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By J. B. OVIATT.

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE, S. E. CORNER OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

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No 37 Park-row New York.

THE BARTLEY VAULT.

A TALE OF FACT.

It was in the summer of 1809, that I first became acquainted with the family of Lord Bartley. I was at that time a student of medicine at [illegible] College, England. Lord Bartley had but one child, a daughter, beautiful, fashionable and witty, the pride of her parents, and the admiration of all with whom she came in contact. Lady Amelia Bartley reigned as powerful a monarch in Westshire as Catherine of Rusia did on her throne at Moscovy. At the time when my narrative commences she had just reached her nineteenth year, and the ball in celebration of that event was on the eve of fulfillment. To my amazement, I, a young student, unknown to fame, received an invitation. I went. She was the star around which all the lesser lights arranged themselves, the dazzling focus to which all eyes were turned. Dance after dance she engaged in, again and again was she whirled in the dizzy waltz. It required no great perception to see that she was almost exhausted and finally excusing herself, she passed alone into the park. I followed, she accepted my profferred arm, and sauntered slowly down the magnificent avenues. She was excited from dancing and walked further than she had intended; when with a cold shiver she asked me to conduct her to the Hall. But unfamiliar with the extended maze, we were speedily involved in its intricate turnings. After half an hour's wandering we suddenly came upon a broad road, which she recognized as the carriage road, which lead from the family mansion to the family vault. That winding chain, connecting the ball-room of the living with the chamber of the dead. Submitting entirely to her guidance we proceeded as she stated in the direction of the house.

"This part of the grounds," observed my companion with a shiver, "is reputed to be haunted, and are avoided by all the family. It is a most dismal spot."

Indeed it was. Dark oaks overhead interlocked their branches shuting out even the cold moon lite. Suddenly the road ended. A chilly wetness permeated the atmosphere, and before we knew it, we were in the dell of damps, at the iron door which separated us from the mouldering remains of ten generations. A perfect silence reigned, broken only by the monotonous dropping of the water from the arched doorway.

"Have you not a legend, no doubt tradition to act as a foundation for your idea of this place being haunted?"

"Yes, there is one, told by two laborers, who erected the tombstone eighty years ago," she replied.

"What may be your legend?" I asked, with a smile.

"Well, you shall know. These men, returning from their work, passed the tomb, when just as they arrived opposite it, they heard a dull crash of a falling body, and they say it issued from the within. What do you think of my anecdote?"

"Pshaw," I began, "a very likely tale. They heard—"

Before I could conclude, a dull sound of grinding rock issuing from that lone tomb. My companion gave a peircing shriek and grasping my arm we fled. Away we ran and never paused until the bright lights of the Hall allayed her fears. I explained that the sound came from the fall of a stalagmite, but in vain did I attempt to calm her agitation. "May God preserve me from ever visiting that tomb alive again.—Oh! When I die why can my body not rest away from that frightful spot."

Before many days I remembered this remark. Urgent buisness called me from Westshire for a couple of weeks; when I returned Lady Amelia had lain in that cold vault for two days.

On the day succeeding her ball she was attacked with a disease, which baffled the most learned physicians; and had fallen into a trance which continued until death.

Before another week had elapsed, her mother, Lady Bartley, had also departed this life. Her maternal sorrow caused her soon to follow her departed daughter.

Again did the servants approach that dark vault. I was with them. The door opened inward and was double locked.—The heavy clanking of chains and bolts announced that they had removed all the physical impediments and the foremost pressed the iron door.

Heavens above! Its opening was prevented; somebody was against it from within. The man drew back in terror and I advanced. Feeling confident that the lock had caught, I disregarded their superstitious fears and pressed the door with sudden force. It partially opened, the damp dark air blew in my face. A little further—and with a sudden stumble, crash and deadened sound, is made only by the falling of a human body, an object in white was hurled down the stairs and fell on the floor of the vault.

I knew no more. I, who had always prided myself on my strength of nerves, turned and ran for life. The whole neighborhood was speedily aroused, and a score of men accompanied us in our return to the grave. The door still remained ajar, wider and wider we pushed it open.—Gradual the light of day lit up the dismal spot. On the uppermost step lay the lid of a coffin bearing the initials "A. B."

The door was marked with bloody fingers, and a handful of beauteous curls lay scattered around. At the foot of the stairs lay the body in white, at this sight the bravest started; gradually it was raised and borne in open air.

We crowded around. Before us lay the beauteous Lady Amelia, not as when I last saw her on that very spot only two short weeks before, mutilated, deformed.—The flesh of her plump left arm was torn away by the nails of her right hand, and devoured in her agonizing hunger, those fair round cheeks are fair no more; deeply arrowed by the nails, on each, are five deep, bloody rents. And the agonizing look of that face haunts me even now, after a lapse of fifty-four years.

She had been buried alive. After being placed in the vaults, life had resumed its sway, the terrible action of a soul in agony had forced off the coffin-lid and finding all efforts to escape hopeless, she had taken a stand against that thin partition, which separated her from the world and hope,—and died.

The torturing pains of knowing that in that vault she must remain and die, by slow degrees, I will not attempt to portray. To you, gentle reader, I leave the task, and if you have a retentive memory and vivid imagination you may pass a disturbed night and have unpleasant dreams." The scene herein portrayed has cost me many such. May you forget it; I never can.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear.
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.—Keep your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintances on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door and examine the youthful tongue once a day to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it. Mrs. Careful's little son Manfred came running into the paternal mansion the other day shouting to the cook: "Now, then, old girl, slap up the dinner." "Why, Manfred," began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?" "Ma," said the hopeful: "I generally play with Dick Turner, cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That' so." The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued; "Mother, I'm going to buy a plug! Jim Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he." "A plug?" gasped the mother. "Yes, siree! a plug. I've got the spondulix salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come." The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs, and sent for a man servant to interpret the slang.

PARIS STREET CLEANING.—Every street in Paris, is swept and washed down each morning. Plenty of work is involved in this, for all the litter of the day goes into the street at night, not being kept festering in dust pans. But, after the cleansing, not a stalk, a shell, or a straw will offend the sight for the remainder of the day.

BORN AGAIN.—Mr. Secretary Chase, in his speech at Indianapolis, said this great Nation must be "born again." We are afraid that it will prove a Negro baby.

But what does he mean, in fact, but that the Nation must die. The old Government, the old Constitution, that happy system founded by Washington and Jefferson, and sustained for so many years of prosperity and honor, *must die*, PERISH *forever*, to give place to the hybrid monster begotten by Abolition out of War, and having that for its breath and fanaticism for its food.—*Albany Argus.*

A Serene Abolitionist Makes His Will

Within our recollection, and indeed less than twenty years ago, the "old organization" Abolitionists of the Northern and Western States were chiefly engaged in a war against civil government (sustained by force) and the Christain church. Those of them who belonged to churches felt called upon to "come out," and the church was denounced in public lectures by such men as Stephen Foster and Parker Pillsbury as "a brotherhood of thieves." They denounced the American Union as "an agreement with hell." They denounced "the priests," by which they meant the clergy generally, as cheats and hypocrites. They denounced the churches as made up of the willing tools of the priests. They denounced the whole organization as corrupt and wicked.—They denied the inspiration of the Bible, and contended that the Christian Sabbath was a humbug institution, aiding priestcraft in the enslavement of the people. They cried out against all penal laws, and all support of government by force. They refused to hold office or vote—some, because they did not believe in human government, and others only because they believed our Constitution to be a "a league with death." Without exception they were in favor of a dissolution of the Union, their motto being, "No Union with slaveholders, religiously or politically."

Such were the "radical Abolitionists," led by Garrison, and Rogers, and Pillsbury, and Foster, and Philips, and other avowed infidels, twenty years ago. They raised almost every body, and lived by cursing. By degrees, however, a portion of their number became "sobered down," and concluded that something might be made out of this old world of ours, after all by using its own instrumentalities. They saw the political Abolitionists meeting with some success, and began to give them aid. They saw the "priests" whom they had so violently denounced, mounting their anti-slavery hobby in Abolition communities, and straightway had a better opinion of the church. Indeed, twenty years have smoothed their wrinkled brows the "priests" have succeeded to them, and they have so cooed to the priests that one is now surprised to hear that they were ever at variance.

Once in a while, however, we find one of these "pioneers" who is still true to his old faith and his old prejudices; who will have nothing to do with ministers, or bibles, or human government or slaveholders. Such a man was a late Charles F. Hovey, of Boston, who, in a contemporary remarks, seems to have "dyed in the wool." Mr. Hovey made his will in 1859, and has now gone to his fathers. The will is published, and we copy it below, excepting only such portions as refer to family legacies and affairs. It will remind some of our readers of old style Abolitionism, and illustrates the truth of the statement we have frequently made that the impracticable isms generally go together:

"This is the last will and testament of me, Charles F. Hovey, of the City of Boston, merchant. After the payment of my just debts, I devise and bequeath all the property and estate of which I may be seized or possessed, or to which I may be entitled at the time of my decease, as follows, namely:

ARTICLE 5. I request that Wendell Phillips, Esq., and my brother, George O. Hovey, may be appointed guardians to my said sons, Charles William, Francis and Edward; and it is my desire that they may all become industrious cultivators of the soil, and the aforenamed bequest will be sufficient to enable them to become independent and prosperous farmers.

ART. 9. I give and bequeath to William Lloyd Garrison, of said Boston, his heirs and assigns, one thousand dollars.

ART. 10. I give and bequeath to Helen E. Garrison, wife of William Lloyd Garrison, her heirs and assigns, one thousand dollars.

ART. 11. I give and bequeath to Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H., his heirs and assigns, two thousand dollars.

ART. 12. I give and bequeath to Stephen S. Foster of the City of Worcester, his heirs and assigns, two thousand dollars.

ART. 13. I give and bequeath to Abby K. Foster, wife of Stephen S. Foster, her heirs and assigns, one thousand dollars.

ART. 14. I give and bequeath to Henry Clarke Wright, of Philadelphia, now an itinerant and independent lecturer and writer on moral reform, his heirs and assigns, two thousand dollars.

ART. 15. In case either of the persons named in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth articles of this will shall be decease at the time of my decease, the sum bequeathed to such person shall be equally divided among his or her children living at the time of my death.

ART. 16. After setting aside sufficient funds to pay all legacies and bequests herein made, I direct my said trustees to hold all the rest and residue of my estate, real and personal and mixed, in special trust for the following purposes, namely: To pay over out of the interest and principal of said special trust a sum of not less than eight thousand dollars annually, until the same be all exhausted, to said Wendell Philips, William Lloyd Garrison, Stephen S. Foster, Abby K. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, Francis Jackson and their survivors and survivor, for them to use and expend at their discretion, without any responsibility to any one, for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause and other reforms—such as woman's rights, non-resistance, free trade and temperance—at their discretion. And I request said Wendell Phillips and his said associates to expend not less than eight thousand dollars annually, by the preparation and circulation of books newspapers, employing agents, and the delivery of lectures, that will in their judgement change public opinion and secure the abolition of slavery in the United States, and promote said other reforms. Believing that the chain upon four millions of slaves, with tyrants at one end and hypocrits at the other, has become the strongest bond of the Union of the States, I desire said Phillips and his associates to expend said bequests by employing such agents as believe and practice the doctrine of "No Union with slaveholders, religiously or politically," and by circulating such publications as tend to destroy every pro slavery institution.

ART. 17. In case chattel slavery shall be abolished in the United States before the expenditure of the said residue of my estate as stated in the Sixteenth article of this will, then in that case I desire that the unexpended part of said residue be applied by said Phillips and his associates in equal proportions for the promotion of non-resistance, woman's rights and free trade; requesting that no agent be employed by them for the promotion of said causes except such as believe it wrong to have any voluntary connection with any government of violence, and such as believe that the natural rights of men and women are equal. Whether slavery be abolished or not, I desire that a part of the said residue of my estate may be applied to the promotion of the kindred causes of temperance, woman's rights, non-resistance and free trade, at the discretion of said Phillips and his associates.

ART. 22. I particularly request that no prayers be solicited from any person, and that no priest be invited to any ceremony whatever over or after my body. The priesthood are an order of men, as I believe, falsely assuming to be reverend and divine, pretending to be called of God, the great body of them in all countries have been on the side of power and oppression. The world has been too long cheated by them; the sooner they are unmasked the better for humanity.

As I have heretofore borne my testimony against slavery, intemperance, war, tariffs, and all indirect taxation, bank and all monopolies, I desire to leave on record my abhorence of them all.

The fear of being buried before I am dead is slight, nevertheless it is greater than the fear of death itself. I therefore request my executors not to bury my body until at least three days after my decease.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-eighth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

[L. S.] CHARLES F. HOVEY.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator to be his last will and testament in presence of us, who at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

GEORGE L. LOVETT,
THOMAS MACK,
WILLIAM H. HOWE.

WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

When we take into account all the circumstances which have operated to produce the defeat of the conservative party in the late elections we are surprised, not at the defeat of its candidates, but at the the wonderful vitality which it has shown in upholding and sustaining the Constitution against the violent efforts made to overthrow and trample it under foot by the party in power.

Never, in the history of popular elections, has any political party, any body of men acting together for the promotion of a common cause, encountered such unscrupulous and powerful measures to compass its defeat as have been brought to bear upon the contest through which we have just passed. The whole power of the federal administration, with its immense array of military and civil patronage, was thrown into the scale against us. The multiplication of offices, such as assessors, collectors, enrolling officers, and the horde of employees, in number exceeding anything ever before known in the history of the country, enabled an unscrupulous administration, controlled by more unscrupulous partisan leaders, to put in operation the machinery for controlling the election and thwarting the true voice of the people, as it would have found expression had the contest been allowed to rest upon the free suffrages of an honest and intelligent body of electors.

The Democracy of the country, if temporarily discomfited by the use of improper and unjust means, is by no means destroyed or broken down. It is the same grand and noble party which for more than seventy years has upheld the Constitution and carried aloft the banner of liberty—the same glorious and reliable party which throughout our country's history, has ever proved true to freedom and the rights of the citizen. Although overborne for the time being by usurped and ill gotten power, it still lives in all its integrity and vigor prepared to maintain the Constitution against every assault, and to restore the Union at the earliest period, by any honourable means within its reach.

Let not our friends be disheartened or discouraged by temporary defeat. Much as this is to be regretted, it may prove rather useful than prejudice to the cause of the Union. With all the powers of the general and state governments at their disposal, the Republicans assume the entire administration of the war and of public affairs. Upon them rests the responsibility of conducting the war, either by superadding the power of force alone. Let them not evade or shirk this responsibility; let them not hereafter charge their failure, whether in military or the financial departments of the government, to the hostility of the Democrats and conservatives, whose warnings they have scornfully rejected.

While the responsibility of administration thus rests upon their opponents the Democracy of the country have a no less solemn and important duty to perform. They are to labor steadily and perseveringly for the sound doctrines upon which our government rests,—to educate the public mind to a knowledge of the nature of our institutions, and the necessity of returning to the great principles of public and individual liberty which alone can save the nation from utter and irretrievable ruin. Let no man, therefore, rest in his labors, but from this hour dedicate himself anew to the country. There is, there can be, no escape from this solemn obligation until the Union is restored, the Constitution re-established, and the great principles of liberty again secured to every citizen.

General Meade's detailed report of the battle of Gettysburg was published yesterday, it having been delayed by the non reception of the reports of several corps commanders who were wounded in the battle. The results of the campaign are summed up in the defeat of the enemy at Gettysburg, his compulsory evacuation of Pennsylvania and his withdrawal from the upper valley of the Shenandoah. Three guns, forty-one standards, and 13,621 prisoners were captured, and 21,978 small arms were collected on the battle field. Our own losses were very severe, amounting to 2,834 killed 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing; in all, 22,186.

Praise is sometimes as hurtful as censure.—It is as bad to be blown into the air as to be cast into the pit.

CAN THERE BE A PEACEFUL SOLUTION OF OUR DIFFICULTIES.

There certainly cannot if the administration refuse to attempt a settlement.—It says, and the vote just given will be taken as an approval of what it says, that only by complete submission of the rebels can there be any peace. The war grew out of this question: Has the General Government a constitutional right to prohibit slavery in the territories.

The rebels said no. The Democratic party said no. The Republican party said yes.

Could this question have been settled by a compromise.

Again, after refusing all compromise, the next question which arose was this: Has the General Government a right to make war upon a sovereign State, to force it to adopt its construction of the Constitution?

Upon this question the South, said no. The Democratic party said no. But the Democratic party were, and continue to be, in a minority; and hence no peaceful settlement could be, nor can be made; for the Republican party insist upon refusing to make any.

Suppose the issue had been fairly joined by the parties in the late contest upon this question: *Shall there be an offer on the part of the Government of the United States, to terminate this cruel war by a peaceable settlement*, is it not probable there would have been an affirmative answer to it.

The issue was not so clearly defined and yet this question embraces the very soul, substance and spirit of the Democratic creed in its affirmation, as it does of the Republican creed in its negociation.

Are politicians afraid to plainly, concisely and unmistakably join issue with their opponents.

Sometime this issue must be tried, or Democratic principles given up.

Sometime we must fairly meet the partisans and advocates of Federalism, Abolitionism, and Centralization upon just this question, or submit to a violent change of the Government; for it is a violent change that by force compels submission to the negative of it.

We say then, if we are permitted to have another election, whoever may be the candidates, the platform should embrace the question we are considering. We believe a great proportion of those who voted our ticket this fall so considered the issue. Next year comes the National election, and either a Republican is elected President upon the views of that party, or a Democratic President upon ours—and the occasion will be too solemn and momentuous to admit of any equivocal stand by us.

A peaceable solution of our difficulties must be our view, our position, our declaration, our purpose; or we must admit it to be undesirable, and upon this cardinal question agree with our opponents.

Let the people think of it, and at their primary meetings instruct their delegates. Let county conventions speak as they choose, one way or the other. We say it is due to ourselves, and the Republican party, that we place ourselves without an if, squarely before the country. Our obligations cannot require of us to wage war upon the rebels to enforce our views of a question of policy, not a necessary act of the government, and at the same time to treat with them, to compromise, and settle by withdrawing our pretensions.

That we, the people, can withdraw the pretended right to enforce our policy, and our construction of the constitution, we all know; and that would have kept us one people, and less than that cannot make us agree to live together.

Here, now, immediately after our defeat, we proceed to lay before the people the simple question, stripped of all the provisions and wheretores, the circumlocutions, and redundant accessories which, by design, or want of courage of those who make our platforms, run our conventions, inspire our orators, control our presses, have heretofore covered up and befogged themselves, the people. We say upon the adoption of doubtful power by the majority and enforcing it against a State, or States, by armies, the principles of Governmental Liberty are violated.

Let there be no shrinking or evading of the question. We are now addressing ourselves to the Democratic party, its leaders and editors; and we invite them to take the subject in hand and give the public the benefit of their views upon it.

We say further, if a reunion be possible, it is by this affirmative approval and action of the North.

Do our politicians hope to catch War voters by raising aloft the standard of coercion as Democratic; and in the same breath whisper to the friends of conciliation and compromise, and the protectors of State Sovereignty: "We are for a peaceable settlement!"

Perhaps they do, but they have read history very superficially if they believe such a policy can gain more than a very transcient success. Whatever may have been tolerated in times of peace, it is too solemn a moment to trifle in this way now. It is due to the occasion to the Democratic party, and to the Republican party, for us to plainly define our position.

If the nation on a fair and unequivocal issue, well understood, because it is pointed and clear, declare for no conciliation; that a peaceable solution is not desirable! then it is useless to continue two northern parties respecting its policy.

The proposition involves no submission to the Davis Government—no division of the Union; it withdraws no troops; it relaxes no efforts, it merely demands a trial for a peaceful settlement, and those who urge it are loyal to the Government—are the true friends of the Union.

We know not what changes may take place within the next few months. The probability is, that with alternate successes and defeats, we shall stand at this time next year, about as now, if no foreign complications intervene.

We wish in our sphere to promote the welfare of the nation; to do all we can to reunite its broken parts; to make a solid and enduring peace; ever ready and willing to submit cheerfully in party action and in governmental action, to the expressed will of the majority.

The army will be in a great measure for war, and for the Administration. Its vote will be cast for the powers that be, and it is as idle to labor and trim to catch its suffrages for us, as it is foolish. Already this is demonstrated.—

In the nature of things this must be so. If before us the prospect is gloomy, and the dark