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Select Poetry.



The following Hymn was composed by a young man, now dead, who was insane on every subject but religion—on this he remained sane until the last moment of his life.

The Hymn is now used by the congregated thousands at the mid-day Prayer Meetings in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and we think it will be a gratification to many of our readers to know at least one of the means used in the extraordinary religious excitement that is now so universal especially in the Cities named.

WHAT'S THE NEWS!

Where you meet, you always say—
That's the news! That's the news!
Pray what's the order of the day?
That's the news! That's the news!
O I have got good news to tell,
My Savior hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed;
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head;
But now he's risen from the dead—
That's the news! That's the news!

To Heaven above the Conqueror's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's passed triumphant to his throne—
That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne he will remain,
Until, as Judge, he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news—
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosanna to his name;
And all are glad they spread his fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart he can remove—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Tis moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe—
A full acquittal you receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

CURIOUS RHYMES.

What is earth, sexton?
A place to dig graves.
What is earth, rich man?
A place to work slaves.
What is earth, grayhead?
A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser?
A place to dig gold.
What is earth, schoolboy?
A place for my play.
What is earth, maiden?
A place to be gay.
What is earth, seamstress?
A place where I weep.
What is earth, sluggard?
A good place to sleep.
What is earth, soldier?
A place for a battle.
What is earth, herdsman?
A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, widow?
A place of true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman?
I'll tell you to-morrow.
What is earth, sick man?
'Tis nothing to me.
What is earth, sailor?
My home is the sea.
What is earth, statesman?
A place to win fame.
What is earth, author?
I'll write there my name.
What is earth, monarch?
For my realm 'tis given.
What is earth, Christian?
The gateway to heaven.

MAOKI, Or, the Faithful Maiden.

A STORY OF TARTARY IN OLDEN TIMES.

Many, many years ago, near the borders of Lake Baikal, there was a Tartar maiden of great beauty, who was courted by at least a dozen lovers. Among them were several persons of great wealth, and one who bore the title of Khan. He was in fact the chief of a considerable tribe who dwelt in the neighborhood. The lady seemed not to fancy any of these persons, but at last a young man came to offer himself, who fairly won her heart. He was a chief, but of a small tribe and destitute of riches. He was, indeed, brave, and a famous horseman, but the father of the maiden wished his daughter to make a more ambitious match.

This affair went on for some time, until, at last, the maiden, weary of the importunities of her lover, and the impatience of her father, proposed to mount a fleet horse, and having the start of half a mile, her lovers might pursue, and he who caught her first should have her.

This arrangement was finally accepted by all parties. The preparations for the chase were soon made, and the tribe all around assembled to witness it. The maiden, whose name was Maoki, which means the Flying Deer, was mounted on a small black mare, of the breed of Mount Libanus, celebrated for their swiftness.

The Khan, whom I have mentioned as one of the lovers, was mounted on a horse of iron gray, of prodigious strength and vigorous action. When he moved, it seemed like the working of a machine of iron. His step was high, yet direct, and far reaching. All who saw him, said in their hearts that his master would win the prize. Maoki herself looked with dismay upon the noble animal and his proud rider, for of all her suitors, she liked him the least. Nay, there was something about him so hard, dark and severe, that she feared, if she did not hate him.

The other lovers were variously mounted, but all had selected the most famous steeds known in the whole country round, for their speed and endurance. The young chief favored by Maoki, and who bore the name of Ladron, or the Whirlwind, came on a milk-white charger, his eyes beaming with intelligence and fire, while his dilating nostrils seemed like two blazing coals fanned by the wind. As he came up, Maoki said, "As he passed near her, she saw in a low tone, 'I shall be the bride of death or the Whirlwind.'" This met no other ear but his.

The arrangements all being completed, Maoki set forward, and soon reached the point fixed upon as marking the distance she was to have. On came the thundering band along her track, some piercing the air with wild cries, and some lashing their steeds with the knot. Soon the chase was only to be seen in the distance, and finally they all seemed on the remote surface of the plains, like insects creeping along the edge of the horizon.

The spectators long watched the scene with intense interest. At last there arose a wild shout, "they are coming," they are coming!" It was indeed them. Maoki had made a wide sweep on the plain, and having eluded her pursuers, was flying back as if to take shelter at the point of her departure. Swift as a hawk she came, her best reeking with foam, and her nostrils seeming to be on fire. Close at her heels was the Khan and his iron gray charger. Next came the white steed of Ladron, springing and galloping with the facility of a mountain deer. Then straggling far behind, but yet with desperate efforts, came the rest of the pursuers.

Maoki approached the place of their departure, and a cry of applause burst from the assembled spectators; but all wondered what she intended to do. Just as she came close to the crowd, she touched the rein, and her horse shot like an arrow. Two bounds behind was the Khan, and close upon him was Ladron. It was a fearful sight. The horses were gushing with blood at the nostrils, and each breath they drew was like the splendor of hail against the frozen cover of a tent.

Suddenly a cry of horror burst from the crowd. Maoki was speeding directly toward the cliff that beetled along the shore of the lake. She was already at its verge. Another bound, and she, with her horse, had disappeared. "They had gone over the cliff!" In an instant the Khan followed with his steed, and almost at the same moment, Ladron was lost to view. The people hurried to the shore, and there they saw a strong swimmer in the waters of the lake, mounted upon his steed, and approaching the land. It was the Khan, and he was soon safe on the shore, but all beside had disappeared, and were never seen since that fatal day.—N. Y. Mercury.

RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO.

The following interesting account of the recent earthquake in Mexico, is contained in the despatch from our minister to that country, Mr. Forsyth: "On the 29th ultimo the severest earthquake of the present century was experienced in this city, and as far as heard from, in all parts of Mexico. I was walking in the street at the time, with Mr. Fearn. My first impression was that I was seized with a sudden vertigo, and upon stretching out my hand to my companion for support, I found him making the same motion. The falling of the people upon their knees, their audible prayers, the violent slamming of the doors and windows of the neighboring houses, soon admonished us that it was a tremor of unusual violence. We were arrested immediately under the tall spire of the Convent of the Profesa. Looking up, and finding it swaying to and fro like the inverted pendulum of a clock, we moved away from its dangerous proximity and paused in the middle of the street. The motion was so great that it was not easy to keep one's feet, although bracing them apart and planting a cane to aid them. The motion produced upon the houses has precisely the effect of a sea-swell, the spongy soil upon which the city is built yielding to the terrific phenomenon in a series of long undulating waves. It lasted a minute and a half, though not with the greatest violence all the time, for if it had, not one of the massive walls of which this city is built would have been now standing. As it was, there is hardly a church that has not been more or less damaged; some have fallen, killing persons and animals, while hundreds are only kept up by the props which have been applied to them. My own house has a crack in one of the inner walls, from the roof to the ground, while a seam is opened the whole length of the *Azotea*. For several days all carriages were prohibited in the streets, lest some house should be shaken down. Several churches have been abandoned as unsafe. The palace is very much damaged. It appears to have been more severe on the Pacific than on the Atlantic slope, as we hear of several villages totally destroyed in that region.

If Mexico had been built in the fragile style of an American city, it would now be a mass of ruins. With all its massive walls, it has had a narrow escape. The earthquake was unaccompanied by any noises except the creaking of beams and stone walls, and the furious banging of open doors and windows. The heavy masonry of the Chapultepec aqueduct was broken and wasting the water in more than a hundred places within the space of a mile and a half. No living person remembers a movement of equal violence and duration. Houses which have stood unscathed a hundred years, have opened their seams to the fury of this one, and indeed, after experiencing its effects, one is amazed to look around and see any structure of human hands standing."

VARIETIES.

Gentility is said to be eating meat with a silver fork when they are not.

The last rain showed one ludicrous sight—at least to crowd two fashionably dressed women under one umbrella!

Some say that the quickest way of destroying weeds is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of husbandry.

It is reported that Queen Victoria is to become a mother and grandmother in the same week. Guelf and Saxe Coburg forever!

It is said that a man who is lugging does not pay the debt of nature, but simply gets an extension.

Punch says he once saw a father knock down his beloved son, and thought it was the most striking illustration of sun down he ever beheld.

Every rose has its thorn. I never helped to shawl the flower of a ball room without being convinced, by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

When Sheridan was asked what kind of wine he liked best, he answered—"Other people's"—There are a great many Sheridans nowadays.

It is generally supposed that the value of foreign coins is fixed by law, but such is not the case. The coins of foreign countries are not a legal tender in the payment of debts, though they are taken at their valuation at the mint.

What are the four qualifications that fit a sheep to become a member of the Jockey club?

Because he is bred on the turf, gambols in his youth, associates with blacklegs, and is fleeced at last.

A letter passed through the Cleveland post office on Saturday last, superscribed as follows—

In Iowa there resides
Lovina Shurtle's fair,
Her post office is at Springdale
And she rides on the old gray mare.

The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and his fondness for the bottle he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said they began to say of me I drank too much for a single man."

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosophical poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slighted, but my old and shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

A Virginia paper describes a fence down which every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the other side.

A GOOD WITNESS.—Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with a malice pretense? No sir he knocked him down with a flat iron.

You misunderstand me, my friend, I want to know whether he attacked him with an evil intent. Oh no sir, it was on the outside of the tent. No, no; I wish you to tell me whether the attack was at all a preconcerted affair. No sir, it was not a free concert affair, it was a circus.

INCREASE OF POSTAGE.

One of the boldest attempts to oppress the people, and especially the people of the North was made the last days of the late session of Congress, by the Locofoco majority of the Senate to increase the rates of postage. The proposition was to increase the present rate of 3 cents to 5 and 10 cents, according to distance, and the vote in the Senate, on this oppressive proposition was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Benjamin, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Fitch, Gwin, Hunter, Johnston, of Ark., Johnson, of Tenn., Malloy, Pearce, Polk, Reid, Sebastian, Thompson, of Ky., and Yulee.

Nays—Messrs. Bigler, Chandler, Clark, Doall, Douglas, Fessenden, Foster, Hamilton, King, Pugh, Rice, Seward, Stewart, Wilson and Wright.

Here, it will be seen, every man who voted to increase the rates of postage was a Democrat; while every Republican present voted against it, five Democrats only voting with them.

The proposition to increase the rates was introduced by Mr. Johnston, of Ark. An appropriate commentary upon his scheme is afforded by the following statistics, which are taken from a pamphlet by Miss Mites, upon the subject of Postal Reform. The number of letters carried annually in the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois, is 68,668,590; the number carried in the fifteen Southern States is 45,921,521. The expenses of the P. O. Department, in the first five named States, are

Revenue derived from them,	\$5,171,433
Excess of Receipts over Expenditures,	3,370,356
Expenses in the Southern States,	\$198,923
Revenue	\$3,846,333
Revenue	1,555,723
Deficit	\$2,291,610

The only Slave State which pays its own postage account in full is Delaware, which annually pours into the National Treasury, under this head, the magnificent sum of one hundred and seventy-one dollars! New York and Massachusetts alone pay \$750,390 per annum for postage; their expenses for this object during the same period, amounting to \$1,423,305.—The Southern and Southwestern States pay for their postal expenses

amounts to \$4,118,780. It will thus be seen that all the Southern States pay less for postage than two Northern ones, while their expenses are three times as large! The actual cost of carrying a letter in New England and New York, is one cent and three mills; in the Southern and Southwestern States, six cents and seven mills; in Arkansas, eighteen cents and three mills. Herein, if we mistake not, will be found the entire milk of the cocoa nut which we have opened. A reference to the record of yeas and nays, by which the proposition to raise the rates of postage was adopted, will show that every member from a self-sustaining State voted against, and that every member from a paper State voted for the amendment. It was very natural that Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, should make such a motion, because the burden of the increase would scarcely fall, in any perceptible degree, upon his own ignorant constituents, but almost entirely upon the laborers and mechanics of the North, who are already disproportionately taxed.—Gettysburg Star.

Scotland vs. Montgomery County.

An accident has transpired within a few days which, while it is more than disgraceful, furnishes a remarkable commentary upon the tariff pretensions of the Democratic party, and should open the eyes of the workmen of Montgomery County and the entire State, to the true policy of the present Administration. An appropriation was granted by the late Congress to erect water works for the City of Washington, and a large amount of iron pipe was needed for the purpose. A heavy house in this county, Messrs. Colwell & Co., of Conshohocken, applied for the contract, which we learn called for 6000 or 7000 tons of iron pipe employing in its manufacture at a reasonable estimate, four hundred and seventy-five men one year, and would have set in operation one or two of the seventeen or eighteen furnaces which are now lying idle upon the banks of the Schuylkill river. It was reasonable to suppose that with a son of Pennsylvania in the Presidential chair, that if his Administration even refused to grant us that protection which our great industrial interests demanded, a feeling of State pride would have prompted him to prefer the labor of his own State especially when brought into competition with foreign capital. To the utter disgrace of the government, however, this contract, which would have fed and clothed from 1600 to 1800 men woman and children, here in Montgomery County, for an entire year, has been given to a Scotch house and will be manufactured by subjects of the Queen of England, while our own workmen are starving! The Democratic Administration of James Buchanan, will import for government work, while nearly every furnace in his own State is idle and deserted for want of encouragement—and yet Democratic journals will prate about the love of Democracy for Home Industry.—Norristown Defender.

INDULGENCES.—Forty days' indulgence being offered to all who visit a new Roman Catholic church, the Detroit Advertiser says: The Herald ought to have recommended the President and Cabinet—in fact the whole Locofoco portion of the Locofoco party—in the only this church during the Octaves for Locompton place on earth where it is the only authority could be hoped for above the earth, that would give us a grand indulgence for the manifold of Locofocoism.

BILL MONTGOMERY.—The Louisville Journal which copies Montgomery's letter to South, ordering the whiskey for Buchanan (who drinks nothing stimulating but old rye) says that Montgomery "turns out to be one of the poorest, abject, and most mean spirited creatures that was ever suffered to live."

It adds: "We shall not undertake to comment upon such a letter as that. Its tone is that of a mendacious holding out his hat and asking for coppers or of a slave begging piteously to be let off from the expected application of a cowhide. We hardly know which is the more disgraceful—the writing of the notorious Foley letter or the authorship of this Montgomery thing."

The Milwaukee Free Democrat copies the letter and says:

"The Hon. William Montgomery of Pennsylvania, famous for his connection with the Montgomery amendment to the Kansas bill and for his subsequent shuffling and evasion on the same measure, has been writing the most abject letters begging for a re-nomination to his present place. We give below a sample. A man who can stoop to such abject whining to beg an office should never be entrusted with one, as he will be very sure to use it only for his own personal advantage. It will be noticed that he proposed to send only a keg of that barrel of rye whiskey to the 'old chief.' The balance doubtless is required for home consumption."

We may add that the letter is going the rounds of the press and excites comments like the above, everywhere.

THE WAY THEY DO IT.—The leading Democrats have a great many ways of abstracting money from the public treasury. If they don't ram their fists right into the cash up to their elbows, and take it up by the hand-full, they adopt means just as servicable in transferring it to their pockets. We have noticed of late many instances in which the treasury was robbed by swindling purchases and sales of property. Here is another case in which the immaculate Gwin, of California, is involved:

SENATOR GWIN, AND THE "LIME POINT" CONTRACT.—The San Francisco Bulletin contains the following article, in the advocacy of the attempt to induce the National Treasury to purchase a barren tract of land for fortifications at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. "It was," says the Bulletin, very justly denounced in the Senate by Mr. Fessenden as an outrage. If, as that gentleman stated, it is absolutely necessary to have a portion of this property sufficient to erect a fortification upon, the Government has power to condemn, and obtain possession at a fair rate, and not to submit to so gross an outrage and exaction. Mr. Broderick stated that the whole ranch, on which Lime Point (which we understand is directly opposite Fort Point) is situated, is not worth \$7,000. It is our opinion that, if put in the market to-morrow, without the prospect of selling the site mentioned to the Federal Government, it would not bring \$5,000."

Books of Account.

No thrifty business man (says the *Junata Sentinel*) neglects to keep an account of his expenditures, and if he finds the figures enlarging from year to year, the fact makes an impression upon his mind, if not a change in his habits.—The same course should be pursued by a nation. Comparisons may be odious, but they are often salutary. For example it is not pleasant, though it should prove profitable, for us to know that the General Government has spent more than twice as much money last year as it did seven years ago.

The following table exhibits the annual expenditures during the last ten years, including the Administrations of Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan:

1849—Taylor,	\$46,798,667 82
1850—Fillmore,	42,506,892 11
1851—Fillmore,	40,504,422 12
1852—Fillmore,	36,552,080 37
1853—Pierce,	43,544,202 82
1854—Pierce,	51,018,249 60
1855—Pierce,	56,365,393 00
1856—Pierce,	60,172,401 64
1857—Buchanan,	64,878,828 85
1858—Buchanan,	81,000,000 00

There is every prospect that the present Administration will, upon its retirement, leave a legacy of one hundred millions of national debt. So much for the loud professions of economy which characterized Mr. Buchanan's inaugural address.

THAT WHISKEY LETTER.—Some of the Locofoco papers have undertaken to deny the genuineness of the Montgomery-whiskey letter now going the rounds; but the *Washington Review*, the organ of Montgomery, admits its genuineness.

The *Brownsville Clipper* says the whiskey ordered for Buchanan from South never reached Washington City; it was all guzzled in West Brownsville. Let Montgomery order an 'old keg' for 'the old chief.' It is time that Buck should get his little from the Carlisle Herald.

BEAS, BRECKINRIDGE AND FREE BASS.—This was the inscription on the Locofoco banner during the campaign of 1850, but for the next campaign, the inscriptions are to read,

Montgomery, Buchanan and old Rye Whiskey. The Hon. Wm. Montgomery, of the Washington district, who, for the sake of getting a re-nomination, has sacrificed the position he

held at the close of the late session of Congress, has found out the President's weak side, and is trying, therefore, to propitiate him, by administering a dose of old rye whiskey.

If old Buck is fond of 'old rye,' we hope his friends will keep him well supplied. He ought to have a hoghead full.

HOW THEY WERE REWARDED.—The following items tell their own story—and a sad story, for our country, it is, too. No wonder the national treasury is depleted, and that the Secretary of that department of the government, is in the market, among shavers and money-lenders, asking for additional loans, in order to keep the wheels in motion:

"Senator J. C. Jones, of Tennessee, (old line Whig,) had a contract to supply 1,700 horses, at \$159 each, which will make the neat sum of \$270,300. It is stated that the horses were to be of a particular color and size, but when they arrived at Fort Leavenworth, they were found to be of all sizes and all colors, but were nevertheless accepted.

"The brother of Hon. J. A. Aihl, member of Congress for the Cumberland, York, and Perry district, had a contract to supply for the army 200 mules, at \$175 each, making \$35,000; also, an order for 200 from Russell and Majors, Government contractors, at the same price, amounting in all to \$87,000. The kind of mules delivered could be bought readily at \$120 each. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Aihl voted for Leecompton, and is a candidate for re-election.

"Some of the other members of Congress from the rural districts have been providing for their friends at the public expense, in the way of contracts for barley, at fine prices."

This is a strong chapter on Locomptonism, and in time will prove a milestone at the necks of those who compose the present administration.

The Latest Hoop Story.

Quite a ludicrous scene occurred in one of the churches of St. Catharine, C. W., a few Sabbath since. One of the largest kind of hoop females, after sailing up the aisle in splendid style, without accident either to herself or the worshippers, attempting to enter a pew, but squaring, kicking, squeaking, and contortions of the fair occupant, were unwilling to move the "recomant." The sexton—who is a colored man—and one or two of the church officers, perceiving her difficulty, humanely resolved to relieve the distressed dame; but it was no go—she could neither be got in or out, so firmly she was wedged in. They tugged and pulled and heaved until the sweat stood in large drops on their foreheads, and went trinkling down their noses in as beautiful manner as the oil ran off Aaron's beard, and when the case appeared too desperate almost for relief, short of cutting away a good many teeth of the pew, the colored gentleman's face suddenly brightened up with an idea, "Let's cant her, boss—let's cant her!" and the poor thing, despite her expostulation, was canting accordingly, amid a universal laugh from the congregation, and thus was she relieved from her troubles.

PERFECTLY CORRECT.—The *Trenton American* remarks very justly that the opposition party is without any political issue to go before the people.—*Evening Argus*.

Is not Buchanan a political issue? Is not his Cabinet a festering sore? Is not his army of office-holders a political cancer? Is not the *Loco Foco* press a political pestilence? Is not the Treasury Department a dyspepsia? and is not Leecompton a gangrene? But there issues all belong to the *Loco Focos*. The opposition are thankful to have none of this kind.—*Daily News*.

DONE WITH DE RIVIERE.—The public will be glad to know that the *Riviere Scandal* is quieted for the present at least. Mr. and Mrs. Blount and their interesting daughter sailed on Saturday in the steamer for New Orleans; Riviere has modestly retired from the too pressing attentions of his creditors; Huncko is found and fined; Jersey and justice are satisfied; the puppets have left the stage, the play is over, and so ends the latest Nine Days Wonder. What shall be the next nonsense?—*Tribune*.

AN INSINUATION.—A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."

"Ah!" said the doctor, stretching out his neck, very important, pray, in what terms?"

"Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following—

"There were last week several seven interments less than the week before."

"said a little fellow, as he looked in his father's face: "papa, does the logwood they put in wine give it its red color?"

"Yes certainly."

"Well; papa, is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?"

"Hush your nonsense, child there, Betty, get a candle and put this child to bed."

John Nugent, Mr. Buchanan's Envoy Extraordinary to the Fraser River gold diggings, is an Irishman. How long he has been over we are not informed, but we have an idea that his mission to the boys who have gone for gold will not amount to much, and would not be surprised if he should come back with a magnified flea in his ear.