



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

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BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1858.

VOL. 31, NO. 33.

Select Poetry.



OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis said—yet sweet to listen, To the soft wind's gentle swell. And think we hear the music Our childhood knew so well!

steadfast friends of Gen. Jackson, he procured an honorable exile in Russia, to cover him from his shame; and by seeking Col. Benton with complaints against Mr. Polk and the rest of the Cabinet, deploring his connection, asking advice for his conduct, and making renewed protestations of his own devotion to the man whom he had despoiled of the honor of the final Mexican campaign planned by him, he obtained forgiveness, and a new hold on the generous and confiding Senator and soldier, that afforded the opportunity of the last betrayal of confidence. When he died, Col. Benton, like Clay and Jackson, left a written testimonial declaring the forfeiture of his confidence by Mr. Buchanan. To the sketch of his life, submitted to his revision, and sent to the press by him just before his fatal illness, he says that he had supported Mr. Buchanan against his own son-in-law, Col. Fremont, and assigns as the reason a confidence that Mr. Buchanan, if elected, would restore the principles of the Jackson administration, and the apprehension that the success of Col. Fremont would engender sectional parties fatal to the preservation of the Union; but he adds that, soon after, he had occasion to change both opinions.' Col. Benton's last political publication, and a brief note to me give the explanation. But before bringing the proof from Col. Benton's own pen, recording this condemnation of Mr. Buchanan and the Administration, it is proper I should advert to the cozening policy of the conscious intriguer, through which he has contrived to evade the consequences by araying on his side the sons of the great man whose confidence he had forfeited.

wish you to come in as soon as convenient, as I deem it very material that right leads should be taken at the beginning of the session.— Providence, and folly, and wickedness, have fixed things to the hands of the friends of harmony and the Union, and it is for them to avail themselves of the advantages. Respectfully, THOS. H. BENTON. 'E. P. BLAIR, Esq.' Upon this letter, Mr. Blair remarks: 'The leads' given me by him to be submitted through Messrs. King and Hamlin to the caucus of the members of Congress representing the Republican party, were embodied in two sets of resolutions heretofore published—one organizing resistance to the whole system of Administration measures founded on the decision of the Supreme Court, to spread Slavery over all the Territories of the Union; in virtue of the Constitution of the United States and another preamble, with a series of resolutions designed to give effect to the principles of the Ordinance of 1787, in all newly acquired territories, beginning with Arizona, and prohibiting the existence of Slavery therein. 'These leads were recognized as the fixed policy of the Republican party, and were urged in debate in Congress to prepare public opinion for their effectuation. Col. Benton found in the Republican party, to whom he appealed as 'the friends of harmony and union,' a ready adoption of all his views, and his conviction that Providence had permitted this foolish and wicked Administration so 'to fix things,' that the lovers of our country and its institutions may avail themselves of its advantages, is now a prevailing belief throughout the country.' Of Col. B.'s published examination of the Dred Scott decision, which Mr. Blair properly styles Col. B.'s 'last testament' upon public affairs, Mr. Blair says: 'He put a codicil to his last testament, bequeathing to his countrymen his legacy of political principles, which proves that he believed the President and the Senate's oligarchy are waiting in hostility to their official trusts. This is the last warning that ever fell from his pen in political discussions. It is added as a note to his examination of the Dred Scott decision, with the ominous prefix marked in capitals: 'LAST WORD.' attack which kept me, for two weeks, face to face with death, when I was writing this examination, and had to break off abruptly, leaving two beside untouched, and not even alluded to. Besides these two entire heads, now postponed, there was another, which I wished to bring before the American people, to wit: The conduct of an Administration and a Senate, (called Democratic,) which has done, and is doing, what no former Administration and Senate (whether Whig, Federal, Democratic or Republican) ever did—that is to say, suppressing and concealing the evidence of a foreign negotiation, after the negotiation is all over and done with; which negotiation is surrounded by circumstances which connect it with a scheme to bring on a separation of the slave from the free States. I speak of the Gadsden negotiation, and of fifty millions he was authorized to give for a broadside of Mexico, with a port on the Gulf of California, and a railway to it, to suit the United States South, after the separation; to which point all the schemes for a Southern Pacific railroad tend, while the credulous public are made to believe they are buying the best way to California, where they mean it shall never go, because California rejects Slavery. Every Union-loving State Legislature should post his Senators under instructions to bring these hidden negotiations to the public view, through with but little prospect of getting the whole truth after so many years' suppression—the same reasons, which have induced suppression thus far, being equally strong to make it perpetual; so that much may be gone past recovery. 'Washington City, Sept., 1857.' 'Here the charge is made by Benton in the most solemn act of his life, that the so-called Democratic Administration and Senate has done and is doing' what amounts to the basest betrayal ever perpetrated by the Government, in suppressing and concealing the evidence of a scheme to bring on a separation of the slave from the free States.' With all these schemes, it is seen there is a corruption fund attached. Every negotiation looking to acquisitions in the South to give preponderance to Slavery, is attended by millions from the Treasury, which owes its riches to free labor, and they are lavished to bribe the officials, foreign and domestic, who make and ratify what may well be called slave-trade treaties—treaties to extend the area of Slavery and lead to new importations. The pregnant note quoted points the public eye to the hidden mine which threatens the integrity of the Union. Cupidity and ambition work with fearful advantage in the secret sessions of a Senate, which has now become a mart of speculation in the public lands, public contracts, and public offices, from the highest of the lowest, and, as a consequence, speculation in the power of the Government, at home and abroad. 'When the vast powers of this mighty country can be wielded in secret concealment—a its money, power, and physical forces, given a direction invisibly, from which they cannot be diverted more than the waters of Niagara when the leap is taken—Benton's dying denunciation of the Administration for 'suppressing and concealing the evidence of a foreign negotiation,' tending to destroy the Union, should make a durable impression, especially when that Administration is absolutely under the control of a Southern faction notoriously hostile to the Union.'

PAT AND THE FROGS.

Pat had taken a drap too much, and was on his return home, when he overheard a voice in the swamp, and supposing he had been recognized by an old acquaintance, something like the following conversation ensued: Frog: Magee! Magee! Magee! Pat: Faith, and that's my name; give us yours if it is convenient intirely. Frog: Hugh Coulon! Hugh Coulon! Hugh Coulon! Pat: By sowl, you are a consin of mine; when did you come over? Frog: Last Month! Month! Pat: What does ye find to live on here in this bog sure? Frog: Chunks! Chunks! Pat: By St. Patrick, if ye repeat that same I'll knock ye down with my shillelah sure. Frog: Dead drunk! Dead drunk! Dead drunk! Pat: Yer a liar: a murdering, blabbering liar. Come on, if ye dare, ye spalpeen ye. Frog: Night em! Fight em! Fight em! Pat: Thers more, nor one of yes, ye highway robbers. I'm the boy that can lick ye.—Just tread on my coat tail wunst. Frog: Chase em! Chase em! Chase em. Pat: I'm on my way to Brawsville, sure and if yees follow me to Jim O'Flannegan's store, I'll stand up wid ye, and so I will, and won't strike ye after yer down. Frog: Kill em! Kill em! Kill em! Kill em! Pat: Now ye wouldn't kill a poor man whose got a wife and six children to feed wid pertates. Frog: Moderation! Moderation! Moderation! Pat: Now Darling, ye talk like a praste.—Stip up and take a drink wid me out of this flask, for yer a broth of a boy. Frog: Cold water! Cold water! Cold water! Pat: Is it one of Father Matthew's medals yees got? I never jined the pledge. Frog: Go home, yer drunk! Drunk! Drunk! Pat: Go to the devil wid yer cold water, ye're lying song of a gun, or by blazes I'll tache ye how to be decent. I'm in for a scrimmage wid ye now, sure. Frog: Come on! Come on! Come on! Pat: I'll climb the fence and falls head foremost into the swamp, but picks himself up in a minute on his splashed hat, and knee deep in soft mud, he says to his opponent: 'I intend to send his opponent to a climate where there is not sufficient moisture to make a desirable place of residence, for the aquatic animal he was contending with. Hear him. Pat: It's myself that's here. Strike me if yer dare, ye cold water ball! I'll pull every hair in yer body out. Frog: Good night! Good night! Good night! Pat: Good night, honey. Sweet slape and a warm bed for yer, wid a good fire for ye. Frog: Bridget Magee! Magee! Magee. Pat: Poor sowl, she's in Brownsville, wid Cathleen and Parter. Frog: Go home! Go home! Go home! Go home! Pat: I'm off. Good luck to ye. May ye have plenty of bafe, pertates and whiskey, and may ye reform yer ways and leave the highways. Thus ended the colloquy between Pat and the Frog to his water, until the former was drowned in a mill-pond, the latter was crisped on a gridiron.

VARIETIES.

'I never complained of my condition,' says the Persian poet, Sadi, 'but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my lot.' Voltaire says that 'faith is always blind.' We have certainly heard of 'the eye of faith,' but perhaps it has no pupil now-a-days. It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird. If a spoonful of yeast will raise forty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel with. Whoever is honest, generous, courteous, and candid is a gentleman, whether he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor. A scurrilous Tennessee editor wants to know if we will take up his glove. Oh, certainly.—Give us a pair of tongs. One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself. A citizen of Hallowell has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a reward of five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body. A negro passing under a scaffolding where some repairs were going on, a brick fell from above on his head, and was broken in two by the fall. Sambo very coolly raised his head and exclaimed:—'Hilloa, you white man up dar; if you don't want your bricks broke, jest keep 'em off my head.' 'Whose pigs are these, my lad?' 'Why, they belong to that there big sow.' 'No! I mean who is their master?' 'Why, again answered the lad, that little 'un there; he's a rara un to feight.' Plutarch says, in his Life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. The Boston Times adds, that in these days men sleep on skins filled with bad rum. Cool.—An old woman lately fell off a house in Limerick, as she was sweeping the gutter.—On being taken up she applied her hand to her pocket, with the romantic observation, 'Musha, what is that dog barking at?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. 'Why, replied a by-stander, 'because he sees another puppy in your boots.' Seek, for your children, first, excellence in morals and manners; secondly, in books; thirdly, in their personal health; but never neglect their health—for they cannot excel in goodness or learning without health. A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lamplacked a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his door:—'Will be home in ten days after you see this shingle.' The census shows that there are five hundred thousand more men than women in the United States. So if either sex has a pretext for polygamy, it is the female. We go to the grave of a friar saying: 'A man is dead,' but angels throng about him, saying, 'A man is born.'—Becker.

everything, and the secret vices of the earth must be bold indeed, if they can bear his gaze. Morally, as well as physically, there is safety in light and danger in darkness—and yet give me the darkness and the danger! Let the patrolling sun go off his beat for a while, and show a little confidence in my ability to behave properly, rather than worry me with his sleepless vigilance. A FLYING MACHINE.—Lord Carlingsford, who has for a number of years been engaged in constructing a flying machine, has announced the success of his undertaking in a letter to the Kilkenny Moderator, in which he says: 'Although I have not yet taken flight in the aërodon—which name I have given to my aerial chariot—I may with confidence and truth announce to you and the world the success of its principle from the results I obtained by an experiment three days ago. Having made some little improvement in the plan of starting the aërodon, which consisted in applying a crook to the end of it, and then hooking it to a cord supported between two poles, in the manner of a swing, and having raised it about two feet from the ground, and then drawing it back about two yards and giving it a slight pull forward, it started off, then elevated itself a little in the air, and after going a short distance alighted in the most genteel manner. It acted in this way in consequence of the tail not having been fastened down. By this experiment it must be considered that the principle is fully established; as well the perfect manner of starting it. When I have made a few more experiments and found on the weight the present extent of wing will be able to bear, and if found sufficient to carry a person without being put to any great speed, which I consider most likely to be the case, it shall be taken to Dublin without delay, and there exhibited for charitable purposes, and to the criticism of all.' WHAT WILL RUN CHILDREN.—To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born, the only son or daughter, the beauty or wit of a household, is too commonly set apart, Joseph-like. To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought always to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation, and never be punished for wrong doings, by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule. To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day for the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch, which should be wound backward half the time, be expected to run as well, as a child thus trained become possessed of an estimable character. To be corrected for accidental faults with the same severity as if they were those of intention. The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment to the young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself a sufficient punishment, even were the result brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful. To be made to feel that they were only burdens. Parents who give a child to understand that he is burdensome to them, need not be surprised should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him. They should bear with childhood. POETICAL.—In a certain well-known city, a genuine was hauled up for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued: Is your name Jay? Yes, your honor, so the people say. Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm? Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm. You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes? No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes. Be off, you scamp, get right out of my sight. 'Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night. A QUICK QUARTER.—A boy worked hard all day for a quarter, he bought apples and took them to town and sold them in Federal street for a dollar. With the dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep brought him a lamb, and her fleece brought another dollar. With a dollar he bought another sheep. The next spring he had two sheep, two lambs, and a yearling sheep. The fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He worked, where he found opportunity, for hay, corn and oats, and pasturing for sheep. He took the choicest care of them and soon had a flock.—Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them, and by the time he was twenty-one, he had a fair start in life, and all from the quarter earned in one day. How many volumes might be written on the power of trifles! A single atom, like a cipher in arithmetic, may assume incalculable importance from its position. A spider web saved Mahomet from his pursuers. The frailty of Count Julian's daughter introduced the Saracens into Spain. Cromwell came near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey. Henry VIII. was smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen, and lo, the Reformation. Thus, from a single trifle, proceeds the destiny of many. A punster says: 'My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot tarry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy to 'turn a Somerset.'

Mr. Blair upon Mr. Buchanan and Col. Benton.

Mr. F. P. Blair publishes a letter in the N. Y. Tribune, replete with political and historical interest, drawn out, in part, by the denial by Col. Benton's son-in-law, William Carey Jones, of the well-known fact of Colonel Benton's hostility to Mr. Buchanan's Administration, declared to everybody after Mr. Buchanan's surrender to the Nullifiers. Mr. Blair says: 'Mr. Buchanan's success in the game of intrigue induces him to ply his skill with redoubled eagerness, now that his ambition is stimulated by the hope of restoring in his person the Washington precedent—two terms in the Presidency. He has laid away of the means of the Government to bring in aid of his genius for sly management; and the country will therefore, for the first time, have a thorough test of the power of corruption, aided by Executive machinery, in the hand of an adept. 'When Mr. Clay retired from the Senate, and, as he thought, forever, he brought a charge of a corrupt attempt on the part of Mr. Buchanan to influence a Presidential election by bartering offices. Mr. Clay supported his charge by a circumstantial detail, and cited Mr. Letcher, a colleague, to prove it. Mr. Buchanan refused to allow the witness to testify, having, in good time, bound him to secrecy. General Jackson, after retiring to the Hermitage, by a letter under his own hand to Major Lewis, declared that Mr. Buchanan was guilty of making a corrupt proposition to him. Now, can any one doubt that the early instincts for corrupt practice, which characterized Mr. Buchanan in the dawn of his political life, and which have marked it throughout, will be wanting to the last effort on which all his hopes converge? 'Mr. Buchanan's inherent weakness early in life impressed his native cunning with a sense that he could only rise on the strength of greater and better men. The heroisms of Jackson, Clay and Benton found no place in him. His scheme was, by subserviency to them, to appropriate their power over public opinion. It is remarkable that, by submission and fawning, after his first great failure at political seduction, he saved himself from Mr. Clay's wrath and denunciation, until a sort of amnesty, growing out of length of time, protected him; that, by depression, he not only induced Gen. Jackson to take upon himself the quarrel originated with Mr. Clay, but by solicitations, through Gen. Muhlenberg and other

Description of the Towns of Utah.

Salt Lake City contains about a third of the population of the Territory, and has a great many fine, and some elegant buildings, the principal of which are the 'Beehive,' in which all Religious meetings are held; the Council House, Endowment House, the Temple in course of erection. Court House, Young's two mansions, thirteen public school houses, together with the costly houses erected for the elders. The next settlement, north, is called Sessions, eight miles from Salt Lake City, and contains several fine houses. It is situated on the main road; the houses are not compactly built, but extends nearly five miles. This settlement contains the richest lands in the Territory. Farmington city comes next—a very pretty little town—the county seat of Davis county: it contains about 1000 inhabitants. Eight miles north is Keysville, containing about the same number of inhabitants—here is some excellent arable land, and a fine stock range. Weber river is about eight miles further north. On it has been built two forts, called East and West Weber Forts containing about five hundred inhabitants each. They are very pleasantly situated. Ogden City, one of the principal cities of the Territory, is about three miles from Weber. It has many costly buildings. North of Ogden City, about two miles is a large well built fort called Brigham's Fort. It has about seven hundred inhabitants. Northeast of this, three miles, is Ogden Hole—a very pleasant locality, surrounded on all sides by mountains, with the exception of the entrance. It contains about five hundred inhabitants. North of the 'Hole, twelve miles is a well located fort, called Willow Creek Fort. In this vicinity there is fine agricultural land, and the heaviest crops of wheat in the Territory are raised here. Five miles north is Box Elder, or Brigham's City, being about eight miles south of Bear river. This city is very handsomely situated. It is built upon a plain, about two hundred feet above the level of Bear river. It is inhabited principally by Danes and Welsh, whose houses exhibit considerable skill in their construction, and taste in arrangement. On Bear river there are two small settlements, and further north two others. These are in Cache and Malad Valley, where the stock belonging to 'the church' generally are kept.

A patent has lately been taken out for cleaning fish, by giving them snuff, whenever they sneeze their scales fly off.

'C. STREET, Dec. 1. Dear Sir:—If your health permits, I would