

Bedford



Inquirer

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Poetry.



From the Atlantic Monthly. VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

It is midnight through my troubled dream... The good ship Union, southward bound...

And is the old flag flying still... The black typhoon has past.

Speak pilot, of the storm-tost bark... O, landsman, these are fearful seas...

O, landsman, art thou false or true?... Above thy head our flag shall spread...

The bark sails on: the Pilgrim's cape... The Union stars by day.

Still on: Manhattan's narrowing bay... Some lingering crowd in mist may shroud...

Say, pilot, what this port may be... And this is—Fort Monroe.

The breakers roar—how bears the shore?... The Union stars by day.

The good ship flies to milder skies... The twins of Bearregard?

What heard you not Port Royal's doom?... Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On, on, Polaski's iron hail... Her own Gibraltar towers.

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er... One nation evermore.

An amusing sword presentation was recently made by the officers of the 78th Pennsylvania...

A New York paper tells of a middle aged man who left off smoking twenty-five years ago...

A young man, upon being joked on the slow growth of his beard, gave as an excuse that heavy ladies move slowly.

[The following letter from Maj. Fr. Jordan, though only of a private nature and not intended for publication, on account of its interesting nature, we take the liberty to insert in the Inquirer.—D. O.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 21, 1862. DAVID OVER, Esq.—

My Dear Sir: I believe I promised to drop you a line occasionally, when I had leisure, a time which seldom occurs here...

The contrast between the rich and the poor is much greater, and the lines separating them far more clearly defined, than in our State, or in the South or West...

Out of the city, manufactures, agriculture, and every other branch of industry, seems to be conducted in a gloomy, sullen manner...

My throat distresses me to such an extent that I must decline further remarks this evening...

Yours truly, FR. JORDAN.

A Welsh editor says, "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it."

ANDREW JOHNSON'S SPEECH IN NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, March 12, 1862.—The first Union speeches made upon Tennessee soil since last spring were delivered last night by ANDREW JOHNSON, EMERSON RHEBERGER, and HORACE MAYNARD...

I deeply and truly appreciate this demonstration of respect and confidence. I am affected by the circumstances under which I return to you, which renders me all the more sensitive to, and grateful for, this testimony from my fellow citizens...

The Governor then passed to the inquiry for what purpose is the war, and pressed home with great zeal and force the answer, for the maintenance of the Constitution and Government...

He then laid bare with scathing severity the real cause of the war against the Government, which he declared to be disappointed ambition, and not slavery...

He pointed, in telling terms, the track of desolation that secession led to. Bridges, crops, dwellings destroyed; brother arrayed against brother in deadly conflict...

The Governor closed by most affecting allusion to East Tennessee, where his desolate home was and his sick, sad wife...

Traitors should be punished and treason crushed. He came with no hostility or animosity in his heart; he came for the defence of the weak, the restoration of the erring, the punishment of the guilty...

gather around the old and lovely flag with one heart and soul, reading upon its folds the hallowed words of WEBSTER: Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever.

Parson Brownlow at Nashville.

Speech of Parson Brownlow, delivered in front of the St. Cloud Hotel, Nashville, on the evening of the 17th.—

GENTLEMEN—I am in a sad plight to say much of interest—to thoroughly incapacitated to do justice to you or myself. My throat has been disordered for the past three years, and I have been compelled to almost abandon public speaking...

Why, my friends, these demagogues actually boast that the Lord is upon our side, and declare that God Almighty is assisting them in the furtherance of their nefarious project...

Gentlemen, I am no Abolitionist—I applaud no sectional doctrines—I am a Southern man, and all my relatives and interests are thoroughly identified with the South and Southern institutions...

I entered into a long correspondence with this specimen of expiring humanity, but from mercy or forgetfulness, on their part, I was permitted to depart with all my documents in my little valise, which I hope to publish at no distant day...

SUCH IS WAR.

A letter from an officer who was on the Cumberland, written to the New York Times, says that the scenes on board were heart-breaking...

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The notorious Abolitionist and Disunionist, Wendell Phillips, was egged in Cincinnati on the night of the 24th...

A schoolmaster asked one of his little boys, on a cold winter morning what was the Latin for the word "cold." The boy hesitated a little, when the master said, "What sir, can't you tell?"—"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I have it at my finger's end."

A Sharp Shooter's Duel.

From one of the many descriptions of the capture of Fort Donelson we extract the following:

I intended to mention before this a distinguished duel that occurred on the battle-field on Saturday last, between one of Colonel Bridge's sharpshooters and a crack shot inside the enemy's fortifications...

About the hour I have mentioned, however, the rebel, forgetful of prudence, thrust his head over the breast work, thinking no doubt as his enemy had not fired for five minutes, that he might be dead.

SINGULAR BOTTLE STORIES.

Captain Beecher, editor of the English nation Magazine, has compiled, within the last ten years, the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators...

The Man who sat on the Powder Rewarded.

The Navy Department promptly rewarded John Davis, the brave sailor who so courageously protected from the flames a barrel of gunpowder on the steamer Valley City during the attack upon Elizabeth City...

Navy Department, March 11, 1862. Sir—Your commanding officer and the flag officer of the Northern Atlantic Blockading Squadron have brought to the notice of the department your courage and presence of mind...

"If, after you have served six months at sea, you shall furnish the department with satisfactory testimonials from your commanding officer, a warrant will be issued to you, bearing the same date of this acting appointment."

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant, GIDEON WELLES."

Signs of the times.—Countersigns.

The chaplain of an Indiana regiment is said to have prayed as follows:

"I pray God that I may be one of the men who will pull the rope to hang Jeff. Davis; and that the spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Adams may look over the battlements of heaven down upon the bleaching carcasses, as the flesh drops from the bones, and listen to the winds whistling Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle through the decaying ribs which once enclosed his corrupt and traitorous heart."

SHE TOOK HER CHANCE.

When the rebel steamer E. H. Lewis was captured in the Gulf by the New London, there were among the passengers a young girl and her slave woman. The slave declined to go ashore with her mistress at Biloxi, and the following colloquy occurred:

"Would you leave me, Rose, and all your friends to go among strangers?" "I know, missus, it am berry hard to leave you; for I've taken care of you ever since you were born, and the lord knows how I lub you and all my kindred; but you see, Missus, Massa whipped me de morning 'fore we come away, and if he takes a notion to sell me he will; so, Missus, I radder stay here and go up norf wid de Yankee, where I shall be free Missus."

Captain Smith told her she might remain, if she choose, so she remained. The scene of the parting of Mistress and servant is described by the lookers on as very touching. She will remain on Ship Island. Captain Smith assigned her a place in the house attached to the light house, and she makes herself very useful in washing for the officers.

A Bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows:—Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman. "Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would castrate my neck with a rope and stretch it."

Down to the gates of an unseen world he carried the love and regard of the children he had trained. It was his last kind dismissal in this world of schooling.

"Ma, somebody's going to die?" said a knowing little fellow, who was looking out of the window into the street. "Why?" asked the anxious mother. "Cause the doctor's just gone by," was the reply.

Showing Her Colors.—A gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following:

A squad of Indiana volunteers, while out scouting, came across an old woman in a log cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her: "Well, old lady, are you seesh?" "No, was her answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you, then?" "A Baptist, and all's been here." The Hoosier let down.

A young man seeing an acquaintance said: "I heard you were dead." "But," said the other, "you see that I am still alive." "I don't know how that may be," replied he, "you are a notorious liar, and my informant was a person of credit."

An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate in Massachusetts, one day and asked: "Are you a Judge of Reprobates?" "I am the Judge of Probate." "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady, "you see my father died deserted, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know it, to be sure, there is a hole on the other side there is."

Why is a U. S. storeship like a Treasury note? Because it's a Government tender.

NATIONAL HONOR.—If we are a cowardly and selfish people, our distinguished men, our wealth and liberality, our schools and colleges, our glorious ancestry and history, will not survive to give us much influence in the world. Men must be brave if they were to be respected. When a people do not dare to endanger their lives for the maintenance of national honor, or even for the preservation of national existence, they deserve to die and will be despised.