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Campaign Songs.

The following, which we clip from the Chicago Times, will no doubt be copied by all the Black Republican papers in the country. For fear, however, that some of these papers may not see it, we will "keep it jogging along."

An "Old Abe" Song.

TUNE—UNCLE NED.

There was an old snecker, and his name was Uncle Abe,
Spittin' rails long ago, long ago,
He wore an old tile seven foot 'bove de grade,
Ober de hole whar de corn-jug go.
Lay down de beetle and de crow,
Fill up de gourd wid whisky O,
Too much gum tree for poor old Abe,
He's up for a Salt River go.

His legs am so long as de pole ob de bean,
And his heels am not werry short,
He danced all night floatin' down stream,
And he drink ob de corn jug a quart.

Tie up de flat-boat to de shore,
Dance end go home wid de gals no more,
JUICE hard to find up dar, Uncle Abe,
For no corn grow on Salt River shore.

When Old Abe wen, Seward take 'em werry bad,
And his tears run down like de rain,
Massa Greely—DIDN'T look very sad,
He play de debil SOME y'all.

Lay down de NIGGER and de RAIL,
Hang up de COONEY by de tail,
Guv up de gourd to poor Old Abe,
He is going up Salt River to sail.

The Road to Baltimore.

Written on the cars by "Sioux," of the Milwaukee News, and sung by the Western Delegates on their way to the Baltimore Convention.

AIR—DONNIE HAVENS O.

Here comes the Western Delegates,
Who've taken a little rest:
Since voting every time
For the "Giant of the West."
CHORUS:
For the Giant of the West,
The Giant of the West,
Since voting every time
For the Giant of the West!

We have left our fields and labors,
And are going down again
To teach the politicians
That he never can be slain.

Our Giant is the people's choice,
They name him but to praise,
He's set our praries all on fire,
And soon you'll see the blaze.

We love the "Little Giant,"
So all the people say,
And we'll vote for no one else,
'Till after election day.

We're going down to Baltimore
To make him President,
And then you'll smell the powder burn
Where'er the ball is sent.

Now when you hear our cannons,
Don't say it's all a sham,
For soon you'll learn with sorrow,
'Tis the end of ABRAHAM.

The lightning will convey the news
Ahead of Old Buck's mails,
'Twill strike in every Western State,
And burn Old Lincoln's rails.

Here's a health to Stephen Douglas,
God bless the young hero,
He's an honor to his country,
And a terror to its foe.

CAMPAIGN POETRY.

Who is this, so gaunt and thin?
'Tis Old Abe Lincoln, Old Abe Lincoln.
He's not good looking, and he can't come in—
Poor Abe Lincoln, Poor Abe Lincoln.

He may be good at splitting rails,
This Abe Lincoln, this Abe Lincoln;
He'll be sweetly mauled by Democratic rails,
Poor Abe Lincoln, poor Abe Lincoln.

SONG FOR THE LINCOLNITES.

Sound the loud fuzzy-guzzey,
Let the hegw ring,
Beat up the tuzzy muzzy,
Chinglorum bungo vim!
Elevate the rail in the air,
Swing the blazing torch on high,
Sambo is much better than Sam,
And we'll fight for him till we die!

Political.

From the Decatur (Ill.) Magnet.

EARLY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WHAT HIS COUSIN HAS TO SAY OF HIM.

HOW ABE WENT A COURTING.

WHO SPLIT THE RAILS, AND ALL ABOUT IT.

EDITOR OF THE MAGNET.—Dear Sir:—In the last weeks issue of the Chronicle, I noticed a letter signed "John Hanks," which is so extraordinary in many of its features that I feel called upon to give it a brief notice.

John Hanks is my younger brother, and Abe Lincoln is my cousin. I have known both John and Abe from their earliest childhood. Since brother John has committed himself to the Decatur politician, who is using him as a tool to speculate in certain rails (that I know Cousin Abe never made,) I have great fears that brother John, like cousin Abe, has fallen into bad hands, and that a man by nature made for a good man, but who always needed protecting counselors, may be by his bad associations entirely ruined. I have known the entire history of both brother John and cousin Abe, and all that in the letter published in the Chronicle is stuff, miserable stuff, and although poor brother John's name is signed to it, I know that he even yet does not know what is in it; much less did he ever write it. It is the work of men unscrupulous in the means that they may use in gulling honest people.

In John's letter I find a long and pathetic allusion to cousin Abe's early and hard life. That may be poetical, but there is but little of it true. In Abe's younger days he was simply a wild harum-scurum boy, and jumping and wrestling were his only accomplishments. His laziness was the cause of many mortifications to me; for as I was an older boy than either Abe or John, I often had to do Abe's work at uncle's when the family were all sick with the ague from eating water melons, and Abe would be rolling around the country neglecting them. In those early days we all saw hard times; yet a young man who was energetic and industrious, could dress himself comfortably, and have plenty of plain good food to eat. I have often felt ashamed of cousin Abe in seeing him a full grown man gadding about the country barefoot; with his toes outrageously spraddled out by the mud; and instead of reading his books as brother John, through the Decatur politician portably tells us, he would be rowding around with a pack of wild young men. I well remember when he went courting one of Major Warnick's daughters in this county, his boots were so miserably bad that his feet were frost bitten and he had to lay up at Maj. Warnick's for two weeks, and have the old lady nurse and doctor his feet.

I am fully persuaded that brother John is taking the strange course he is now pursuing for the purpose of making money out of a rail speculation, and if I could for one moment think that the Decatur sharpers, in whose hands he is, would not cheat him out of every cent of the money, I would not spoil the speculation by telling the facts.

The facts in regard to those rails are these: The little farm that John and Abe made the rails to fence contained 10 acres. About five years after this little farm was fenced, the entire fence was burned up, to my certain knowledge, for I hauled the rails to fence it the second time. Lewis H. Ward who now resides in this county, witnessed the fire that burnt the rails, and he is willing to make affidavit of this fact.

I lived within two miles and a half of this Lincoln farm from the time it was first settled up to 1857, and during these early times our farmers were subject to be visited by devastating fires, and I know that the fence around the Lincoln farm was consumed at least three times. And I know that the Lincoln family had left their farm, that the fence was again burned and that Sh-lit, Whitley and Dan McDaniels made the rails and re-fenced it.

I think, and I am almost certain, that the rails that are now being worshipped all over the north as Lincoln rails, were made by poor Bill Strickland, who is now poor, blind, helpless and in the Macon County Poor House. And if these philanthropic Republicans would allow me to make them one suggestion, it would be to help poor Bill Strickland who really did make the rails, and who is as honest as Abe, or any body else that ever mauled a rail, instead of spending their money over his rails.

As to cousin Abe being the "Honest Abe politician," that is a new title for him. When he first came to Illinois, I know that he was a strong Democrat. I always thought he had turned Whig afterwards because he had settled in a Whig District. And when I heard him in 1857 in the court house at Decatur, make a speech, in which he asserted that he would continue to "agitate the subject of negro slavery so long as was heard the crack of the lash upon the yellow girl's back," I did not feel like he

was either very honest or very patriotic, for I suppose that he said that for the purpose of catching Abolition votes.

I know that cousin Abe cared nothing about cutting the throat of the old Whig party, the very moment that he supposed he could make anything by building up a new party. And I never supposed that he cared one cent as to what the principles of the new party should be, only so it was fixed that he could get office.

Now, as to cousin Abe running flat-boats, that amounts to just this: Some young fellows had cut a raft to run down from Jintown, and Abe for the fun of the thing, went along instead of staying at home and attending to his own work, that was needing him very much.—That is the extent of his flatboating.

If cousin Abe can honestly get a good office, I want to see him do so; but these abominable lies that are being told on him by politicians who pretend to be his friends I repel as a family insult.

In my own homely way I have told the above as it occurred, for the benefit of my honest neighbors and acquaintances, and I wish you to publish it just as it is. I may trouble you again.

CHARLES HANKS.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON ON THE FAMOUS "RAIL-SPLITTER."

We copy from the Kankakee (Illinois) Democrat the following sermon of Mr. S. P. Smith, a wag and a wit of that place. It will serve to relieve the Republican dullness of this region: Text—"A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."—Psalms 74: 5.

My dear Republican brethren:—Fame is a something which has been sought for from the earliest generations down to the present time; and as Abraham, our leader, in this day is famous for his great "rail-splitting" exploits, so in ancient times, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

Many and divers are the ways which some seek to become famous without any particular effort to become so. Some men become famous for their heroic deeds upon the battle field; some are famous for unfolding the mysteries of the heavens, and bringing to view new planets among the starry hosts; some are famous for their great beauty, others for their strength; some are famous as writers of books, others as writers of song; some are famous for their great wisdom, others for their great folly; some are famous according as they have lifted up their voices in the councils of the nation; but Abraham, our leader, is famous according as he has lifted up his axes upon the big trees, and split them into rails; even as the psalmist hath said, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

Therefore, my brethren, I exhort you to be not faint-hearted, for, according to the Scriptures, Abraham, our leader, is a famous man. Though he is not famous for his great deeds of daring and bravery upon the field of battle; though he is not famous as being greatly learned in the arts and sciences; though he may not have sought out many great and useful inventions; he is famous as a great splitter of rails; then, in the language of my text, we can exclaim, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

My brethren, be ye not cast down, but hold up your heads and receive consolation, for verily I say unto you, Abraham, our leader as a famous man. Though he may not be famous as a great builder of ships, is he not famous for his great skill in flat-boating on a raft? though he may not be famous for his great beauty, is he not famous for his great uncomeliness of physiognomy? though he may not be famous for his new discoveries among the starry hosts, is he not famous for his great researches for that "particular spot" on which he founded his famous spot resolutions, and by which he received the famous cognomen of "spot Lincoln?" Yea, verily, "a man was famous according as he lifted up his axes upon the thick trees."

My brethren, I repeat it, in the language of scripture, Abraham, our leader, is famous; although not famous for killing "Little Giants," is he not famous for felling the mighty giants of the forests? though not famous as a patriot and soldier, is he not famous for voting to withhold supplies from our soldiers on the plains of Mexico; and, though not famous as the author of many books, is he not famous as the author of the great "irrepressible conflict," resulting in the famous "John Brown raid?" and though not famous for lifting up his voice in any great speech in the halls of Congress, he is famous for lifting up his axes in the wilderness. Therefore, in the language of scripture, we can say "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

Yes, my poor deluded brethren, let us unchain the whangdoodle, and let him howl! blow aloud upon the toot horn! sound the he-w-gag and the tozzzy-muzzzy! and beat upon the tom-jon until we arouse the voters of this great republic to the great fact that the Abraham is a famous rail splitter, and therefore, should be chief ruler of this nation, according to scripture; for verily, the psalmist hath said, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

And now in conclusion, let me say, though Abraham has a poor show while there is a Grant in the land, yet should we not stick to him like molasses in a bushy beard of hair, and console ourselves with this great fact, that Abraham, our leader, was famous according as he had been a great rail-splitter. And now, in the language of the poet, I will exclaim—

"Come on my partners in distress,
Let's liquor;
For, in the language of my text, 'a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.'"

A POLITICAL SERMON—BY THE REV. HARDSHELL PIKE.

My Brethering:—As a general thing I'm fervent political preachin', but as Henry Ward Beecher and numerous others too tedious to mention, have set the 'xample, I don't know but as how I've as good a right to preach a few politics as enny of 'em. I'm not a dedicated man, my Brethering, but I know what Liberty is. She is a nice old gal, that's what Liberty is, and my Brethering, I take her to my criss, and I say, old gal you suit me! Now I shan't tell you what my text is, but perhaps you can find it if you search long enough, and when you do find it shall read, "He split some rails in Illinois and boss'd a rorin' flat-boat!"

Them's his only qualifications, aside from his personal beauty, for President of the United States.

Now this is a land of Liberty, and she shan't be busted up if I can help it. I know that's a effort been made to bust her. That's ferocious and traitors and old wimmen in small dog's clothing a hold of Mason & Dixon's line, a jerk in and a haulin' and a tryin' to sever that bully old cord, but my Brethering it can't be did, though Abraham Lincoln is cleavin' in the jerkins and haulers as loud as he kin, and though he did split some rails in Illinois and boss'd a rorin' flat-boat!

That's a conspicuous individual named Douglas, cheek full of intellect and pluck, who has a heart like a ox, and carries it in his hand for his country's benefit, who will take keer of that ar line and see that it ain't cut, or damaged, or allowed to rot off like a polyzog's tail as it would if Lincoln was placed in the White House—Lincoln will split some rails in Illinois and boss'd a rorin' flat-boat!

The prairie crew who oppose us, tell us to come to Abraham's buzzum, when the fact is he hasn't got no more buzzum, than a chist of jiner's tools has. And I kin tell the Republican infanis who nestle in that ar buzzum, that they'll find mighty poor nussin'! And he split some rails in Illinois, and boss'd a rorin' flat-boat!

Make Lincoln Capting of the Ship of State, and in less than a year she'll be without rudder, compass, or anchor. Who wants to see the Ship of State degenerate into a rickety old flat-boat? And he split some rails in Illinois, and boss'd a rorin' flat-boat!

My Brethering, the man to be skipper of the Ship of State is Steve Douglas of Illinois.—Steve knows every rope in the ship. He has been in all sorts of gales, but allers come out all right. That's been moony aboard when he was before the mast, but he put it down.—That's been desertion aboard the ship, but he told the deserters to go to thunder what they belonged, and the ship got along better for their leavin'.

My Brethering, I must close. Put the Little Giant fair and square in the White House and all will be well. Put him there, with his beautiful wife. Put him there because he belongs there. Mrs. Douglas will revive the droopin' flowers, shake the dust out of the carpets, have the segar tubs all carted away, clean the old house from cellar to garret, and fill it with sunshine and joy. And when you get that it won't seem like going into the cage of an old bear, who, if you don't fall down and lick his paws, will bite your head off.

My Brethering, S. A. Douglas is my candidate and Misses S. A. Douglas my candidates.

Let us all sing, "Gat ye out of the Wilderness"—short metre.

While on a trip to the East, I found myself in the company of some Northern Abolitionists and Republicans, and in the course of our remarks some one asked what State I was from, and I replied, from Illinois. "Then," said he, "you must be acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, our candidate for President. I told him, 'I ought to be, for I had lived in the same county with him for many years.' He then asked, 'What kind of a man is he?'"

Smelling a rat, as the old saying is and wishing to avoid a political discussion, I thought I would divert the attention of the company from this subject, and said I; "He is about six feet four, and if a line were let fall perpendicularly from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, it would cut him in two about three times."

I also told them I had been twice elected to the Legislature, and was once a candidate against Old Abe, and beat him, and thought he not only sub-terfuge defeat, but was the hindmost man of the three candidates then in the field. I also remarked that I entered the political arena because there was an attempt made by some corrupt politicians to change the State Constitution so as to admit slavery; that I left Kentucky because I did not like to live with the institution of slavery, and I naturally desired Illinois, my adopted State, to remain free; hence upon this issue I became a candidate and was elected, a majority of the people preferring a free and a small minority a slave State. Abe consequently became a Whig when there came to be a majority of that party in his county. I have always been a Democrat, and if it were not for what little religion I have got, I would slap the jaws of some of those Republicans who accuse Democrats of being proslavery. The papers say old Abe beat me for Congress, which is true, but I wish to explain how it was. The Whig majority in the district was thirty-five hundred. I was nominated by the Democrats, but told my friends I could not and would not canvass the district. I, however, canvassed one county, and in that beat Abe thirteen votes; and I believe if I had canvassed the whole district I should have been elected to Congress.

Abe was elected however by fifteen hundred majority, I having reduced his party's majority two thousand votes, and if this is getting beat I am willing to be beat any time. If any do not believe these facts let them go to the records and see for themselves. I had intended if Douglas, whom I assisted in getting his first office in this State, and who I hope will be elected, was not nominated at Baltimore, to declare myself an independent candidate against Abe Lincoln, for I am confident I could beat him, and I know I would make a better President than Old Buck or Abe either. Some say that Abe was only thirteen years old when I was elected to the legislature, and if so, I have only to say I beat a big Baby. In my Biography there are many facts hastily thrown together, the time of their occurrence not being recollected or not definitely specified. In my remarks I mean nothing disrespectful to Mr. Lincoln; I have nothing to say against his private character, but I think he has some "spots" as well as the rest of us.

It is needless to say the audience gave the most strict attention, and that the venerable Elder resumed his seat amid deafening shouts of applause.

From the Selma (Alabama) Times.

LETTER TO ANDREW G. CURTIN.

Mr. Curtin.—As you are now a prominent candidate before the people of this Commonwealth for the highest office of the people of a sovereign State alone can confer, and as you doubtless desire every man in the State to vote for you for Governor, I take this reasonable occasion to give you, as well as the public, my reasons why I cannot and will not vote for you. When you was Secretary of this Commonwealth a circumstance occurred in Bellefonte, the place where you reside, showing satisfactorily to my mind that you possess too malicious a spirit to fill, with any creditable degree of dignity, the honorable position of Governor over a free, civilized and enlightened people. The circumstance was one of too serious a nature to be lost; and as I told you then, that I would on some future occasion remind you of it, I shall now proceed to do so without the fear of your revoler in my mind.

I will here first state that I am only a poor man, and by profession am a huckster. At the time above referred to, I came to Bellefonte on business. I had an excellent dog with me to guard my wagon. A number of boys began teasing the dog by running at him; and some went so far as to throw stones at him. So soon as the dog would defend himself against these unjust attacks, the ungody boys ran into the houses; but no sooner had the dog again returned to his wagon, than the boys would also return and repeat the insult. Among these boys was the son of A. G. Curtin, who being a little taller in reaching the house, was caught by the dog at the leg of his pantaloons. The dog was at once recalled and tied in the stable belonging to the hotel, so as to prevent the boys from teasing him. Soon after that you came to me and asked me whether it was my dog that had caught your boy. I told you that you should keep a "little cool," and I would explain the matter; but you would not hear me, and walked off greatly excited, and returned with a revolver in your hand and a crowd following you. You walked up to me and drew your revolver and said: "You damn Dutch son-of-a-bitch, if you say one word, I'll shoot your G-d D-d Dutch son-of-a-bitch's brains out!"

That, Mr. Curtin, was my introduction to our Secretary of State! It was a loud and strong introduction; and I must say that I never had an introduction to any official gentleman (?) so well remember.

You then turned to the poor dog and shot him three times, and said you had ANOTHER BALL LEFT FOR ME!

The subscriber is ready at any time, when called upon, to verify these statements by good and reputable citizens who were present and witnessed the scene.

These, then, Mr. Curtin, are some of my reasons why I really and honestly think you are unfit to be at the head of a free, Dutch and sovereign people like that of Pennsylvania. You seem to have a very contemptible opinion of Dutchmen; but allow me, Sir, to tell you that the Dutchmen of Pennsylvania will show you by next October that they have an equally contemptible opinion of you. They will shoot you not with revolvers, but with something more effectual, and honorable, paper balls.

R. PICKARD.
Middleburg, Pa., Aug. 9, 1860.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

A gentleman who lives in Montgomery, Alabama, and who is a client of Mr. Yancey, states that Alabama will give 10,000 majority for Douglas.

A correspondent of the Ohio Statesman says that a vote was taken on the Central Ohio Railroad on the 9th inst., with the following result: Douglas 51, Lincoln 1; Breckinridge none, Bell none. There were on board Hon. Wm. Lawrence of Guernsey county, and Dr. Stout of Zanesville.

The Jeffersonian, the organ of the Democracy in Bienville parish, Louisiana, has hoisted the flag of Douglas and Johnson.

John G. Marshall, of Clermont, Ohio, a leading Republican heretofore, is on the stump for Douglas and popular sovereignty.

Hon. John A. Rockwell, a prominent republican of Connecticut, announces his intention to support Bell.

Politics of Georgia.—Milledgeville, August 19.—The Douglas Convention met and appointed A. H. Stephens and Augustus R. Wright electors for the State at large. A resolution was adopted unanimously inviting Senator Douglas to visit Georgia.

In Arkansas, the Pocahontas Advertiser, Madison Journal, and Pine Bluff Independent, have hoisted the Douglas flag.

A private letter from Muscatine county, Iowa, to the Dubuque Herald, states that almost the entire German vote of that county, hitherto Black Republican, will be given for Douglas.

Morris S. Evans, Esq., of Evansville, formerly a prominent member of the Whig party, has come out for Douglas and Johnson. The Evansville Journal appears rather sore on the subject.

Col. A. M. Gibson, the alternate Elector of the Sixth District, Alabama, on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket, made a speech the other day in Blountsville, declaring for Douglas and Johnson.

Daniel Gordon, of Belmont county, Ohio, late a Black Republican, is now stamping that county for Douglas, and advocating the principles of popular sovereignty.

Benjamin Knapp, Esq., a well known and much respected citizen of the Black Republican party, has enrolled himself in the Douglas army.

A correspondent who writes from Pine Woods, Madison county, New York, to the Albany Argus, informs that paper that "A short time ago there were but fifteen Democrats in this town, but we now have increased the number to fifty, and shall go on adding to the Douglas list until the day of election."

Sharp Practice.—The Winona (Minn.) Democrat describes a premium on sharp practice. It had the printing of the United States laws, in consideration of which it supported Breckinridge and Lane with well-affected zeal. The jobbing completed, down came the Breckinridge, and up went the Douglas flag, in the twinkling of an eye.

Helper's Crisis, a book endorsed by sixty-eight republican members of Congress, says: "You may frown and fret, but we will abolish slavery so help us God, though it bring on civil war, though it may dissolve the Union; nay, annihilate the solar system, yet our determination is as fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven."

A letter from Warrentown, Ala., says:—"This (Marshall) is a Union-loving, Douglas county, so are all the adjoining counties, and in fact, the same may be said of north Alabama. Marshall votes some 1150, and I think I am safe in saying that, if the vote were taken to-day Douglas would get 1000."

At a recent Democratic meeting in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Joseph Watson, Esq., heretofore one of the most prominent Black Republicans in Knox county, stepped forward and announced that he and thirty-six other Republicans of his township would support Stephen A. Douglas.

Col. Henry Calloun, a life time Democrat, has taken the stump in Jasper county, Mississippi, for Douglas and Johnson, and it is said his speeches have aroused the people of that region of Mississippi to the true condition of the country.

Ex-Governor Drew of Arkansas, has taken the stump in that State for Douglas and Johnson. He addressed the people at Van Buren on the 3d inst., at which a large Douglas Club was formed.

Hon. Amos Kendall refused to preside at a Breckinridge meeting, and it is said he warmly espouses the cause of Douglas.

All for Douglas.—In Moon township, Allegheny county, the Democracy, with two single exceptions, are all for Douglas.

The German Democrat of Laporte, Indiana, have established a paper called the Mirror. It presents a neat appearance, and is edited with spirit and ability. It hoists the banner of Douglas and Johnson and the democratic State and county tickets. Long may it wave in the support of sound democratic principles, policy and men!