



BY JAS. CLARK.

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The Days of Childhood.

A SONG—BY C. D. STEWART.

The pleasant days of Childhood,
How swiftly have they flown,
Like young flowers in the wildwood,
When Autumn's winds have blown;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
They will no more return,
Though Memory holds them in the heart
Like ashes in the urn.

The happy days of Childhood,
When innocence and glee
With gentle fingers turned the heart
To music wild and free;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like rivers to the main,
Their dancing waves of joy and mirth
Will ne'er return again.

The holy days of Childhood,
"Ere evil thoughts came near,
When in the heart no sin was found,
And on the cheek no tear;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like foot-prints on the shore,
Washed out by Time's relentless waves,
They will return no more.

The pleasant, holy, happy days,
Life's only blossom time,
Where are your buds which promise gave
Of flowers in Summer's prime?
Though gone, though gone forever,
Ye haunt the heart and brain,
And Memory keeps ye to amoint
Life's after years of pain.

BIBLE PRESENTATION TO GEN. TAYLOR.

At the Presbyterian Ladies' Fair at Frankfort, Ky., on the 14th ultimo, Gen. Taylor being present by invitation, was presented with a magnificent copy of the Bible, and the Constitution of the United States in the same volume.

Rev. Mr. Robinson, on presenting the volume made the following remarks:

Gen. Taylor: I am requested by the ladies of my charge, to present to you this noble specimen of American art—a volume containing the Bible and the Constitution of the United States.

It is intended as a slight token of their reverence for a man in whose life they trace many resemblances to the Heroes of Sacred History, whom God called, unwilling, from modest privacy, to unthought honors, and to be a nation's benefactor. It is a token, also, of their affection for the Chief, who led their sons and brothers to the field of glory.

They are willing to confess, sir, that the taste which selected such a token for a public man, may savor a little of the Puritanism of their great ancestry; yet they are sure, that in many aspects, this is a gift, not more appropriate to be given by them, than to be received by one who holds your position before the world.

The Bible and the Constitution! It is our religion and our politics, and, therefore a fit offering, from American people, to an elect American President. The Bible and the Constitution! What nobler gift to a statesman, than the Constitution of Heaven and the Constitution of the greatest nation which Heaven has put upon the earth!

The Bible and the Constitution! It is no incongruous union. It is the Sacred Text with its best political commentary. Had the Bible not been recognized, there could have been no Constitution. It was only minds imbued with the principles of the one, which could have conceived of, and worked out the great problem which is solved in the other.

The Bible and the Constitution!—Surely worthy to be the symbol borne before one who is going to take the Chair of Washington, and under a vow to make Washington his model, and the Constitution his only rule of political action.

Sir, the prayers to Heaven, in your behalf, of those whom I represent, and of all the wise and good in our country, will be fully answered, if controlled by the holy precepts of this Book, and thereby enabled to rule, alike unawed by fear and unallured by flattery, your administration end as auspiciously as it is to begin; and if then, when the toils and honors of life are closing, supported by its Holy consolation, you shall die as peacefully as you have lived gloriously.

To which Gen. Taylor responded:—I accept with gratitude and pleasure your gift of this inestimable volume.—It was for the love of the truths of this great and good Book that our fathers abandoned their native shores, for the wilderness. Animated by its lofty principles, they toiled and suffered till the desert blossomed as the rose. These same truths sustained them in their resolution to become a free nation. And guided by the wisdom of this Book, they founded a government under which we have grown from three millions to more than twenty millions of people, and from being but as a stock on the borders of this continent, we have spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I trust that their principles of liberty may extend, if without bloodshed, from the northern to the southern extremities of the continent.

If there were in that Book nothing

but its great precept: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," and that precept were obeyed, our government might extend over the whole continent.

Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you have discharged this duty, and expressing again my sincerest thanks to the ladies for their beautiful gift—I pray that health, peace and prosperity may long be continued to them.

Meeting between Gen. Taylor and Gen. Cass.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1849.

Gen. Cass paid General Taylor a visit to-day about noon. The meeting of these distinguished gentlemen was of the most agreeable and happy character. We will endeavor to give a description of it.

General Cass, accompanied by Senator Fitzgerald, came into the office of the hotel and inquired of our friend Willard if Gen. Taylor was receiving company. He was told he was, and asked to walk up to his apartments, which he accordingly did. Gen. Taylor at the moment, was seated, speaking to a gentleman, and did not at first perceive Gen. Cass's entrance. Upon turning round, he at once recognized him, and coming forward, grasped his visitor's hand in both his own, and shook it most cordially, Gen. Cass apparently being equally friendly.

Gen. TAYLOR—Ah, General, how do you do? I am very glad, indeed to see you.

Gen. CASS (who, it appears, did not know the President elect by sight).—Thank you General, I am very glad to see you. (shaking hands all the time) By the way General, you had the advantage of me (alluding to his recognizing him first) That's twice you've had the advantage of me! (This was said with great drollery, and caused the General and every one present to laugh heartily.)

Gen. TAYLOR—Yes, that's true; but you know the battle's not always to the strong, eh?

Gen. CASS—That's a fact. (Laughter.) How do you feel sir?

Gen. TAYLOR—Well, pretty well, thank you, except that I have two or three ribs stove in, that's all; I suppose that's merely a circumstance, however. (This evidently unintentional hit caused the most immoderate laughter, in which Senator Cass joined as heartily as any one. When he could get his face straight, he continued the conversation.)

Gen. CASS—Ah, indeed; I am very sorry to hear it, where did it happen?

Gen. TAYLOR—At Madison. You see the Indians felt a little sore about one of my reports, and asked me to pay them a visit. Of course I complied, to show I had no feeling against them.

Well, I got on board of a small boat at Madison, to go to Frankfort, and just as she was about to start, I stepped out of the saloon, which was brilliantly lighted up, to speak to a friend. It appears a large black trunk had been placed in the passage, and, in the transition from the glare of the saloon, I did not perceive it, and the first thing I knew, I thought both my legs, my arms and all my ribs were stove in. (Laughter) I'm nearly well now however.

Gen. CASS—I am very glad you are indeed. General allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Senate.

Gen. TAYLOR (shaking hands)—How do you do sir? very glad to see you. I think I have had some correspondence with you before?

Mr. FITZGERALD assented.

Gen. CASS—I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you again, General, good morning.

Gen. TAYLOR—Do call again, and often; I shall always be happy to see you. Here they both shook hands again, and Gen. Cass retired.

In the passage a gentleman met Gen. Cass and remarked—

Well, General, in all the States where I stumped it, you got the vote.

Gen. CASS (laughing)—Well, my friend I am very much obliged to you—but, I wish you had stumped it in two or three more!

In the sketch which we have given of the meeting of the President elect and his unsuccessful competitor, we are aware we have failed in giving an adequate idea of the scene. It was the manner, more than the words, which pleased every one. Gen. Taylor if not a sincere man, must be a finished diplomatist, and we do not think he has ever been accused of possessing that accomplishment.—N. Y. Herald.

Hours of Sleep.
Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven;
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

A Marshfield Anecdote.

These marshes, hundreds of acres of which belong to Mr. Webster, are renowned for being the resort of the various wild fowl that delight in marsh bottoms; so much so, that many sportsmen go all the way from Boston, some twenty-eight or thirty miles, for the express purpose of shooting.

A laughable occurrence took place there one day which would have been a rich scene for Louis Philipp's painter. A couple of young bucks from the city, whose chief business it was to kill time by killing game, or anything else that came in their way, took a trip one fine Summer's day to the Marshfield marshes, to shoot snipes, duck, &c. In their eager pursuit of game, they unconsciously became surrounded by the noiseful tide on a little island. What to do they knew not, being merely amateur sportsmen and not dressed of course for business, with their dandy brogans, &c. on—when, as luck, who sometimes fortunately for such, supplied the place of brains, would have it, a stout, robust individual, some six feet high or more, hove in sight. The new comer was evidently a sportsman like themselves, only more so—but, unlike them, had a form as well as address that meant something.—He was clad in coarse habiliments; with slouched hat, and all the accoutrements befitting his occupation; and when his manly strides had brought him within hailing distance of the two bucks, some forty years his juniors, they began most lustily to call upon him to help them from their isolated condition; which they no doubt considered "dem'd awkward."

"Halloo, old daddy," said one "give us a lift will ye, on those brawny shoulders of yours, and put us on yon continent, from whence we incontinently came hither in our excessive zeal for the demnation foin birds." "Oh certainly," exclaimed the hero of the blous and hat, and boldly stepped into the creek, and one by one, even as Enes did his father the old Anchises on his shoulders bear, bore them to the main land once more, on arriving at which, they assured their kind bearer that he was "devilish clever," and should not go unrewarded—and suiting the action to the word, slipped a "quarter" into his hand, with an air that seemed to say, "There, fellow, take that and be happy." But much to their surprise the "fellow" utterly refused it, whereupon the dandies began to fumble their pockets for more change, but the hunter of the moors resolutely refused all compensation. "Well then," says one of them, "let us know, my foine fellow, who tank!" "My name is Daniel Webster," said he. I'll venture to say they immediately felt called upon to make for the interior of the "continent." Webster himself was amply repaid for all his trouble by the pleasure he has enjoyed in relating the adventure to his friends.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—According to the last report of the Patent Office, the sum total of the agricultural products of the United States for 1848 are stated as follows: Bushels of wheat, 126,364,600; bushels of barley, 6,220,050; bushels of oats, 185,500,000; bushels of rye, 32,952,500 bushels of buckwheat, 12,538,000; bushels of Indian corn, 588,500,000; bushels of potatoes, 114,475,000; tons of hay, 15,735,000; tons of hemp, 20,330; rolls of tobacco, 218,909,000; pounds of cotton, 1,066,000,000; pounds of rice, 119,99,500; pounds of sugar, 200,000,000. The largest quantity of wheat was raised by Ohio: bushels 20,000,000, largest quantity of barley by New York, bushels 4,300,000; largest quantity of oats by Ohio, bushels 30,000,000; largest quantity of rye by Pennsylvania, bushels 13,500,000; largest quantity of buckwheat by Pennsylvania, 3,800,000; largest quantity of Indian corn by Tennessee, bushels, 76,600,000; largest quantity of potatoes by New York, bushels 27,000,000; largest quantity of hay by same State, tons 4,200,000; in tobacco Kentucky took the lead, having raised rolls thereof 68,000,000; cotton Mississippi, lbs. 245,000,000; rice South Carolina, lbs. 90,000,000, sugar Louisiana, lbs. 200,000,000.

☞ Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor, who was dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said "I was sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed that he couldn't pay it."

"Well," said the other, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, then I'll quit."

☞ A young woman in a town in Massachusetts, thus addressed a young man:—"John, you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. I want to know what your contentions are, I don't mean to be kept in expense any longer."

Use of Straw and Litter on Grass Lands.

"Some experiments have been made in Cornwall, with top-dressing land with straw, which I refer to, as at least highly curious; and which deserves notice, as possible to lead to most important practical results. They rest upon highly respectable authority. The subject has been frequently referred to in the public papers, but a detailed statement has been given by the Secretary of the Cornwall Experimental Club and published in a late Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, from which I shall abridge the account.

Fibrous Covering, or Gurneyism.—Mr. G. Gurney observed that, "if a bush or other fibrous matter were left lying in a field of grass, the vegetable beneath it would soon be observed to be finer or fresher than that around it. This was a fact known to every one, but the agency by which this increase of growth was brought about, evidently involving some great and important but unknown principle, had never been investigated. Flags, rushes, straw, bushes, or in short, any fibrous covering, would produce a similar effect. Reeds, or wheat straw applied over grass, at the rate of about a load to a load and a half per acre, would, in a short time, increase the quantity of grass to an incredible extent. The various grasses under it would be found to be healthy, and rapidly passing through the stages of maturity, some growing, some flowering, some seeding. Part of a field of grass placed under this operation for one month had increased in weight, over the remaining portion left uncovered, at the rate of nearly three to one. The green grass from the part untouched, cut at the end of the month, weighed two thousand two hundred and seven pounds per acre; that of the portion placed under the operation weighed five thousand eight hundred and seventy pounds per acre. The grass was weighed as it came from the scythe. During this period there was not a drop of rain; and guano, nitrate of soda, lime, shell-sand, wood-ashes, and other manures, tried against it, possibly from the drought, produced, during this period, no very visible action. In this experiment, the fibrous covering was laid on the 15th of April, and the grass cut and weighed the 30th of May. Half of a hayfield was covered on the 2d of May; and a month after, I had cut and weighed, respectively, the portions of the field covered and uncovered, and found that the one weighed three thousand four hundred and sixty pounds per acre, whilst the other weighed only nine hundred and seventy pounds. As to the length of the grasses in the respective pieces, the trefoil in one case measured three and one-half inches, whilst in the other it only measured an inch; clover six inches, in the other one and one-half." He found, on making the two samples of grass into hay, that the proportionate loss of weight was the same in each parcel, and the difference would be, that in the one case he should get three tons to an acre, and in the other only one.—Another most important circumstance in the case was, that when "a certain quantity of stall dung would double the quantity of grass in a given time, when laid on in the usual way, that it would increase it six times, when properly treated with fibrous covering."

These are certainly very curious experiments, and they have been repeated successfully by various individuals.—"For an individual to satisfy himself, a bundle of straw, say forty pounds, strewed lightly over two or three rods of growing grass, would in a very short time show the effect when raked off. In the experiments made, all gave uniform results, when conducted fairly. Some used too much covering, but generally too little. All these experiments showed that the action was general; that the difference in increase of growth, in a given time, was in proportion to the natural fertility of the soil."

"The practical instructions for the use of fibrous covering are few, but essential to profitable results. Straw of wheat, oats, or rushes, is to be lightly and evenly laid over grass, in the portion of about a ton to a ton and a half per acre. At the end of a fortnight it must be raked up in heaps like haystacks, the grass eaten off by cattle, and the covering again relaid. This is necessary in the growing season, otherwise the herbage will grow through, by which the action will cease; the grass will also become entangled with the covering. If the land is good, the grass may generally be eaten off by cattle before the covering is relaid; if not at the end of the next fortnight, (more or less depending on the richness of the land, the season, and the weather,) it should be done, and the covering relaid again; and repeated at about these periods through the season. If straw be the

material used, it will last through the whole summer. In the autumn it is the practice to rake it off when dry, carry it away, and stack it for winter litter.—Ground under the action of fibrous covering, we find from our returns, will keep three times the quantity of cattle as ground not so treated. This experience seems in keeping with our experiments on weight and measure, of the produce thus obtained."

Importance of a Happy Home.

The main endeavor of those who desire their children's spiritual welfare, should be to provide them with a happy home. It is vain to expect that young persons can be brought to love what is not amiable in itself. If religion be presented to them disfigured and deformed, as it often is, how can it be imagined that they will prefer it to the smiles and blandishments of the world! If, at each return of the family circle, they are met with moping melancholy, and dismal looks—if fireside squabbles, and petty provocations—if a constant wear and tear of rudeness, unkindness and affronts which make up in multitude what they want in magnitude—if this be the task prepared to satisfy the ardent longings of the youthful soul for pleasure, no wonder that it should fly to forbidden paths, and take refuge wherever it can, from so comfortless and intolerable a scene.

It was not of a cheerless home like this, that the prodigal bethought to himself, when he said: "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." It was the remembrance of a father's house that haunted him in his exile, and followed him through all the stages of his misery; it was the image of home drawn upon his heart, and wrought into the texture of his soul; it was the magic influence of that thought, the rising of that solitary star in the darkness of the hour of his extremity—it was this which struck out of the last spark of life within him, which converted memory into hope, and hope into the great and endless comfort of spirits who have wandered from God—"I will arise and go to my father," &c. But it was more immediately to our point to observe, that it was the sweet attractions of home, and blessing of such a father, as presided over it, which kept the elder son from ever seeking amid the dangers of the world, that repose which he found in the bosom of a happy family.—Rev. H. Woodford.

Questions Well Answered.

A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in a rapid succession the following questions. The philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision our readers can judge for themselves.

- What is the oldest of things? God—because he always existed.
- What is the most beautiful? The world—because it is the work of God.
- What is the greatest of all things? Space—because it contains all that is created.
- What is the quickest of all things? Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
- What is the strongest? Necessity—because it makes men face all dangers of life.
- What is the most difficult? To know thyself.
- What is the most constant of all things? Hope—because it still remains in man after he has lost every thing else.

SCOTT AND WELLINGTON.—The London correspondent of the New York Morning Star, says:

"I was lately in a company at a fashionable party, at the west end of the town, when the subject of the American army in connection with Mexico, was broached, and I can assure you that ample justice was done American progress. It was asserted by a leading member of government, that the Duke of Wellington thought Gen. Scott the greatest military genius of the day, and the Duke it is well known, is any thing but a flatterer."

EXPRESSIVE.—The following private letter from a young officer in the army, who went through all the battles of Mexico, from Vera Cruz to the capital, and who was incessantly engaged in them by day and night, furnishes a graphic description of the difficulties of crossing the Isthmus:

"My Dear G.—I have just arrived at Panama. I thought I 'saw the elephant' in Mexico, but he wasn't there. He lives here. Your's affectionately."

I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy friend.

HUMAN PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

Macaulay's descriptions of English life and manners two centuries ago, show that with all the evils which are ascribed to the civilization of the present day, a great aggregate improvement has taken place. There is no species of progress more auspicious of happy results than that which denotes an increase of human feeling and proves that men are becoming more considerate of one another. The following sketch is no less instructive than it is graphically drawn:—

"Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the modifying influence of civilization on the natural character. The ground work of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the ground work of the character of an individual may be said to be the same, when he is a rude, a thoughtless school-boy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history of the lighter literature of the 17th century, which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well-born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can hardly conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur, because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick bats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it to the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the women who beat hemp there, whipped.—A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a gallant horse or an over-driven ox.—Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer.

"It is true that compassion, like all other feelings, ought to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects.—But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change, but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the dependent, and the most defenceless.

Where is God?

A Bishop once said to the young de Chateaufort, "if you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange."—"If you will tell me where he is not, I will give you two," was the child's answer. The poet beautifully answers the question—"Where is God?"

"In the sun, the moon, the sky,
On the mountain wild and high;
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing,
God is seen in everything."