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Poetry.

THE CHORUS OF THE UNION.

My countryman, and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it.

that letter. I know that people thought those remarks were directed expressly for me. You were sharp enough to carry your motion to break up the Lyceum, through fear, I suppose; that some one would reply, and this is the reason why I reply through the columns of the Inquirer.

recommend. Compromise you say is the watch-word! Yes, compromise you must or we are gone. I contend that the Republican party has done no wrong to any one, and we have nothing to compromise for.

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the tory pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl that child of five years old with the golden hair and laughing eyes.

A QUERER PEOPLE. Chambers' Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that terra incognita: "But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm, bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Sassa."

"GOT A BABY?"—"A well spring of joy" has been opened in the house of our contemporary, the editor of the Lancaster (Pa.) American, and the consequence is the editor is so delirious, he don't know which end he is standing on.

Ye sons of patriotic sires! List to your country's call, Nor cherish those unholy fires, Which will but light her fall! Hold to the glorious Union yet, Nor sever it in two; Our fathers' prayers would ye forget? Ye know not what ye do!

Though passion may have strained Affection's holy band, Oh! break it not, nor be profaned The Genius of our land! For friends and brothers still are we: One flag will wave o'er all. Or e'er the course of Liberty Be spread, a funeral pall!

Your first digression from the original sermon was, that the Republican party by their aggressions and infringements upon the rights of the south had caused a disruption of the Union, and thereby had cost the United States hundreds of millions of dollars. To these flat assertions I take objection, for they cannot be supported by facts.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those about her, stood breathless; her face turned aside, and her tiny finger resting on the line of life and death.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.—A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man and struck right and left to all who opposed him. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatened if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river.

BELOW THE ATLANTIC.—Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward, and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any other yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least two hundred miles from the coast of Ireland the water is still shallow; or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet.

THE TWO PRESIDENTS.—Davis and Lincoln were both born in Kentucky, in 1803 and 1809, respectively—both left their native State in childhood's days; one emigrated North, the other South; both served in the Indian war of the West; both commenced their political careers about the same time, being President electors in the election of 1844—Davis for Polk, and Lincoln for Clay—both elected to Congress about the same time, '45 or '46, and were in the same year, and almost the same day, called to preside over their respective governments—once as President of the United States, the other as President of the Confederate States of America. One the rock upon which a nation has split, the other the corner stone of a new republic.—Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.

Mr. Editor:—As this has been a particular season for speech making and letter writing, I have thought, that, probably a few lines from Little Benks, the Democratic stronghold of Bedford County, would be interesting to the readers of your paper, and as there has been rather a lull in the storm of Political Literature, I reckon now is about the time for me to "pitch in." So here is to the object of this letter at once.

But the crowning sheaf of all its greatness you must surely think, has been put on during the past winter. Your Democratic States have dissolved their connection with the United States, that is so far as they have the power. The very pillars of that glorious party you speak of in such glowing terms, have been pitting treason for years past, and as soon as Mr. Lincoln was elected they set fire to the train that had been laid for years; and almost the entire mass of Democrats in the south, and a goodly number in the north are embraced in the conspiracy; and those bright and shining stars in the Democratic firmament stand out in bold relief before the world, and high heaven, as perfumed rainbows. It is unnecessary for me to refer to the transactions of Cobb, Floyd, Toombs, and all these formerly great men. Their acts of villainy are sufficiently known to the country to exclude any necessity on my part to refer to them.

He had expected this pitiful man would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face. "The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a lie, and by that you shall live or die."

Lincoln becoming personally a favorite at Washington.—A Washington letter writer says: "Mr. Lincoln is becoming a great favorite among all classes. He is at once prudent and affable, and his demeanor is so frank, courteous and free from official rigidity that he bids fair to win a universal popularity. His very angularity and awkwardness are likely to become the mode, and please much more than the white checker and gold-headed cane dignity of his venerable predecessor. His face, though not handsome, has a pleasant and intelligent expression, and the reason for the ugliness of some of his portraits is, as he facetiously alleges, because they are 'devoid of his accustomed grace.'" A story is current which shows the improving effect of his whiskers. A visitor who had met him last summer called at Willard's on Sunday night, and was presented to the President to the President elect and Mrs. Lincoln. Not catching Mr. Lincoln's name, he sat down to talk with Mrs. Lincoln. By-and-by he began to talk of Mr. Lincoln as if he were not present. "I am the Mr. Lincoln you are speaking of," interrupted that gentleman. "You are!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why I didn't know you. What a handsome man your whiskers have made of you!" The way the President laughed showed how highly he enjoyed the mistake.

AN INCIDENT.—At the conclusion of the inaugural address, and while the procession was forming, Thaddeus Wood, in passing General Scott's company, stopped to speak with the veteran commander-in-chief. "How is the inaugural?" asked the general. "A success," replied Mr. Wood. "God be praised!" said the grim old chief, lifting his hands and clasping them together, while the tears rolled down his face. "The good God be praised!" Those who witnessed the general's emotion were deeply moved. "You were much missed from the platform," said Mr. Wood. "My duty," said the general, pointing to his guns, "is here."—Cor. N. Y. World.

A young lady, who was employed in braiding a guard-chain for a gentleman's watch, was asked what it was for. "A bell-rop, sir," replied she. "I acknowledge it is a bell-rop," rejoined he, "and a pretty one, too; but I suspect we shall find a beau attached to it when it is finished."

I have no recollection when it was ever saved by but one Democrat, and that was the time when Gen. Jackson set his foot flat upon nullification and killed it dead at a single tread; and if we had the hero of New Orleans, or that other noble son of Tennessee, A. Johnson, in the presidential chair at the commencement of this revolution, we would have seen more than one traitor suspended between heaven and earth, dangling at the rope's end. You concluded your sermon by saying, that you believed the only possible plan of reconstructing this Union was, by the middle and western states going with the south and throw out the New England States. Now then if that is not cool for the season, I am mistaken. I wonder how that proposition goes down with the Democrats of Cumberland Valley and the State generally? I wonder if Preacher Blair understands the southern principles well enough to be competent to recommend such a measure to the people of a free state? So far as I am concerned I have only to say if the slave states do not remain in the Union unless the free states adopt their institutions, and take slavery to bed with them, I say let them go to Halifax, Niggers and all. I am content to live under our present form of government, but if there is any change to be made let the people of the entire country make that change through their representatives in a national convention. But I am unwilling to submit to the more dictation of a parcel of unprincipled slave propagandists.

I am a R. Republican from principle, and I cannot mix up willingly with any such measures as you

What a handsome man your whiskers have made of you! The way the President laughed showed how highly he enjoyed the mistake.

All idea of "reconstruction" is steadily resisted and denied by the leading politicians in the seceding States, and they affirm that in at least four or five of these States, nothing could induce a return to the Union—no compromises, no concessions, no adjustment.

An Irishman, who had laid sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh! no, your reverence, it was the makin' of t'other chap I was afraid uv," replied Pat.

A country paper says: "Wanted at this office, an editor who can please everybody. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper that every-body's advertisements shall head the column."