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Poetry.



BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

No more beautiful lesson has been taught by a modern poet than is conveyed in these stanzas by J. G. Whittier. Adam and Eve, exiled from the Garden of Eden, and sat down disconsolately on the outer side of the wall of Paradise, and there an angel found them bewailing their fate. Thereupon the radiant presence spoke.

"Arise!" he said, "sway look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind
Your loss may yet restore."

I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And all around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil—
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain, through toil.

Go, cheerful as your humming bees,
To labor as you play,
While gleaming over Eden's trees,
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth,
Obedient to the word,
And found, where'er they tilted the earth,
A garden of the Lord!

Once more, Oh! white-winged angel, stand
Where man still pines and grieves,
And lead, through Toil, to Eden land,
New Adams and new Eves!

From the New York Herald.

SKETCH OF JOHN BROWN, The Leader of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

Captain John Brown emigrated to Kansas from Central New York in the fall of 1855 and settled in the township of Ossawatimie. He was accompanied by seven sons, the youngest being old enough to earn his livelihood. The birthplace of Brown is not positively known to the writer, but report has it that he was born in Kentucky. At this time he is about sixty years of age. He is about medium height, slim, muscular, and possessing an iron constitution. He has blue eyes, sharp features, and long gray hair wearing a full beard. In December, 1855, during the "Shannon war," Brown first made his appearance among the free-State men at Lawrence. His entrance into the place at once attracted the attention of the people towards him. He brought a wagon load of cavalry sabres, and was accompanied by twelve men, seven of whom were his own sons. He first exhibited his qualities at the time the free-State and pro-slavery parties under the lead of Governor Robinson on one side, and Gov. Shannon on the other, met to make a treaty of peace. After Gov. Robinson had stated to the people who were gathered around the hotel the terms of the peace, Brown took the stand uninvited, and opposed the terms of the treaty. He was in favor of ignoring all treaties, and such leading men as Robinson, Lane, and Lowry, and proceeding at once against the border-ruffian invaders, drive them from the soil, or hang them if they are taken. General Lowry, who was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and also commander of the free-State troops, ordered Brown under arrest. The latter made no physical resistance, but it was soon discovered that he was altogether too combustible a person to retain as a prisoner, and a compromise was made with him by the free-State men, and he was released. He was informed by the leaders of that party that his remarks were intended to undo what they were trying to accomplish by means of the treaty; that he was a stranger in Lawrence and Kansas, and ought not, by his rash remarks, to compromise the people of Lawrence until he had known them longer and knew them better.

One of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature in February, 1856, was seized and taken from Ossawatimie to Leecompton in chains, a distance of thirty miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large heavy chain, the size of that used upon oxen. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The iron wore the flesh from his ankles; he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected, and died in two or three days. He was the companion of Governor Robinson, Jenkins, (since shot by Lane, and some eight or ten others. Another son of Capt. Brown was shot at Ossawatimie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his first son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery

party, and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the free-State men that he was evidently insane on the subject. He was always considered by them a dangerous man, was never taken into their councils, and never consulted by them with reference either to their policy or movements.

The destruction of the free-State Hotel and presses at Lawrence, in May, 1856, incited him anew to action, and he organized a small company, composed chiefly of men who had been robbed, or whose relatives had been murdered by the pro-slavery party, and at the head of this band, armed with Sharpe's rifles, bowie knives, and Colt's revolvers, he scoured Southern Kansas, and the name of "Old Brown" became a terror to all who opposed his will in that region. While he was thus marauding, five pro-slavery men were taken from their cabins at Pottawatomie creek, in the night time, and shot dead. The pro-slavery party charged old Brown, while the free-State party asserted that they could prove him in Lawrence, forty miles distant, when it happened, and that the horrid deed was perpetrated by "Buford's Georgian Ruffians," supposing that the victims were free-State men.

The news of this massacre reached Westport, Missouri, the place of rendezvous of the "border ruffians," the same evening that the Kansas Commission sent out by the U. States House of Representatives arrived at that place. The excitement was intense, and was induced almost as much by the appearance of the Commission, as by the news of the massacre. The "ruffians" swore vengeance upon the members and officers of the Commission, declaring that their blood should recompense for the slaughter at Pottawatomie creek, and but for the intercession of Mr. Oliver, the pro-slavery member of the Commission, and others, it was believed that the Commission would have been attacked. It was at this time that the notorious H. Clay Pate organized a band of men in the streets of Westport, Mo., with the avowed purpose of entering the Territory and capturing "Old Brown." He raised about thirty men, and went into the Territory at twilight one evening, and was surprised at sunrise the next morning by "Old Brown," who was in command of nine men, armed as stated above.

Pate sent a flag of truce to Brown, who advanced some rods in front of his company, and ordered the flag-bearer to remain with him, and sent one of his own men to inform Pate to come himself. Pate obeyed, when Brown ordered him to lay down his arms. Pate refused to give the order to his men, when Brown, drawing a revolver, informed him that he must give the order, or be shot on the spot. Pate immediately surrendered up himself and men, and they were disarmed and marched into a ravine near by, and kept until liberated and sent back to Missouri, by Col. Sumner, a few days subsequently, who also ordered "Old Brown" to disband and go home. The latter agreed to do so, if the Colonel would also agree to protect the settlers in that region of the Territory. This was the celebrated "Battle of Black-Jack Point," made famous by the "H. C. P." Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, who was the heroic commander of the surrendering party. Captain Brown was not much heard from again until the notorious Capt. Hamilton made his incursions into Southern Kansas from Missouri in 1858, when he raised another company, and with Capt. Montgomery, drove Hamilton and his companions back to Missouri, and marching his men into that State, took possession of one of the villages, shot one or two men, and liberated several slaves. This course of Brown was repudiated by Governor Robinson, and the leaders of the free-State party, in and out of Kansas, which caused Brown to publish a letter explaining his position, in which he assumed the entire responsibility of his acts, and relieved the free-State men from any share therein. This letter was called the "Two Paragels," on account of the peculiar distinction made by the writer.

Captain Brown is a very strong believer in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. He is fanatical on the subject of anti-slavery, and seems to have the idea that he is specially deputed by the Almighty to liberate slaves and kill slaveholders. It was always conceded to him that he was a conscientious man, very modest in his demeanor, apparently inoffensive until the subject of slavery was introduced, when he would exhibit a feeling of indignation unparalleled. After myters subsided in Kansas, Brown intimated to some of his anti-slavery friends that he contemplated organizing an insurrection against the slaves in Kentucky and Tennessee. This fact becoming known to some of the leading anti-slavery men of the country, they refused him means with which to carry out, and denounced his proposed undertaking. He spent a portion of the last summer in visiting different Northern cities, and was "rendered

sums of money, with the understanding that he wished to secure a little farm upon which to settle in his old age. It is supposed that he employed the money thus obtained to hire the farm near Harper's Ferry, which he used as a rendezvous for the insurrectionists.

The Harper's Ferry Tragedy.

The late tragedy at Harper's Ferry has called forth universal comment from the public press. As yet we have not seen a single journal containing a syllable in excuse or justification of even the motives of the misguided men whose acts have sent a thrill of horror through the land. The wild insanity of the attempt proves of itself the total loss of the last ray of reason on the part of the immediate actors. Madness, utter madness, could no further go.

No event could teach more significantly, or more eloquently, the wisdom of that governmental policy to which the Republican party has been committed from the very day of its first inauguration. The doctrines preached by its founders were the same conservative principles which, from the formation of the Constitution down to 1854, the era of the infamous Kansas Nebraska bill, had met the approval of all parties. The cardinal idea of legislation for the territories should belong of right to Congress, as the Constitution expressly provides, was the favorite doctrine of Henry Clay and the Whig party. This idea fell by right of succession to the conservative Opposition of the country. Had the firebrand of squatter sovereignty never been flung into Congress by Mr. Douglas—had the unwary exertions of the Opposition to keep the Missouri Compromise intact been successful, the Pandora's box of evils which lay concealed in the specious provisions of the Kansas Nebraska act, would never have gushed the country. But the insane movers in that scheme of wrong would listen to no utterance of Reason or of Right. They were blind to every idea save that of selfish aggrandizement and temporary triumph. Not one who moved in it, not Stephen A. Douglas himself, the contrivance-chief, at this day, with the fearful experience since, would do the same deed over again.

The dragon's teeth were first sown in Kansas. Peace, that was to hover like a protecting angel over that fair and sunny garden spot, folded her wings in dismay. Discord, and her dark and damning brood, entered the devoted State, and scenes that shocked humanity startled the land into indignant detestation. Peaceable men from the North, unoffending citizens, who on their arrival in Kansas were hooted at by the Missouri ruffians, as a race of impotent cowards, found their homes invaded by the knife of the assassin, their wives and children outraged, their dwellings lit by the torch of the incendiary. These were the first fruits of the great peace measure of 1854, offered to the expectant country as a sovereign panacea, by Senator Douglas. Those peaceful emigrants, who had exiled themselves from the land of their early associations, were maddened to revenge. The Missouri borderers had taught them, by a lesson of blood and fire, the catechism of warfare. They were, in self-defense, obliged to protect their families, or else consent to sacrifice all they had come to secure—namely, a peaceful resting-place upon the common territory of the nation.

The catalogue of wrongs the people of Kansas were called on to coo, has never all been told. Those who suffered in person, in the spottiness of their homes, became, like Brown of Ossawatimie, frenzied with the scenes of diabolical horror through which they had passed. Reason fled her throne, and the idea of resistance to the supposed cause of all the tumult and outrage became a religious fanaticism. The idea of constitutional barriers never more had place in such disordered brains, and bloodshed and civil war became to such distracted minds as things of right. The affair at Harper's Ferry, insane, utterly inexcusable as it is, may well be credited as the legitimate consequence of the false policy invoked by the authors and contrivers of the Nebraska bill.

It is even higher madness, more absurd and glaring folly to charge such a terrible outbreak upon any party of reasonable men. All parties alike condemn it, and the Republican party, above all others, is committed point blank against the policy that could breed such excesses. We seek to make no war upon the South, or its rights. We believe only in working under and through the Federal Constitution. Through legal means, and only legal means, can any social errors in the political fabric be corrected. As proclaimed by the leaders of the party in the canvass of 1856, we have nothing whatever to do with slavery in the States. To the people of the Southern States alone belongs the settlement of this social evil within their own borders. This doctrine the Republican party has always unde-

atingly maintained, and will maintain it to the end. Our only aim is to keep all the Territories free from the evil of slavery, free from a system whose presence directly tends to the "Ordeal and realization of a crop of bloody tragedies like to this through which we have passed. The attempt, therefore, on the part of the hiring journals of a corrupt Administration, to charge this objectless, insane outbreak upon the Opposition party, will only recoil upon the infamous movers. The country can easily see through the flimsy sophistry, and punish the malevolent suggesters of the thought.—State Journal.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

In 1754 he was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one in the Colony of which he was the colonel. There happened at that time to be an election in Alexandria for members of the Assembly, and the ballot ran high between Col. George Fairfax and Mr. Wm. Elzey. Washington was on the side of Fairfax, and Mr. Wm. Payne headed the friends of Elzey. In the course of the contest Washington grew very warm, (for his passions naturally were very powerful, though a wise regard to duty, i. e., honor and happiness, soon reduced them to proper command,) and unluckily, said something to Mr. Payne, who thought but a cub in size, was a lion in heart, elevated his shillelah, and, at a blow, extended our hero on the ground. News was soon carried to the regiment that their colonel was murdered by a mob! On the passions of the soldiers, who doated upon their commander, such a report fell at once like a flash of lightning on a magazine of powder. In a moment the whole regiment was under arms, and in rapid motion towards the town, burning for vengeance. During this time Washington had been liberally plied with cold water, acids, and vesicatives, and happily for Mr. Payne and his party, was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded round him with faces of honest joy to see him alive again. After thanking them for such an evidence of their attachment to him, he assured them that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, by the bye of him and of their duty, to return peacefully to their barracks.

As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastising his passion, which had just struck but a spark, that would like to have thrown the whole town in a flame, and feeling himself the aggressor of Mr. Payne, he resolved to make him the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. No sooner had he made this heroic resolution, than, recovering that delicious gaiety which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened. Early next morning, he wrote a polite note of invitation to Mr. Payne, to meet him at the inn. Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the inn in full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprise, on entering the chamber, to see, in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a couple of glasses on the table.—Washington rose to meet him, and offering his hand, with a smile, began: "Mr. Payne, to err is sometime nature, to rectify error is always glory. I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday. You have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, there is my hand; let us be friends."

An act of such sublime virtue produced its proper effect upon the mind of Mr. Payne, who, from that moment, became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington, and for his sake ready at any time to charge up to a battery of forty-two pounds. "If our youth," says the narrator, "would be persuaded to act in a style so correct and heroic, our newspapers would no longer shock us with accounts of elegant young men murdering each other on false principles of honor—by one desperate deed depriving themselves of all present pleasures, and of all future hopes."—*Recollections of the American Revolution.*

AN AMERICAN MEETS THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The Knickerbocker tells the following good story of an interview of an American with the Emperor of Brazil:

I was suddenly aroused by a hearty voice addressing me in French—"You have rather an obstinate mule there." I looked up. In front of me was a young man in a cooked hat and dark dress uniform, mounted upon some animal, which, from my then confused condition, I cannot now feel sure of the nature of. Some of the lanceurs had passed me; others were endeavoring to force the narrow passage on one side. What I replied to this remark, or whether I replied at all, I know not. "Use your spurs," said the same voice, and then, as if suddenly aware of my destitute predicament, it added, "Well, try a lance." An order was given to one of the soldiers at my side, who dropped his lance to the position of a charge, and obeyed at once. At the application of the cold steel, my mule made a bound—the counterpart of his acrobatic performance on the way up. I remember striking heavily against somebody; it may have been the Emperor, or only one of the guards. I heard loud laughs and shouts and screams. I have a dim perception of seeing women, baggage and many mules.—Something was overturned, and then all became dark before my eyes. How long I remained unconscious, I cannot tell—probably not more than a few minutes. On opening my eyes, I found myself upon the ground, my shoulders supported by one of the soldiers, while a second was sopping my head with a handkerchief wet with cold water. My clothes were muddy, and torn in several places. In

the middle of the path, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, or, as I thought, with a diabolical leer in his eye, stood the cause of my wretched troubles. At my side, surrounded by several ladies, and officers in uniform, was the same person who had addressed me before the accident. As I looked around and made attempts to rise, he said: "Ah, you feel much better; it was not much after all." Whatever I may have thought, I coincided in the opinion by replying, "A mere trifle." "Monsieur is English?" he asked. "Non, Monsieur, American." "Where are you going?" "To Rio, Monsieur." "Alone?" "No, Monsieur, I have some friends somewhere about here." "Ah, yes, I met them a few minutes ago, on the other side of the mountain; Baron — was with them. Well, take care of yourself, for there are places on the way down where a fall will not be as pleasant as here. Adieu."—With these parting words, and a hearty laugh, the Emperor, for he it was, mounted, and in a few seconds the cavalcade was hidden from my sight by a turn in the pathway.

A GHOST STORY.

Mr. Hector McDonald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to Boston. When he left home his family were enjoying good health, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second morning after his arrival in Boston, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he saw reflected in a mirror the corpse of a woman lying on the bed from which he had just risen. Spell bound, he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his eyelids; for how long he knew not. He was at last startled by the ringing of the bell for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if what he had seen reflected in the mirror was real or an illusion. He found the bed as he had left it; he looked again into the mirror but saw only the bed truly reflected. During the day he thought much upon the illusion, and determined next morning to rub his eyes and feel perfectly sure that he was wide awake before he left his bed. But notwithstanding these precautions, the vision was repeated with this addition, that he thought he recognized in the corpse some resemblance to the features of his wife.

In the course of the second day he received a letter from his wife, in which she stated that she was quite well, and hoped he was enjoying himself among his friends. As he was devotedly attached to her, and always anxious for her safety, he supposed that his morbid fears had conjured up the vision he had seen reflected in the glass, and went about his business.—On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in thought in his own house, leaning over the coffin of his wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral services, his children wept—he was in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave; he heard the earth rumble upon the coffin, he saw the grave filled, and the green sods covered over it, yet, by some strange power he could see through the ground the entire form of his wife as she lay in her coffin.

He looked in the faces of those around him, but no one seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused to flow; his very heart felt as hard as a rock. Enraged at his own want of feeling, he determined to throw himself upon the grave and lie there until his heart should break, when he was recalled to consciousness by a friend who entered the room to inform him that breakfast was ready. He started as if awake from a profound sleep, though he was standing before the mirror with a hair brush in his hand.

After composing himself, he related to his friend what he had seen, and both concluded that a good breakfast only was wanting to dissipate his unpleasant impression. A few days afterwards, however, he received the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died suddenly, and the time corresponded with the day he had been startled by the first vision in the mirror. When he returned home he described minutely all the details of the funeral he had seen in his vision, and they corresponded with the facts. This is probably one of the most vivid instances of clairvoyance on record. Mr. McDonald knows nothing of modern spiritualism or clairvoyance, as most of his life has been spent upon a farm among forests. It may not be amiss to state that his father, who was a Scotch Highlander, had the power of "second sight."—*Boston Traveller.*

PADDY AND THE TURTLE.—In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street, when an Irishman came along, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Emerald to put his finger into the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.

"But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, and tucking his tail in his hand, stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than ever it traveled before. The countryman, thinking that his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman and exclaimed:

"Call back your dog!"

Paddy put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, and then answered, with a provoking sang froid:

"Call back your fish!"

The other day, Mrs. Snipkins being unwell, sent for a medical man, and declared that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Snipkins did it.—"I didn't do it," shouted Snipkins. "It's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—open her on the spot—I'm willing."

Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA, SS:

[L. S.] In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM F. PACKER,

Governor of the said Commonwealth.

PROCLAMATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The blessings vouchsafed by a kind Providence through the past year, demand our grateful recognition and again call for the sacrifice of Thanksgiving and praise. Under the protection of a Government that secures to all equal rights, we have pursued, unmolested, the various avocations of life, with more than usual prosperity. The earth, under the labors of the husbandman, has yielded her increase, and our barns and store-houses are crowded with the fruits of the harvest. We have not only been preserved from the ravages of the pestilence, but health has been a year distinguished for effort in our large cities and throughout all our rural districts. Our country has been preserved in peace. Our homes have been the abodes of tranquility, and blessings innumerable have clustered around our domestic hearths. Our various schools and seminaries of learning are diffusing throughout our community a higher intelligence, and imparting to our youth nobler aspirations. The institutions of our holy religion are well sustained; and under its pure and genial influence, the spirit of unity and love, the earnest of yet better days, is most happily developed. To God, the Great and good, we are indebted for all, and to Him let praise be rendered.

With these sentiments, and in accordance with the known wishes of many of my fellow-citizens, I, Wm. F. PACKER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint

THURSDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOV. NEXT, as a day of general Thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and recommend to all our people to lay aside, on that day, their ordinary worldly business—assemble in their respective places of worship, and unite in praising God for His excellent goodness toward us—beseeching His gracious goodness.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, Harrisburg, this fourteenth day of October, A. D. 1859, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-fourth.

WM. F. PACKER.

By the Governor:
WM. M. HESTER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A QUEER ELOPEMENT—SIXTY AND SEVENTEEN.

About a week since a fair young girl arrived in this city from London, Canada West. She came on the Port Burwell packet, and took rooms at a modest but comfortable hotel. Her wardrobe was rather scanty, but she had plenty of money, and calling to her aid several milliners and dressmakers, she soon dashed out in gay and attractive style. She registered her name as Sarah May, London, C. W.—destination West. She told the landlady she expected her uncle at the end of the week, and on Saturday morning he arrived. He was an active affable gentleman, well dressed and airy, but gray as a rat, and evidently sixty years old at least. He paid his niece's bill, and the pair purposed leaving on the 5.50 Columbus train. But early in the afternoon there arrived at the hotel an uncouth old man in baggy trousers, a bed blanket coat, a hat belonging to a previous generation, and with a slight Yorkshire accent. This old man angrily confronted the other old man and charged him with running away with his daughter, who was not and never had been his, the other old man's niece. The other old man, the more senior said, had a wife and eight children at home, four of whom were grown up. It also appeared from the injured father's story that the ancient gray deceiver's name was M'Makin; that he had been a magistrate; that he was a man of wealth, and had borne a spotless character up to the time he induced the girl to run away with him, or rather before him. The retired magistrate had a private interview with the girl's father—we do not know what was said or what peculiar influence was brought to bear upon the injured father—but he returned to London and the retired magistrate and the young girl left on the 5.50 Columbus train.—We get these facts from the landlady in whose hotel the eccentric drama was played. We have no further particulars, but they apparently have a queer way of doing some things over in Mrs. Albert's county.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

BRODERICK'S LAST WORDS.—In San Francisco huge posters have been put up all over the city containing the following as the dying words of Broderick:

BRODERICK IS DEAD.
"They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of Slavery and a corrupt Administration."

This is the testimony of a dying man, and would be received as unimpeachable evidence in a court of justice. It is sufficient to convict every one of the conspirators of willful murder of itself.

A correspondent from Northampton, Mass., is responsible for the following:—"A subscriber to a moral-reform paper, called at our post office, the other day, and enquired if *The Friend of Virtue* had come. "No," replied the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."

Archbishop Hughes, who went to Washington to consecrate a church, was invited by the President to make his home in the White House so long as he may remain in the capital.