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BEAVER ARGUS.



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[Communicated.]

Broom Corn and Its Culture.

This plant is said to be a native of India. The origin of broom corn, as a cultivated product of this country, is attributed to Dr. Franklin. He is said to have accidentally seen an imported whisk of corn in the possession of a lady of Philadelphia, and while examining it as a curiosity, saw a seed, which he planted, and from this small beginning has sprung the present product in the United States of this useful article. The soil best adapted to the cultivation of this plant, is a sandy soil or loam. The ground is ploughed and thoroughly harrowed immediately before planting. It is planted from the 15th of the 20th of May. The seed is planted by hand, in rows or drills, three feet apart from center to center of row. As soon as it is thoroughly above the ground, it is gone through with a harrow or cultivator to prevent the weeds from rising. In about ten days from this time, it is gone through with a cultivator and thinned to the proper thickness, which is from fifteen to twenty stalks to the square foot in the row, the thickness owing to the amount of vegetable matter contained in the soil. In ten days or two weeks after this, it is ploughed and holed, and again about the same length of time as last mentioned, it is again ploughed and holed, the furrows thrown to the row. It is then allowed to stand until it is ready to cut, which is done before the seed fully matures, and when the bush is green. When ready to cut, two rows are broken down crosswise together, about two feet from the ground, forming a table. The bush is cut off with five or six inches of stock, and spread on the table to cure. After it has lain twelve or fifteen hours in sunshine, it is gathered in a wagon and hauled to the barn. The seed is then taken off by a hackle or machine made for the purpose. It is then thrown, tops and stems, in a mow or shed, and after it is perfectly dry, is gathered, bound in bundles, and laid away, ready for market. The above theory is adopted by the writer, after considerable experience, and will undoubtedly prove successful in any ordinary season.

Knowing Too Much.

During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public post office at Washington. His name was G. He was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the highest officials, to whom his singular interference was distasteful.

Among other things, it is said of him, that while he was employed in the General Post office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter to Major H., a high official, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman of Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new Post Office. The writer of the letter said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into G's hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter.

"Why," replied G., "because I don't think the man would understand what you meant by proximity."

"Well," said Major H., "try him; put in the 'proximity' again."

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said:

"That his father has fought for liberty in the second war of Independence, and he should like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against them."

Death of John C. Rives.

John C. Rives, Esq., the proprietor of the Globe newspaper, and published of the debates in congress, died at his residence, near Bladensburg, in Prince George's county, Maryland, on Sunday morning, of rheumatic gout. He was a native of Kentucky, and was about sixty-nine years of age. Mr. Rives seemed to be for some time mindful of his approaching dissolution, and had accordingly placed his business in the hands of his son, and made preparations for his burial. Nevertheless he had regularly attended to business, and dined in the social circle of friends, indulging in his usual anecdote and humor. He had been a resident of that city most of the time for forty years; first as clerk in the fourth auditor's office of the Treasury Department, afterward as clerk for a short time in the office of Duff Green's United States Telegraph, and finally, by forming a connection with Mr. Blair, and founding the Globe, which for three Administrations, was so powerful a lever upon the public opinion of this country. After Mr. Ritchie purchased the Globe, and changed its title to the Union, Messrs. Blair of Rives re-established the Globe, principally for the publication of debates in Congress, and it is now held to be the official record of proceedings. Some three years since Mr. Rives bought out Mr. Blair's interest.

Mr. Rives, by industry, economy and good sense, and without parsimony or injustice to others, accumulated a large fortune. His place of business has for forty years been in Washington, but some twelve or fifteen years ago he built a commodious country residence just within the county of Prince George's, Maryland, on the turnpike between Washington and Bladensburg, and on the few acres which constitutes his farm he has been a successful cultivator on the soil.

Interesting Data of the Thirty-Eighth Congress.

In a late number of the Troy Daily Times, we find the following interesting data concerning the members of the present Congress from its Washington correspondents.

In our opinion—The best speaker on the Union side is Hon. William D. Kelley, Pennsylvania, on the Democratic side, Hon. D. W. Voorhees, Indiana.

The best parliamentarian, Union side, Hon. E. B. Washburne, Illinois; Democrat, Hon. S. S. Cox.

The readiest debater, Union, Hon. John A. Kasson, Iowa; Democrat, Hon. G. H. Pendleton, Ohio. In the last Congress, Hon. John A. Bingham, Ohio, C. L. Vallandigham, Canada.

The member with the best blood is Hon. John Low, Indiana, whose patriot grandfather was a member of the old Continental Congress, 1776. His maternal grandfather was a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, his father was a member of Congress during the war of 1812, and Mr. Low, the present representative, is now serving his second term.

The oldest congressman member is Hon. E. B. Washburne, Illinois, who has held his seat for eleven years. In the last Congress, was Hon. John S. Phelps, Missouri, who was a Colonel in the Union army, and had been in Congress for eighteen years.

The oldest man is Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania, who is almost 72 years old.

The youngest is Gen. James A. Garfield, who is only 32 years old. Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Minnesota, is just sixteen days older.

Hon. Walter D. McAdoo, Wisconsin, a very efficient gentleman, has only one hand.

The General of highest rank is Major-General Robert C. Schenck, whose commission dates August 30th, 1862. The other Gen. is Garfield, Ohio; Dumont, Indiana; Blair, Missouri.

The Colonels are Col. Green Clay Smith, Kentucky; Col. Amasa Cobb, Wisconsin; Col. Ephraim R. Eckley, Ohio; Col. Henry C. Demming, Connecticut; Col. Denning was Mayor for over two years, of New Orleans, under the reign of Gen. Butler. The other Colonels are Col. Robert B. Van Valkenburg, New York; Col. Sempronius H. Boyd, Missouri; Col. Joseph W. McClurg, Missouri; and Col. John F. Farnsworth, Illinois, who acted as General for some time.

The bandsomest man is Hon. William Windom, Minnesota.

The wealthiest man is Hon. Oakes Ames, a manufacturer from Massachusetts, who is worth over two millions.

The most rapid speaker is the Speaker, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Indiana.

The tallest man is Hon. Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky.

The shortest members are J. W. McClurg, Missouri; Augustus Brantley, Connecticut; Nehemiah Perry, New Jersey; Francisco Peres, New Mexico; the difference to be decided by the respective thickness of the soles.

The smallest member is the Hon. S. S. Cox, largest is Hon. D. Baldwin, Massachusetts.

The most productive—Gen. Ebenezer Dumont, the father of nineteen children.

The most graceful man is Hon. William H. Wadsworth, Kentucky.

The most dignified man is Hon. Rufus F. Spaulding, Ohio.

The most sarcastic man is Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania.

The most social man is Gen. F. P. Blair, Missouri.

The member who has sent away the most speeches is S. S. Cox, this Congress; the least, Hon. B. Wood, the speech Fernando wrote.

The cleverest man is Hon. James M. Marvin, New York.

The largest farmer on the Union side is Hon. Josiah B. Grinnell, Iowa, who has 6,000 acres of land, and keeps 6,000 sheep. The big farmer on the "other side" is a good substantial Union man, Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky, who owns 6,500 acres of land, and whose home farm contains two thousand acres, worth \$150 per acre. Mr. Clay has two hundred and seventy five negroes, fifty mules, two hundred sheep, one hundred and fifty blooded cattle—some of the most famous in the United States. His usual stock of cattle is about four hundred head.

The still man is Hon. James C. Robinson, Illinois.

an amendment, is Hon. William S. Holman, Indiana.

The member who lives the farthest East is Hon. Frederick A. Pike, Me. East, Hon. John R. McBride, Oregon; North, Hon. I. Donnelly, Minnesota; South, Cornelius Cole, California, whose district reaches down to Mexico.

Hon. James Brooks is the best reader, and has a district of the smallest area—three wards in the city of New York.

Idaho is the largest Territory, and has an area of 328,373 square miles. Mr. Donnelly, of Minnesota, has the largest district of any any member—590 miles wide.

The House has twenty-five members with bald heads, thirty with mustaches and two with wigs.

Hon. Henry Winter Davis lives the nearest, thirty nine miles, and 832 for mileage, Hon. William H. Wallace, of Idaho, travels 7,997 miles, and gets \$6,397 60 for mileage.

The politest member is Hon. Kenben E. Fenton, New York.

The most gallant is Hon. F. W. Kellogg, Michigan.

The driest joker is Hon. Robt. Mallory, of Ky.

Three members represent each State—Messrs. Smiths, Delaware, McBride, Oregon, and Wilder, Kansas.

There are seventeen members who are slaveholders.

There are twenty-four members from slave States, of whom fourteen vote with the Union party and ten with the Democrats.

The best penman is Hon. Augustus Frank, New York, the poorest, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Penna.

The most radical man is Hon. Owen Lovejoy, Illinois (since dead).

The most "conservative," running into "secess"—this is where it always runs—is Hon. Benjamin G. Harris, Maryland.

The member who is always there, sound and true, Hon. Henry L. Davies, of N. Y.

The most venerable is Hon. Francis Thomas, Maryland.

The snow-capped and gold bound district, Colorado—Hon. H. P. Bennett, delegate.

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY.—The theatre of operation of the late expedition up Red river, is comparatively little known to many persons, and for the benefit of such we publish the following short account of the principle points upon that stream. The Red river country is proverbial for its wealth and resources, and is one of the richest cotton-growing regions in the South.

Shreveport, the capital of Caddo parish, Louisiana, situated near the foot of Caddo Lake, in the North-western part of the region. It is finely located for business on the Red river, being surrounded by an exceedingly fertile planting region. Some fifty thousand bales of cotton were annually shipped from this place before the war, and a very large number of cattle from Texas. The town contains a large number of stores, several steam mills, churches, a printing office, and a resident population of about three thousand. Since the rebellion, Shreveport has been an extensive depot for commissary and other stores for the trans-Mississippi Confederate troops, and up to the time of the siege of Vicksburg, formed an important link in the "chain of supplies" for the whole rebel army. There is a military prison there, which has, at times, contained a large number of Federal captives of war. It is two hundred and thirty miles from the mouth of the river.

Alexandria, one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth, is, we believe, the highest point on Red river yet visited by our troops. Eighty miles above is Natchitoches, and old French town settled in 1718. It is noted in history as the scene of a hard fought battle between the inhabitants and the Natchez Indians in 1732, resulting in the extinction of the Natchez as a distinct nation.

From Shreveport, there runs a railroad westward to Marshall, Texas, and sixteen miles behind making a line some sixty miles in length. Many years ago a route was projected to Vicksburg, which was completed from the latter place west as far as the Ouachita river.

The rebels don't bury their own dead half the time. If their poor fellows don't assume the offensive before death, they certainly do after it.

Mrs. President Harrison.

Gentle piety is more common in the higher circles of political life than in the lower. Many Senators and Representatives in Washington are as faithful to their God as to their country; and in the White House a consistent piety has at times adorned the highest station. A correspondent of the New York Evangelist gives a charming sketch of the character of the late Mrs. Harrison, who for many years was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and a liberal contributor to all benevolent objects, and who seemed never dazzled by her elevation and prosperity. The writer says:

As the wife of the President of the United States, she appeared the same modest unassuming woman as before her elevation to so high a position of honor. When General Harrison went to Washington, she remained at her home North Bend. After his death, she lived retired in the bosom of her own family, where she sought to hide herself from the public gaze. She never afterwards appeared in public. She saw no society but that of her family and special friends. A stranger rarely, if ever, was admitted to her room, it ever, which he was an honored member, obtained his first introduction to her only after some months' residence in the place. But after our first interview, we were always cheerfully admitted to her room. And never did she fail to call all the family together for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. Now she is no more, it is pleasant to remember those seasons when, in her room, neatly, modestly furnished—we bowed together around the throne of heavenly grace to supplicate blessings upon the head of our venerated friend and her household. Such seasons, she always seemed to enjoy with a high spiritual relish. Her health for many years was exceedingly feeble, and she was rarely able to leave her house, or even her room. In only one instance during a ministry of nearly three years, was she able to visit the house of God. It was a communion season, and she often referred to it as one of high spiritual enjoyment. And yet she loved the house of God, and when her health would permit, was a constant attendant. She was a truly a spiritual minded woman.

A Pleasant sketch of the Washburne family appears in the Boston Journal, written by Wm. A. Drew, of Augusta, Maine. There are seven sons in the family, all of whom occupy prominent positions. Israel, Jr., (late Congressman) the first born, is fifty years old and Collector of the Port of Portland; Eliza B. began life as a printer's boy and is now a member of Congress from Illinois; Cadwallader C. had made a fortune in Wisconsin, and is now Major General in our army in Louisiana; Charles A. is American minister in Paraguay; Algernon Sidney, never coveting political life, has been and still is in the banking business in Maine; Samuel R. went to sea early and is now a captain in our navy; William D. is Surveyor General of Government lands in Minnesota.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION.—We do not hesitate to say that the woman gives to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times we have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, we must confess, we have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, commonplace, place-hunting, self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, with a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absorbed.

A FRESH REMARK BY JOSH BILLINGS.—Moral washing consists in asking a man to do what he ought to do without asking, an then begging his pardon if he refuses to do it.

I have finally knm to the konklooson that a good, reliable set of bowels is worth more to a man than any quantity of brains. Masie hath charms to entice a savage; this may be so, but I'd rather try a revolver on him, just.

It always seemed to me that a left handed fiddler muss pla the toon backwards.

I have often been told that the best way is to take a "bull by the horns," but I think in many instances I should prefer the "tale hold."

This tell me that femals are skarse in the western kuntry, that a grate many married wimmen are already engaged to thare seckond an thurd husbands.

A poor poet, desiring a compliment, asked Curran—referring to his recently published poem of that name— "Have you read my descent into Hell?" "No, I should like to see it," replied the wit. A proxy member of Parliament having asked him, "Have you read my last speech?" he replied, "I hope I have."

IMBRIE'S UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Bessie has looked into a space so inconceivable, that light which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 132,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

READING AND CONVERSATION.—Our reading will be of little use without conversation. Conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading, trims the lamp and conversation lights it; reading is the food of the mind, and conversation the exercise. And as all things are strengthened by exercise, so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a reclus, scholastic life; our opinions are confirmed and corrected by the good opinions of others; points are urged, doubts are solved, difficulties cleared, directions given, and frequently hints started which, if pursued, would lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.

A father and his son were jogging comfortably towards a neighboring town, when the father volunteered the following advice: "Now, my sonny," says he, "when we get there, you keep your mouth shut, and no one will find out that you are a fool." When they arrived at the public inn, there happened to be several gentlemen present, who had a pleasant word and smile for the road, but all their inquiries failed to elicit any replies from him, when a gentleman spoke to a friend in an undertone. "I guess that boy must be a fool." Whereupon the boy hearing this, called out to his father: "Father, they've found it out!"

Judah P. Benjamin, who was playing a most conspicuous part in the grand drama of the rebellion, delivered a lecture in San Francisco before the war, in which he said, on the subject of disunion, that those who profane and strive to dissolve this glorious confederacy of States are like those silly savages who let fly their arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of piercing it, and still the sun rolls on, unheeding, in the eternal pathway, shedding light and heat and animation upon all the world.

AUSTRIAN VS PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—The Copenhagen papers state that the Austrian soldiers fight better and are more brave than the Prussians. Al that the Austrians treat their prisoners with more humanity than the Prussians. The papers aforesaid we believe only confirm what in former years had been often asserted. During the Italian campaign, the Austrians were fully equal to the French, and had they been properly armed and handled, the victory might not have resulted as it did.

The late Archbishop of Dublin was famous as a wit. Some of his quips and repartees are worth recording. "What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony?" The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction. "Various answers were given. 'Well,' he said, 'in this, you set up a form, but you stand upon ceremony.'"

Meinherr von Duncak attended at court in New York to get excused from the jury-box. "I can't understand you English," quoth Meinherr. "What did he say?" asked the judge. "I can't understand you English," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat. That's no excuse; you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."

A little daughter of a proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania was inquisitive as to the nature of a hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of the most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?"

A few days ago, an insane, crazy individual effected an entrance into the apartment of the President at the White House, and attempted to harangue Mr. Lincoln upon the Presidency, claiming to have been elected President in 1850.

Newfoundland is said to be a country without a reptile and the Chattanooga Gazette says Vallandigham is a reptile without a country; he ought to "move" to Newfoundland.

We trust that before the close of spring our armies will spring upon the rebellion, and that the Federal spring will be the rebel fall.

[Communicated.]

Protect the Birds.

The joyous little birds; how cheerless would our rural life be if we had no birds! Suppose we could annihilate all the feathered tribe—what would be the result? Blasted fields of grain, withering forests and death to our orchards, vineyards, &c. Let us estimate the value of a bird. His music cannot be valued. There is an insect on the wing to deposit its eggs at the root of that favorite pear tree; the bird sees it and soon destroys it, and saves the tree's life. Here he is worth \$10 to us. Could we see the vegetables, grain, fruit and trees he protects, we would protect his life with all the means within our power. And yet, should he partake of a few of our cherries, he is made to bite the dust. Too many of our farmers make him the target for their rifles. From the field and forest, we hear but one mighty voice, give us birds! Farmers, see that the bird life is protected, and you must use your gun, do so upon your enemy, not upon your friends, which is the bird.

Industry, Pa.

SUB-COULDSN'T SEE IT.—An Irishman entered a small village ale-house somewhere in New Jersey, and looking round him for a minute, addressed the landlady as follows:

"Missus, sho' me ovor sixpence worth of ale and sixpence worth of bread."

The bread and ale were set before him. He looks at the one, then at the other, and as if having satisfied his mind on some point, drinks the ale.

"Missus," says he, "I have taken the ale, what's to pay?"

"Sixpence," says she.

"Well, there's the sixpenny loaf," says he, "that pays for the ale."

"But the loaf wasn't paid for," said she.

"Bless yer soul," says he, "I didn't see the loaf."

The landlady couldn't see through it, but Pat could, and walked away.

J. C. RITCHIE

Howeell Up, Beaver.

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An Army Chaplain, preaching to his soldiers, exclaimed: "If God be with us, who can be against us?" "Jeff Davis and the devil!" promptly exclaimed one of the boys.

Alabama Manners.

In 1844, Henry Clay, whose name is still revered at the North, was a member of the Whig Convention at Baltimore. Of course all the delegates paid their respects to Mr. Clay, and one evening while the great statesman was receiving company, the door opened, and a fine six foot man entered, unannounced. The stranger was fashionably but somewhat astonishingly dressed in a green sporting coat, with buttons somewhat smaller than the rim of a hat—a bright scarlet plaid vest, divided into a square of eight by ten with bug conatory continuations. This astonishing "effigy" was "hung in chains" of every style, and wore at his fob a pendant seal, about the size of a steel-yard poise. On his head was a four foot "Panama," and from an outlandish pocket modestly protruded a package, bearing the magic word, "Highlander," balanced upon the other side by a pistol from the armory of "Colt."

This surprising person, after reaching the centre of the room, paused and took a leisurely survey of those present, and singling out Mr. Clay (who could mistake him?) walked up to him and pronounced the single word— "Clay?"

"Yes," was the reply of the statesman.

"H. Clay?"

"The same, sir."

"I came from Alabama on purpose to see you; but don't put yourself out on my account. You are a great man, sir; and when I am home I am some; in fact, I often tell our boys that Clay and I are bound to shine, or else what do we live for? Your line and mine are a little different, but we are both pretty near the head. In fact, Hank, what's the use of being a fellow, unless he can be a buster? Henry, good evening!" and the Alabama man took his departure, leaving Mr. Clay overpowered with astonishment at the man's impudence.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A soldier lay in a lady's house badly wounded. A Major General rode up to the door. He got off, went in and sat down by the dying man's side. Taking out a little book, he read from it, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c. He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for that dying soldier. Arising from his knees, he bent down and kissed him and said, "Capt. G., we shall meet in heaven." He then rode off.

That general was Major General Howard.