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BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



For the Inquirer.
TO OLLIE.

No other cheek my own has pressed,
No other lips my own have blessed,
Since last thy cheek was pressed to mine,
Since last my lips were blessed by thine.

No other heart more fond and true
Has ever throbb'd so close to you;
No other form than thine so fair,
Has e'er been pressed so fondly there.

No more congenial heart than thine
Has ever throbb'd so close to mine;
A constant one more fond and true
I never have found dear friend than you.

Cumberland City, Md., Dec. 6th, 1861.
P. P. P.

For the Inquirer.

TO M.

Some friends may wish you free from care,
Others joy and wealth,
Some may wish you blessings rare,
Long days and constant health.

My wish for you is better far,
Than all other friends have given;
That when you from this world depart,
Your soul may rest in Heaven.

Woodbury, Dec. 24, 1861. SPRO.

ONE SHORT YEAR.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

In one short year, O who can tell
What changes time will bring?
The sun may shine as brightly then,
The birds as sweetly sing;
The flowers unfold their petals fair,
And all without be gay,
But those we love so dearly now,
May then have passed away.

Misfortune's tide may roll along,
And cloud the sun's bright brow;
And hearts that are from sorrow free,
May then in sadness bow.
The future may all bright appear,
As one unclouded day;
But clouds may gather dim and dark,
And beauty fade away.

The young may now dream golden dreams,
The future has in store;
But ere one year hath passed away,
Their blissful dreams are o'er;
They find that earth hath many wrongs
To steel the youthful heart,
And make the spirit bow beneath
Their earth-depressing art.

The changes vast of one short year,
So strangely they do seem;
That we can scarcely deem them aught
But one short, mournful dream.
In one short year, and all we love,
May then have passed away;
And we have gone the way of earth,
To realms of brighter day.

Col. Biddle.

A private in the "Bucktail Regiment" writes:—We feel deeply grieved that he should leave us and go home to charge us with complicity in causing this rebellion. Many of us voted for Old Abe, and as General Scott has added his testimony to our President's valuable gifts of mind and heart, why should we Republicans be classed with our country's foes? God forbid that we should give fitting words to the deep indignation of our outraged honors and hearts! Biddle, you had a mighty hold upon our pride, our respect, and our love. Why have you thus cast us off? You had no right to stab us in the back; we would rather any other man had struck us. We know no party but one, and that embraces all loyal hearts.

BECKTAL.
"An! I am very sorry for this rebellion; it prevents my going South," said an Englishman the other day, dining at a club in Philadelphia by invitation. "They tell me," he continued, "that the American gentleman is only to be found at the South. How is that, pray? Can you explain it?" "I cannot," replied his host; "it is no more to be explained than the statement so often made that there are gentlemen in England, but that none of them ever come to this country."

KISSING BY PROXY.—One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing the lady is appointed to the deacon."

Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours to-day? "No, sir, you are mistaken in the man; I am not one of the old settlers."

Letters from our Soldiers.

HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA,

Dec. 12, 1861.
DEAR SIR:—After a three days voyage we are here in a large cotton field—the cotton has not been gathered yet. We were busy on Sunday morning preparing for inspection when to our surprise we received orders to march. All was confusion and conjecture as to where we were to go. After all things were packed and loaded on the wagons, we were called into ranks, and after going through a few maneuvers the Colonel told us that we were ordered to South Carolina. All was quiet as death as he spoke. He called on the Regiment to give three cheers for the Union, which were followed by three more for General Wool! The silence once broken all seemed resigned to their fate. Since we are here and have found out all that we have we are all very well pleased with our situation. A happier set of men you never saw than our boys are this morning. They are engaged in gathering oysters, sweet potatoes, turnips, fish and in fact almost anything they wish to eat, and are cooking them. There is the greatest outlet for a set of men here that you could possibly find. The trees are as green as in mid-summer. The Orange, the Lemon and the Palmetto are the most beautiful I ever saw. It does appear as though we had got to a young Paradise. We are on an Is and that is 16 miles long and 8 miles wide. It is our business to guard our Island and another that lies on the other side of the Savannah River. It has two valuable farms on it and a great deal of cotton that now belongs to our government that they are trying to burn to keep it out of our hands. We are but five miles from the Fort where our fleet whipped the Rebels five weeks ago. The dead and wounded lay scattered all through the woods, so the darkeys tell us. It is right above where we are laying that the rebels retreated after their defeat at the Fort. Some of them had their hands and some of them part of their feet shot away and still had to make their way on foot, and a great many had to swim the River and were drowned.

There were two brothers engaged in the fight, one on the side of our government and one on the rebel side. Both fought as though they were no kin. It is thought that there will be some hard fighting in this State and if the rebels show fight there will be some blood spilled. There are a great many of the Old Keystone boys in this State now and more coming on every day. And all say that if we get into a fight we will give a good account of Pennsylvania. There are the finest Regiments here from our State that have ever been sent into a field of battle. We have a right to be proud of our old Commonwealth. If I had no family I would not take five hundred dollars and be at home. It will be a great advantage to the young men of our country, (all that live to get home) as they will see more than they could have seen. And as to their moral character it cannot help but be improved, as there is no immoral conduct allowed in camp, no drinking, no swearing, no stealing, nothing that is low and degrading. Our boys are all down on sailing on the ocean, as they work all sea-sick, and I can assure you it is next to death to be right sea-sick. Capt. Mullin says if the rebels had attacked us at the time he was at the worst, he never would have got up to look at them, as death itself would have been a relief to him. But sick as he was he never lost sight of the condition of his men. He kept telling our Lieutenant to do all for them he could, which he did, for he is a kind-hearted man. We stopped at Cape Hatteras or as some would call it Hatteras Inlet. It is a hard looking place to be so much talked about.

We saw the place where that Indiana regiment was broken up by the tide breaking in and destroying all that they had and sent them naked away. We also saw several vessels that were wrecked in that big hole.

Tell David Over that our Captain and Lieutenant have been looking for papers ever since we have been in the service. Give my love to all. Write soon to your friend,

HENRY BRIDENTHAL.

PORT ROYAL, S. C.

Dec. 15, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—After closing my last letter to you I recollected that I had not given you any instructions how to address your letter to me in case you thought worth while writing to me. I will do so in this. Since I last wrote to you there have been some new things transpiring. Our regiment has been divided into some five different parts, all quartered in the finest large houses on the island, on this side of Broad River. Since I last wrote to you I have been out on picket duty one day, and I must confess that I was surprised at the country that I could not express my feelings when I beheld the natural scenery. It does seem to one that this country was designed by the Almighty to be a second paradise. It is more like a heaven than a place to fight upon, but those who left it brought about their own ruin, yet it is a great pity to see such a country run over by an army of soldiers. We are the best situated of any regiment in the army. I can't see how it is that we are so highly favored. It is not that we are the best drilled, as there is, perhaps, not a regiment in the field so green as ours. But our Colonel stands very high in the affections of Gen. Wool. The general said when he inspected us the last time that our regiment was the best set of men he had under him.

We have a great deal of duty to perform, but you never saw a better pleased set of men. We have plenty of cattle to kill, and all we have to do is to send a squad of our sporting boys out and they soon come in with cattle.

As soon as they get a shot at them they bring them down. Our boys have shot three since we have been here. Capt. Madara's boys shot four sheep yesterday. One of them was the fattest thing I ever saw. There are wild horses on this island, but there have not been any caught yet. Horses are running about wild but are hard to get. Sweet potatoes are abundant, all that you have to do is to go out and dig them. Ground nuts are also in abundance, and all kinds of vegetables are plenty. The weather is like our May weather at home, quite warm during the day, and cool at night so that you can sleep first rate. We are in some danger but as long as we live we will not care about that. One of Capt. Filler's boys came near being shot last night. His name is Bowser. He ventured too far out from his quarters on the island that Capt. Filler is stationed on, and some rebels fired upon him and came very near shooting him.—Our men are very venturesome. You may expect to hear of some of them being cut off in that way. Our Captain is very careful of his men in that respect. Our boys think much of Capt. Mullin, they are careful to obey all his commands. I believe that kind treatment is the best way to govern any set of men. You will always see a tyrant have more trouble than any other man. I thank God that it is my lot to have a kind set of officers over me. I can never express myself in such a way that you could know my grateful feelings for the kind treatment I have received at the hands of my officers.

Our boys have been busy in taking all within their reach from the rebels—they got several boats, several thousand bushels of corn and a large number of cattle. The feed for our horses costs nothing here. We have abundance of corn fodder and corn for the teams. Our Colonel has been wanting to make an attack on a place called Bluffton, five miles from us, you can see the tops of the houses from where we are quartered. There are about seven hundred rebels there that ran from the Fort when it was taken by our men, and they have 1500 behind them. Gen. Sherman would not suffer Colonel White to make an attack upon them. There was some little firing between Capt. Filler's men this morning but nobody killed. The rebels got behind logs and other things so that our men could not get at them. They were trying to get on the island that Filler's men were guarding, but as our boys say, "they couldn't make the rifle." Our men are nearly all well except those we left behind us and they are coming on. Capt. Filler has been very unfortunate with his men but there has been a cause for it, but through no neglect of him. I believe I shall close as I intend to write to you soon again. Tell all that asks about me that I am well and was never happier in my life. I am getting fat and can stand the climate first rate. I am sorry that I got so few letters from Bedford, as I write a great many and receive but few. Give my love to all and accept the same for yourself from,

HENRY BRIDENTHAL.

To G. H. Spang, Esq.
P. S. I forgot to say that I received the appointment of wagon master. It was unsolicited by me, and received without my saying a word to the quartermaster on the subject. Tell Mrs. Saupp her boys are well and doing well.

Address H. Bridenthal, Wagon Master, 55th Reg. Pa. Vol. Fort Royal, S. C. This leaf is orange leaf, the fruit is frosted. [We acknowledge the receipt of an orange leaf.]
H. B.

PINKNEY ISLAND, St. Luke's Parish, S. CAROLINA, Dec. 14, 1861.

FRIEND SANSON:—For the first time since leaving Camp Curtin I sit me down to write you. We arrived safe in Baltimore and had a pleasant trip with a good captain to Fort Monroe where we arrived safe next evening, and were camped at Camp Hamilton, and remained there until last Sunday. The scenery around Fort Monroe is full of interest, built on Old Point it is of the largest proportions and celebrated for strength, and mounts 350 guns of the largest calibre. The Union and Floyd guns are mounted on the beach, ranged for the enemy at Sewell's point. One mile and a half to seaward are what is called the Rips Raps, where the U. S., is erecting a Fort to be the largest and strongest and best on the Western Continent. The whole coast was lined with men of war, and gun boats, making the blockade of James River. Two miles in the rear of camp is the ruins of Hampton, once a place of great beauty—boasting the oldest Protestant ecclesiastical edifice in the United States—the seat of a military academy—and celebrated in history as being taken by the British in the war of '12, but now its glory has departed and nothing remains but the blackened ruins of its former self. I had good times while there—quarters comfortable, lived like a lord—and got fat as a McSwine. Our regiment got marching orders last Sunday for Port Royal—2 hours notice. So with crackers in haversacks, we marched to the bay, embarked on steamship, S. B. Paulding, where we arrived all right side up with care, on last Wednesday evening. Our trip was a very fine one, the weather being all that could be desired, sea sickness plenty, a dizzy head, 6 ladies on board, Dolphins and porpoises numerous around ship, the air filled with seabirds following in our wake. We got to Port Royal, Wednesday, about noon—some evening sailed farther on to Hilton Head, where we landed—same night—the whole company ordered across the river to an island, on picket duty—back next day and without time to pitch our tents cook or eat, ordered back again where we now are for the present.

The island is a large one but cannot, as yet, tell its real extent. I occupy good quarters in the owners house, not a white on the island but the soldiers, about 400 negro "contrabands"—30 bales cotton—40 head cattle—3000 bushels corn—turnips—sweet potatoes, and the lord knows what. So for the first time in life—a Governor of an island, and can say in the language of Solkirk, "monarch of all I survey." So you see I have my hands full for the present. I am well and perseverance before long, may have a brush with the enemy, who are very handy around, and if so, expect if spared, to come off victor.

Yours, truly,
JOSEPH FILLER.

[Any one writing to Capt. Filler, will address his letter, Capt. Joseph Filler, Comp. K., 55th Reg. Pa. Vol., Fort Royal, (Hilton Head,) South Carolina.]

CAMP CURTIN, Dec. 23, 1861.

MR. DAVID OVER—Dear Sir:—Thinking that, perhaps, some of your numerous readers would be pleased to hear from the Woodbury and Yellow Creek Company, I take the liberty of dropping you a few lines to state that although our friends have not heard much from us lately, we are yet in existence and in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary throughout various parts of Bedford County. Our Regiment left Camp Crossman, on the 30th of Nov., we arrived at Harrisburg at about 8 o'clock in the evening, and were quartered in the Railroad Depot for the night. The next day we were marched into Camp Curtin. We had a rough time in consequence of the heavy rain, the mud was over the tops of our shoes in most places, and as our tents were not shipped in time, we were quartered in an old board building, which was a very indifferent protection from the inclement weather, the next day our Sibley tents and stoves were brought in, and since then we have been getting along as comfortably as soldiers could expect.

I had almost forgotten to state that the good citizens of Huntingdon when we marched in from Camp Crossman had prepared for us a plentiful supply of hot coffee and cakes, a kindness that we shall ever remember. Our regiment has been filled since we came here, and I think without boasting we can say that with a little more drilling it will be as effective as any in the service.

Our officers, both regimental and company, are well qualified for the positions they occupy. Col. Wm. D. Lewis has the united qualifications of a gentleman and a soldier, and with him to lead us I think the 110th will never put Pennsylvania to the blush. We were greatly surprised and we cannot express how much we were pleased, with a Christmas present which we received on Saturday last from the citizens of Woodbury and vicinity, which consisted of just such luxuries as a soldier knows how to appreciate after being dieted on salt meat and crackers, for three or four months, and it was no small quantity either, the various packages weighing some twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, not forgetting a good supply of Tobacco which was quite a godsend to our Tobacco devotees. Also some woolen socks and gloves, which did not come amiss to some of our boys. Thanks to our kind friends, although we will not be around our fire-sides at home as of yore, yet our table will be graced with the presence of a fine fat old gobbler, prepared by fair hands for our express benefit, and although we are not at home, we yet have the prospect of a merry Christmas, and we sincerely hope our friends may enjoy it as we will.

Our regiment is now under marching orders. We expect to leave in a short time, our destination I have heard, is Romney, Va. I will send you the roll list of our company in a short time for publication. Also a list of our regimental officers. The weather is so disagreeable that we have had to stay in our tents today, it has been sleeting and snowing constantly since morning. Have not time to write more now.

SHYSTER.

CAMP CURTIN, HARRISBURG, Dec. 23.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir:—As times are dull, and nothing to do to-day, I thought that I would pen you a few lines, something concerning our company, which is now stationed at Camp Curtin, which camp is named in honor of the Commander-in-chief of the State, Andrew G. Curtin, who is highly esteemed here by all soldiers. Last Saturday a week, Col. Maxwell's regiment made its appearance on the parade ground to wit to have the Colors presented to them by Governor Curtin, who made a powerful and eloquent speech in defence of the country and told the Colonel to bring back that beautiful flag without a stain on it, and in triumphant victory, and then the 110th Regt. left for the seat of war. To-day it is very disagreeable out, sleet and rain constantly coming down.

The boys are all well, with the exception of a few that have a very bad cold. They all appear to like soldier's life. The only complaint I hear among the boys is that they all want to go farther into "Dixie's Land," which I hope will not be long, and such a brushing the rebels will get from the "Junius Regiment" was never before heard of. Our Regiment is full, with good officers, such as Col. W. D. Lewis, Lieut.-Col. James Crowther, Major Johnson. With them we are not afraid. We must tell you something about our Christmas dinner. Last Sunday, the kind and patriotic ladies of Woodbury made up a splendid present for the "Woodbury Riflemen," such as chickens, sausages, cakes, apples, turkeys, butter, apple-butter, tomatoes, preserves, also a couple of cans of fine "extra Jelly," which

did not go hard such weather, and a great many other things too numerous to mention.—Three cheers were given for the Union, and the kind ladies of Woodbury. They have our best wishes for their kindness, and we hope they may prosper in life and health. Too much kindness cannot be bestowed upon our officers. Capt. E. D. Brisbin is the man for the times, and the men all like him, and with him they are not afraid to enter into a hot contest, any time they may be called on. The roll of the members of the company will be sent to you as soon as all the non-commissioned officers are appointed. As it is getting late and soon time for dress parade, I must close.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM H. GATES.

CAMP CURTIN, Dec. 25, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—I hope you will excuse my boldness for asking room in your paper for the publication of a few lines as I am a stranger to you, but not altogether a stranger to your paper.

I am informed we are to leave in a few days for Romney, Virginia. We have been under marching orders for about two weeks, and so I think there is no doubt but we will get off in a few days at farthest.

On Saturday last, Prof. McCoy delivered his famous lecture on the London Times, in this Camp. There was a large stage erected on the parade ground, with arms stacked on it, and several flags floating over it, and at each end were two field-pieces of U. S. Artillery. In front was a Regimental Band and on the stage were assembled nearly all the officers in Camp, and around were hundreds of soldiers congregated to hear the address of the famous Lecturer which had been prepared to deliver before President Lincoln and his Cabinet. He gave Johnny Bull particular fits and Uncle Sambo his portion in due season. You may suppose it was an interesting lecture when the whole crowd stood patiently in the cold for over two hours to hear it. He said England wanted to hold a post-mortem examination over our American Government, and objected to our rejecting the operation, and a great many other points were explained which I am not able to think of at present.

We are very much indebted to our kind friends of Woodbury for sending us a large lot of delicacies which were received a couple of days ago, and the writer is under many obligations to the good lady who sent a box expressly for himself.

We hope the citizens of that little town will receive our most hearty thanks for their noble generosity. May God bless them.

S. B. W.

Mr. Chase's Financial Plan.

It appears that Mr. Chase's plan for a national currency is not to be allowed to slumber. It is stated that a Sub-Committee of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives are considering a bill which embraces substantially the second of the two plans mentioned in Mr. Chase's Report. We were reminded at the time of reading the Secretary's Report of the New York Banking Law, and it is said that there is a general resemblance between that plan and the bill in question.

Meanwhile a pamphlet has appeared from the Government Printing Office which discusses the plan very fully. It is understood to be written by Mr. Silas M. Stillwell, of New York, and it is, of course, issued under the direction of Mr. Chase. It is evident, therefore, that the matter is to be pressed under a powerful government influence.

We need hardly say that the subject is one of immense importance. If a uniform currency can be secured, so that a five dollar note can be redeemed from Minnesota or California that will be equal on the seaboard to gold, the advantage is too obvious for argument. There has always been a struggle, as has been well remarked, towards a national currency. It is felt that this was one of the objects intended to be secured by the establishment of the Union. The two National Banks were efforts to obtain this national system of finance. A powerful party, however, were arrayed against this method of securing the result, and the last National Bank went down under the stalwart blows of a man who knew more about fighting than currency.

Nothing was then left to us of national finance except the Sub Treasury, which did not even propose to meet the national want in the way of currency, but only to receive, hold and disburse the public moneys. Everything has since been at loose ends. Each State took care of its own currency, and a thousand banks sprang up all over the land. It is doubtful whether these banks are constitutional. No State is allowed to emit bills of credit. Yet the States are constantly doing indirectly what directly they cannot do. It would seem from this clause in the Constitution, that it was contemplated from its origin to confide this whole subject to the General Government.

Mr. Chase's plan avoids the complications about the National Bank. These are mainly two. The first was the creation of a vast corporation outside of the Government, and which might not antagonistically to it. Mr. Chase's plan is, in fact, the Government itself, acting through its own organ. This is certainly a vast advantage, and one that goes very far towards reconciling all classes of the community to the plan. The second difficulty about the National Bank was, that it exercised a prodigious power over the community, by its functions of discounting paper, its deposits and its bills of exchange.

The Bank of the United States, in fact, had ramified itself into every city of the land, and its power, so long as it was unopposed by the

Government, was practically unlimited. Mr. Chase's plan avoids this. The Government is to discount no paper, receive no deposits, and draw no bills of exchange. It is not to interfere with the banks in these respects in any degree whatever.

Every existing bank in the country may come into this plan and constitute a part of it. The banks must deposit Government bonds in the Treasury, and receive for them Treasury notes, which they will issue as currency. If the bank fails, the Government pays their circulation, substituting the bonds which it held as security. Thus the Treasury will have a complete check upon the circulation of the banks. The latter may also become fiscal agents of the Government in collecting taxes, &c. The notes issued, counter-signed by the Treasury, will be received for all public debts except custom dues on foreign importations.

We do not wonder that this scheme is popular. It seems to combine more advantages and fewer evils than any other plan which has been devised. If we suppose, for example, that \$200,000,000 be taken up by the banks, it is plain that this, in all ordinary times, will give the Government as much money as it needs; and that it will afford a reliable basis for paying off our war debt. It seems to be a double acting balance wheel, affording money for the Government and a sound currency for the people.

A thorough discussion may develop difficulties which we do not now see, but at present we confess that Mr. Chase's scheme strikes us favorably.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

Captain Wilkes, the bold and responsibility-assuming Commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about fifty-six years of age. Consequently, as "Jack Bunsby" would say, He was once younger than he is now. Though ever inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood; the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sea-water, which found a lodging in his honest heart. The bow from which the shaft was speed hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell back over his heels in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was "a lass who loved a sailor,"—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tailor-chandler, well to do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept "the mitten," but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with "poisoning" the mind of the "stern parent" of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became "Mrs. John Slidell."

The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing "lady lass" again, nor meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the Flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last "got more than even."

The following verse is worthy of the English Augustan age. It was composed by a student of Union College:

"Here lies a Dodge, who dodged all good,
And dodged a deal of evil;
But after dodging all he could,
He couldn't dodge the devil."

A poor Frenchman, when his wife aroused him from his sleep with the cry: "Get up, B-pistole, there is a robber in the house," answered sensibly: "Don't let us molest him.—Let him explore the house, and if he should find anything of any value we will take it away from him."

Said a Sunday school teacher to a playful child, "What would you have been without your pious father and mother?" The little rogue replied, "I suppose, ma'am, I would have been an orphan."

THEY are burning corn for fuel down in Logan county, and corn for 7c. per bushel is cheaper than coal at 20c. It is in great favor with the boys, as it does not require to be sawed or split.

Teacher—Tommy, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?
Tommy—"I don't know, ma'am; but I guess they dried themselves."

Why is Russel, the American correspondent of the London Times like the Mississippi River?
Because he runs down a great country.

"You may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word."
"I had rather you would sometimes keep it!"

Oh!—Why is a sailor's sword like a girl discarded by a beau? Because it is a out-lash.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when he swallowed the bait.