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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.



New Eyes when I get to Heaven.

My neighbor has a little boy eight years old—healthy in body and bright in intellect, but almost blind. Poor little boy! I saw him yesterday morning, as the bright sun was shining in through the partly open shutters, gazing intently toward the light, and moving a playing up and down before his eyes, so as to enjoy the little glimmer of the light more sensibly by the transition. "Little Eddie can't see," I said. "No, but ma says, God will give me new eyes when I go to heaven." The tears started to my eyes, and I could but respond, "Yes, Eddie you will see when you get to heaven."

"Dear Mary!" said the poor blind boy, "That little bird sings very long— Say, do you see him in his joy, And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid, "I see the bird on yonder tree." The poor boy sighed, and gently said, "Sister, I wish that I could see!"

The flowers you say are very fair, And bright green leaves are on the trees, And pretty birds are singing there; How beautiful for one who sees!

Yes, I the fragrant flowers can smell, And I can feel the green leaf's shade, And I can hear the notes that swell From those dear birds that God has made.

So, sister, God to me is kind, Though sight, alas! he has not given; But tell me, are there any blind Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all died; But why ask me a thing so odd?" "O Mary, he does good to me; I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ever long, disease his hand had laid On that dear boy, so meek and mild; His widow'd mother wept and prayed That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face, And said, "O, never weep for me; I'm going to a bright, bright place, Where Mary says, I God shall see."

And you'll come there, dear Mary, too; But, mother dear, when you come there, Tell Edward, never that 'tis you— You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more—but sweetly smiled, Until the final blow was given; When God took up the poor blind child, And opened first his eyes—in heaven.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. B. READ.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn, Is the lovely home where I was born; The peach tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all, There is the shaded doorway still— But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore, I can smell the hay from the open door, And see the busy swallows throng, And hear the peewee's mournful song, But the stranger comes, O! painful proof— His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees, That knew my childhood so well to please, Where I watched the shadowy moments run, Till my life imbibed more of shade than sun; The swing from the bough still sweeps the air, But the stranger's shadow is swinging there.

It bubbles, the shady spring below, With its burrish brook where the hazels grow, 'Twas there I found the calamus root, And watched the minnows poise and shoot, And heard the robin love his wing— But the stranger's jacket is at the spring.

O, ye who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still; And when you crown the old barn eaves, Then think what countless harvest sheaves Have peep'd so wide within that scented door, To gladden eyes that are no more.

AN OBSTINATE JUROR BROUGHT ROUND. At Santa Cruz, California, recently, a fellow juror, an utter stranger to all his brother-jurors, was placed upon the jury, and dissented from the verdict agreed to by the other eleven. They came to a joint conclusion of guilty without delay, but the stranger pertinaciously held out against them. After an hour of argument, with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of "guilty by eleven jurymen, who believe the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal." This ended it; the stranger saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

"Speaking your mind," Jerrold says, "is an extravagance that has ruined many a man."

AGRICULTURAL.



DEVELOPMENT OF THE MIND.

The following well-written article we find in the last number of the Norristown Register. It is the proper view to take on the subject, and we commend it to the attention of our agricultural readers and others:—

The opinion was generally prevalent in former times, that if more than ordinary powers were displayed by a young man, he must be educated for one of what were termed the learned professions—either law, theology or medicine. Agriculture, it was supposed, presented no field for the exercise or display of more than ordinary ability. Although we are not disposed to acknowledge that this theory was strictly true, yet, for argument's sake, granting it to have been so in days that are past, we are confident that the rule will not hold good in the present, nor be applicable to the future. If we are asked the grounds to this conclusion, we answer: because the exercise of the mind can now be substituted for that of the muscle.—

Until within a very short period farming was carried on almost entirely by manual exertion. This is now being supplanted by mental power, and the man who possesses the greatest resources of mind, and brings them most efficiently to bear in application to his agricultural opinions, will be most successful. If he is seeking to acquire wealth, he will reap the rich harvest, just as the best man in any other occupation or profession gains his.

The change has occurred, and what has produced it? The result may plainly be attributed to the improvements which have taken place in agricultural implements and machinery. It is a safe assertion to say that, within the past fifteen years, the labor of the farmer has been reduced at least one half by the aid of improved materials for uses. The agriculturist who, before this era, was compelled to cultivate but a small farm and to labor assiduously and incessantly from year's end to year's end, has been suddenly promoted, as it were, to the ranks of a commander, if he possesses the capacity to fill such a station. But, as all men are not qualified to fill such a station and to act as generals, even if elevated to such an office, so neither are all farmers able to take advantage of the new order of things. They are individuals who cannot manage a large business of any kind, but they do possess the requisite qualifications, can find as fine a field for the exercise of their powers on the farm as elsewhere. It does not follow that they should be obliged to labor physically, unless they have the disposition to do so, any more than it is for the commander of a ship to work his vessel himself. But one thing is essential.—

The master farmer, like the master of a vessel, must understand his business, and be able with discretion and understanding, to give the word of command, and direct the movements of his subordinates. When this is the case, every thing will move on harmoniously and prosperously.

Nor is it at all absolutely requisite that farmers should be confined constantly to the labors of the field. Like all who have a great profession to understand, they must like other professional men, devote some daily attention to its study, and keep pace with the new discoveries and principal improvements in their pursuit. They must examine all things and hold fast to that which is good. In agriculture as in everything else, those who study most, and are most persevering in mastering the intricacies of their business—who test with the greatest judgment, all new discoveries and applications—who use the words of another, stores his library with the best agricultural books, and his table with the best agricultural journals, and reads them to be instructed and better informed in his pursuit—not blindly taking for granted all that is said, but putting all in the crucible of his judgment, to be used or rejected as prudence may dictate—so, we say, will he become the most successful, the most respected farmer—and the farmer, too, whom the people should delight to honor. He would be qualified to discharge all the duties of an American citizen. In the Legislature of his State, or as Governor, or the Congress of the United States, or as President, he would be fitted to do credit to his brother farmers, and to his glorious country.

TO MAKE BEES CLUSTER IN SWARMING.—In this section of country there are knotty bulks growing on the sides of trees and saplings, which resemble clusters of bees. I cut one of these to the size of a small swarm, have a hole in it, and drive in the handle. For convenience, I have three of these—the handles ranging in length, from 10 to 20 feet, to suit

the height of the shrubbery near the bee-house, on which the bees will be likely to settle.—When bees have commenced settling elsewhere, I have frequently set the pole near them, shook them off the limb, and caught them on the knot and carried them to the same scaffold from which I have brooded more than 20 swarms the last summer. I spread a cloth over the scaffold set the box on four blocks 14 inches high and shake the bees down at the sides of the box.—They generally need to be swept down gently off the box, with a small leafy branch, and they will go into their new home.—American Agriculturist.

THE SECRET OF HORSE TAMING.—A correspondent of the New York Herald who pretends to "know some horse," says that the following is all that comprises Mr. Raucy's secret of horse-taming:—"Having haltered your colt and arrested him, fasten his near fore foot with a strong strap round the pastern radins or fore arm; make him hop round on three legs—until tired. When he is tired, put a strap with a noose round the off pastern; make him hop, then pull the strap that is round the off pastern and he will come on his knees. When on his knees keep the strap tight, and he cannot get his foot slack to get up. Bear against the horse's shoulder with yours steadily, when he will lie down in a few minutes. When he is down, stroke him the way the hair lies; take off the strap as soon as he is down. You can now do anything with him you wish, or beat a drum over him, &c., without alarming him. Operate on your horse in this manner as often as the occasion requires."

ILLINOIS.

At the request of a friend we publish the following communication from a Bloomington, Illinois paper. The writer is a gentleman of standing in the community, and his statements can be relied on.

From the Pantograph. MR. EDITOR:—Permit me thro' the columns of your valuable journal to call the attention of those who are thinking of making investments in real estate in the west, to the great inducements that now present themselves in central Illinois, and at the same time to correct some erroneous ideas that prevail in reference to the general price of lands in central Illinois, and especially in McLean county, the center of the State.

Illinois is the great central valley of this vast continent; and with her great superficial area, her fertile soil, and her unequalled commercial facilities, she must soon stand the chief State of this great Union. I am safe in saying that no State in the Union at this present day has so many and so important commercial facilities as the State of Illinois, and none affords so convenient markets. There is not a point in the length and breadth of the entire State where railroads are not accessible within the space of fifty miles.

Situated in the centre of this great agricultural empire, is the county of McLean, one of the most beautiful, undulating, counties of farming land in the State, well interspersed with streams of water and groves of excellent timber. Having no local cause for disease this county has a reputation for health which will compare with the most healthy counties among the granite hills of New England. The testimony of those who have resided in this county for twenty-five years speaks of it as being comparatively healthy when many other portions of the State have suffered from disease. Its settlers are first class men, mostly from Ohio, Kentucky and New York.

Bloomington, the county seat, is one among the most beautiful young cities of the west, having a population of about 9,000, sharing the advantages of the L. C. and the C. & A. & St. L. R. R., and being the central city of trade between the two great centers, Chicago and St. Louis, and at the same time having the advantages of three fine universities of learning, which are now in successful operation. In connection with the above we may add the State Normal University, which is located here and now in course of erection. This institution we are proud to say is the most important one in the State of Illinois, and must always make Bloomington a prominent point for those who desire to reap the inestimable advantages of such an institution.

Having these facts before us we venture to say without fear of contradiction that McLean county with her vast amount of uncultivated lands, which can be bought at reduced figures, since this financial pressure, affords as great inducements for speculation in lands as any other point in the west. That a mania has existed here in reference to the price of lands, we do not pretend to deny, but many men in the east have formed very incorrect ideas in reference to the general price of lands in McLean county from statements they have seen of sales made at extravagantly high figures. We account for these sales in no other way than this: they were made to men that were laboring under a hallucination of the brain, and consequently are no precedent to govern the general price of lands: I mean such sales as were made at \$75, \$80 and \$100 per acre. These sales have gone into all the eastern States, and the result has been men that were seeking homes in the west have passed us by and have gone into the remote parts of Iowa, Wisconsin and Kansas, and paid more for lands there than they could have bought them for in McLean county.

It is a matter of course that men emigrating west

country inquire the price of land: some one will tell them of a sale made at very high figures: they at once conclude that this is not the place, and pass on. To show you that it is impossible for men who are passing through the country, without stopping to investigate for themselves, to form a correct idea in reference to the general price of lands, I will illustrate: Two men whose farms are of equal value, lying side by side; one will ask you fifty dollars per acre, and the other will ask you twenty-five dollars per acre. Now the difference here is in the men, not in the value of the land: the one who asks you fifty dollars per acre does not wish to sell; the one who asks you twenty-five dollars per acre is determined to sell. You see at once that it is impossible for men to get a correct knowledge of the general price of land without stopping sufficiently long to investigate the matter thoroughly for themselves.

I have been a close observer of the land trade in central Illinois for the last three years, and I am fully persuaded that lands can be bought in central Illinois to-day on twenty-five per cent better terms than one year ago. I have recently conversed with several men on their return from Kansas, Iowa and Wisconsin, and they solemnly affirm that they can buy lands in McLean county right in the nucleus of railroads and markets, at as low figures as they can buy them in any of the above named places.

I have no doubt but that men in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York would be perfectly astonished if we should tell them that they could buy in McLean county, Ill., for five dollars per acre, as good farming lands as any in the Miami Valley, Ohio, or the rich valleys of Pennsylvania and New York. This may appear strange to those who are not apprised of the facts, but such are the facts in the case. It can be done. And good improved land, handy to market, and situated near the county seats of the various counties in Central Illinois, can be bought for from twenty to thirty dollars per acre; improved farms from six to ten miles from good stations can be bought for from ten to fifteen dollars per acre.

Now, gentlemen, with these facts before you, I leave the subject for your honest consideration, hoping you will give Central Illinois, and especially McLean county, a visit before you invest your money.

B. W. LEWIS.

From the London Quarterly.

Wonders of the Human System.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance to the windpipe, without falling into it. A little moveable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chink of the air passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor liquids, in short, can pass, without shutting down the trap-door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safe-guard. The slit at the top of the windpipe, which never closes entirely when we breathe, is endowed with an acute sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion, the sensibility of the rim at the top of the windpipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing the chest, over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force which sweeps the offending substance before it.

The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked, is the energetic effort of nature for our relief, when anything chances to have evaded the protecting epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the windpipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable, too, it is to observe, that, while thus sensitive to the most insignificant atom, it bears, without resentment, the atmospheric currents which are constantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb of bread, or a drop of water, with a spasm that convulses the whole frame; and yet, left to itself and its proper office, the intromission of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea." This capacity of perceiving with such acuteness, this impatience of offence, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties, one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is to the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities, in this, as well as in some other parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort or safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose.

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I., a nobleman of the Montague family, who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. "I then brought him," he says, "to the king, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the orifice, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, the young nobleman knew that we touched the heart." Yet he was not so; he was a true-hearted, and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by an outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed nothing to its preservation,

but, while it can be grasped with the fingers, and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor, it unmistakably responds to the varied questions of the mind, and, by the general consent of mankind, is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which it contracts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to subserve, is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensation they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feeling unless they are in connection with the brain. The nervous chord, which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up in the major part of them, and when a section of what may be termed the great trunk for the conveyance of our sensations is deceased, and by the breach in its continuity, the nerves below the disordered part can no longer send their accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or hacked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead carcass instead of a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical centre of all sensation. Yet, strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wounds the brain alone enables us to feel. "It is as insensible," says Sir Charles Bell, "as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient in the sentence that he is uttering. Because the bone which envelops it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of them when directed against its own fabric, though it is, at the same time, the sole source of the pain which these injuries inflict upon the other portions of the system. But the skull is no defence against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great mental toil. To these, consequently, the same brain, which has been created insensible to the cut of a knife, is fully alive, and giddiness, headache, and apoplectic oppressions give ample notice to us to stop the evil, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE.—A happier illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer by it the greatest of questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given as that at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution, some years ago, in London. A little boy was asked in writing, "who made the world?" He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness "shall I forget the resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he took the chalk and wrote. "Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

WE KNOW WHO TO KICK.—The late Col. McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House, at Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when to end the matter without further delay, he took the rowdy by the snuff of the neck, led him to the door, and kicked him into the street. The kicked man picked himself up and walked away, and here the matter ended. Some weeks afterwards McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles street, saw the fellow he had kicked out of the Prentiss House, kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance once the kicked, but now the kicker, and after scanning him closely said: "Look here my fine fellow are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?" "Softly, softly, Colonel," replied the rowdy, taking McClung by the arm, "don't mention it—I'm the man—but—but—you and I know who to kick."

LORD SAFFORD, a deaf mute from birth, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time when the company might be expected, Lady Melville took the pains to send in to the room a female friend of hers, who was able to talk with the fingers after the fashion of the deaf and dumb, that she might be ready to welcome Lord Safford. Presently, in comes Lord Safford. The lady interpreter takes him for Lord Safford, and forthwith begins to articulate nimbly and fluently. Lord Safford on his part does the same, and the conversation had already gone on as much as ten minutes, when Lady Melville enters. Her friend then says to her, "You see I am getting on in conversation with this deaf mute." "What! I a deaf mute!" exclaimed Lord Safford. "Not I, thank heaven! I am not a deaf mute, but I supposed you were one."

WORTH TRYING.—The French Gazette Medical states that charcoal has been accidentally discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of charcoal on the burn, the pain subsides at once. By leaving it on for an hour the wound will be healed. It is certainly worth trying.

FOLEY AGAIN.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas says: "There is a capital story in circulation here about the Indiana Congressman, Foley, upon whom so strong a spell was laid by his famous letter. One of the New-York members said to him, 'Well Foley, they rather had you in that letter didn't they?' 'Yes,' said Foley, 'rather so. Well, I writ it, that's fact; but they misquoted it most dreadfully in publishing it.' It is thought here that it will require a good deal of malice to work Foley again down the throats of his constituents."

LADIES RECOLLECTIONS.—"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" Mary—"No papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." "By the way, Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?" Mary—"Oh yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, and an imitation Hamilton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings and such a pair! Oh, my!" Mother—"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly very bad."

A Quaker had his broad brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chafed it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal.—At last seeing a rough looking boy who was laughing at his disaster, he addressed him thus:—"Art thee a profane lad?" The youngster replied that he sometimes did a little in that way. "Then," said broad-brim, giving the boy half a dollar, "these may damn youder fleeing tite fifty cents worth."

An Irish gentleman, describing in the Freeman's Journal his exploits and experience at Lucknow, relates with native veracity the manner in which the Sepoys disposed of themselves after annihilation:— They departed for Abraham's bosom, or some other quarters less comfortable; in a word, they were swept into eternity. They then repented, and took up their position behind walls, in houses, or any place base enough to hide their disgusting carcasses.

THE foreign journals report that the reign of lace is restored in fashionable circles abroad, and never since the days when George the Third was King has lace been worn in such profusion as it is at the present time in Great Britain. Certainly it must be admitted that no other trimming is so rich, light and delicate. Every now and then, when taste and ingenuity are exhausted in the invention of new trimmings, capricious fashion returns to lace.

I have now disposed of all my property for my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them a shilling, they would be rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.—Patrick Henry's Will.

It is said that the editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "my daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

VERY LUCKY.—The editor of an exchange paper, in giving an account of the murder of a fellow citizen in his bed for the purpose of robbing his house of a large sum in specie, says, "but luckily the murdered man had deposited all his money in the bank the day before." How very lucky the victim was, truly! He lost nothing but his life!

TREATMENT OF ITCH.—Dr. Schubert, of Germany, treats all cases of itch by washing the patient with plenty of soft soap and salt water. Eight ounces of soap and four of salt to one quart of water, make a pretty sharp bath, but he says it will cure the majority of cases in three or four days.

Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chattering to his fellow squirrels in the woods. This we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as it is notoriously one of the greatest talk bearers among his tribe.

The Germans have a habit of sometimes using P. for B, and vice versa, which sounds decidedly ludicrous. A German minister being invited to officiate in an English prayer meeting, said, prethert let us pray.

An exchange says, a divo out West is trying to persuade girls to forego matrimony. It says he succeeded so far as to persuade one, and she is about seventy years of age.

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. "We raised them," was the reply.

It is reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem canvas handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap.

Some men use their friends as others do their clothes—throw them off whenever they are well worn.

THE LATEST GOSSIP.—Why are hoops like an obstinate man? Because they often stand out about trifles.