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BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



From the Boston Transcript.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT BULL'S BLUFF.

Oh say not that they died in vain,
Nor mourn in tearful sorrow;
They lost the day on yonder plain,
But they have gained T-c-morrow.

Outnumbered three to one, they fell
Like heroes in old story;
The rebel rout they failed to quell,
But won—immortal glory.

Such faith, such courage they inspire,
To doubt would now be crime;
They touch the land with sacred fire,
And kindle hope sublime.

Then if we weep our gallant dead,
Let smiles our tears divide,
And laying low each noble head,
Thank God with grateful pride!

CAMBRIDGE. G.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

How fell he? by resistless ball,
Or sabre cut or bursting shell?
What matters it to him, to all
Who meet their death in doing well?
The good and brave,
Who die to save
Their home and country they can tell

How sound he sleeps! in storms, the surf
Rolls in long thunder to the shore;
Each blade of grass that crowns his turf
Quivers before that earthquake roar;
His deadened ear
No sound can hear;
Trumpet nor drum shall call him more.

The deep mouthed guns that frown above
And proudly guard the subject wave,
Can stir no pulse of fear or love,
Can wake no echo in his grave;
His race is run,
His prize is won,
God's blessing on the sleeping brave.

A TROUBLE FOR THE CONFEDERATES.

It is stated, on the authority of the Richmond papers, that the miserably executed Confederate Treasury notes have been so extensively counterfeited that they almost cease to circulate, no one being able to tell the true from the false! Here is the bitter bit, the counterfeit counterfeited—nearly worthless paper in competition with paper entirely worthless. When Mr. Stephens assured the Southern people that the notes would be good if the Government did not issue an immoderate quantity, "not over one or two hundred millions," and if the independence of the South was successfully maintained, he forgot to add a further condition, and take into consideration the possibility of "another Richmond in the field" in the shape of a counterfeiter.

About a month ago, the Richmond Engineer was very anxious that the Confederate Congress "should be awake," as it elegantly expressed it, to the dangers of a depreciated currency, which it declared "was more to be dreaded than all of Lincoln's legions!" How must that journal feel, now that this new and dangerous blow has been struck at the Rebel financial operations? But there is a sovereign remedy at hand. The Confederate currency will soon not be worth counterfeiting.

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden God of day, who yesterday his emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining on the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lower sections of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill poster, as he pursues his homeward way. Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness of the night, it is the voice of Frederick William, calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia:

"Throw open the lattice, love, and look down upon the casement, for I, your own dear Frederick am here."

"What brings thee at this time of the night when all is still and gloomy?"

SECRETARY CAMERON IN NEW YORK.

A SERENADE AND A SPEECH.

The Secretary of War, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, yesterday morning went to Governor's Island. They were received with appropriate honor by Colonel Loomis, of the Fifth Infantry, in command. The troops there were reviewed, and the company were subsequently entertained at the Colonel's quarters, the band playing some very fine airs. After viewing the works on the island, and inspecting the ordnance and ordnance stores, the party returned to New York and dined at the Astor House, Archbishop Hughes making one of the company. It is understood that the Secretary and suite leave at 11 o'clock this morning for West Point.

About 11 o'clock last night a serenade was tendered the Secretary of War. Dodsworth's band were stationed in the spacious rotunda of the Astor House. A large assemblage had gathered, and the band had played various selections; and, as they struck up "Home Sweet Home," Secretary Cameron came upon the stairway, and was greeted with hearty applause.

Col. John Cochrane, of the Chasseurs, said he had the honor of introducing one who was the representative of that Union sentiment that they had assembled to honor and to glorify in his person. [Applause.]

Secretary Cameron said: I am extremely obliged for the kindness that has prompted this visit to-night. I am glad to meet you, representing as you do, this great city. It is a momentous time in the history of our country—a country which only the other day was united, prosperous and happy, but which is now torn asunder; and we have before us one of the most important wars the world had ever seen. Why we should have been thus chastised by Providence it is not for me to say, but there must have been some cause for it; and I do not believe the wrong has been here in this section. Still it is our business to vindicate ourselves, and to restore our country to the prosperity and the vigor which it has formerly enjoyed. I am not vain enough to think that this demonstration is made for me individually, but you have come to pay your respect to this Government, of which I am a part. I have come here to thank the men of this city for what they have done for their country. You have a population of a million of people. You have already sent out about 35,000 good men to fight for our laws, our institutions and our country. I am sure, if need be, and you are called upon for more, that this city will send 100,000. [Cheers.] In the war of the Revolution; when we were building this Government the little State of Massachusetts, with a population but little over 300,000, sent into the field at one time 55,000 of her people. [A voice, "Bully for Massachusetts," and cheers.] more than one for every five of her whole population. At no time was Massachusetts more patriotic or more brave than New York; and when the time comes for one-fifth of her population, you will send some 500,000. [That is so," and cheers.] Gentlemen, she has not only sent her sons, but she has given her money, not by thousands, but by millions, and hundreds of millions, and she will double and quadruple those hundreds of millions, if necessary, to save this glorious country, which our Fathers of the Revolution established. [Applause.] We have had, gentlemen, some reverses, and we have some cause to make for them. The people of the North are a working people; for fifty years they have been employed in the quiet pursuit of civil life. For more than thirty years the people of the South have been meditating this foul rebellion.—They have been preparing for war while we were thinking only of peace. They were not content with availing themselves of their own resources, but stole them from us. Traitorous men sent munitions of war and money to the South, and when the time was ripe for rebellion, they stole what they found there. The soldiers which they had educated at West Point, were corrupted, and were ready to fight against their fathers and brothers here.

In every war in this country we have had reverses at the outset. But we have now passed the days of reverses, I believe. [Cheers.]—When the war commenced, when we had no money in our treasury, for they had robbed us of that; and we had no gains in our arsenals for they had stolen them—now we have plenty of money and abundance of men. We have a brave and gallant young General at the head of our army. [Tremendous applause, and three cheers for McClellan, which were followed by three cheers for General Scott.]—That young soldier is the idol of his troops, because of his care of them. In every contest which he has had thus far he has been victorious. He has disciplined his army in such a manner as to insure victory with the immense hosts which will be under him. Therefore, I say to you, gentlemen, that our day of trouble is gone by. We have only to have a little confidence in each other. Let us wait till that young General is ready for the conflict, and he will pledge his life upon victory. [Cheers.] I am glad to meet you for many other reasons than I have stated. There was a time when Pennsylvania was the greatest State, but New York has outstripped her.—But your wealth adds to our wealth, to our prosperity, while our success will increase your wealth. Pennsylvania, with two millions of population, while you have three millions, has sent to the field, I am proud to say, 1,500 more than the State of New York. I mention that merely, gentlemen, because I am sure if you had known it before, you would have outstripped us. I have no doubt your

being told of this will cause a spur to enlistments, and that next month you will not be 1,500 behind, but 1,500 before us. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, I rarely make speeches. My life has been one of action, and therefore you will now excuse me for saying good night to you. [Great cheering.]

Hon. John Cochrane followed in a patriotic speech, which was loudly applauded. The band having played several airs, Adjutant General Thomas was introduced and cheered. He came, he said, as a soldier and a soldier only. He had looked over the whole matter, and he was convinced that we had raised up an army as was never brought together before. Beside we had right upon our side. [Cheers.] We were fighting for our country and Providence would not desert us in such a cause. [Cheers.] The assembly then dispersed.

The Resignation of Breckinridge. We have heard that John C. Breckinridge has published a manifesto to the people of Kentucky, dated at Bowling Green, the Rebel headquarters, and we have been unable to get a sight of it. The St. Louis Republican gives us some insight into its contents. Mr. Breckinridge says it is written at the first moment since his expulsion from home that he could place his feet on the soil of Kentucky. This is a most impudent perversion of the truth, for he never was expelled from home; he left Lexington impelled by his guilty tears of arrest, and his retreat was lighted by the burning self-consciousness of his complicity with treason.

When the mock "Duke" of Tobbin's Comedy is compelled to lay aside the borrowed robes of authority he does it in a constrained grace, as a well-bred dog walks down stairs when he sees preparations making for kicking him down, and in the same spirit Breckinridge resigns his seat as a member of the Senate of the United States, saying, "exchange with proud satisfaction a term of six years in the United States Senate for the mis-kept of a soldier." This is the bluster of the "Ancient Pistol," for we all know that the service of the ex Senator, if he serves at all, will be in some honorary position, with sword and on a charger. Our St. Louis contemporary says the address would fill two of its columns, and is made up of misrepresentations. Breckinridge says there is no longer a Senate of the United States within the meaning and spirit of the Constitution—the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved.

But Kentucky is still one of the United States; he deceived and betrayed constituents are still loyal; they recognize proudly the existence of the Government of their fathers, and they deny that the Union is dissolved.—By what argument can Mr. Breckinridge assert that the Union is dissolved now more than it was in August last, or that the existence of the United States has been imperiled since the session of Congress, when he occupied his seat as a Senator of the United States from the State of Kentucky, and drew his pay from the Federal Treasury for his services? If Mr. Breckinridge believed when he took the Government's gold, that the United States no longer existed, and that the Union was dissolved, he acted like a pretty larceny thief and a swindler. He knows that his course is indefensible; he is self convicted of the vilest treachery to the State which has honored him; and, being unwilling to face the indignant people of Kentucky, he has sneaked away from their presence, and surrounded by cutthroats and thieves, incendiaries and felons, as a body guard, has issued his impudent manifesto.

We do not care particularly about seeing the text of this last dying speech and confession of John C. Breckinridge. We know that he cannot justify his conduct, but that he has the insidious talent to conceal his real purposes beneath glittering sentences and honeyed words. The Republican calls them "frivolous and unjustifiable excuses for a bad act." But the trial and condemnation of Mr. Breckinridge were held and pronounced before the jury of popular opinion months and months ago. While he was holding the second office in the gift of this people and presiding over the Senate of the United States; while he was afterwards a candidate for the Presidency. And while he was exercising the duties of a United States Senator, he was plotting to betray his country and was in league with the infamous traitors who conspired to break up the Government.

Of all persons engaged in this nefarious work, he achieved the lowest depth of degradation, for he allowed himself as a fourth candidate to distract and divide the vote of the country, with the full confidence that it would lead to the election of Mr. Lincoln and thus prevent to the Southern malcontents a pretext for their acts of secession. While those who were his fellows in this treachery left their seats in Congress, he remained there, and gave aid to them in opposing every appropriation of men and means to resist the rebellion, although it was menacing within five or six miles, the very Federal Capital where he was sitting.—No man is more deeply and terribly responsible for the blood and pillage and crime and horror of the last six months. He knows it, too, he knows that he is as guilty as Cain the first fratricide, and as flies from the vengeance that awaits him. He is a refugee from his native State, with the brand upon his brow and the gnawing torture of remorse at his heart. His last fate will be that of a traitor.

In the last battle, forced down by the flying, Where mingled war's rattle With groans of the dying, There shall he be lying.

Monster of perfidy, ingrate and fiend, his name will be eternally harked with those of Judas and Arnold, and, when history seeks to

recount the damning deeds of those who have entitled themselves to the execration of mankind, that name will be foremost in the scroll, which was borne by one, who, in the very spirit of the arch demon, thought it "better to rule in hell than serve in heaven."—*Louisville Journal.*

REMOVAL OF GEN. FREMONT. EXCITING NEWS FROM MISSOURI. SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 3.—Yesterday small bodies of the enemy came within twelve miles of us, and news was received of the approach of their advance guard, 2,800 strong. Preparations were being made to go out and attack them, when Gen. Fremont received the unconditional order from Washington relieving him from the command of the Western Department. Simultaneously the newspapers arrived announcing the fact. The intelligence spread like wildfire through the camp, and created indescribable excitement and indignation.

A great number of the officers signified their intention to resign at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring that they would fight under no one but Fremont.—The General spent much of the afternoon in expostulating with the officers, and urging them, by their patriotism and their personal regard for him, not to abandon their posts.—He also issued the following fare well address to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 2. "Soldiers of the Mississippi Army—Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you. Our army has been of sudden growth, and we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirit which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career.

"Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

"Soldiers—I regret to leave you most sincerely. I think you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to gain; but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms.

(Signed), "J. C. FREMONT, Major Gen. U. S. A."

The feeling ran intensely high during the whole of last evening, and there were meetings held almost everywhere. The various bands serenaded the General, and whenever he appeared he was greeted with cheers.

Though notifying General Hunter, as his order directed, that he had no longer command over the troops, General Fremont spent several hours in making a personal examination of the ground about the city to be prepared for a battle, and in accordance with a written request from all the brigadier generals here, he remained through the night, ready to lead the army in case of attack.

All the troops slept on their arms, and many officers remained on their posts all night, a track being hourly expected; but nothing occurred more than the firing on our pickets on two different roads. The enemy are now encamped on the old Wilson creek battle ground.

Gen. Fremont is prepared to leave for St. Louis, and will go as soon as Gen. Pope arrives, the latter having been sent forward to take command till General Hunter gets there.

Universal gloom prevails throughout the camp. A battle will undoubtedly occur ere long. The troops will meet the enemy firmly, but they are disheartened and have lost their enthusiasm. The body guard, who could not be induced to remain, and who will now disband, as the terms of their enlistment permit, will accompany Gen. Fremont and his entire staff, including Gen. Ashbott, commander of the first division.

Gen. Fremont will permit no demonstration from the troops on his departure.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 2.—[Special to the St. Louis Republican.]—Reliable information has been received here from different sources that Gen. Price was at Cassville on Thursday, with 25,000 men, and McCulloch ten miles this side of that place, with 10,000 more, with the intention of marching on Springfield and offering us battle on the old Wilson creek ground.

McCulloch was expecting 10,000 additional troops from Arkansas. A large number of the residents of Green, Jasper, and other counties, recently joined Price's army, and many of our officers think the rebel force now nearly 60,000 men. Fremont has been upon nearly the whole of the past five nights making the most perfect arrangements for a battle, and the confidence of the army in him was never so great as at present.

Rebel Financial Statement.

One result of the recent movement on the Upper Potomac was to bring into our possession a copy of the *Levatur* (Va.) Washingtonian of October 19—a sound Secession journal, of course. The following article, containing a singular exposure of the financial difficulties of the rebels, is copied from the columns of the papers. The apprehension exists, in view of the slowness of our operations, that similar imperfections still continue, and are smoothed over by the remissness of editors.

There may be something in this. We, in common with the press and people, received the Administration with open arms and unbounded confidence. We all felt that our destinies were linked with it. We had faith in its zeal; we had an aversion to distrusting its capacity for promoting our common wishes. The deplorable consequences which resulted from the mistaken confidence in the War Department are still felt, and may at this very time be causing the embarrassments which shed such a gloom over the land. There is, however, another branch of the public service, little less important than the War Department, which attracts public attention and excites anxiety—that which relates to the ways and means for defraying the expenses of the war.

It is evident our expenditures cannot fall short of three hundred millions of dollars. What expenditures has the Secretary of the Treasury proposed by which to raise this amount of money? We are only aware of the loan for \$15,000,000 authorized by the Congress at Montgomery—of which only ten millions have been taken; the produce loan, which has yielded only some thousand bales of cotton, not yet sold, and not likely to be sold until the end of the year; the \$100,000,000 treasury notes authorized by the last session of Congress; and the direct tax, which may yield 15 millions. This is the sum total, and on its face it does not reach one-half of the inevitable expenditure. The failure to realize the loan for the whole of the fifteen million proves, not a want of zeal among our people, but the absence of money. No people are richer in property, necessary to the support of life, but not convertible into specie! No people are richer in valuable products, when the markets of the world are open, than valueless under existing circumstances. As to the produce loan, we suppose every man in the Confederacy except the Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. D-flow, is conscious of its utter failure.—The direct tax, which collected, may produce fifteen millions. But that, in connection with the taxes, will require more than the amount of money in the hands of the people. The banks will be the only recourse, and they, to meet the wants of the community, will be forced to expand to a point prohibited by their charters, and endangering the worth of their notes. The remaining and most expedient plan is to issue hundreds of millions of Treasury notes. Without this item, supposed to be opposed to all Mr. Meminger's financial views, he would not have more than 25 millions with which to confront 300 millions of expenditure; with it, he can only muster 125 millions, leaving an unprovided deficit of 175 millions of dollars.

It will do no harm to look the difficulty square in the face. The war must go on. It will require large sums of money. The people, who have no money, are willing to mortgage every particle of property they own to feed, clothe and pay the army. But how does the Secretary of the Treasury propose to raise the missing 175 millions? The direct tax is already accounted for on the other side; the produce loan cannot be relied on for a dollar; and any other mode of borrowing is wholly impracticable. If eight per cent. stock is not taken, neither would twenty per cent.—and for the same reason, the want of money or the conventional representative of value.

It will not do to postpone this vital question till our armies are paralyzed for the want of money, as they were six weeks ago for the want of arms powder. If Mr. Meminger can fight his war through without money, nobody would be more rejoiced at it than we would be. But we do not believe he or any one else can achieve impossibilities. We know vast sums of money will be necessary to work out this great issue. If he has any other expedient for raising these sums than by converting the production of the country into currency, it will be a great relief to know what it is. Our conviction is that, if a wise forecast had been exercised in this regard, the Confederate States might six months ago have had 150 or 200 millions to their credit in London, and our coast might now be guarded at all points by iron plated steamers.

Slow coaches will not do in revolutionary times. The Yankees are issuing indefinite millions of treasury notes, based on nothing but the faint hope of our subjugation; and with them, though in connection with sterling bills, they fancy, they will be able to wage successful war against us. While we, who have cotton bales and tobacco hogheads, which possess political as well as financial value to make them the basis of the best currency in the world, refuse to profit by them."

Pluck of the Hoosier Girls.

The young ladies of Logansport, Ind., at a meeting held on the 30th of September, passed the following resolutions.

Resolved, That we deem it to be the duty of every young unmarried man to enlist and fight for the honor of his country, his flag, and his own reputation.

2d. That the young men, in this time of our country's peril, have but one good excuse for not being a soldier, and that is cowardice.

3d. That the young man who now fails to respond to the call of his country, is not worthy the kind regards of the smiles of the young ladies of our native Hoosier State, and that none but ladies of a doubtful age will smile on such men.

4th. That we will have nothing to do with young men who refuse to go to the war, and that "Home Guards" must keep their distances.

5th. That the young man who has not pluck enough to fight for his country, has not got the manliness to make a good husband.

6th. That we will marry no man who has not been a soldier.

7th. That we will not marry till after the war is over; and then "Home Guards!" no need!

Some men's mouths seem to be like the dikes of Holland—made to keep out water.

The dangers of knowledge are not to be compared to the dangers of ignorance.

There is a slight indication of progress in the right direction in the following letter of instructions from the Secretary of War to Gen. Sherman:

"Secretary Cameron, in his letter of instructions to Gen. Sherman, in command of the expedition to the Southern coast, says:— 'You will avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether or not fugitives from labor, who may offer themselves to the National Government, and employ them in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees, or if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you may deem fit to the service; this, however, not to be a general arming of them for military service. Loyal masters are to be assured that Congress will provide just compensation for the loss of the services of the persons so employed.'

The folks at Washington are not yet ready to come up squarely to the issue, but the symptoms are favorable—an abatement of the mental mist on the subject of the peculiar sacredness of slave property of rebels. We don't see why the "organization in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you may deem fit to the service," may not be construed to "usual business" in a pretty general way, if necessary, and so we trust he will construe it, and make good use of the rebels' charities to aid the loyal Union troops to bring the masters to their senses. We should so construe it, unhesitatingly, in every emergency where the Union forces might be hard pressed, and Gen. Sherman must do likewise, or he will be criminal in case of needless loss of life or defeat, which might be avoided by using the slaves in any way to aid our forces. He should if he did not have taken a few intelligent colored men along, to gain the confidence of the slaves.

GEN. CURTIN TO GEN. SCOTT.

The following letter has been addressed by Gov. Curtin to Lieut. Gen. Scott:

"Sir: I regret extremely that you should have passed through Harrisburg the other day without my having any knowledge of your approach or presence, as it would have given me sincere pleasure to have had the opportunity of paying the official and personal homage to your eminent patriotism and genius entitle you, and which every citizen of Pennsylvania would rejoice to offer. Although infirmity of health has compelled your retirement, we shall not cease to cherish the memory of your glory, and hope that you will long be preserved as a living example of the highest public spirit and gallantry, and that our young men may learn from your career that virtue and merit lead surely to the affections of a grateful country.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"A. G. CURTIN."

"To Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott."

THE DEATH OF COL. BAKER.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 22.

The following General order No. 10 was issued immediately on the receipt of intelligence of the death of Col. Baker:

"It is with great pain that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief has learned of the death of Col. Edward D. Baker upon the field of battle. Although not a citizen of Pennsylvania, he had been selected by many of her sons as their commander, and he met his death while gallantly leading them into action. The same feeling which inspired his soldiers to regard no State lines when our common country was in danger, induced the Commander-in-Chief to recognize him while living as a Pennsylvania soldier, and impels him now that he is dead to bear public testimony to his gallantry and worth.

By command of

A. G. CURTIN, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

[Signed] CRAIG BIDDLE, A. D. C.

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial makes the following statement in reference to the death of Col. Baker:—"The writer met Col. Baker in June last, on a steamer going from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe. He said he did not expect to survive the war; that, in his judgment, he never should see the shores of the Pacific again. This was hardly so much a presentiment on his part as it was a calculation. He said the troops were green, and it would be necessary for the officers to expose themselves. He had seen service, and would feel it a duty to lead his regiment. The enemy had plenty of sharpshooters, and he presumed they would pick him off. He said he believed it would be his fate to die at the head of his regiment, and so he did.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?—Fremont's gallant men, it seems, have already recovered all the ground lost in Missouri—recaptured Lexington and Springfield—won brilliant victories at Wet Glaze and Fredericktown, with several other splendid little affairs—all since the charge of "incapacity" and the demand "off with his head" were made by the "Blair family." If he should ever fail to catch Price, he has restored all that was lost, and scooped if not killed Rebellion in his "department." What has been done meanwhile by the great army of the Potomac?

Why is a disconsolate youth like a mow? Because he heaves a scythe.

Why is necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.

Bells which should be well rung—It's bells.

Big heads often belong to big fools.