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BEAVER ARGUS.

J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor

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☞ Letters, and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

I'm with you once again, dear friends,
This merry New Year's morn,
To wish that happiness and joy,
And love, and peace, without alloy,
Your lives may still adorn.

Last night, like a true friend, and tried,
The old year took its flight.
A mournful dirge the night wind sighed,
But gave its failing steps to guide,
A ray of silver light.

Yes, it has gone, but lift us here,
Its record of the past;
Its joys, and sorrows, hopes and fears,
The sad regrets and bitter tears,
That o'er it pain were cast.

[illegible] many days,
The old year brought to light;
Fair peace reigned smiling o'er our land,
And Health, and plenty hand in hand
For thankfulness unite.

Extreme, while wide o'er the living dear,
Pest in its fury spread,
The fell destroyer, young, and old,
Unheard the dreaded name is running free,
And ever hill and dale with glee,
A robe of white he flung.

From his pale face the ghastly smile,
When from the chair of state
Our Pope Miss Pierce was of feet to pile,"
Of all the glory that the while
And silly world spread Peter.

The with astonishment he gazed,
On his successor fixed,
And rubbed his eyes with more amaze,
Looked North, then South, and said, dear
Or is it *Buchanan?*

Then turned about, as if in wrath,
And muttering all his force,
Of rain and wind, and snow and hail,
He poured them forth upon his trail,
To turn him from his course.

His fury spent, he deigned at last,
On spring's last hours to smile,
And twining wild flowers round her brow,
Would woo her back with flattering vow,
But she has gone, the while.

Well pleased at length, he gazes o'er
The field of waving grain,
The fruitful vale, the sunny shore,
Of [illegible] plenty,—
No smiles on all the plain.

Our farms [illegible] with golden crops,
With peace to be blessed our land,
And He controlling the reins too,
His every will brightened as of [illegible]
Till his last work was Cor.

But [illegible] deeper grief,
In hearts that fight and pray,
Welcomed his first [illegible] dawning smile,
Nor deemed that time could bring the while
Sorrow, to such as they?

Ah! yes. Stern [illegible] angry breath,
Fierce [illegible] hold,
The loved, the lovely, and the thrifty,
Sink [illegible] beneath the dark blue wave,
They keep the buried dead.

Years may roll by, and time pass on,
But time with us must end,
The scene our hearts it can efface,
Nor sad detail, that leaves its trace,
With all who mourn a friend.

But there are other hearts, whose joy
To sorrow, has been turned;
Thousands, whose fortunes late were vast,
By one fell crash, are forced at last
To beg the food they spurned.

And long, those fainting, famished ones,
Will call the time to mind,
When panic-struck, each proud heart quailed,
With sudden fear, and each cheek paled,
With terrors undefined.

And we might tell how other lands,
Still bear the curse of war;
New England, scorning the mild reign
Of peace, beholds her subjects slain,
But that we all abhor.

So leaving now, the dead Old Year,
And turning to the New,
I'll gently whisper in your ear,
If God would live, with nought to fear,
Just give the *devil* his *due*.

Once every week, through rain and shine,
I've brought to you the news,
And now a Quarter or a Dime,
Or any thing that's in that line,
Your surely won't refuse.

And I will pray, and Heaven may
Your pathway fill with joy;
And each new year may bring good cheer,
And still remember when he's near,
Your faithful CARRIER BOY.

☞ Governor Walker intends to take the stump against the Administration in the South. He has letters approving his course from leading Democrats of Maryland and Texas.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

THE TENDENCY TO SPREAD.

Annexation is the watchword of the day. Uncle Sam would annex Central America, Canada, Cuba, and the Sandwich Islands, and look with covetous eye on the Moon and Jupiter, and of course each little Uncle Sam, in imitation of his illustrious sire, follows in the old man's footsteps, and does in a small way what Sam does in a large. The farmer, in his quiet home, deeply feels this tendency to annex and expand, and a rivalry prevails between neighbors to surpass each other, not in better cultivation, more thorough tillage, but in the number of acres they call their own "To spread the farthest," is the motto—"Uncle Sam annexes Texas, and little Sam annexes his neighbor's farm; Uncle Sam covets all creation, and his son all the lands that joins him.

Not content to improve his farm with his surplus money, the farmer uses it in purchasing adjoining farms, enlarging his already too large domain. Such people as cultivate this disposition are never satisfied, for it is the worst kind of covetousness—They never know the meaning of enough A gentleman on whom the weight of sixty years rested heavily, bowed down by rheumatism, a perfect wreck of a man, from excessive labor, by which he had advanced himself from poverty to the possession of 400 acres of land,—in conversation remarked to me, that he had "about enough"—"What would you call enough?" asked I. "If I had 150 acres lying next me, which would bring me square with the South road and down to the river, I would be satisfied." There is the spirit of the majority of farmers, out square with sectional roads, and geographical boundaries.

The great truth should be forced on the mind of every farmer. A little land well till, will return more profit than a wide domain hurriedly cultivated, and run over." I here recall the old story to the point, of the farmer who owned 1000 acres, and accurately subdivided himself from it.—He gave 500 acres to two of his daughters and expended the same amount of labor on the remaining 500 that he formerly did on the 1000; the result was, his returns much exceeded those of former years. He then gave his remaining daughter her portion of 250 acres, and expended the same amount of labor on the 250, as previously on the 1000, cutting down the fences, narrowing the bridges, improving the waste places, and the result was, he became a thriving farmer, with abundance of available capital—a wealthy man.

This story is introduced for the benefit of those who, having more land than they can properly cultivate, desire all the acres which joins them east and west, north and south, to square their farms with roads and rivers. Farmers who make the chief end of farming the enlargement of their farms, are too numerous. I know of one of these who, on a 500 acre farm, has not a single outbuilding or protection whatever for his stock. His principle is, to make the most out of the current year; and he claims that [illegible] more [illegible] than [illegible] the expense of buildings [illegible] to be erected, necessary repairs, &c. I will not speak of the cruelty of leaving his [illegible] in the open field, exposed to the inclement, biting winter, trembling [illegible] each as the snow and sleet [illegible] their bodies, nor of its wastefulness; the man who will do this is brutish,—[illegible] me, ye tender creatures of the earth, if [illegible] him with you! Here [illegible] would be rejected, for the money they would cost would buy another farm.

A neighbor was never content with his 100 acres, so he toiled early and late, pinched, until by dint of persevering industry—and some penury—he accumulated enough to buy a farm which just then offered. This new acquisition was two miles distant, but it must be cultivated, and from the nearly of the place it received the greater share of his attention. After that the home farm suffered. He never was at home—always at "t'other place." Fences fell down, the barn door got off its hinges, and boards here and there fell off from the sides of his barn, and were not replaced, the straw and litter remained in the yard, and the poor cattle waded knee deep through it year after year, until he bethought him of ditching—ditching his barn yard. He was not to blame, for he could not cultivate two farms, and those two miles apart. He was however partially compensated by the gratification of his pride. When asked how many acres he owned, he need no longer say "one hundred," but "two hundred acres!"

If he had taken the money paid for the second farm and expended it on the first, in repairs, surface and under-drainning, the old farm would, with the same labor, have produced more than both together, with the superficial, half culture he necessarily adopted to "spread himself" over so many acres.

A small farm in a high state of cultivation, is a beautiful sight; a large one half cultivated, a wretched one. The farmer whose lands have under-channels to conduct off the surplus water in a wet season, and produce a mellow soil, in a season of drouth, though he has but a 100 acres, is almost exempt from the effects of the season, and certain of a good return, if all others fail; on the other hand, he who plows shallow that he may plow much, has his crops spoiled by the rains and parched by the drouth, and is at the mercy of the season. H. Tuttle.

Walnut Grove, Nov. 1857.

Coup D'Etat in Mexico.—Comonfort has imitated Louis Napoleon, broken up the Federal Congress and the Supreme Court, and had himself declared absolute Dictator. The people of Mexico seem to stand the change very well. It is all one to them whether they are a republic or a despotism. They can be as factious and revolutionary under one as the other, and contented under neither.

A LUDICROUS INCIDENT.

It was customary some years ago in many of the inland towns of New England, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, by a sham fight intended to represent some of the Revolutionary battles, and of course victories;—one portion of the town people representing the Red Coats, and another the Federal forces. Below we find in an exchange, an account of one of these celebrations. A little town had resolved to perform the surrender of Cornwallis. Deacon Moses Jones, a proud, wealthy farmer, was chosen to enact Washington, and Squire Bigler Wood, an aristocratic lawyer, Cornwallis; but let the writer tell his own story;

The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be essentially whipped and then most ingloriously surrender.

At nine o'clock the companies marched into the village, and arrayed themselves in fighting positions, reminding the spectator of the time when

Brave Wolf drew up his men
In a style most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city.

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to act the part he was to perform.

He had been drinking freely all the morning, and now, when the interesting ceremonies were to commence was *so tight*, or rather *loose*, that it was with great difficulty that he could sit on his saddle; he however did not know but what he was right nor did his men.

Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but was a little agitated or rather elated.

Everything being ready, the companies exchange shots. Bang! whang! bang! went the guns, and two companies yelled like stuck pigs.

'That it, (hic) my brave boys; give it to them Washington.

'On I means' yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents—'breathes there a man so dead, that won't fight like thunder.

'Go it continentals! down with taxation on tea!' cried Washington, in a very patriotic voice, and narrowly escaped cutting his horse's ear off with the flourish of his sword.

The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

'Well, old boy!' said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, 'what in the thunder do you want of me?'

'General Washington,' replied Cornwallis, 'I surrender to you myself, sword, and men.'

'You do, do you?' sneeringly replied the General,

'You [illegible] the British Lion prostrates himself at the feet of the American Eagle!'

'Darn the eagle!' yelled the General, rolling off his horse, and hitting the Britton a powerful blow on the head with the flat of his sword, 'do you call me an eagle, you [illegible] goose.'

Cornwallis was down only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself, and in direct contempt of historical truth, pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the immortal a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously, ended ingloriously.

For many years after the surrender, there was a coldness between the Deacon and the Squire, but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a joke.

Both are now living, and whenever they meet they smoke and talk about 'that air,' like a couple of good jolly old men, as they are.

Gaming at Baden Baden.

A correspondent of the New York Times thus describes the daily scenes witnessed at Baden Baden;—

There are but two tables—one of *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette*. But the sums of money lost and won at those tables are enormous. I saw to day a young American, a boy of twenty-three, with white hair and pale face lift twenty-three thousand francs from the rouge at one time. After gaining this stake he commenced betting again, a thousand frank bill at a time, and after losing three bills in succession, he left, took a turn around the hall, returned again, and now betting more cautiously but always a thousand francs at a time, commenced to gain again, but his chances varied, so that in a short time I lost the run of his game. His sang froid was the admiration of the oldest players, and if he lives he promises to be a hardened sinner. The Russian boyard, Count B, who sat at the side of this boy, also bet largely, but he was betting on another series, and, at last, risking all his games, on a single deal, with the hope of doubling three times, lost all.

To Drive Away Rats.—Some years since a correspondent of the Boston Cultivator recommended potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion from his premises. He pounded up potash, and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some under the boards, and on the sides where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any further annoyance.

A GREENHORN ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Snodgrass, Junior, has been scouting around at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing, we copy an extract, as follows:

When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation, it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meetin' house. If I was going to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—it looked like—darned if I know *what* it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all around, and pantin', and heavin', and swellin', and chasin' up and [illegible] like they were good. A fellow stood in a little house like a [illegible] all the time, but the more he got [illegible] the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller catched him by the tail, and great Jericho! he set up a yell that split the ground for more than a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt legs a wagin, and found myself at t'other end o' the velocipedes.

I wasn't skeered, but I had a cold chills and a stroke of the palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish yaller-bluish color in it which was perfectly unaccountable to me.

"Well," says I, "comment is superfluous," and I took a seat in the nearest wagin, or car, as they called it, a consarned long steamboat looking thing, with a string of pews down each side big enough to hold a man and a half. Like as I had sat down the horse hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitching me head first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a ferocious grunt, and then ketch'd me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumping and tearing along at nigh onto forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was bobbing up and down like a saw mill, and every wretch of them had their mouths wide open and like they was goin, but I couldn't hear nothing, the cars kept up such a racket—Presently they stopped all at once, and then such another laff burst out of them passengers as I never heard before. Laffin at me, too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as thunder too. I riz up, and shakin' my fist at them, says I, Ladies and Gentlemen, look a here I'm a peasable stranger——" and away the train went like small-pox was in town, and down I tumbled in the seat with a thack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open, and the fellers went bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em and very naturally went to bobbin up and down myself.

A CANADIAN VERDICT.

We find from the Toronto Globe some interesting details of another action against the Great Western R. R. Company, to recover damages for the death of Mr Alex. Grant, caused by a terrible accident, at the Desjardins bridge. The action was brought by Mrs. Elizabeth Grant the widow of the deceased. It appeared in evidence that Mr. Grant was a man of great ingenuity, ability and foresight. He had commenced business a poor man, penniless. By years of labor he realized sufficient to commence a carriage store on Goat Island, at the Niagara Falls. But he acquired & considerable amount of property, and at the time of his death was making $5,000 or $6,000 per annum, in regular course of his business. He left behind, property worth about $30,000 and debts to the amount of $13,000. But he was not alive to meet the latter, and certain mortgages being due his property had to be sold, leaving his wife and children, of whom four were girls under sixteen years of age—almost destitute. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages as follows:

For the widow,	$6,000
1st child,	100
2d do,	600
3d do,	1,000
4th do,	1,500
5th do,	2,000
	$11,200

The Revulsion in Europe.—The news by the Persia shows that the revulsion is spreading eastward with increased energy. Within the short space of three days, no fewer than fourteen mercantile houses had stopped payment in Hamburgh. Some of these have extensive connections in Denmark and Sweden, and the merchants of Stockholm and Copenhagen suffer severely. Old houses which have stood for years, have either fallen or are tottering.—Business is paralysed, and trade in all the commercial cities of the Baltic is at a stand. The warehouses are crammed with merchandise, but in the unsettled state of prices nothing can be exported. In Paris, the pressure is less severe. Failures are still occuring in England, and private credit has suffered immensely. The working population is in considerable distress, especially the manufacturing towns, where business is almost suspended.

Living in State.—A correspondent of the Washington Union writes from Santa Fe, New Mexico, as follows:

As a fastidious and querulous visiter once wrote from the White Sulpher Springs in Virginia, so might I write. We have four kinds of meat for breakfast, viz:—ram, lamb sheep, and mutton.

Chickens are so very high priced that we seldom ever have the pleasure of feasting on them; occasionally we have a chicken pie, which, as Sam Weller says, is very good when not made out of kittens. Potatoes are selling here at $5 per bushel; chickens, 50 cents apiece; corn, $1,50 per bushel; and other articles of the season at the same rate.

For the Argus.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Deal gently with the motherless,
Oh! ye that rule their home
Cast not a shadow on their brow
Of these deep stricken ones.

Speak softly to the motherless,
A saddened stream is stirred,
From the deep founts of memory,
With every unkind word.

There is a yearning in each heart,
For the sweet strains of yore—
A longing for a mother's voice,
Which sounds for them no more.

Be kind unto the motherless,
Beside thy hearth of glee,
Should there some little ones rest,
Give them thy sympathy.

Look, parents, on thy own fair ones,
And think a mother's smiles,
Once shed a sunshine o'er the brow
Of every orphan child.

Think of the hand that rested
Once fondly on each head—
The eye which gave back looks of love,
Now cold, silent, and dead.

And give thee to these little hearts,
The little love they claim—
Be mothers to the motherless,
In hearts as well as name.

E. H. S.

MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

The Washington American revives the following from Maj. Downing's Letters, relative to the financial crisis of 1837. The Major was in Washington attending to some particular business for the General, and in the midst of his labors received a letter from his cousin Ephraim, informing him that he had become disgusted with the apple business, for he had found out a way to get rich forty times as fast as by retailing apples or as the Major could by attending to political concerns and not work hard neither. The business was nothing more nor less than buying and selling land. He says:

"Uncle Joshua Downing—you know he's an old fox, and always ready to jump—well, he see how everybody was getting rich so he went and bought a piece of town up back of Downingville, and gave his note for a thousand dollars for it. And he sold it to Uncle Jacob, and took his note for two thousand dollars, and Uncle Jacob sold it to Uncle Zachary, and took his note for three thousand dollars, &c, down to Bill Johnston, who bought it and gave his note for six thousand dollars. So you see,' says he, 'there's five of them, that we'nt worth nine-pence apiece (except Uncle Joshua,) have now got a thousand dollars apiece clear, when their notes are paid, and winds up by advising the Major to come home by all means, forsake his longings after place and position, and buy land before it was all gone.

But the Major, it seems was a little obtuse with regard to the practical part of the operation, for we find him writing to his friend Ephraim: 'I can't seem to see how in the plaguy all make money so fast in that 'ere business down there, that you tell on. How can't all our folks, and Bill Johnston, and all of 'em there in Downingville, make a thousand dollars apiece, just a trade round among themselves, when there ain't fifty dollars in money, put it all together, in the whole town? It rather puzzles me a little. As soon as I see 'em all get their thousand dollars cash in hand, I'll give up my commission and come home and buy some land tu."

A Beautiful Incident.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out.

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed place, drew his sword, and pointing to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know that this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that he holds the winds in His fists, and the water in the hollow of His hands."

A Miser in Agony.—The house of Brooking, at Gardiner, Maine, was burned on Saturday night week, and in the cellar, after the fire, were found $8000 in gold and silver, fused by the heat. The old man had been in the habit of hiding his money in stone heaps and walls on the farm where he lives, and a long stocking full of silver coin was found in a stone heap, by his brother a short time ago. At the time of the fire he had $600 in bills, and the silver and gold found in the cellar, stowed away under the chamber floor, near the fastening. It was a sight to behold (says a correspondent) to see the old miser frantically calling upon the bystanders to shoot him.

A Molasses Speculation.—We noticed a lot of molasses now landing on Widgery's wharf, which was originally imported into Baltimore, where it could have been sold for about fifty-five cents per gallon, but was held for a higher price. Not finding a sale there, it was re-shipped to Boston, and not meeting buyers there, was again re-shipped to Portland, where it is selling as it comes from the vessel at twenty-five cents per gallon.—*Portland Adver.*

FARMERS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

One of the plans for building railroads in Wisconsin, has been to induce the farmers along the route of a road to be built, to mortgage their farms to the railroad company, and then the company sells the mortgage to raise the money, guaranteeing to pay the interest and mortgage when due. Those farmers who mortgaged their farms to the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad are just now decidedly in a tight place.—A Correspondent of Fox Lake writes the Milwaukee Wisconsin as follows:

"A principal topic of conversation among the people here is the condition of those who have mortgaged their farms for the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company. A very large proportion of the most valuable land in this and the adjoining counties, is covered by these incumbrances, and all the people feel a common interest in the question whether or not they are to be foreclosed. Considerably more than half the days of grace allowed after the protest of the mortgage bond coupons, before the mortgage shall be executed, and the road pass out of the hands of the company, have elapsed, and it is much feared that the directors will not be able if indeed they are desirous, to raise by the first of January, money for them, and for the interest accruing on the farm mortgages.

"Should this be the case, and should the eastern holders of these securities demand payment from the mortgagers, it can hardly be doubted that they will be met by well organized resistance. The legal questions of the validity of the papers may be very plain, but the question whether they can be executed here, in opposition to the universal public sentiment, and by officers who derive their power from the people, is not quite so clear.

"The farmers think, and not without reason, that they have been swindled.—They were induced to give their mortgages by misrepresentations, and the money raised by them has been misappropriated. It may be very apparent to a disinterested observer, that this does not prejudice the rights of the third parties, who have purchased them in good faith. But people here will regard them as a [illegible] conspiracy between wealthy and oppressive capitalists, seeking to drive industrious laborers from their homesteads. Coming thus as individuals from different places, with no community of interest, and obliged to contend with the united people, and under the disadvantage of strong public disapprobation, they will have but a sorry time of it."

The Washington county Democrat gives a case in its knowledge:

"In the town of Polk, a farmer mortgaged his farm for stock in the La Crosse railroad, to the amount of $2,000. The Democrat calculates that with the interest on the mortgage, the future probable valuation of his farm, and the present rates of the stock, the farmer will lose $2,340 by the operation. Our agricultural friend, it says, is somewhat in the situation of the man who had an enraged tiger by the tail—extremely dangerous to hold on, and certain death to let go."

It is said that from 2,000 to 3,000 farms are thus mortgaged to railroads in Wisconsin that the railroads cannot pay, and to release their farms will strip nine-tenths of them of the shard earnings of many years.

"Uncle Sam's Farm"

The Boston Post thus figures up some of Uncle Sam's property:

Farms and cultivated soil.	$5,000,000,000.
Horses, cattle, sheep, &c.	1,500,000,000.
Agricultural implements.	500,000,000.
Mines.	4,500,000,000.
Railways and canals.	1,100,000,000.
Factories, mills and machine shops.	400,000,000.
Commercial marine.	200,000,000.
Agricultural produce, domestic manufacture, and foreign goods on hand.	1,000,000,000.
Gold and silver coin and bullion.	200,000,000.
Public lands, ships of war, fortifications, navy yards, public buildings, &c.	4,000,000,000.
Grand total.	$22,000,000,000.

Eclipses.—There will be four eclipses during the year 1858, two of the sun and two of the moon:—

1st. A partial eclipse of the moon February 27, only partly visible in the United States. The moon will rise partly eclipsed, which will take place generally after the time of the greatest phase.

2d. An annular eclipse of the sun March 15. The sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian in longitude 8.45 w. of Greenwich, latitude 45.44 north. In some parts of the United States the sun will be partially eclipsed.

3d. A partial eclipse of the moon Aug. 24. At some places the first contact with the penumbra will not be visible, but to most places in the United States the whole eclipse will be visible.

4th. A total eclipse of the sun Sept. 7. This eclipse will be total on the meridian. The sun will be centrally eclipsed in the southern hemisphere only.

The Corn Rotting at the West.—The Missouri Democrat has news from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, that the corn is rotting to a disastrous extent, both that which is on the stalks and in the cribs. This, says the Democrat, is a matter of grave importance.

A NORWEGIAN CATARACT.

Bayard Taylor, who was travelling recently in Norway, gives the following description of a Norwegian Cataract, called the Voring Foss, which we take from one of his letters to the N. Y. *Tribune*. Only think of a cataract one thousand feet high, or six times higher than the Falls of Niagara.

At last we approached the wreath of whirling spray, and heard the hollow roar of the Voring Foss. The chasm yawning before us, another step, we stood on the brink. I seized the branch of a tough pine sapplling as a support and leaned over. My head did not swim, the height was too great for that, the impression too grand and wonderful. The shelf of the rock on which I stood projected far out over the the gulf twelve hundred feet deep, whose opposite side rose in one grand escarpment from the bottom to a height of eight hundred feet above my head. On this wall, wet with eternal spray, was painted a splendid rainbow forming two thirds of a circle before it melted in the gloom below.

A little stream fell in one long thread of silver from the summit, like a plumb-line dropped to measure the two thousand feet. On my right hand the stream, coming down from the level of the field in a torn twisted and boiling mass, reached the brink of the gulf at a point about four-hundred feet below me, whence it fell in a single sheet to the bottom, a depth of between eight and nine-hundred feet.

Could one view it from below, this fall would present one of the grandest spectacles in the world. In height, volume of water and sublime spectacle it has no equal. The spectator however, looks down upon it from a great height above its brink, whence it is foreshortened that he can only guess its majesty and beauty. By lying upon your belly and thrusting your head out beyond the pines, you can safely peer into the dread abyss, and watch throughout the vortex of whirling spray in its tortured womb, the starry corusations which radiate from the bottom of the fall like rockets of water incessantly exploding. But this view as sublime as it is, only whets the desire to stand below and see the river with its sprayey crest shining against the sky, make but one leap from heaven to hell.—Some persons have succeeded by entering the chasm at its mouth in the valley below, in getting far enough to see a portion of the fall, the remainder being concealed by a projecting rock, and the time will come, no doubt, when somebody will have energy enough to carry a path to its foot. I envy the travellers who will then visit the Voring Foss.

Down and Pre[illegible]

The principle is this and will ever remain in force, that men by nature are free.—[Continental Congress, 1779.

It is conceded, on all hands, that the right to be free can never be alienated.—[Continental Congress.

It is among my first wishes to see some plan by which Slavery in this country may be abolished by law.—[Washington.

Slavery is contrary to the law of nature and of nations.—[William Wirt.

Slavery is repugnant to the principles of Christianity; it prostrates every benevolent action of the human heart.—[Patrick Henry.

The way, I hope, is preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation.—[Jefferson.

The South now maintains that Slavery is right, natural and necessary, and does not depend on the differences of complexion. The laws of the Slave States justify the holding of white men in bondage.—[Richmond Enquirer.

Slavery is the creature of local law, and can claim neither protection, existence nor recognition in the Constitution. Slavery does not and can not exist in Kansas while it remains a Territory. The Constitution neither protects nor recognizes Slavery in the Territories.—[Lewis Cass.

Slavery existed at that period (1854) and still exists in Kansas, under the Constitution of the United States. This has at last been decided by the highest tribunal known to our laws. How it could ever have been seriously doubted is a mystery.—[James Buchanan.

Marriage in Indiana.—A rather singular case has recently been decided in Indiana, by which it is declared that marriage in that State requires no formalities to make it legal, except the mere agreement of the parties; that it is a civil contract only, and differs from other civil contracts merely in this—that it cannot be dissolved, even by mutual consent. It is provided in section seven of the Revised Statutes of Indiana, that "no marriage shall be void, or voidable, for the want of license or other formalities required by law, if either of the parties thereto believe it to be legal marriage at the time." It is further provided that the agreement must be recorded, but the failure or neglect to do this is only punishable by a fine.

A Sure Remedy for a Felon.—It is said by somebody, who pretends to know all about it, that the following is a remedy for the felon: take a pint of soft soap, and stir it in air slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain. We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy and recommend it to any who may be troubled with that disagreeable ailment.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

Cramp.—Those who may be subject in the night time to that excrutiating pain called the cramp, will be doubtless glad to learn that by tying any kind of bandage very tight around the leg, immediately above the knee, and this unpleasant sensation will be instantaneously removed.