" "Ah," replied he, "I see that plain enough, but I only mean that the man who did it was never in America."

The Speaker's Page.

No one, this, has been accustomed to attend the sessions of Congress for the past fifteen years, failed to notice at the opening of the session, a tall, slim, pale-faced, book-looking, lady, who gradually grew into manhood, and still retained the position and title, which was "The Speaker's page." No man of that party was in power in Congress. Thad. Morris was retained. Every one who spoke found him an almost indispensable assistant. Standing just at the Speaker's elbow, with his arm leaning upon the desk and his chin resting upon his hand, which was between the Speaker and the audience, and that attitude of whispering to the speaker, the faithful Thaddeus has had, during many sessions of Congress, the prompter of Boyd, Orr, Banks, Pennington, Grow, and Colfax. It is said he knew more of parliamentary law than any man in America. And he knew every man in all these Congresses; it was his special business to know them. No Speaker could get along with such an assistant, at first.

When Pennington was Speaker, a good portion of all the words he uttered were literally put into his ear by Thad. He did not know one-quarter of the members even by sight, and was sadly deficient in parliamentary law. When any member arose, he would say, "The gentleman from"—generally without the least idea what State he was to name, but so prompt was Thad to give, and so unobtrusive in doing so, that not one in a hundred who was not acquainted with the process, would imagine that Pennington knew all the members. And many and many a time the old man would commence his statement of a question, not knowing how he was to finish his sentence, which was furnished and finished by the faithful parliamentarian at his elbow. No Speaker that ever presided over the House was so well acquainted with the services that Thad rendered to the Speaker as Schuyler Colfax.

Speaker Colfax was elected by an American House of Representatives, yet Mr. Colfax cannot fail to miss greatly the "Speaker's page," and many old members, amid the bustle and hurry of legislative affairs, will find time to indulge in a retrospective glance at the services, and pay a tribute to the memory of the ever faithful Thaddeus Morris, whose prompt and timely useful words will never be whispered again into the ear of another Speaker.

Sound Words by a Kentuckian.

A dispatch from Lexington, Ky., of the 23th ult., says: The patriotic citizens of this vicinity filled the Court House to its full capacity, this evening, to listen to an address on the War, and the relation of Kentucky to it, by Hon. Green Clay Smith. After tracing the early history of secession in the States, and the fictitious pleas of peace uttered by the Secessionists of Kentucky, he passed to the duty of her loyal citizens under the present exigency. He had pledged himself to vote men and money to put down the rebellion. Unlike his opponent, he had kept his pledge as a necessary means to prosecute the war. The conscript law had been passed by Congress. He had voted for the amendment to pay loyal owners for their slaves who were conscripted. The negro was to be better worth saving from the rebel bullet than a white man. A negro could dig ditches or drive teams as well as his son or brother, drafted to do the servile work of the army. Not less than 150,000 negroes were even now employed by the Government for army purposes, as laborers or soldiers. If the negro is too good for such work, then 150,000 white men must be drafted to fill their places. He uttered a withering denunciation of the Congressmen from Kentucky, who had condemned the peace party of the North when candidates, and now sought to transfer the loyal party of Kentucky bodily to that detestable clique. His defense of his votes in Congress was complete, and called forth the most hearty indorsement of the audience. In reference to the Presidential election he stated that he did not know who the Union candidate would be, but he would be elected. He should attend the Baltimore Convention himself, and would stand by its nominee.

How ever many counsellors thou mayest have, yet forsake not the counsel of thine own soul.

"Firing the Southern Heart"

If the Southern heart is not fired it will not be for want of combustible materials furnished by the Southern press. For instance, we pick the following fire-brand from the Richmond Whig: "We may not be able to send a raiding party to dash into Philadelphia or New York to do the work; nor have we artillery that will carry Greek fire far enough to reach them; but we have that which will further than horsemen can ride, and will penetrate what the mightiest artillery would make no impression on—we have money. A million dollars would lay in ashes New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and all the great cities, and the men to do the work may be picked up by the thousands in the streets of these very cities. If it should be thought unwise to use them, there are daring men in Canada, of Morgan's and other commands, who have escaped from Yankee dungeons, and who would rejoice at an opportunity of doing something that would make 'Thanksgod how' with anguish and consternation."

A man furnished fellow in the Southern States, tells of a baker whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees, but beautifully less," who, when going his rounds to serve customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you not make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."

My friend called my attention to this remarkable psychological fact, namely, There is no such thing as a female punster. This remark struck me forcibly, and on reflection, I found that I never knew or heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun; as I have known a hen to crow.—Holmes.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband a dispirited spendthrift, on his bad conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only the prodigal son, I shall return by and by."

"And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and off she went.

To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to a knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," replied he, "I did that myself at once."

An old lady who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible. "For," says she, "what becomes of the people in the moon when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

"Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculation?" said a friend to his companion. "Clear!" answered Bob, with a frown; "Why, I've cleared my pockets."

"Have the jury agreed?" asked a judge of a Court attaché, whom he met upon the stairs, with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick; "they have agreed to send out for a half gallon!"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder! Why they might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat!"

A poor wit was told that his jokes had furnished daily food for conversation. "Then," said he, "conversation has thriven better on them than I have."

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

Why a Southern Born Man is Anti-slavery

There was an immense Union war meeting at Bryan Hall, Chicago, on Thursday evening, the 17th ult., at which Gov. Yates of Illinois, was the principal speaker. In the course of his remarks he said: "I am anti-slavery, not because I was born in New England, and have my prejudices against the Southern people, but because I was born in the South; there center all the memories of my youth—there is the home of my kindred, and I believe that the warm genial pulsations of humanity flow in as deep currents through Southern veins as in any people beneath the sun—but slavery has been the canker of the South to eat out both its substance and its manhood, and to subject it to a boastful, insulting, arrogant, treasantry, which from the habit of tyrannizing over the poor slave, has become too pompous and arrogant to submit to the rightful authority of good government and laws. Slavery, not only oppressed the African race, sandered husband from wife, father from son, exacting service without remuneration, but degraded the poor white man, deprived him of his rights, reduced the wages of his labor, divided the land into large plantations, so that the white population was sparse, and schools few and remote. It stood as a perpetual living wall, a black and ghastly specter to roll back the tide of emigration which was pouring from Europe and New England, and which sought the prairies and woods of the Northwest, and which under the genius and life-giving energy of free labor and free institutions has marched forward with stalwart giant tread to wealth and power, while the South, with its fertile soil and genial sky has drooped and withered beneath the curse of slavery. It is for the South, as well as for the welfare of the country, that I wish to see slavery extinguished. Small farms, free labor, free schools, a free Press and open Bibles, free institutions will make the South bloom and blossom as the rose. [Loud cheers.] Whenever self-poised and conscious of her moral status and power—when every man can lift up to God unfeathered limbs and soul—then the South will start with a bound; emigration will swell, and art and enterprise will seek her sunny hills and vales; and these shall be the Lookout Mountains upon their altitudes, and a race of unending progress to wealth, power and renown. [Lengthened applause.]

Grant and Bragg.

The New York Times institutes a comparison between the respective Commanding Generals, Grant and Bragg: Bragg's name is synonymous with disaster—Grant's with victory. The Richmond Examiner says that Bragg's "career has been a long, unvaried and complete failure," the very reverse of which statement would be nearly the truth concerning Grant. Bragg's first undertaking of importance resulting in his failure at Pensacola; Grant's first large action was his triumph at Donelson. Bragg's last battle was at Chattanooga, where his whole army was routed by Grant. Against Grant's Vicksburg, we have Bragg's Murfreesboro; against Grant's Champion Hills we have Bragg's Perryville. Grant flanked the rebels at Bowling Green and Columbus, and Bragg got flanked at Tullahoma and Shelbyville. Grant began operations at Cairo, and the sweep of his successive victories, as he marched onward, extended a thousand miles. Bragg once had his army on the Ohio, and his successive retreats from there covered several hundred miles. So we might go on, contrasting in still other respects the history of the two Generals, who are now the ranking officers of the two armies.

A Bit of Advice to Boys.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, generous and magnanimous—If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a butchy one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are to great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

A Louisiana Unionist.

A Louisiana Unionist, who enlisted in the 12th Connecticut regiment, and came with it on the recent Vicksburg, recently said: "Since I came here I have heard more treasonable talk and read more treasonable articles than I did for months in the South among Southern men before I left there. The Union men of the South didn't permit such talk within Union lines."

Communities prosper and flourish, droop and decline, in just the degree they practice or neglect to practice the primary duties of justice and humanity.

Gen. Grant and the Ladies.

A few evenings ago, the ladies of Washington, partaking of the anti-slavery of the day, congregated in the parlors at Willard's, and signified by a messenger to General Grant, who was a guest of the house, that they desired an interview with him. The General came down from his quarters, and a very pleasant levee was held by him. Many of the ladies succeeded in getting the General's autograph an object which was eagerly sought for. In the course of the interview, an elderly lady applied to the General for an autograph in behalf of a handsome mother of six children who was present, but when his sharp military eye fell upon the applicant, he immediately stipulated that she should make the request in person. She did so, and received the coveted bit of hand-writing.

At another interview, a lady who had just returned from the front, was relating in high glee the festive scenes they had enjoyed during the winter, in the army, expressing her regrets that the General himself had not been present to share them. He replied that if he had been there, such occurrence would never have taken place. Just then still another lady coaxingly inquired if she could not be allowed to go to the army, and witness some of the brilliant victories. "Yes, madam," replied Gen. Grant, "you may come down when Mrs. Grant comes."

Grant's First General Order.

General Grant's first General Order is as follows: "Notice to Employees in Military Rail Service.—The use of intoxicating liquor by any persons when on duty, in the military railway service is positively forbidden. All employees of the Government in this Department, detected in using liquors when on duty, carrying it with them on any military road, will be dismissed from the service."

THE WHEAT CRAB.—The editor of the Ohio Farmer, having just returned from a considerable circuit of travel in Eastern and Central Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, we have to report the wheat prospect as not very promising. Some, indeed many fields all along our route, but more particularly in Central Ohio and Western Pennsylvania look as if they would come out well, while many others show no signs of life at this time—Two or three weeks of sunshine will tell whether these fields are to go under entirely, or whether they will come to life again.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—More than 69,000 trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants were planted in New York Central Park last year.—The carriage drive now completed is about eight miles in length; bridges, roads, five miles, and walks twenty miles. Over 4,000,000 persons visited the park in 1863, and in one day over 8,000 carriages entered the drives.

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveler in the Highlands, as he entered a cabin on the road side. "I ain't got a drop, stranger," said the woman. "But a gentleman told me that you had a barrel." "Why, good gracious!" replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children when we are out of milk."

A young lad ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a oger in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" inquired his friend. "Oh," said he, "father and mother were so saucy that I couldn't stand it, so I quit them."

A Yankee who occupied a berth directly over a lawyer, began to grow restless. The lawyer, noticing that his restlessness increased, asked "I say, are you a fool?" "No, sir, I am above a fool!"

It is not generally known that the salary of the Governor-General of India, which is the highest in the gift of the British crown, is thirty thousand pounds sterling a year, (about \$150,000,) exclusive of allowances, which may be estimated at ten thousand pounds.

Rowland Hill said once to some people who had come into his chapel to avoid the rain. "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella."

Cultivate the mind; richly cultivated fields will follow as a consequence of intelligent labor. Respect and esteem, position and influence, will come in their places.

Health comes of itself, but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; disease from the artificial life of nature.

Santa Anna has, it is said, given in his adhesion to Maximilian and is going to Mexico to tell him so. The Duke will find him a nuisance.

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity, yet a greater one still is the good man who comes to relieve it.