

THE DESERET NEWS.

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EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY W. W. PHELPS. TUNE:—Leander.

I wandered back with Washington,
Who taught the king to rue,
When honest men unite in faith,
To bring a kingdom to;
And make her lords call off the dogs
Of blood, and war, and woe;
But oh! my boys, that blessed time
Was eighty years ago.

I looked when Congress first began,
And Washington was sworn
To guard an infant nation's weal,
Before her locks were shorn,
Or leopard politicians crouched
To take a leap below;
But oh! my boys, that happy time
Was eighty years ago.

I peep'd within the merchant's stores,
Where profits came by grade,
And clerks were not allowed to lie,
For that would spoil the trade;
And more than that, an honest name,
Was what brought "Cash & Co."—
But oh! my boys, that precious time
Was eighty years ago.

I saw the taverns, too, at which
The weary found a home,
Before the "drugged fluid" hid
Fools' destiny in rum,—
And left a wife, or widow poor,
Disgraced with debts and woe;
But oh! my boys, that temperate time
Was eighty years ago.

I watched the clergymen for souls,
In all their different shades,
Say grace, and bless the bread and wine,
Without the "Ace of spades,"
Ere Joseph brought the priesthood back
With what a Saint should know;
But oh! my boys, that clergy time
Was eighty years ago.

I view'd the real home-spun time,
That Adam tried before,
When every one was counted best
That made the cloth he wore;
When mothers taught their girls to spin,
And Bucks went home with—"NO!"—
But oh! my boys, that lovely time
Was eighty years ago.

And then I thought of our great times—
Of love, and law, and hoops,
Of fortunes spent for gas, and grog,
And heav'n and hell, and hoops;
And cried within myself—a change—
When will it come again?
The "Holy" answered me, in less
Than forty years we reign.

[From Cor. N. Y. Tribune.]

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

U. S. FLAG SHIP ST. LAWRENCE,
Montevideo, Dec. 2, 1858.

Now that we are swinging
from our anchors on the margin of the Paraguan Republic, allow me to go over, briefly as the circumstances will allow, the cause and nature of our difficulties with President Lopez. You may object that everybody knows all about these things long ago. I answer, there are some matters in connection with them which are very important, and which I will publish for the first time.

It may seem a strange proceeding for me to attach more importance to the most trivial item in connection with this affair than to what, in the usual course of things, would be in reality most worthy of attention; but I will do so because I chronicle facts, rather than criticize them. I may state, by way of preface, that my information has not been hastily amassed, but is the result of careful and discriminating research.

The misunderstanding which existed between the United States and Paraguay, relative to the treaty made by Pendleton and Schenck, deserves merely to be mentioned, as its bearing on the present aspect of affairs has assumed significance only by misrepresentation; because I happen to know that any American, not a mercantile rival of Lopez, could have settled it in an hour. If the firing into the Water Witch was a more substantial cause for building a quarrel upon, it was our own fault, or the fault of the officer in command of that vessel. Now, touching this passage, the exploration of which would be of about the same value to the inquisitive world as an exact estimate of that classic locality known as the Five Points in New-York City, I have also to submit a new fact. About ten years ago, an English brig-of-war attempted to enter this channel, under what pretext is not known. Her commander was informed, as was the officer in charge of the Water Witch, that none but vessels belonging to the Government of Paraguay were allowed there, as it was a little military avenue, used exclusively for transporting things between the batteries at one side and the camp at the other. But naval officers are generally fond of violating trivial laws of weak powers, and the brig was still kept steering in. A blank cartridge, probably in all respects similar to that which warned the Water Witch of her intrusion, failed to stop the Eng-

lishman; but a well-directed ten pound solid shot, striking with wonderful accuracy about water mark, was more successful, and the spunky John Bull, concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, bouted ship and sailed out of the forbidden waters—a wiser if not a better pilot. The matter was reported to the commander-in-chief of the British squadron, who ordered the captain of the brig to talk the hole and never attempt such an adventure again. Indeed, so just was the action of the Paraguayans considered, that even the British Admiral was not officially notified on the subject. Now, the uses of this little stream have undergone no change since that time; its dimensions have not increased, nor has any circumstance transpired that would be likely to invest it with interest. I therefore consider the conclusion inevitable that the Water Witch was where she had no business to be when she was fired on, and that, consequently, this clause in our list of grievances may be considered disposed of.

Now we come to what would seem to be the most trifling part of the difficulty, but which, in reality, as I have already stated, has been the principle incentive to warlike preparations by our Government. I allude to the business controversy between our Consul to Paraguay, Mr. Hopkins, and President Lopez. The current version of this dispute is that Lopez broke up the United States and Paraguay Navigation Company; that he destroyed or deprived the concern of its property, and that he refused to make any indemnification whatever for his alleged unjust and cruel conduct. Here are the facts: Daniel Webster, as is well known, desired to see Ministers and Consuls appointed to foreign countries, who knew something about the people and the natural features of the nation with whose Government they were to represent the United States. Now, Mr. Hopkins had spent some time in Paraguay previously to the year 1851, where he was just then; and his knowledge of that country being neither very limited nor by any means imperfect, and his influence in political circles being quite considerable, it is no wonder that Mr. Webster considered him just the man for Paraguay, and Paraguay just the place for him. Accordingly, Mr. Fillmore was easily prevailed on to give Hopkins a commission, and the "observing Yankee," as Lopez called him, was installed to the office of United States Consul to the Republic of Paraguay. It appears that at this period Lopez and Hopkins were on the most intimate terms—so intimate, indeed, that the latter asked and readily received from the President a loan of about \$15,000 toward starting the business of the Company above referred to. It also appears that Lopez hoped, by establishing a colony of Americans in his dominions, to build up a power that might assist him in counteracting the avaricious propensities of the partisans of the renowned Rozas, whose mercenary eyes were fixed steadily on the fat fields of speculation lying useless in Paraguay. A few months, however, convinced Lopez that he had nothing to fear from outside sources, for Rozas was buried in oblivion, and his Government almost revolutionized; and then it was that the President of Paraguay saw what a flourishing market for making money he had voluntarily given away to strangers. He became restless, jealous and cruel. Obstacles were almost daily thrown by him in the path of the Company. At last he demanded his money, which would not become fully due for about a year from the date of his application. This fact was told him, but he was inexorable. He wanted his money, and should have it. The Company, however, not feeling disposed to comply with his unreasonable demand, thought that Mr. Hopkins's influence as American Consul might frighten him; and I am assured that this influence was exerted determinedly.

Trivial cases of international dispute were magnified on both sides, and several respectable American citizens affirm that our Consul committed himself, as a Government official, in many instances which have never seen and never will see the light.

It was at this juncture that a brother of the Consul happened to be out riding with another man's wife, when, meeting a soldier on the road, he got into an altercation with him, which resulted in getting the military man flogged, and in fanning the flame of diplomatic discord with fresh vigor. Lopez now determined to withhold certain privileges extended to the Navigation Company, many of which, it must be confessed, were grossly abused, and once more demanded his money. Hopkins & Company became stiff as the President became urgent, and so exasperated did this stubbornness on the part of the Company make our present enemy that he broke up the entire business of the speculators, exclaiming, "If I cannot get my own money, or rule this country, I shall allow no Yankees to provoke me." In a short time after this the Water Witch affair took place, and the partisans of our Consul did not fail to impute the firing into the steamer to motives which never actuated it.

When the events above related transpired, Capt. Alvarado Hunter, a renowned fighting man, recklessly brave and rash, happened to have command of the United States brig-of-war Bainbridge, on the Coast of Brazil, under command of Commodore William D. Salter, who was Commander-in-Chief of the United States Brazil Squadron at the time.

The "outrages perpetrated on American citizens by the tyrant Lopez" so moved the mercurial duelist that, without orders, he came down with his vessel to Rio, and laid before the Com-

modore, who was on board the flag-ship Savannah, an intensely pathetic picture of Paraguayan despotism, and a detailed statement of the "most feasible means of taking summary vengeance" on the tyrannical Lopez. The Bainbridge, along with several small river craft, which could be chartered in Buenos Ayres, was the vehicle through which Capt. Hunter proposed to pour destruction on Paraguay. But Commodore Salter refused to act so hastily as Alvarado deemed expedient, and ordered the Bainbridge up the La Plata again.

Now Mr. Clement Hopkins, who was the hero of the difficulty with the soldier, wrote an intensely patriotic letter to The New-York Herald, which, signed as "An American Citizen in Paraguay," was conspicuously published in that journal, and copied into almost every paper in the Union. The decision of Commodore Salter was pshawed at, the Bainbridge was termed "a painted ship on a painted ocean," and a great many other clever things said in the communication, which it is not necessary to recapitulate. Suffice it to say that after Mr. Clement's effusion had attained a very wide circulation, our Government became possessed officially of the grievances suffered by the Consul, which were not likely to be treated as light matters by the injured party.

Thus was the state of affairs with Paraguay and the United States when Mr. Buchanan came into power, and it was the famous Message of our President that brought the matter before the public in a prominent manner. Now, it is in connection with this Message that my most pregnant new fact possesses importance. When the Message reached Paraguay there happened to be two or three American missionaries sojourning at Asuncion. Hearing how matters stood, they determined to call on the President. On being admitted, they found him with a paper, containing the document referred to, in his hand, pacing his apartment in a very excited mood. It occurred to them that they had better withdraw; but while they were deliberating on the subject, Lopez turned hastily round to them: "This paper," said he, shaking the document, "tells falsehoods. From it North Americans infer that I am a tyrant and a thief. I am neither. Your steamer was in forbidden waters, but she was fired on without any special order from me. The Navigation Company shall be paid every patacone they have lost, if the thing be left to arbitration. I am willing to pay anything that honest men say is right, except they say it is right to pay for profits which were never realized. The Company, I am informed, will not accept compensation for what they have actually lost, but they want to be paid for what they might make if business remained good for years to come, and any such monstrous demand I will never accede to."

I presume this piece of information has never before been published, although several American citizens residing in Brazil, Uruguay, and Buenos Ayres, know it to be true in every particular. Yet it is generally believed in the United States that Lopez is determinedly averse to any settlement with the Company.

Having now given you a pretty correct account of the Paraguay trouble as it looks on this side of the line, I will resume my narrative of the movements of the squadron. As far as at present known, this ship is to remain here, or off Buenos Ayres, if the Commodore considers her able to go so far, until the arrival of the new flag ship.

Rafts are, we understand, being selected on which to place such heavy guns of the fleet as may be designated. The sloop-of-war Fal-mouth, Captain Farrand, went up to Buenos Ayres the day before yesterday, accompanied by the brig Bainbridge.

The Perry is also there by this time, and they will employ themselves in exercising guns, &c. The steamers chartered for the expedition have not been as yet assigned any specific duties, but when they shall have all arrived, a consultation of officers will be held, as to whether, in case of Lopez proceeding to extremities, it will be better to engage them in merely towing rafts, well manned, and supplied with heavy metal; or in forcing a passage for themselves with regular crews, guns, &c., on board.

Admiral Forrest is keenly alive to the many objections which can be advanced against either of these projects. On rafts the men would have hardly any protection; on the steamers—if they be not strong and firmly built—the forts could do dreadful execution.

There is not a doubt but there will be a fight, if our government be determined to persist in the demands which Lopez so sternly refuses to comply with.

The arrival of a Brazilian schooner from Buenos Ayres on Friday, brings us intelligence that every preparation is being made to resist the advance of our vessels; but, on the other hand, a private letter received by one of our officers, from a merchant in the same city, states that if the new Commander-in-Chief be a man of sense and reason, there will be no fear of a rencounter.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Jan. 20.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—About four o'clock this afternoon one of Dupont's powder mills, in the Hagley yard, exploded, killing James Gibbons and John Grant. The shock was very severe, and was felt for miles around.

A Washington telegram says, the Spanish minister, while speaking of the \$30,000,000 appropriation for the purchase of Cuba, declared if it was granted he would demand his passports.

Dancing—A Ludicrous Description.

"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady voices one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball-room. We did look—alas! for our poor modesty, we ought not to have done so. "If my children were among them I'd whip them well for it. Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the hickory." So said the wife of one of our princes, as she turned away in utter disgust."

Doctor, let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run. A group of the splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated. The gents encircle their partners' waists with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand closely face to face. The gents are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.)

Now, all wheel and whirl, circle and curl. Feet and heels of gents go rip-rap, rip-rap-rip. Ladies feet go tipity, tipity-tipity. Then all go rippity, clippity, tippity, bippity, skippity, hoppity, jumpity, bumpity, thump.

Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, sling, look tender, look slyly, look dizzy. Feet fly, tresses fly, hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggity, huggity, pullity, squeezeity, pressity, rubbity, rip.

The men look like a cross between steelyards and "limber-jacks," beetles and jointed X's. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, some giggle, some frown, some pout, some sneer, and all sweat freely. The ladies faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms; breast against breast, nose against nose, and toes against toes. Now they go again, making a sound like Georgey porgey, deary peery, ridey pidey, coachee-poachee.

The dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If men were women there would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and so the thing goes on by woman's love of it. When a boy we used to visit these Dutch dances, and trip the whirling beer barrels as they passed our feet, and then run for dear life. We still feel the instinct of tripping in our toes. A secular writer says: "There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady, I might object to these dances; but, being a man, I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied, if they are."

TROUBLE IN WISCONSIN.—The farmers living along the line of the La Crosse railroad, who mortgaged their farms in aid of this company, are preparing to resist foreclosure. The following is from the Madison (Wis.) Argus:

"A counterpart of anti-rent times in New York is doubtless approaching in Wisconsin. The 'Home League,' formed by the farm mortgagors, already extends over the entire tract of country where lands have been mortgaged to the railroad companies, and embraces probably 3,000 or 5,000 persons.

"The organization is a secret one, bound together by oaths, and its secrecy is protected by signs, grips and passwords. It was at first given out that their objects were simply to protect, by legal means, the possession of their property. But as doubts arise whether any valid legal defence can be set up to the foreclosure of the mortgages, the spirit of the 'Home League' is changed, and the defence of their property by any and all means that may become necessary is its object.

"We learn from the Beaver Dam Citizen that at the last meeting of this league, held at Rolling Prairie one week ago, a resolution was passed declaring virtually, that if an attempt was made to collect these mortgages or the interest on them, they should resort to some violent measures, either for resisting such collection or for giving expression to the feeling uppermost in their minds, that they have deeply wronged by the railroad company."

PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL IN CONGRESS.—The senatorial mountains have labored for weeks, and the result is—a mouse. The climax of folly has been reached in the "killing of the bill." All that remains of it is a single section authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to take proposals of estimates and report result to next Congress. Senator Green's amendment, fixing the eastern terminus on the western boundary of Missouri, with two branches, one not south of Fulton, in Arkansas, and the other not north of the mouth of the Big Sioux river, was rejected by 45 yeas to 9 yeas.—[West.]

There is a rumor that Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, is shortly to be married to Mr. Magraw, of Baltimore, brother of the state treasurer of Pennsylvania.

Senor Ulloa, director general of the Spanish colonies, considers the President's reference to Cuba, in his message, an insult to Spain.

Mr. Edward Macready, the son of the tragedian, has been reading passages of "Hamlet" to the inhabitants of Bombay.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

The line of telegraph to Leavenworth, Kansas, is completed.