



BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



"FORGIVE AND BE FORGIVEN."

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

Brother traveler through this life,
Where misfortunes oft assail,
Battle nobly 'mid the strife,
Boldly face the fiercest gale;
Some may fall where you succeed;
Some who manfully have striven;
Keep this motto in your creed,
Oh, "forgive and be forgiven."

If sneering foes dispute thy way,
With a smile still pass them by;
Heed not what their tongues may say,
Toller let thy aim be high:
When thou reach Fame's highest goal,
For which thou manfully have striven;
All your foes with feeling soul,
Oh, "forgive and be forgiven."

Ever trust in God above;
Though misfortune bear thee down;
Changeless is thy Maker's love,
Smiles he hides behind each frown;
Then when on your couch of death,
Life's last ties are sadly riven;
With thy last expiring breath,
Oh, "forgive and be forgiven."

JUBILEE AT SPRINGFIELD.

Speeches of Mr. Lincoln and Senator Trumbull.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 21.—Our city was a scene of gaily and festive joy last night such as has never before been witnessed here. The occasion was a grand turnout of the friends of Mr. Lincoln, in honor of the manifestation of respect and confidence evinced by the people of Illinois in their votes for Lincoln, Hamlin and the conservative views of the Republican party.

Although the celebration was intended to be strictly local, people from the neighboring country poured in in all sorts of conveyances during the whole day. The city was splendidly illuminated in the evening, mostly with Chinese lanterns. The State House, a large square building, in the centre of a square in the middle of the city, presented the appearance of four walls of fire. The Wide Awake torchlight procession was quite large. It halted in front of Mr. Lincoln's home, and cheered for Mr. Lincoln until he appeared and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF MR. LINCOLN.
Friends and Fellow Citizens—Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you, in common with all those who have thought fit by their votes to endorse the Republican cause. [Applause.] I rejoice with you in the success which has so far attended that cause. [Applause.] Yet in all our rejoicings let us neither express nor cherish any hard feelings towards any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. [Loud cheering.] Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. [Immense applause.] Let me again beg you to accept my thanks, and to excuse me from further speaking at this time.

The speech called forth the most unbounded enthusiasm, and numerous cries of "Go on," "That's right," &c. At the conclusion cheers were given for Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Governor Yates, &c. The crowd then adjourned to the Wigwam.

The Wigwam was thronged the whole evening. After the procession terminated its march, speeches were made by R. Yates, Governor elect, Senator Trumbull and others.

Mr. Trumbull's speech, in view of his high position, and well known relations to the President elect, is taken as a reflex of the views of Mr. Lincoln. Hence it is the more important. The immense applause with which Mr. Trumbull was received having subsided, he said:

SPEECH OF SENATOR TRUMBULL.
It is meet that Republicans should make merry and be glad, for the spirit of liberty, which with our rulers was dead, is alive again, and the constitution ordained to secure its blessings, which was lost sight of, is found.—Mr. Trumbull then congratulated the Republicans of Illinois on their having not only elevated one of their citizens to the Presidency, but also elected an entire State government, and secured thereby a United States Senator. Upon national topics Senator Trumbull discountenanced the idea of triumphing over political opponents, accepting all, by whatever name called, as brethren of a common country. He said Mr. Lincoln, although the candidate of the Republican party, as Chief Magistrate will neither belong to that or any other party when inaugurated. He will be the President of the country, and of the whole country, and I doubt not will be as ready to defend and protect the State in which he has not received a solitary vote, against any encroachment upon its constitutional rights, as the one in which he has received the largest majority. While they by whose votes he has been designated as Chief Magistrate of the people will expect him

to maintain and carry forward the principles on which he was elected, they know that in doing so no encroachments will be made on the reserved rights of any of the States. They know that the Federal Government is one of delegated powers; that it can do nothing unless the authority for the act can be found in the instrument which created it; that all powers which are not conferred are reserved to the States or the people of the States. Hence when their political opponents have charged them with abolitionism, or attributed to them a desire to interfere with slavery in the States, or some fanatic has insisted they ought to do so, the reply has invariably been that the people, who made the Federal Government, did not think proper to confer it on such authority; and it has, therefore, no more right to meddle with slavery in a State than it has with serfdom in Russia. Nor are the people of the non-slaveholding States in any way responsible for slavery in the States which tolerate it, because as to that question they are as foreign from each other as independent governments. I have labored in and for the Republican organization with entire confidence that wherever it should be in power, each and all of the States would be left in an absolute control of their own affairs respectively, and as perfect liberty to choose and employ their own means of protecting property and preserving peace and order within their respective limits, as they have ever been under any administration. Those who have voted for Mr. Lincoln have expected and still expect this. They would not have voted for him had they expected otherwise. I regard it as extremely fortunate for the peace of the whole country that this point, upon which the Republicans have been so long and so persistently misrepresented, is now to be brought to a practical test and placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. It should be a matter of rejoicing to all true Republicans that they will now have an opportunity of demonstrating to their political adversaries and to the world that they are not for interfering with the domestic institutions of any of the States, nor the advocates of negro equality, or of amalgamation, with which political demagogues have so often charged them. When this is shown, a reaction will assuredly take place in favor of Republicanism. The Southern mind, even, will be satisfied; the rights of Northern men will be respected, and the fraternal feeling existing in olden times, when men from all parts of the country went forth together to battle for a common cause against a common enemy, will be restored. Disunionists, *per se*, of whom unfortunately there has been a few in this country for some years, understand this, and are now in hot haste to get out of the Union, precisely because they perceive they cannot much longer maintain an apprehension among the Southern people that their homes, and firesides, and lives, are to be endangered by the action of the Federal Government. With such "now or never" is the maxim; hence they seek to inflame the public mind by misrepresenting the objects and purposes of the Republican party, with the hope of precipitating some of the Southern States into positions from which they cannot, without dishonor afterwards recede, well knowing if they delay till after the new administration is inaugurated and tested, it will furnish no cause for their complaints. Secession is an impracticability, or rather an impossibility. The Constitution provides no way by which a State may withdraw from the Union—no way for a dissolution of the Government. It creates the general good, interferes but little with the individual rights of the citizen, except for protection. It is chiefly felt in its benefits and its blessings—not in its exactions. If every Federal officer in South Carolina were to resign, their offices remain vacant, and its Legislature declare the State out of the Union, it would all amount to little except to inconvenience the citizens of the State. So long as the State did not interfere with the collection of the revenue on the seaboard, the people in other portions of the Union would not be in the least incommoded. What is the South Carolina army to do when raised? Whom is it to fight? Manifestly, if it commences a war on the United States officers engaged in collecting the revenues, it becomes the aggressor. This would be a revolution, and making war without a cause, for South Carolina makes no complaint against the present revenue laws.—Is she prepared for this—to become the aggressor? The only use I can see for her Minute Men is that they will enable the people the more readily to suppress any uprisings in their midst which their misrepresentations of purposes may have encouraged. She complains that the Fugitive Slave law is not executed in some of the States. This, if true, the whole country knows to be a sham. So far as South Carolina is concerned, she is so situated that no slave can escape from her limits into free States. However much cause the border slave States may have to complain of the escape of their negroes into the free States, it is clear South Carolina can have no such complaint. In her resolves she professes to be preparing to defend herself against encroachments on her rights. Let her adhere to this policy and not attempt to dictate to other States what they shall do, and no collision will occur, for no encroachments will be made.—The disunion feeling in the South is doubtless greatly exaggerated. A sort of terrorism seems to prevail in some places, which for the present appears to have crushed out any manifestation of Union sentiment; but as the causes for this excitement are all imaginary, the election of a Republican President, in the constitutional mode, certainly affording no excuse for it, it is reasonable to suppose that a reaction will soon take place among the Southern people themselves, which will overthrow the disunionists at home.

It is a great mistake to class the supporters of Mr. Breckinridge as disunionists. Some few of them may be, but Mr. Breckinridge himself and his supporters as a class, are, I doubt not, as sincerely attached to the Union as many of those who, for political purposes during the recent exciting contest, sought to fasten upon them the stigma of disunion.—Should the conservative and Union men in any particular locality, be unable to cope with their adversaries, and South Carolina or any other State under the lead of nullifiers and disunionists, who have for years been seeking a pretext for breaking up the Government, plunge into rebellion, and without cause, assail, by force of arms, the constituted authorities of the Union, there will be but one sentiment among the great mass of the people of all parties and in all parts of the country, and that will be that "the Union, it must and shall be preserved;" and woe to the traitors who are marshaled against it.

Mr. Trumbull concluded his speech with a rehearsal of the points which he conceived to be gained by the election of Mr. Lincoln, and retired amid the most enthusiastic applause.

Mrs. Lincoln gave a reception in the evening, and was visited, by an immense number of people.

Mr. Lincoln leaves here at eleven o'clock to-day, and will arrive in Chicago at seven in the evening, when there will undoubtedly be a demonstration of people to see him, notwithstanding he wishes to travel quietly.

The statement of several Western papers, that Mr. Lincoln constantly receives large numbers of threatening letters from the South is unfounded. Some indiscreet epistles have reached him, but outright blackguardism and threats of violence are indulged in only a few instances, and these bear evidence of originating in the lowest sources on their face.—Verbal and written requests to resign for the sake of the country have been made by well meaning men anxious for the preservation of the Union, which were kindly received, but produced no effect.

Sowing the Wind and Reaping the Whirlwind.

The present monetary panic in the East is a manufactured one. It has no warrant or justification in any existing fact growing out of the state of trade either at home or abroad. It was a panic deliberately got up before the Presidential election, for the purpose of scaring the people of New York into voting against Lincoln. It failed of that end, indignantly, but those who made it, found themselves, when the election was over, unable to control it. They had failed to scare the great mass of intelligent voters of New York; but they had succeeded in alarming timid men, or in so disarranging financial affairs as to alarm the most timid among them, and now they are powerless to quiet that alarm. Thus what was at first intended as a mere political trick has become a financial calamity. The authors of it sowed the wind and are reaping the whirlwind.

There never was so little cause for a panic as now. The whole North and West was never in so good a condition for being prosperous as now. With the best crop ever gathered in the country, and a foreign demand for all the surplus of it at good prices, the people were, at the time this alarm was wickedly set on foot, in excellent condition to reap the benefits of their three years' retrenchment, which the reverse of 1857 fastened on them. If there had been any overtrading, it was in the South. The North, the West and the Northwest were all on a solid foundation, buying as little as possible and selling all they could. The eastern cities, too, were reaping the benefits of all this. The surplus of the bountiful harvest of 1860 was pouring steadily into their laps, and every available vessel was laid hold of to carry it to Europe. Importations were falling off; the tide of gold was turning to us instead of from us; the North and West were paying off the debt which swamped them in 1857; and the railroads were gradually emerging from bankruptcy, in consequence of the immense carrying trade thrown upon them.

All these were the signs of unusual prosperity; and a commercial panic, in the midst of such evidences of commercial health, was, to use a hackneyed expression, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. That the panic did not grow out of this state of things, is plain; and it would puzzle any commercial man to enumerate any other causes for it.

The whole affair is, as we have said, the result of that wicked spirit which prompted a few New York merchants, under the lead of Howell Cobb, the undisguised traitor to his country who is serving under James Buchanan as Secretary of the Treasury, to stake the whole commercial prosperity of the country upon the hazard of the political die. It was the last desperate chance to defeat Lincoln, and like reckless gamblers, they put it all up and have lost.

If it was their loss, alone, no one would care. But, while trying to serve a political party with the aid of a monetary panic got up to order, they have involved the whole commercial community.

In the nature of things, however, a panic based upon nothing—a manufactured panic for political purposes, cannot last long. It had nothing to stand upon, at first, and it has nothing to feed upon, now. A short time will suffice to remove it. A commercial people, suffering from terror in the midst of unexampled prosperity, is a ridiculous as well as disgraceful sight; and there is too much shrewdness in the commercial mind not to comprehend this fact in the first cool moment that supervenes. The men who have partaken of the scare will not be much more heartily ashamed than they now seem to be terrified.—Pitts. Gaz.

A young widow who lately recovered heavy damages from a rich gentleman who had hugged her somewhat rudely, should take care of her money—for she made it by a tight squeeze.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1832.

The following extracts indicate how General Jackson's proclamation in 1832 was received in South Carolina:

From the Charleston Mercury, Dec. 17, 1832.
The Declaration of War made by Andrew Jackson against the State of South Carolina occupies to day the larger portion of our columns. It will be read with the feelings which so extraordinary a document is calculated to excite. This unhappy old man has been suffered by his advisers to arrogate the power to coerce a State of the Confederacy. He has issued the edict of a Dictator—an edict which time will prove whether he dares or can enforce. He has attempted in this proclamation to intimidate the Whigs of South Carolina by threats, and to encourage and foment insurrection and violence on the part of the internal enemies of the State. This document was received here yesterday, and greeted with the indignation and contempt which it merits. In every freeman worthy of the name it has excited no other feelings but those of defiance and scorn. Rascals will hail it as a brave blow in the cause of treason.

From the Charleston Mercury, Dec. 19, 1832.
This crisis for which every intelligent and resolute Carolina Whig has long been prepared is come. The efficacy of our remedy has been demonstrated. We were told it would be ineffectual; it has proved so potent that an impudently administered has been compelled, in despair of otherwise defeating us, to resort to brute force. We have always said that our remedy was of right peaceful—we never said that it would necessarily be peaceful—it is always in the power of a bad man to outrage right by violence, if unrestrained by principle or a fear of consequences personal to himself: Gen. Jackson has not furnished the first example. There has been a Caesar, a Cromwell, and a Bonaparte—men of towering genius who have stooped to play the usurper. Why may not inferior spirit without as much heart as either, and with none of their genius, aspire to imitate them in those actions of their lives which alone he can imitate, because they are criminal.

In the Legislature, Mr. Pickens declared "he believed the contest would end in blood." The edict of the President was not less loudly denounced as tyrannical, and if they were for war, he was ready, and it behooved all the citizens of the State to meet the storm with becoming manliness. He, for one, never would submit if driven from the seaboard, he was for carrying on the war in the interior; if driven from the interior, he was for a guerilla warfare in the mountains; and if at last compelled to yield, he would die contending to the last drop of blood he had to sustain the ordinance, and the authority thereof. He adverted to the doctrines contained in the proclamation, relative to the rights of the State, and was astonished that the President should attempt to seduce the citizens of the State from their proper allegiance, and in no measured terms denounced the whole procedure. He concluded by saying, that before South Carolina should recede, he was for war up to the very knife, and he was for risking all at every hazard on the die that was cast."

prosperous existence in the future. The logic of the Sun may do very well for the moonmaniacs who are now "revelling in treason" in the slaveholding States, but it will not pass current with people in either section who are sufficiently sane to take a common sense view of the matter.—Pitts. Gaz.

An Arkansas Traveier.

A contributor to the Spirit of the Times, thus describes a scene at the Anthony House in Little Rock, Arkansas:

"Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, I came into the bar-room as usual, to take his part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of the townsfolk were there, together with a stranger, who had arrived a half hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap opposite the centre of the blazing log fire. Any one who has traveled until 10 o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the comfort of the fruition before that fire place.

The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L., who took a seat in the corner, for a lack of conversation, was reduced to the poker for amusement. He poked the fire for a while, until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he discovered the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks.

Here was a relief to L. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them; one by one, the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins, and grins into suppressed giggles—and one incontinent fellow's into a broad laugh. Closer and closer the red-hot poker neared towards the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper restlessly to move his hands. L. was just about to apply the poker, when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—the latter, with one eye open, had been watching his proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon L.—In a voice just audible, he muttered in a tone of great determination.

"Jest burn it! Burn it! Jest burn it! and I'll be d—d if I don't stir you up with ten thousand hot poker in two seconds!"

L. laid down the poker instantly, and remarked:

"Stranger, let's take a drink!—in fact, gentlemen, all of you."

L. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING."

Comment us to the girl of whom it is unceremoniously said, "she works for a living;" in her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mining step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and their next party—no; but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming woman, neat dress, mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living, and never—out word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doll; a help-mate, and not a help act; a counsellor, and not a simploton.—You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a spinning-wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and when you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when the ladies went a visiting and took their work with them. This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody.—Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife from despised girls "who work for their living."

A Mighty River.

The Amazon, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers of Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is entirely covered with a dense primeval forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and innumerable tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable. Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other along the windings of small streams.—Even the wild animals get so involved in the impenetrable masses of wood (even the jaguar) that they live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys, whose domains they have invaded. The trees measure from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here, in these tropical regions, become arborescent. It is navigable for two thousand miles from the

ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at its mouth, in some places eight hundred feet deep, and its torments projects, as it were, into the ocean more than eight hundred miles, perceptibly altering its waters at this distance from the American shore.

FALLEN HUMANITY!

Fallen humanity! How sad the term! What a dark and fearful picture is rolled up in those two words! To be human as human beings generally are, is bad enough, but to be below—fallen! is one of the saddest conditions in which a mortal can be placed. How fearful to think that life's rosy morn is at an end in night's raging tempest; that the fair, innocent babe is to fill the drunkard's grave; that the youthful will die in a garret from which the last ray of virtue went out long ago! Fallen humanity! The mind draws from the contemplation of the scene of degradation and woe, the stout heart grows faint; the tearless eyes are dim, prayer ascends to God.

Fallen humanity! What a death knell this strikes to the heart of many a one! 'Tis a funeral of hopes and joys now fed with the flames of sin.

'Tis perhaps a mother's only son, a father's darling daughter, Oh! how large are the Potter's fields, how many victims has fallen humanity!

"Help! help!" ring in our ears from morn till night. Some poor being is perishing, some lamps of hope are going out. Why stand we idle? Rescue those that are sinking—turn back the crowd and replenish the oil—light the lamps, and raise the sinking one upon terra firma.

Fallen humanity! We see it written on the face of hundreds every day; 'tis in the streets, the work-shops—it fills our bar rooms, our jails, and hospitals. Then, to the rescue!—Wait not, is there not enough work for us all?

"Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

A traveling agent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in the corn field by the roadside, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth:

"My son, whose father is this?"

"Dad's," was the laconic reply.

"Does your father raise any stock?"

"Ees, lots ov 'em."

"What kind?" continued the stranger.

"Jorn-stocks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to hoe a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way, musing.

"I wants to shippen der Lucilla," said a foreigner to the clerk in a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?"

"Ish Hans Vannooterbainstindittdnedarunsighyorebelkvenqgillgwpaisswisompluritt," said Duchy, gravely, spitting out his old quid and taking in a fresh one.

"Heaven!" said the clerk, "I can't write that. Look here, Mister, what is it in English, do you know?"

"Yaw, loh does. It ish Yon Smidt."

A little boy was sent up stairs by his mother to get a satchel that hung behind the wardrobe. The boy returned without the required article.

"Couldn't you find it?" asked the mother.

"Yes, I saw it there, but—"

"Couldn't you reach it?"

"Yes, I could reach it, but—"

"Why didn't you get it then?"

"Because the old musket stood close by it," said the boy, shaking his head knowingly, "and I was afraid it would snap right at me."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in Marion county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught in that way, and replied—"Oh, no, Mr. Telegraph, you can't fool me that way. I'm not so green as you think I am? That darned tickle' thing of yours haint been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Give the ladies full permission of surpassing even the lilies of the field in glory of appearance. The press must stop its abuse of the women and look after the men. The extravagance of the latter in sears, brandy, tiddies, fast trotting horses and doubtful luxuries, is infinitely more ruinous than that of the ladies in lace and brocade; the former is ruinous to health, morals and purse, while the latter only slightly damages the pockets of the "lords and masters."

TIED OUT.—A three-year-old nephew of one of my friends had finished his usual prayer at his mother's knee, when she said—"Now, Willie, pray for your grandfather and grandmother." He did as directed. "Now for your aunts and uncles. His petitions went up singly for each class. "And now, Willie, pray for all the world," said his mother. Wearied out, perhaps, by the length of his exercises, he immediately exclaimed, "Ma, it's just as much as I can do to pray for my own 'litions."

"Were you ever baptized?" inquired an earnest minister of a green candidate. "N-no, sir, never, only once" and then I fell in."

Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Because he was the first in the human race.

A French breakfast—two salt cellars and a muffin.