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January 13-'59-tf

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Nov 25, 1858-tf

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Will continue the practice of his profession, in the office heretofore occupied by him and will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to him
Dec 23, 1858.—1y

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Bellefonte, March 25-13-'58

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TERMS—$1 25 PER DAY.

Select Poetry.

Keep at Work.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work;
You may undermine it yet;
If you stand and thumb its base,
Sorry bruises you may get,
Keep at work

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work,
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way,
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must bide your time
If for victory you fight,
Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at work
That's the best way to resist,
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist,
Keep at work

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at work.
Greater men than you are hated,
If you're right, then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at work

Everything is done by labor
Keep at work
If you would improve your station,
They have help from Providence
Who work out their own salvation
Keep at work

Miscellaneous.

The Red and White Mothers

A TRUE TALE OF BORDER LIFE IN WISCONSIN.

BY BUCK HORN

During the spring of 1846 on a beautiful afternoon in March, in the well wooded region which borders the Winnebago Lake on the North, a rustic pioneer, in a merry mood in the sunshine of life, might have been seen tripping from tree to tree gathering the saccharine sap from the luxuriant maples which abound in that locality, and carrying it in pails, to a large iron kettle, suspended over a cheerful log fire, where it was undergoing the process of evaporation, to be reduced finally to molasses and sugar This young man had emigrated from the State of Maine, the year previous to this, in company with his wife and an infant boy, and being fascinated by the incomparable attractions of the country surrounding the lake, resolved to settle there, which he did and in the course of a year had succeeded in collecting about his farm many of the comfortable indispensables of life.

The little log cottage stood on the edge of a dense forest, fronting the Winnebago Lake whose placid waters might be seen through a cluster of maple trees, which lined its shores. There were, at the time, but few settlers, in consequence of which the young couple were deprived of many of the comforts of life, and sought within their family circle to concentrate all their wishes, their pleasures and hopes, and forego the attractions of society for the rural felicity of a forest home. Their mutual loves were of that saintly and spotless character that brings contentment and all its concomitant attributes into a concentrated sphere, the centre of which was their darling child, on whom they doted with all the power of faithful hearts.

Upon the occasion of our history, the father had succeeded in gaining the mother's consent to allow him to accompany him to the place of his labors, to relieve the gloom which hung over the solitary hours of his work. Afternoon had come; the tall forest trees began to cast their lengthening shadows along the ground, and the father's mind was bent on home, whilst his eyes sought the child, who sat playing near the fire, out the banks of a little brook that wound its way along the camp and was lost in the broad bosom of the lake. His innocent gambols and merry laugh had caused a smile to mantle the manly features of his father's face, as hope of future usefulness loomed up in his eager mind. A little more labor was necessary yet, ere he could retire to his cottage for the night, and he hastened to complete it, casting a lingering upon his darling boy, as he disappeared in the forest to bring the last pale full of water. Scarcely a minute had elapsed until he returned again, and his child was gone! He stood speechless and confounded, gazing upon the spot where late he had been; he called, but in vain; no voice was near to answer his call! He so't the brook, the trees and leaves, and every little shrub, but no child was there! Yet there were his toys, his little hat, and its white plume waving listlessly in the gentle wind; there lay his leaf boats, scattered on the shore of the little brook, and the little footprints in the white sand. Again he called, until the forest reverberated the sound and the mimic echo answered back his fruitless calls. He advanced, step by step, into the deep thicket, but no trace of the child could be seen. He paused, with bowed head, and stood and gazed into the dark interminable forest, his right hand clasping his pallid brow as if to strain the organ of vision to greater power; his left convulsively clutching his breast, vibrating his manly frame, as with deepest agony, he uttered the ominous words—"Lost! lost!" Recovering from his spell bound state, he turned his footsteps toward his cottage home, with the melancholly intelligence for his wife, who, anxious for his return stood waiting at the door, to whom he communicated the mournful occurrence. We will not attempt any description of the mother's emotion, at the time, as those who bear the same relations, though under happier circumstances, can easily appreciate her feelings.

But we will follow the weeping father, who fled again back to the fatal spot. Yet there all was silent as the tomb! No sound disturbed the twilight stillness, but the hooting owl, that flew from tree to tree, and the throbing of his laboring heart, timed by his own footfall. No hope now remained of ever reclaiming his helpless child who must have fallen into the hands of the inhuman savages, or become the prey of some of the wild beasts which frequent the forest. The knowledge of this loss was soon communicated to the surrounding settlers, who assembled in numbers, on horse and foot, with fire arms, bells and horns; and for days and nights, weeks and months, the deep, dark woods resounded with the noise of the hunting crowds, eagerly searching every hedge, bush, log and thicket; but all with no effect. No information; no trace, however small could from any source be obtained The bereaved parents, for many days, never allowed nature's soft, sweet restorer, balmy sleep, to withhold then anxious care. Still, all was vain! One by one the exhausted hunters and sympathizing friends reluctantly abandoned the search. Necessity compelled them to leave the unhappy pair alone in their desert home to mourn over their melancholy loss.

What a relief it would have proved to the broken-hearted mother could she but know his doom—painful, awful though it might be. There is, perhaps, no state of the human mind burthening it with a weighter load, harassing it with more distressing pain, than that of amending suspense: vibrating from centre to circumference of the nerves, awakening every natural emotion to the intensity of its action, whereby the doomed are compelled to drag out an existence worse than death Death, by whom all mankind must be subdued, hath no pangs but of momentary duration, and whose horrors are lost in the pervading obscurity of sense while writhing within the power of his crushing grasp But when the dearest objects of a young and vigorous love around which an ardent affection has eagerly lingered, is, by some insidious power rudely born from the fond embrace, where no earthly means can save or tell, then are the sympathetic springs of the heart overborne and death itself were a relief! Thus, grief and inconsolable sorrow was doomed to dwell in the hearts of these young parents; and, to remove from the fatal place, was considered necessary to afford (if possible) a respite to their sufferings, and relieve them from the harassing associations which clung around them there

In their journey in search of a new home, we will leave them and leap over a space of eight years, when we shall see the encroachments of the whites upon the Indian territory had removed a tribe of the Menomonees to their reserve, not far from Lake Superior, and even there, the encroachments of the white men followed them, driving off the wild game on their approach and causing much suffering and privation among the tribe referred to To relieve themselves from such distress, the Indians were glad to seek the white man's lodge for food. Their mendicant operations were usually successful, among the hardy pioneers of the west, who never allow the hungry to go away unsatisfied. An Indian boy and girl, about the ages of ten and twelve years, of singular beauty were often engaged begging from door—There was something attractive in their manners, and their extreme fondness for each other, gave occasion for numerous remarks. The boy spoke English with ease and fluency not common among the Indians, and gave evident signs of superior intelligence. On entering a certain house, on a certain day, he was addressed by a benevolent lady (who manifested considerable interest in him) upon the subject of his parentage. He had some remembrance of a white mother, and thought she lived near the "little lake," and stated that his Indian mother grew angry with him when he mentioned her. The lady washed the paint from his body and found a scar upon his neck, occasioned by a scald.—His features corresponded to those of her sister's lost child, to whom she communicated the welcome intelligence. Measures were immediately taken, and, with the aid of an officer, the boy was removed to the white man's family. The joy of the white mother knew no bounds, when she beheld and recognized the features of her long lost offspring, for whom she had never failed on bended knees, before a throne of heavenly grace to present her petitions and make her resigned to her bereavement and bear with patience her deep affliction. The recognition of parents and child appeared mutual, creating ineffable delight, when, suddenly, as if panic striken, the boy, remembering the severe chastisement and the long years of studied forgetfulness he was forced to endure, to drive from his memory of knowledge of his real progenitors, a[illegible] darling, oned his smiling face and he [illegible] from the mother's fond embrace, rolling wildly his eyes around to assure himself his red mother was not there to repeat the severe punishment she had so often subjected him to as he thoughtlessly lisped the name of mother!

Through the assistance of the Indian agent, suit was brought by the Indian parent in the District Court to recover the child, which was earnestly claimed to be theirs: whilst the evidence adduced by them whether false or just, had some show of reality, in consequence of which the tribe were determined to maintain their rights It was soon found to be impossible to decide the claim in a satisfactory manner to both parties, since, the strongest evidence was in favor of the white parents, to which the Indians would not yield. It was finally decided in favor of the Indians; but before they could get possession of the child, he was taken away by some of his relatives.—Nothing daunted, however, the Indians took up the trail and pursued them into New York, and from there into the State of Ohio, where they succeeded in stealing the child away from a school where his friends had placed him. They were followed immediately, and before they reached Wisconsin, were overtaken and the child recovered from them and placed in the Milwaukee jail—From there he was quietly removed by some unknown persons and has never since been heard of. It is believed, however, that his white mother, who left the country about that time, bore him company.

Unparalleled Meanness.

An individual in this city held an execution against another, which was placed in the hands of the sheriff for the purpose of collecting the claim, but that officer finding no property, it was returned unsatisfied A short time since, the creditor discovered a small monument at one of the marble yards in the city which had been ordered by the debtor to be placed over the grave of a little child he had recently buried Forthwith this worthy exemplar of Shylock waited upon the sheriff and instructed him to levy upon the stone That officer very properly remonstrated against an act so barbarous and unchristian, but without avail He was threatened with prosecution unless he performed this unpleasant duty, and the stone was accordingly seized and in due time sold There was no one mean enough to bid upon it but the creditor, and it was knocked down to him A little monument of a little child, with the names of the parents and their offspring upon it—the figure of a dog, the emblem of fidelity, in an attitude of repose surmounting it—was bought in by this *thing* in human form As we looked upon the stone and his deed to this little history connected with it, we could not help thinking that he who had done so base a thing against his fellow deserved no repose in this world or the next *Buffalo (N Y) Courier.*

Advice to Girls.

Girls, listen to some advice; you need it badly enough—there's not a question of that.

Don't give your beaux a chance to feel sure of you. It's bad for them, and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure, there are men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the women they are wooing; but such ones are deplorably few—The ardor of men lasts only so long as hints their uncertainty. Keep them off, and they will grow more devoted—bring them near and they'll cool off as fast as a flat iron in snow. Let them think you care little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard—Not flirt; not strive to wound their feelings: we don't mean that—humanity forbid! but don't make yourself cheap; just keep your own counsel; and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard the knowledge of that fact from your lover.—Keep it down and in, all that you possibly can, till the magic words are said that make you one; then take off the bands, but do it gradually—"grow upon him;" show him by degrees the strength of the passion which he has awakened in your soul.

A ROSE'D UNDWINDFUL OF DEATH.—At the funeral of a child, in New Sharon, a few days since, the following touching circumstance occurred—"The little one, all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its little hand a small *bouquet* of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral services performed. When, after the lapse of not more than two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered round to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full blown rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death."

Mr. A. W. Thornton of Middletown, Bucks county, Pa., recently sold three turkies to N. K. Shoemaker, of the Wm. Penn Hotel, Philadelphia, for $60. One gobbler weighed 42 lbs.; one spring gobbler 28 lbs.; and one hen 24 lbs.

Woman's Love.

Much has been written about woman's love, but we doubt if that "glory of a woman" was ever so forcibly expressed in a few words as in the following stanzas, which we take from an English paper.—

Come from your long, long roving,
On the sea so wild and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough

Of men though you be unforgiven,
Though priest be unable to shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all Heaven,
If only you come back alive

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not my darling,
So that you come to me now

Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,
Poor and despised though you be,
All are nothing if only
You turn from the tempter to me

Stray Leaves from a Country Girl's Diary.

(NO 5)

SABBATH.—To day had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jeffries preach He is an easy and graceful orator; a renowned historian; an excellent poet, an eloquent writer, and above all, a true-hearted christian. He is writing his name high amid the flaming stars of fame, and when his life-barque is safely moored in the port of Heaven, his brilliant talents will loom up in all their transcendant beauty, until

"Earthly fame and worldly pleasure,
All life's gaudy, glittering treasure
Pass with this mundane sphere away

MONDAY—My school was visited this afternoon by some parents, who appear to appreciate my endeavors to educate mentally, morally and physically. If parents could conceive what a salutary influence their visits exert upon teacher and pupil they would bless us with their presence often. Parents we appeal to you for assistance in this work Into the hands of the teacher you resign the training of your children. It is in their power to mould the destiny of the rising generation, to lead the young tyro up the paths of virtue and knowledge, or permit him to grovel in vice and ignorance Do you not wish to know if we are performing our duties? if your child is properly educated? Then visit your schools! If we are promptly filling our stations we will be encouraged in our duties and your children will try to win the esteem of parent and teacher.

SATURDAY—A merry christmas to all my friends Though the day is passing rather quietly with me, I trust you are all enjoying yourselves to the utmost extent of human happiness If every house-wife places as nicely cooked turkey on the table as did my "boarding ma" to-day, and every table is surrounded by as pleasant a family as that of Squire S no one will have cause for complaint

WEDNESDAY—Winter, winter! As we study his "phiz" we study inflexibility of character depicted on every feature Tho' he has a heart like adamant, he is a welcome guest to many who love fireside pleasures, and home-circle enjoyments, and while the poet may sing of the balmy odors and sweet perfumes of Flora, and extol the vestal days of summer, and sigh about the sad sweet melancholly days of purple Autumn, I would wake the latent strain of my harp to celebrate the return of hoary headed winter.

Who has come from his home in the northern cloud,
His chariot and steeds the wind—gods proud,
His path the wild fields of the upper deep,
His smiles the tears of dying autumn weep,
His livery waif and the widow's cry,
His covering, the dark and lowering sky,
His coronet, pearls from the ice bound zone,
His mantel, the snows of his frozen home,
His sword, the sting of a thousand wors,
His trophies, the courts where pleasure flows,
His tiaras, wreathed from pleasure's bower,
His girdle drawn by griefs demon power,
His sandals, in frosts eternal lave,
His song has enchanted the fairy wave,
His hours are rife with the joys of life,
His days are mingled with care—decked with strife

WILD ROSE

The Value of a Wit.

A wit is a priceless man for a community; not scandal-monger, a heel biter, a detractor, a cynic, whose own happiness in life being spoilt is bent upon making others miserable, but a genial, benevolent reformer, a wholesome and winning though caustic surveyor of events. People breathe more freely when they know there is such a man in the ascendant; for wicked men will be afraid of him, weak men will strive to be stronger, and quacks will not have all their own way.

Society is continually in need of the exploits of that knight errant, the wit. Evils creep in unawares; some good, but very foolish, man, perpetrates a great deal of nonsense which is tolerated and even admired by virtue of his goodness, and fixed as an institution before its inconvenience is fully suspected. Honest sentiments with errors sticking to them are gradually heaped up into a monstrous aggregate of prejudices.

Some bloated and overfed truth weighs society down like a huge nightmare, till the wit comes along to tickle the sensorium and wake us up once more into daylight with a sensation of free honest living, or the old moralites of the world get dull and commonplace, worn, trite and battered, the effigies nearly off from them. The wit is a general refurbisher, re-casting the old coin and presenting it to us again current with the image of to day. The autocrat has improved a very common phrase which more than illustrates what we have been saying. *He has left no stone unturned.* This is his picturesque commentary.—*The Century.*

Model Speech in the Missouri Legislature.

We find the following in the reports of the proceedings of the Missouri Legislature on Friday last. It will at once occur to the reader of Mr Pitt's speech, that he is, as his name would imply, a veritable descendant of Lord Chatham. His chief resemblance to that distinguished orator, is said to consist in the possession of two legs, and a head with a nose on it. Read Mr. Pitt's speech:

Mr. Pitt offered the following:

Resolved, That the speaker be authorized to cause to be printed and posted, one hundred bills, announcing the 8th of January, 1859

Mr. Abney—I move to lay that resolution on the table

Mr Pitt—Mr Speaker, this House passed resolutions sir, to celebrate in an appropriate manner, the 8th of January This is a resolution simply asking that notice be given to the public of that day. We have declared an intention, and now, when we come to publish it some gentleman is suddenly seized with the "retrenchment gripes," and squirms around like a long red worm on a pin hook. [Laughter.] Gentlemen keep continually talking about economy I, myself, do not believe in tying the public purse with cob-web strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism, it assumes the form of "smallness." Such economy is like that of Old Skinflint, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy, without soles, that they might last the longer. [Laughter.] I reverence "the day we celebrate." It is fraught with reminiscences the most stirring; it brings to mind one of the grandest events ever recorded in letters of living fire upon the walls of the temple of fame by the strong right arm of the god of war! On such occasions we should rise above party lines and political distinctions I never fought under the banner of Old Hickory, but "by the eternal" I wish I had [Laughter and applause.] If the old war horse was here now, he would not know his own children from the side of Joseph's coat of many colors—Whigs Know-Nothings, Democrats, hard, soft boiled, scrambled and fried. Locofocos, Douglasites and blatherskites! I belong to no party; I am free, unbridled, unsaddled, in the political pasture. Like a bob-tailed bull in fly time, charge around in the high grass and fight my own flies. [Great laughter.] Gentlemen, let us show our liberality on patriotic occasions. Why, some men have no more patriotism than that you could stuff in the eye of a knitting needle Let us not squeeze five cents till the eagle on it squeals like a locomotive or an old maid Let us print the bills and inform the country that we are as full of patriotism as are Illinois swamps of tadpoles [Laughter.] I don't believe in doing things by halves. Permit me, Mr Speaker, to make a poetical quotation from one of our noblest authors

I love to see the grass amang the red May roses,
I love to see an old gray horse, for when he goes he *goses*!

[Convulsive laughter]

After the above speech, the House refused to lay the resolution on the table

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev Zeb Twitchell a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont conference

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermonizer: but of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery On one occasion he was wending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of Ministers, in company with another clergyman Passing a country inn, he remarked to the other clergyman:

"The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb; and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session, the conference sat with doors closed for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

"Does any one know aught against the character of brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and grave countenance; said he had a duty to perform—one that he owed to God and the church, and to himself; he must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though trembling.—He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of ministers were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few smiled and looked first at Zeb, then upon the bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T. and asked him, what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb rose and said.

"I did the deed! I never lie!"

Then pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation.

"There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance I will state it: When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself!"

[From the Philadelphia Press]

Interesting from the Mormon Country.

UTAH, October 16, 1858.

DEAR COLONEL: In accordance with my promise, I herewith send you a short account of matters and things in Utah

I am on duty forty miles from the memorable City of Saints, at what is called Camp Floyd The troops are resting on their arms. The Mormons are quiet and uncommunicative, meditating, it is said, some ultimate action. Meanwhile, some two hundred of them have left for the States, while as many more have tried to do the same, but failed for want of means Several thousands evidently design to leave next summer; still many will remain, and their views and motives, though studiously concealed from us, are closely watched. This is truly a strange people. There are about 25,000 souls in the Territory, comprising nearly as follows: 4,000 Americans, 5,000 Danes, 6,000 Scotch and Welsh, and 10,000 English. All of the leaders and office-holders are *American*.—The greater portion of the masses are ignorant, deluded, fanatical, and well-meaning, but follow their leaders The leaders are very shrewd. The Mormon Church (the only church in existence here because the only one allowed) owns nine tenths of the Territory The *Church* owns mills, houses, lots, lands roads, bridges—in fact every thing, while the twenty five leaders and bishops own the church! Brigham Young lives in a palace surpassing in magnificence anything you can imagine His stable,—built of stone and brick, would be a palace for me to live in. His horses would mount a dragoon company finely, and his gardens and yards surpass anything in our Eastern States His whole establishment, occupying some two acres, is enclosed with a massive stone wall, twelve feet high, with parapets and embrasures, all made with appliances for defence He seldom or ever comes out lately not at all He treats the true Americans, the army, and the hardy ox drivers who have crossed the Plains, with utter contempt securing through his secret agents a history of all that is going on in our midst

This Territory ought to be absorbed by those that surround it and the laws administered by honest people. If this were done, the laboring honest masses would remain, see their folly, repent it, and become good citizens, whilst the leaders would leave for parts unknown. The 'Church charter' ought to be repealed at once, and finally a capable and efficient Governor ought to be sent here to govern the Territory, if it is to continue one Until some of these changes are made, and a radical change effected in the minds, the tempers and the habits of this people it is idle to think of withdrawing the troops from this place. Heretofore the few cases of excitement in our country requiring the presence of the military have been of short duration It is not so here This is a long planned, systematic plot, ramifying its agencies through a large portion of the world under cover of *religious truth* yet so managed as to draw into its machinery all one may to republican government for the spoils and personal advancement The intelligent portion of the army here are disgusted with the habits and customs observed here. Those who suppose that even the first step towards a settlement of difficulties has been taken are vastly deceived The first step would have been taken had General Johnston marched into the City of the Saints last spring. But that was prevented by Governor Cumming Mr. Kane, and the Peace Commissioners. They have postponed the play, or rather tragedy but it will yet be enacted We, not the Mormons, are suffering by the delay, for they have surrounded us by all the insidious appliances calculated to weaken us and they may get tired of having us near them.

Yours, J. R. C.

The Chicago Press says that a young lady, now a sewing girl in that city, has received a letter from an uncle in New York, stating that herself and two uncles in New York had befallen equal heirs to the comfortable sum of £27,000,000, or about $135,000,000, by the recent death of an uncle at Calcutta, India, where he had accumulated his immense fortune in mercantile pursuits.

They have no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them and make them marry, willing or not willing. The Japanese know a thing or two, if they have been walled in for centuries.

MARRIAGE RESEMBLES a pair of shears, says Sidney Smith, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.