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BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1859. VOL. 32, NO. 2.

SELECT POETRY.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

They're stepping off, the friends I knew,
They're going one by one;
They're taking wives to tame their lives,
Their jovial days are done;
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave, domestic men,
They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sober'd down,
The merry boys and true,
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew;
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round,
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace,
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The canton and the state;
I hate to see my friends grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

Oh, give me back the days again,
When we have wandered free,
And stolen the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree;
The friends I loved, they will not come,
They've all deserted me;
They sit at home and toast their toes,
Look stupid and sip tea.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I have lost;
When no warm feeling of the heart
Was chill'd by early frost.
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor.

BE KIND.

I would not hurt a living thing,
However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
Our father made them all,
Without whose notice we have read
A sparrow cannot fall.

'Twas but the other day
I met a thoughtless boy
Bearing a pretty nest away;
It seemed to give him joy;
But oh! I told him it was wrong
To rob the little feathered throng.

I passed another by;
It seemed a saddening thing
To see him seize a butterfly
And tear away its wing.
As if devoid of feeling quite;
I'm sure that his could not be right.

The patient horse and dog,
So faithful, fond and true,
And e'en the little leaping frog,
Are oft abused too;
By thoughtless men and boys, who seem
Of others' comfort not to dream.

Yet surely in our breast
A kindlier soul should dwell,
For 'twas our blessed LORD's request
To use His creatures well;
And in His holy book we find
A blessing given to the kind.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.

A Girl Restored to Life after being Forty-eight Hours an Icy Corpse.

A young girl of 12 or 13 years of age in Nuneaton, England, named Amelia Hinks, was supposed to have died, and for more than forty eight hours the imagined corpse lay beneath the winding sheet, when it happened that her grandfather, a very aged man, accompanied by a female relation, went to see the corpse. The old man removed one of the copper coins, and although the eye remained closed, he fancied he saw a movement beneath the lid.

The woman with him at first ridiculed the idea but on looking more closely she too observed a movement. The medical attendant was then apprised of the circumstance; and although he at first treated it as a delusion, the application of an instrument to the region of the heart soon convinced him that there was life within the apparent corpse. The body was then removed to a warmer room, and the existence of life soon became apparent. By degrees animation was restored, a loud sneeze placing the fact of her being a living subject beyond a doubt. When the speech was restored, the girl described everything that had taken place from the time of her supposed death.—She knew who had closed her eyes and placed the coppers thereon. She also heard the order given for her coffin, and could describe the various remarks made over her as she lay in her death clothes. This very extraordinary affair is causing considerable excitement in Nuneaton, and the neighborhood.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

The following deeply interesting story was related by Dr. Gibson, in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of Italian surgeons.

Andrew Vesale first saw light in the city of Brussels. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of Charles V., and governess of the low countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the terms of science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science, surmounting with admirable courage and constancy the disgust, the terror and the peril inseparable from this description of the labor in which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries, surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals left there by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbien, the painter, Isabella Von Stanwark, the daughter of a merchant at Harlaem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of well directed ambition.

The family of Von Stanwark was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Harlaem burgher, but as the emperor's first physician, was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court.

Though she loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affection, as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor toward him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, mistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike; jealous distrust took possession of his soul.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed wherever she was seen; but at last something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret for causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alva de Solis; and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever the nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alva was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not on one occasion when his back was turned toward Don Alva, perceived him in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella with an expression not to be mistaken, while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room.

Shortly after Vesale received an anonymous note, saying—

"Look to your wife and Don Alva de Solis, and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the gloves she dropped for him at mass."

Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself.—His resolution was soon taken. Having established schools of anatomy at Lucca and Cordodova, he obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but returning the same night concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him at some distance from his abode in Alcazar, which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone in his own counsel.

At dark on the following evening, he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a note at Don Alva's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's and these words—

"I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence; be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignation was promptly kept by Don Alva. At an hour past midnight he left his house alone, but he never returned to it.—Whither he had gone none could say; nor could any trace of him be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing and fallen in the Guadilquiver, near which his abode was situated, and that his body had been swept away by the waves of the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it happened; and Vesale, recalled three weeks after by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alva the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alva, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of the Santa Isabella, and to honor her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabell put on her wedding dress, and seating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alva gardens, she watched for his coming.—But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing beside her.

"I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study," said he; and taking her hand, he led her to the room in question, dismissed the attendant and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air; yet the repast was cheerless.—Perceiving that she had tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops of elixir in a cup of Malaga wine, and presented it to her, saying—

"Drink this, it is a sovereign cure for the disease you are suffering from."

"Pledge me the draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend, Andre."

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"Talking of absent friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "you have not spoken to me of Don Alva de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing from him relinquished?—He was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him."

Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to the door at the farther end of the room, and throwing the door wide open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of its bony hands one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," he said, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alva de Solis, the object of your guilty love, contemplate him well, if the sight can render your few moments happier, for you are about to join him in another world—the wine I have given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its more dreadful illustration fell upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion, the scream which had risen to her throat died there in struggling murmurs, and sinking back, she fell as one dead on the arms of Vesale.

She was not dead, however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit; yet he was none the less her murderer.—Convulsion after convulsion, and at last she died, and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded her death, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. Awakening from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them calm and courage she had never possessed in the flesh of life.

"Andre," said the dying woman, fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you by thought or deed; Don Alva pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed them. I never loved but you. I feared and honored you as much as I loved, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh, Andre, believe my words, the dying deal not in falsehood. Should I be thus calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and with choking sobs, abjured her to believe he only feigned to give her poison, that he could not nerve his hand to take her life; but the terror of death, not death itself was upon her. And while he yet spoke, Isabella murmured—

"Thanks be to heaven for this," and drawing his hand towards her, laid it upon her heart, and as she did so it ceased to beat.

The Mortara Case---Another Letter from Mr. Cass.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1858.

Sir: You are doubtless familiar with the circumstances attendant upon the recent abduction of a Jewish child named Mortara, from his parents' house, details of which are now being discussed in the influential presses of this and other countries. It is a matter of some importance to American Israelites that this Government should, in some legitimate way, unite with other civilized Powers in expressing a National opinion upon the subject.

The United States Government can only (as I am fully aware) sympathise with the Israelites in their efforts taken to insure the restoration of this child from the involuntary and cruel bondage imposed upon him; yet it is due to the spirit of the Constitution, as well as to the general principles of *universal religious liberty*, that this Government should, upon every proper occasion, enunciate those doctrines which form the only safeguard of a free people.

My co-religionists have always expressed such feelings of gratitude for the opinions and positions occupied by yourself touching similar questions while a member of the Senate, and it is to be expected that you will further add to their deep sense of obligation by taking such ground as prudential reason will dictate, against the inhuman doctrine of 'involuntary baptism' by indirect agency, so terribly ascendant in the recent abduction of this Jewish child.

Trusting that you will call this matter to the early attention of his excellency the president, I have the honor to subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JONAS P. LEVY.

HON. LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1858.

Dear Sir: As I have already explained to you, your letter respecting the proceedings at Bologna in the case of the boy Mortara did not come under my observation till I had officially answered two other applications for the same purpose. As one of my letters had then been published, and it was probable the other would be without delay, there was no need to repeat the communications, especially as no change had taken place in the views of the Government.

You do me but justice when you class me among the friends of religious liberty, and also when you refer to my course when questions were under discussion there, touching the rights of our fellow citizens of the Hebrew faith. My reason, not less than my feelings, leads me to advocate unlimited freedom of conscience.

But in the application for the authoritative censure by this Government of the proceedings at Bologna, the true principles of national intercommunication dictate caution and reserve, and as we should resent any such interference in our own case, we ought equally to abstain from it when other nations are concerned.

But as an individual, I have no hesitation in expressing my surprise and regret at the deplorable occurance in the Papal States. It is difficult to conceive how such an act of injustice could take place in the middle of the 19th century, and in the heart of Europe. The judgment of the world will condemn it.

I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,

LEWIS CASS.

JONAS P. LEVY, Esq.

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

The following is an extract from a sermon of Spurgeon, the English preacher, and is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two, has made his name familiar in both hemispheres.

"Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago, we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that God was forming chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man, and putting a race of creatures upon it, that they might die and leave traces of his handiwork and marvelous skill, before he tried his hand on man. But this was not the beginning, for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned, to the days when the morning stars were begotten—when, like drops of dew from the fingers of morning, stars and constellations fell thickly from the hand of God; when, by his own lips, he launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with his own hand, he sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to those days when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not approached the beginning yet.

"Until we go back to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, dwells alone, everything sleeping in his mighty gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use such a word, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination die away.—Could it outstrip the lightning's flashes, in majesty, power and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose his people, when unnavigated ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, no motion, naught but God himself alone in his eterhity; when, without the song of an angel, without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, "in the beginning was the Word," and in the beginning God's people were in the word, and in the beginning he chose them all unto eternal life."

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald gives this description of the River Jordan:

"A line of green, low forest betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep in its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy, treacherous stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my own fancy that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem in that moment of its first revelation to my longing eyes, the perfection of calm and holy loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its waters is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name muddy. At the place where I first saw it traditions assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land. Like a true pilgrim I bathed in its waters, and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Agriculturist.

Calendar of Operations for January 1859.

With a good shelter for his household, and for his farm stock, provisions and fodder in abundance, and a mind in keeping with the quietude which reigns about him, the thrifty farmer may now sit contentedly before the fire while the wintry blasts sweep by his door. He has no need of going out every few hours, with shovel in hand, to see if the sheep are buried beneath a drift, or the calves perishing with cold. He has ample time for reading, and to mature plans for the year now commencing, and especially to close up all accounts of the past season.

Let New Year's day be a new starting point and, with the experience of former years fresh in memory, let a strong effort be made to render the acres doubly productive at a slighly increased expense of tillage.

The Calender of last month will mainly answer for this with a few additions.

Barns and stables require especial attention, for through them passes much of the Summer's toil. Remember 'to save, is to earn,' and suffer nothing to be wasted upon the floors, in the mangers, or yards. Chaff and coarse fodder will readily be eaten if run through a hay cutter and mixed with ground feed. Use dried muck or saw dust for absorbents in the stables which both benefit the stock and increase the manure heap.

Breeding Animals of all kinds require careful attention, but not over-feeding. Give them a good shelter in comfortable quarters.

Cattle thrive better on less food, when comfortably housed, than when so exposed as to require a large quantity of fodder to keep up the animal heat. Feed a portion of the roots stored in the cellar, giving turnips to milch cows after rather than before milking, or they may flavor the milk. Carrots are better on this account than turnips.

Cellars may need some extra protection to keep out frost. Spread mats or straw over root and potato bins where frost can not be excluded from the cellars.

Corn—Unless seed was saved, as it should have been, at the time of harvest, select it, from the best in the bins. Grind or cook any ted out so as to get the full benefit of it.

Fencing Stuff—Secure a good supply of posts rails, and board timber while the swamps are frozen. Posts may be holed or pinned together, and gates made during stormy days.

Hemlock and Oak Bark—Market early, that which was peeled last Summer for tanning purposes.

Hogs—Warm, snug and dry quarters are now wanted for hogs. Keep the pens well coated with muck, leaves, straw or saw-dust, for bedding and manure. Clean out often. Provide for Spring pigs by turning in the male, if not already done.

Horses—Take good care of these noble animals, since Winter with its fine sleighing and sledding scarcely affords a season of rest.—Through heat and cold, sun, rain, and snow, upon the road for a pleasure drive, or to market the surplus produce, in the woods for lumber or fuel, or carting home the distant purchased manure, the horse has an almost daily task, and richly merits kind humane treatment and generous food. Cover with blankets when not using, give good bedding at night and a liberal allowance of grain, alternating with carrots where they can be had.

Lumber—Many farmers have a surplus of pine, hemlock, cedar, and various kinds of hard wood lumber, which they can now get out for railroad ties, ship-building, furniture, or carpenter work. Preserve the young and thrifty trees from injury as timber is yearly growing more valuable.

Manure—Continue to make, even at this inclement season. By keeping every manufactory well supplied with muck, double the usual amount of equally good manure can be made. In the absence of muck, use saw-dust, spent tan and the refuse of almost any manufactory in your neighborhood. Road scrapings, sods, or even common soil carted into the yard as absorbents of liquid manure, will always pay richly for the trouble.

Marketing produce can usually be done to advantage during this month. Attentively examine the 'Market Review,' as it appears from mouth to month in the *Agriculturist*. This is prepared with much care, and will greatly assist the farmer in estimating the proper time at which to sell.

Plowing heavy soils in open Winter weather will usually improve them by turning up the hard pan to the staking influence of frost, besides killing burrowing insects and roots of pestiferous perennial plants.

Poultry—Keep in warm quarters, feeding well while the ground is frozen or covered with snow. Cellars under barns or other buildings, or an excavation made in the side of a hill with a roof over it affords good shelter during Winter. Give meat, also pounded oyster shells, or lime, to keep up the supply of eggs. Boiled potatoes and buckwheat cakes, alternating with grain and good food.

Roads—Keep them open to public travel even if snow storms are frequent. It shows a lack of public spirit to see a community obliged to leave the highway blocked up by snow drifts until thawed out in the Spring.

Salt—All farm stock should have salt once a week at least. Salt hay will answer the same purpose.

Sheep—Provide suitable shelter seperate from other stock. Give a few cut roots each day.

Tools—Many of those wanted another season may be made or repaired during the stormy days of this month.

Vermin, such as rats and mice are unprofitable animals. Keep only a small stock about the premises. Terriers, ferrets, cats, traps, strychnine, and arsenic are the proper antidotes A small bounty on their tails will usually set the children astir, and rats too.

Wood—Cut and draw from the swamps while they are frozen and the sledding or carting good. Have a full year's supply, not only at the door, but cut, split and piled away under cover if possible, before the Spring work commences upon the farm. Remember the annoyance of having men called from the hay field to get oven-wood, or the breakfast delayed on account of only green stuff for fuel.

A STIRRING APPEAL.

The 'local' of the Buffalo *Republic*, get off the following 'load' Tuesday morning of the election, on his own account:

VOTERS!

Only a few a few hours will intervene before you are called upon to exercise your rights as freemen, and at the ballot box state your preference for rulers and officers.

BE PREPARED!

Don't wear your best clothes! Patriotism don't require the sacrifice of them for the sake of the Union.

ROLL UP YOUR TROWSERS AND GO IN.

Vote early!
Vote frequently!
Vote often!
Keep on voting!

When you get well known at one ward, go to another, but vote manfully, and for whom you like, and frequently—we insist, frequently.

DON'T VOTE FOR GEN. JACKSON! FOR HE IS DEAD!

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

To the polls!
Save your country!
Save your wives and children!

Vote that those orphans may enjoy hereafter the political privileges you are enjoying, and let not the trator and the treason strike them down. If they do hit, hit back—our whole human nature calls on you to hit back. We need not suggest hitting hard when you hit.

See that the infirm are brought to the polls in one horse wagons. Don't put the beggars on horseback—we need not remind our readers where they will go.

VOTE UNTIL SUNDOWN!

Don't lose a chance!
Put in all the votes you can!
Go it! Go it! Go it!
Swear in your votes!

If you can't swear your votes in, swear at the election board. Have a swear at somebody, at all events.

VOTE ALWAYS!

Never mind your dinner or supper, but stay at the polls and vote!

DRINK CONSIDERABLY!

The more you drink the better you will feel. Moreover the candidates pay for the liquor.—See that there is nothing left over - therefore.

In conclusion we would say,

Continue voting all day!

MRS. DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CANVASS.—A correspondent of the Vincennes *Sun*, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that at the Chicago celebration, a few days ago, Mrs. D. was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs; he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him—and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets and besides he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, dilapidated, but safe.

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?"

"Oh! they all think it of the first water."

A young carpenter having been told that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' took his plain under his arm when he went courting.