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Poetry.



FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL, thy moon is on the wane,
Thy last bright day is near its close,
On rosy lips that thirst for rain,
Heaven not a drop bestows;
The cricket, Summer, sounds thy knell—
Queen of seasons! fare thee well.

The flowers that wreathed thy beauteous head
Droop, pale and withered, on thy brow—
The light that made the morning red
Is dull and misty now;
Sad voices pipe, in wood and dell,
To Summer and her joys, farewell.

Gone is thy belt of rainbow sheen,
Starred with the dew drops of the showers,
And kirtle of enchanted green
Embroidered o'er with bright flowers;
The golden wand of wondrous spell
Is dim and broken now—farewell!

There is a summer of the heart
That has its mournful ending here;
Delights that warmed its core, depart
While it grows dull and drear;
And sadder than the funeral bell,
Hope whispers to the soul—farewell!

SOUTH CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

Ain't—"The fine old English Gentleman."
Down in a small, Palmetto State, the curious ones
may find,
A rippling, tearing gentleman, of an uncommon
kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes
his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate
vengeance which a clergyman of high standing
has assured us must be a sinner's fate—
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

You trace his genealogy, and not far back you'll
see
A most undoubted octoroon, or maybe a mulatto,
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on
his brow,
You'll find that every other hair is varied with a
kink that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood;
but betrays an admixture with a race not particu-
larly popular just now—
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He always wears a full dress coat, pre-Adamite in
cut,
With waistcoat of the loudest style through which
his ruffles jut,
Six breast-pins deck his horrid front, and on his
fingers shine,
Whole invoices of diamond rings which would
hardly pass muster with the original Jacobs in
Chatham street for jewels gen-u-ine—
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He chews tobacco by the pound, and spits upon
the floor,
If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest
door,
And when he takes his weekly spree, he clears a
mighty track,
Of every thing that bears the shape of whiskey
skin, gin and sugar, brandy sour, peach and hon-
ey, irrefragable cock-tail rum, and gum and lu-
ciferous applejack—
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He takes to cards kindly, too, and plays an awful
hand,
Especially when those he tricks, his "style" don't
understand;
And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket all
the stakes.
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate
stranger who has chanced to win: "It's my
opinion you are a cursed Abolitionist, and if
you don't leave South Carolina in one hour, you
will be hung like a dog." But no offer to pay
his loss he makes—
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who
credit give,
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to
live,
But if a northern creditor asks him his bill he
decls,
The honorable gentleman instantly draws two
bowie knives and a pistol, dons a blue cockade,
and declares that in consequence of the repeated
aggressions of the North and its gross viola-
tion of the Constitution, he feels that it would
utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatsoever,
and in fact he has at last determined to seces-
se—
The South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a Quaker
friend that she had a cold, and was sorely plagued
in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah,
"then should never let the chaps come near thy
lips."

Who are the Abolitionists?

Without fear of paradox, we answer—The Rebel Slaveholders themselves. And we proceed to prove our case.

Not an age ago, we stood in Tammany Hall, and heard Col. John Cochrane make a charming speech in favor of the annexation of Cuba. If we did not think it a Pro-Slavery speech, the audience did, and bestowed upon it a meed of approving screams as loud as those which immediately after greeted the bald niggerisms of Isaiah Rynders. Where stands John Cochrane now? Is he devoting his velvet eloquence to the cause of man-owning? Does he dote upon slaveholders as they are now, in the perfect bloom of natural development? On the contrary, he avowed himself in this very city recently, to a certain and not inconsiderable extent, an Abolitionist. Who made him so? The Rebel Slaveholders! Who, then, are the real Abolitionists? We answer, the Rebel Slaveholders! They are not only abolishing Slavery, but Pro-Slavery throughout the country. Is this, inasmuch as we are of the Republican party, any fault of ours? We are not Daniel S. Dickinson's conscience-keeper. Mr. George Bancroft doesn't come to us for his opinions. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler cannot say with truth that we made him a practical Abolitionist. Mr. Benjamin F. Hallett isn't indebted to *The Liberator* for his new and creditable views. Who have put even Caleb Cushing under conviction, and well advanced toward repentance? We answer, once more, the Rebel Slaveholders! Who, then, are the Abolitionists?

Again, here is the Democratic Party demoralized, disintegrated, as bad as destroyed. Who did it? Who alienated allies as faithful as possible? Who threw down into the dust their well-knit phalanx of champions so careless of all save facility to man-stealers? Who converted it, rank, file, and leaders, into a sworn and ineradicable enemy? We answer, once more, the Rebel Slaveholders! Who, then, are the Abolitionists?

If men will grasp at shadows they must expect to miss the substance. These Rebels had been stuffed with plums—why would they, after such a juvenile fashion, cry for the moon? They wanted a Fugitive Slave Law, and they got it, they wanted it enforced in Boston, and it was enforced, at the bayonet's point, in Boston; they wanted more territory, and we voted them enough to make a moderate continent; they wanted Free Trade, and an approximation to Free Trade was conceded; they wanted to hang John Brown, and they did hang him; they wanted Buchanan in the White House, and in the White House did he take up his wretched residence. What more did they want? God may know, but we don't. Four years ago, Slavery seemed to be built upon a rock; and good men became disheartened as they calculated its strength. It had upon its side the Democratic party, the remains of the Whig Party, a large body of Northern clergymen, and a very considerable minority, valuable, at least as a nucleus, of Northern voters. If it was assailed in conventions and synods, and in all manner of annual meetings, it never lacked able defenders. Science soothed it; Biblical criticism daddled it; compere made love to it; economists dandled it, alarmists pleaded for it; lawyers ransacked whole libraries, from Coke to Taney in behalf of it. Every body, as a rule, admitted that the United States Constitution was upon its side. If a man was flogged to death in Arkansas, somebody always remarked, serenely: "Ah! the Constitution you know;" and nobody after that ventured to say a syllable about the homicide. Literature was enucleated to assuage slaveholding apprehensions; unfortunate poems were subjected to amputation and peccant tracts to excision; religious newspapers were conducted with more caution in favor of Slavery than severity against Sic; and those protests against a thundering wrong which should have been domineering sank to the softest sigh. But what availed all this? Slavery trusts nobody. These doughfaces were as much in earnest as men of such pliant natures could be; but after all their scraping and bowing and treasured words and limitless protestations, the Slaveholder believed not in them. He might have done so. We say candidly that we think he might have done so. We think that it would have been for the interest of his System of Labor for him to have feigned, even if he did not feel, a generous credulity. The political alliance vouchsafed to him, much as he might distrust it, was surely better than political outlawry. Very many dogs have managed to make shift in this barren world by forcing their company upon cleaner curs. The strength of Slavery was in its own arms. The strength of Slavery was in its own arms.

A TIGER KILLED BY BABCOONS.

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the *North Lincoln Spy*, a regimental paper, published at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope. The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the Globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described: Not long ago, I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish River, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home after a somewhat fatiguing day's back-shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds.

Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a small hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called in this country a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Luddan jungles) came in view bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniacal sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us. Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their exhausted foe, though their exultant yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger, now fearfully exhausted, clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close at the heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were still struggling in the water.

In a few moments all had passed from our sight behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such things are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days; but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

A MAN'S name passes around most freely when it has a handle to it.

STATE'S EVIDENCE—A wretch who is pardoned for being meaner than his comrades.

WHAT WAS DONE IN THE REVOLUTION.

The following story of the Revolution was first published some years ago, in the *Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette*, and is now copied from the "Book of the Lockes," page 366. There is no doubt of its entire truthfulness. The heroine was Miss Eunice Locke, of Townsend, Mass., and subsequently the wife of Edward Richards. She died at Gill, Mass., in 1846 aged about 83.

Her example may do something to inspire the ladies of the present day with a similar spirit to provide all things needed for their brothers, husbands and fathers—our brave soldiers—who on the tented field are now heroically battling for their country's flag and the rights of man. When the whole people of the North are as thoroughly in earnest and willing to make as great sacrifices as were our Revolutionary fathers and mothers, then may we look with some hope for a speedy termination of this rebellious war.

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted. The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning, I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after tomorrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must suffer for winter garments. There were, at this time, no stores, and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantalons.' 'Oh, if that is all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.' 'But, said mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture.' I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied, 'Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half.' 'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I. 'But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time.' 'I am certain we can do it.' 'How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom.' 'No matter, I can find an empty loom.' By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cards, while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool by my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece."

A BISHOP AGAINST LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

Bishop Timon publishes in *The Buffalo Sentinel* of Saturday, a letter addressed "to the honored and pious Christian women of the diocese," upon a subject which he has long refrained to touch, though pressed apparently by Divine impulse, low-necked dresses. He discourses at much length upon the modesty of dress, quoting largely from the Scriptures on the score of morality, and from the writings of Catharine Beecher, Dr. Ellis, and others as respects health, and proceeds to say: "But whatever may be the sentiment of the learned and the wise, on the danger of low-necked dresses to the health, and whatever may be our wishes for the temporal happiness of the Christian women in our diocese; and whatever may be our wishes for the earliest youth, and form, as only a mother can, the Christian life and spirit, in their sons and daughters; yet we dare not press upon them, in the relations of society those rules of prudence, when they or their children prefer to wear fashionable low-necked dresses in fashionable circles. But we most earnestly exhort all ladies, the very young as well as those of more mature age, not to appear in church, nor assist at Catholic sacred functions, nor present themselves for the reception of the sacraments, without having the neck, shoulders, and breast modestly covered. And we request all pastors of souls, and all religious ladies engaged in teaching, to use every possible exertion and influence to see that this advice be accepted in the spirit of charity, and of zeal for that which best pleases God, with which it is offered."

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stopped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the ax was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood, nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment, when it was descending upon my head."

Confirmed in her Habits.

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit, and proposed the following method: that some time when dead drunk, she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secured, the party alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:

"Bless me! where am I?"

The outsider answered, in a sepulchral tone: "Madam you are dead, and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady inquired again,

"Where are you?"

"Oh! I am dead too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I have been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"As you have been longer here than I have, can you tell me where I can get a little rum?"

JUDGMENT FOR A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

Among the recent decisions at the general term of the Supreme Court of the Albany (N. Y.) district, was one in favor of Mr. J. Seabury against Bradford O. Walt, for seven years subscription to the *Catskill Recorder* and *Democrat*. The *New York Observer*, one of the oldest religious newspapers in the country says of this decision:—"It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law which governed in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable in every State in the Union. Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, especially the last which the laws will enforce. Responsible men, even under trifling whims, refuse to take their papers from the office, regardless of arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and cost of collection."

Contempt of Court.

The other day a young lawyer of one of the Western counties, was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of three magistrates. On hearing the testimony, they refused to commit the prisoner to jail. Our lawyer, whose name is McKay, concluded to take revenge on the magistrates. He accordingly began the attack.

"I wish your Honors would fine me five dollars for contempt of Court," he said.

"Why, Mr. McKay?"

"Because I feel a very decided contempt for the Court."

"Your contempt for the Court is not more decided than the Court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

This was a stinging retort and Mac felt it; but another worshipful member of the Court—a dry, hard looking old blacksmith—put in a blow that finished the work and completely demolished the young lawyer.

"We might fine you," he said, "but we don't know which one of us you'd want to borrow the money from to pay it with."

The laugh was against Mac. He was a notorious borrower when he could find a lender. He has never jested with the Court since that rebuke.

Barnum's Last Story.

Barnum is always ready with a good story. His latest is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, Jr., who has been very active in fitting for the war. Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way, and taken so great an interest in military affairs that he has but little time to attend to anything else.

One day a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church.

"A new church?" replied Howe; "ah, a new church. I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can't think of anything else."

The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a "red." At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called.

"The Church of St. Peter, sir," was the reply.

"Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe; "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give something. But I can't do much for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to Salt Peter."

ALL DISSEASERS SPEAK TO US SOLEMNLY AND ELOQUENTLY, EXCEPT THE DUMB AGUE.

GARMENTS FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—The breeches made by the artillery.

BARGAIN—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE THAT ONE WOULD HARDLY THINK THEY COULD HAVE AN ACUTE CONSCIENCE.

FALCY runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND NEGRO HUNTERS.

As far as can be judged from their words, the Tories who are now so bitterly abusing the Administration, look upon the Constitution of the United States simply as a great negro-catching instrument. All its other provisions they discern dimly through the medium of the articles relating to fugitives from labor. Therefore a war to uphold the Constitution, amounts in their estimation to a grand military negro hunt, and nothing more. It is not surprising, then, when a resolution is introduced into Congress that it is no part of the duty of the national army to return fugitive slaves, these Tories are violent in their abuse of it. They consider that it is by all means, and above all other duties, the business of our soldiers to return negroes, and chase them, too, if necessary. They utterly oppose any coercion. We have no right, they say, to enforce obedience to the Constitution in general, but if a panting fugitive rushes into camp pursued by his blood thirsty rebel master, then it is time to look out for the Constitution. Then is an opportunity to save the Union to some purpose. This rebel is in open war against the government. It must be put an end to. The rascal must be compelled to take his nigger, if he doesn't the oath in accordance with the Constitution. And so the slave is given up to be driven away again to his labor in the intrenchments, or to his death, if the master thinks he has too keen a scent for liberty.

Garments for the Seat of War.—The breeches made by the artillery.

This is the only true way to uphold the Constitution—by 500,000 armed and equipped slave-hunters. Even if the master be shot in arms, his slaves must be carefully handed over to the estate.

But in this case it would be the duty of the Federal troops to break ranks at once, and rush as a grand posse comitatus to the capture of these miscreants, who were adding "servile insurrection" to the crime of being black, and thus "having no rights which white men are bound to respect."

This is the substance of the Tory distillations about the 'Abolition war.' All the interests of government are of no account; the peace of the country is of no account; all the ordinary system of conducting war is of no account; nothing is of account except negro-hunting, and that must be attended to even if the heavens fall. All this is simply the most disgusting sort of Toryism. If the rebels care for the safety of their negroes, let them attend to their obligations to the Constitution. Let us have no more of the slave-driving audacity which insists that the suppression of the great rebellion shall be of no importance whatever in comparison with negro-hunting for the benefit of the gentleman rebels.—*Northwick Courier*.