

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. AUG. 29, 1856.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 52.

Select Poetry.



THE POLITICAL RIDE. A CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air—Dearest May,
A sight I saw the other night,
When all the world was still,
For then I saw the Woolly Horse,
As going down the hills,
He looked as if he wanted feed,
And drank from out the fountains,
And oft turned back his eager gaze
Towards the Rocky Mountains.
Oh, Buck and Breck,
You'll surely win the day,
The Woolly Horse has gone to grass,
So all the people say.

Behold a curious looking chaise,
And Fremont sat therein,
With Horace Greely by his side,
Both on a friendly grin,
"The horse is getting very tired,"
Quoth Greely, then, sub rosa,
"I think we'll surely need some aid
From out your Mariposa."
Oh, &c., &c.

Fremont replied, "I have it there,
With that we'll make a speck,
And talk of color, gold and snare,
And slander Buck and Breck."
Said Greely, "that will never do
Without some other figures,"
And, smiling, both at once cried out,
"We have it with the niggers."
Oh, &c., &c.

Thus onward rode the gallant pair,
On homing matters talking,
Of tariff, bank, and special bills,
For wages and defaulting,
When lo! they saw far in advance
Old Buck was going in,
"We'll lose," cried Greely, in despair,
"Our horse can never win."
Oh, &c., &c.

In spite of mountains, gold and snare,
I tell you now 'tis flat,
Old Buck and Breck will win the day,
And I shall lose that hat.
The White House then came full in view,
And Buck and Breck rushed in,
While all the people loudly cried,
"Fremont, you cannot win!"
Oh, Buck and Breck,
You'll surely win the day,
The Woolly Horse has gone to grass,
So all the people say.

has endured since 1787. It is now sixty-nine years. We have heretofore passed through almost every form and shade of national parties, but each seemed to vie with the other in steady attachment to the constitution and the Union. It was immaterial whether Hamilton or Jefferson, or Adams, or Madison, led—whether Adams or Jackson, or Van Buren or Harrison, or Polk or Taylor, triumphed. It was all the same. Their differences, their contests, and their triumphs, were either as to the policy to be pursued in the administration of our national affairs, or the construction of constitutional provisions. In these conflicts there was even a line of demarcation which limited both parties, and beyond which, as a whole, they never ventured to pass. The people participated, and looked with interest on the exciting events of the day, and at the height and termination of the bitterest rivalry, always congratulated themselves that ours was the government of a written constitution, and that this Union was safe, because there stood not in the ranks of either party a solitary press, or one single leading man, who cunningly devised schemes to dissolve it, or plotted the shattering of American blood to obtain power. During this long period of political contest no such attempt was made. If there arose the solitary hydra-head of abolitionism, it was no bigger than a hand's breadth, and the patriotism of both great parties repressed its fury, and consigned it to insignificance and helplessness. All in this time, there was no Congress which failed to make appropriations for the support of all the branches of the government.

But now a new state of things has taken place. Men calling themselves patriots and statesmen have devoted their time, their money, and their talents to fan the flame of fanaticism. The most hateful and dangerous of all combinations—that of religion and politics—has been restored with an intensity which has been unparalleled, except in the days of our mother country, when heretics were burned, and in our own, in which witches were drowned.

By a sudden, vigorous, and wide-spread misrepresentation, made to the honest people of America, they succeeded in deceiving a great body of patriotic men in the North under false pretences, and obtained their support, and came into the Congress of the United States with a majority. Their first step, outside of that body, they took in the name of the Emigrant Aid Society. The result was the shedding of the first American blood by American brethren in Kansas. Men went there armed to do that very deed. In the midst of it, and when the hopes of the black-republicans were running high, when it seemed as if war would spread by degrees, until, like the undulations in a lake from the casting of a stone, the waves would be repeated and extended, until they reached the utmost extremities of our country. It was that moment that tried the strength of the construction of our government. Mobs and military associations had resisted and defied the civil power. The Chief Magistrate of the republic, with a firm and patriotic hand, tempering justice with mercy, and executing the laws with vigor but moderation, put an end to the shedding of the blood of brethren, and with the return of peace in Kansas the ambitious hopes of the Black Republicans began to wither. The spirit of desperation seized them. In this spirit they have laid violent hands upon the constitution, and perpetrated a revolutionary act in order to enable them to recommence a civil war, and array one vast section of this union against the other, for the sole purpose of obtaining the possession of supreme power. The process was obvious, and was to be short.

They voted against the appropriations for the support of the army in order to compel the President to disband it. If this could be effected, then that hour for which Mr. Sumner hoped and prophesied against South Carolina might have come, like the sad wail of the suffering and dying, first from Kansas and Missouri, and next from the border States. Revolution would then have become fierce and universal. The dread of the executive arm of this country was felt by every man, from whatever quarter he might come, whose secret wishes and designs were blood and plunder. The act refusing, under the circumstances, support to the army, was not only revolutionary, but was moral treason against the government. Besides, it had another aspect: In order to effect so profligate a purpose, they were willing to clothe the President with dictatorial powers—to put Kansas under martial law—to place the highways of our country by land and by sea at his single will—in effect, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to allow no man the right of appeal from his will. But this is only a part of the mischief contemplated. The black-R-republican party never believed that the Senate of the United States would concur in such a proposition, and, therefore, it is plain that their true purpose was to compel the President to disband the army, and to let anarchy come with all its horrors. If this is not so, then they are playing puerile and fantastic tricks with edged and dangerous weapons. If they pretend to say that the President could still maintain the army, and keep it in efficient condition, then their act was useless and nugatory, and it would have been more graceful and dignified for them to have done that which could accomplish nothing except the gratification of their pride and the expression of their malice.

But our President cannot fashion his opinions by a black-republican standard. He will, no doubt, preserve the constitution by setting the example of respecting it himself, and will take care to preserve the Union against all attempts at its overthrow.

Let our countrymen cry aloud and spare not. There can be no doubt that the blow has been struck by the black-republican party with a view to revolution, anarchy, and dissolution. Let no man spare them from this out. Let the people be warned.

We have but commenced this subject. We shall publish, in a day or two, extracts from

the interesting debate in the Senate on the bill making appropriations for the army for the year ending the 30th of June, 1856. It will gratify and enlighten our readers. It occurred upon the amendment reported by the finance Committee of the Senate to strike out the revolutionary proviso passed by the black-republicans.—*Washington Union, Aug. 20.*

From the Boston Courier. Hon. Rufus Choate on the Presidential Question.

The Whigs of Maine held a grand mass meeting in the town of Waterville yesterday. Hon. Rufus Choate was invited to be present, but being unable to attend, he sent a letter, in which he defined his own position on the Presidential question; and avowed his intention to vote for Mr. Buchanan. We give it below.

Boston, Saturday, Aug. 9, 1856.
Gentlemen: Upon my return last evening, after a short absence from the city, I found your letter of the 30th ult., inviting me to take part in the proceedings of the Whigs of Maine, assembled in mass meeting.

I appreciate most highly the honor and kindness of this invitation, and should have had true pleasure in accepting it. The Whigs of Maine composed at all times so important a division of the great national party; which, under that name, with or without official power, as a responsible administration or as only an organized opinion, has done so much for our country—our whole country—and your responsibilities at this moment are so vast and peculiar, that I acknowledge an anxiety to see—not wait to hear—with what noble bearing you meet the demands of the time. If the tried legions, to whom it is committed to guard the frontier of the Union, falter now, who, anywhere, can be entrusted?

My engagements, however, and the necessity of expediency of abstaining from all speech requiring much effort, will prevent my being with you. And yet, invited to share in your counsels, and grateful for such distinction, I cannot wholly decline my own opinion on one of the duties of the Whigs in what you will describe as "the present crisis in the political affairs of the country." I cannot now, and need not, pause to elaborate or defend, them. What I think, and what I have decided to do, permit me in the briefest and plainest expression to tell you.

The first duty, then, of Whigs, not merely as patriots and as citizens,—loving, with a large and equal love our whole native land,—but as Whigs, and because we are Whigs, is to unite with some organization of our countrymen, to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party, calling itself Republican. This is our first duty. It would more exactly express my opinion to say, that at this moment, it is our only duty. Certainly, at least, it comprehends the suspension for each and every one of us, not whether this candidate or that candidate would be our first choice; not whether there is some good talk in the worst platform; and some bad talk in the best platform; not whether this man's ambition, or that man's servility, or boldness, or fanaticism, or violence, is responsible for putting the wild waters in this uproar;—but just this,—by what vote can I do most to prevent the madness of the times from working its maddest act,—the very rectacy of its madness,—the permanent formation and the actual present triumph of a party which knows one half of America only to hate and dread it; from whose unconsecrated and revolutionary banner fifteen stars are erased or have fallen;—in whose national anthem the old and endearing airs of the Eutaw Springs, and the King's Mountain, and Yorktown, and those, later, of New Orleans, and Buena Vista, and Chapultepec, breathe no more. To this duty, to this question, all others seem to me to stand for the present postponed and secondary.

And why? Because, according to our creed, it is only the United America which can peacefully, gradually, safely, improve, lift up and bless with all social and personal and civil blessings, all the races and all the conditions which compose our vast and various family—it is such an America, only, whose arm can guard our flag, develop our resources, extend our trade, and fill the measure of our glory; and, because, according to our convictions, the triumph of such a Party puts that Union in danger. That is my reason. And for you, and for me, and for all of us, in whose regards the Union possesses such a value, and to whose fears it seems menaced by such a danger; it is reason enough. Believing the noble ship of state to be within a half cable's length of the lee shore of rock, in a gale of wind, our first business is to put her about, and crowd her off, into the deep, open sea. That done, we can regulate the stowage of her lower tier of powder, and select her cruising ground, and bring her officers to court-martial at our leisure.

If there are any in Maine—and among the Whigs of Maine I hope there is not one—but if there are any, in whose hearts strong passions, vaulting ambition, jealousy of men or sections, unreasoning and impatient philanthropy, or whatever else have turned to hate or coldness the fraternal blood and quenched the spirit of national life at its source; with whom the union of slave States and free States under the actual Constitution is a curse, a hindrance, a reproach; with these of course our view of our duty and the reason of it, are a stumbling block and foolishness. To such you can have nothing to say, and from such you can have nothing to hope. But if there are those again who love the Union as we love it, and prize it as we prize it; who regard it as we do, not merely as a vast instrumentality for the protection of our commerce and navigation and for achieving power, eminence and name among the sovereigns of the earth—but as a means of improving the material lot, and elevating the moral and mental nature, and insuring the personal happiness of the millions of many distant generations;

if there are those who think thus justly of it—and yet bug the fatal delusion that, because it is good, it is necessarily immortal; that it will thrive without care; that anything created by man's will is above or stronger than His will; that because the reason and virtue of our age of reason and virtue could build it, the passions and stimulations of a day of frenzy cannot pull it down; if such there are among you, to them address yourselves, with all the earnestness and all the eloquence of men who feel that some greater interest is at stake, and some mightier cause in hearing, than ever yet tongue had pleaded or trumpet proclaimed. If such minds and hearts are reached, all is safe. But how specious and how manifold are the sophisms by which they are courted?

They hear and they read much ridicule of those who fear that a geographical party does endanger the Union. But can they forget that here, always left and have all, in one form or another, left on record their own fear of such a party? The judgments of Washington, Madison, Clay, Webster, on the dangers of the American Union—are they worth nothing to a conscientious love of it? What they dreaded as a remote and improbable contingency—that against which they cautioned, as they thought, distant generations—that which they were so happy as to die without seeing—is upon us.—And yet some men would have us go on laughing and singing, like the traveller in the satire, with his pockets empty, at a present peril, the mere apprehension of which, as a distant and bare possibility, could sadden the heart of the Father of his Country, and dictate the grave and grand warning of the Farewell Address.

They hear men say that such a party ought not to endanger the Union; that, although it happened to be formed within one geographical section, and confined exclusively to it; although its end and aim is to rally that section against the other on a question of morals, policy and feeling, on which the two differ eternally and unappeasably; although, from the nature of its origin and objects, no man in the section outside can possibly join it, or accept office under it without infamy at home; although, therefore, it is a stupendous organization, practically to take power and honor, and a full share of the Government, from our whole family of States, and bestow them, substantially, all upon the antagonist family; although the doctrines of human rights, which it gathers out of the Declaration of Independence—that passionate and eloquent manifesto of a revolutionary war—and adopts as its fundamental ideas, announce to any Southern apprehension a crusade of government against slavery, far without and beyond Kansas; although the spirit and tendency of its electioneering appeals, as a whole, in prose and verse, the leading articles of its papers, and the speeches of its orators, are to excite contempt and hate, or fear of our entire geographical section, and hate or dread or contempt is the natural impression it all leaves on the Northern mind and heart; yet, that nobody anywhere ought to be angry, or ought to be frightened; that the majority must govern, and that the North is a majority; that it is ten to one nothing will happen; that it is worst comes to worst, the South knows it is wholly to blame, and needs the Union more than we do, and will be quiet accordingly.

But do they who hold this language forget that the question is not what ought to endanger the Union, but what will do it? Is it man, as he ought to be, or man as he is, that we must live with or live alone? In appreciating the influences which may disturb a political system, and especially one like ours, do you make no allowance for passions, for pride, for infirmity, for the burning sense of even imaginary wrong? Do you assume that all men, or all masses of men, in all sections, uniformly obey reason, and uniformly wisely see and calmly seek their true interests? Where on earth is such a fool's Paradise as that to be found? Conceding to the people of the fifteen States the ordinary and average human nature, its good and its evil, its weakness and its strength, I for one, dare not say that the triumph of such a party ought not to be expected naturally and probably to disunite the States.

With my undoubting convictions, I know that it would be folly and immorality in men to wish it. Certainly there are in all sections and in all States those who love the Union, under the actual Constitution, as Washington did, as Jay, Hamilton, and Madison did—as Jackson, Clay and Webster loved it. Such even is the hereditary and the habitual sentiment of the general American heart. But he has read life and books to little purpose who has not learned that "bosom friendships" may be "to resentment sours," and that no hatred is so keen, deep, and precious as that.

"And to be wroth with one we love
Will work like madness in the brain."
He has read the book of our history to still less purpose, who has not learned that the friendships of these States—sisters, but rivals—sovereigns each, with a public life, and a body of interests, and sources of honor and shame of its own and within itself, distributed into two great opposing groups, are of all human ties most exposed to such rupture and such transformation.

I have not time in these hasty lines, and there is no need, to speculate on the details of the modes in which the triumphs of this party would do its work of evil. Its mere struggle to obtain the government, as that struggle is conducted, is mischievous to an extent incalculable. That thousands of the good men who have joined it deplore this is certain, but that does not mend the matter. I appeal to the conscience and honor of my country, that if it were the aim of a great party, by every species of access to the popular mind—by eloquence, by argument, by taunt, by sarcasm, by reprimand, by appeals to pride, shame, and natural right—to prepare the nation for a struggle with Spain or England, or Austria, it could not do its business more thoroughly. Many persons—many speakers—many, very many, set a high-

er and wiser example, but the work is doing.

If it accomplishes its object, and gives the government to the North, I turn my eyes from the consequences. To the fifteen States of the South, that Government will appear an alien Government. It will appear worse. It will appear a hostile Government. It will represent to their eye a vast region of States, organized upon Anti-Slavery, flushed by triumph, tribune and press; its mission to inaugurate Freedom and put down the oligarchy; its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence. And then and thus is the beginning of the end.

If a necessity could be made out for such a party we might submit to it as to other unavoidable evil, and other certain danger. But where do they find that? Where do they pretend to find it? Is it to keep slavery out of the Territories? There is not one but Kansas in which Slavery is possible. No man fears, no man hopes for Slavery in Utah, New Mexico, Washington or Minnesota. A national party to give them to Freedom is about as useful and about as feasible as a national party to keep Maine for Freedom. And Kansas! Let that abused and profaned soil have calm within its borders; deliver it over to the natural law of peaceful and spontaneous immigration; take off the ruffian hands; strike down the rifle and the Bowie knife; and guard its strenuous infancy and youth till it comes of age to choose for itself—and it will choose Freedom for itself, and it will have for ever what it chooses.

When this policy, so easy, simple and just, is tried and fails, it will be time enough to resort to revolution. It is in part because the duty of protection to the local settler was not performed that the Democratic party has already by the action of its great representative convention resolved to put out of office its own administration. That lesson will not and must not be lost on anybody. The country demands that Congress, before it adjourns, give that Territory peace. If it do, time will inevitably give it Freedom.

I have hastily and imperfectly expressed my opinion through the unsatisfactory forms of a letter, as to the immediate duty of Whigs. We are to do what we can to defeat and disband this geographical party. But by what specific action we can most effectually contribute to such a result is a question of more difficulty. It seems now to be settled that we present no candidate of our own. If we vote at all, then, we vote for the nominees of the American or the nominees of the Democratic party. As between them I shall not venture to counsel the Whigs of Maine, but I deem it due to frankness and honor to say, that while I entertain a high appreciation of the character and ability of Mr. Fillmore, I do not sympathize in any degree with the objects and creed of the particular party that nominated him, and do not approve of their organization and their tactics.

Practically, too, the contest, in my judgment, is between Mr. Buchanan and Col. Fremont.—In these circumstances I vote for Mr. Buchanan. He has large experience in public affairs; his commanding capacity is universally acknowledged; his life is without a stain. I am constrained to add that he seems at this moment, by the concurrence of circumstances, more completely than any other, to represent that sentiment of nationality,—tolerant, warm and comprehensive,—without which, without increase of which, America is no longer America; and to possess the power, and I trust, the disposition to restore and keep that peace, within our borders and without, for which our hearts all yearn, which all our interests demand, through which and by which alone we may hope to grow to the true greatness of nations.

Very respectfully, your fellow-citizen,
RUFUS CHOATE.

To E. W. Farley and other gentlemen of the Maine Whig State Central Committee.

An Abolition Orator.

One of the self-constituted delegates to the Black Republican Convention, which nominated Col. FREMONT, was Dr. JOSEPH E. SNOODGRASS. He is also a leading Black Republican orator. He has spoken for FREMONT already at a number of places, and we understand that he may shortly be expected in Pennsylvania. He is particularly famous for his attacks on slavery, and terribly vindictive against the Democratic party, because it is willing to allow the people of the Territories the right enjoyed by the citizens in all the States, of regulating the character of their domestic institutions for themselves. No doubt he descants with all the eloquence of a STONE, the venom of a GIBBONS, or pleads with all the pathos of a Mrs. STOWE, for the slave, and waxes fierce and indignant as a GREELEY, at the bare mention of "slave-holders," "slavery aggression," and at the idea of "traffic in human flesh and blood," etc., etc.

We wish, however, to call attention to a circumstance which will serve as an admirable prelude to this virtuous gentleman's oratorical performances, and which will be published wherever he undertakes to mislead the public on this question. We allude to the fact that he was formerly a slave-holder himself, and that instead of manumitting his slaves, he sold them and put the money in his pocket ere he undertook the business of preaching Black Republicanism.

In reply to the request of a gentleman in Washington, the following letter, with an accompanying bill of sale, by which Dr. SNOODGRASS conveyed two negroes to Mr. BURKHART, was furnished, and the correspondence placed at our disposal:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
August 11, 1856.

SIR:—In compliance with your request, I forward to you a copy of the bill of sale from Dr. Joseph E. Snodgrass, the travelling Abolition orator, conveying to Daniel Burkhardt two slaves. I cannot comply with your further request to have it certified under the seal of the

Clerk of the County Court. It has never been recorded, as it is not usual in Virginia, to record such instruments, nor does the law require it where the sale of a slave, or other personal chattle, is accompanied by the transfer of possession from grantor to grantee, as was the case in the transfer of the slaves by Dr. Snodgrass to Mr. Burkhardt. The copy I send to you is in the hand-writing of Mr. Burkhardt, with which I am well acquainted, and who in person handed it to me. Mr. Burkhardt is a gentleman of great intelligence and worth. He was for many years a magistrate of the county of Berkeley, and is at this time the Cashier of the Bank of Berkeley, Virginia. Dr. Snodgrass will not dare to deny that he first made sale of all the slaves which he inherited from his father, and put the price of flesh and blood into his pocket, before he assumed the vocation of teaching his fellow men what an atrocious crime it is to hold a human being in bondage. Such hypocrites and impostors should be scouted from every stand from which they attempt to address the people.

Know all men by these presents, That I, Joseph E. Snodgrass, of the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, for and in consideration of the sum of eight hundred dollars to me in hand paid by Daniel Burkhardt—the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have bargained and sold, and by these presents, do bargain and sell unto the said D. Burkhardt, a negro man named Charles, of about the age of thirty-six years; also, a negro woman, wife of the said Charles, named Emily, aged about nineteen years, together with the natural increase of the said Emily. And I, the said Joseph E. Snodgrass, for myself and my heirs, executors and administrators, do hereby warrant the said negroes and their increase to be slaves for life.—In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 1st day of December, 1848.

(A copy.) JOSEPH SNOODGRASS. [SEAL.]

From the Hollidaysburg Standard of Aug. 30.

Col. David H. Hoibus

and

Hon. Charles Sumner.

This martyr to free Kansas, free speech, and free niggers, as we stated in our last, is, or lately has been, rusticating at the house of Dr. Jackson, at Cresson. Since his arrival, what little sympathy was manifested for him in this neighborhood has entirely given way to feelings of deep disgust. There is nothing whatever the matter with him. He is hale and hearty, has a good appetite, and talks politics with all the bitter vindictiveness that a Yankee fanatic can command. One day last week, Col. D. H. Hoibus, an Old Line Whig, and J. Blair Moore, Democrat, and Col. J. J. Patterson, Republican, one of the editors of the Harrisburg Telegraph, visited Cresson. In company with a man named Gemitt, at the invitation of Dr. Jackson, they called upon Mr. Sumner, who received them very cordially. He soon asked Mr. Hoibus how Mr. Ford had succeeded here. The Colonel told him frankly that he did not succeed very well—that his meeting was composed of Democrats and Fillmore men—that very few Fremont men were present in consequence of there being but few in the place.—This frank avowal irritated the gentleman with the soft brain, and he poured forth a perfect torrent of invectives against Pennsylvania.—While emptying his vials of Republican wrath, he declared that the Whigs and Democrats of Pennsylvania were white slaves, and that he should glory in seeing them brought to the block, and disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer. This unqualified assertion of the Yankee fanatic did not fail to arouse the indignation of the Pennsylvanians, and Col. Hoibus made some tart reply, which only aggravated the martyr the more, and he showered abuse of the foulest kind upon Pennsylvanians indiscriminately, and when the party attempted to vindicate their State, the dignified Yankee Abolitionist coolly opened a Boston paper, and commenced reading. The party came away completely disgusted, and Col. Hoibus, who previously felt great sympathy for the man before he uttered such atrocious sentiments, declares openly that his Honor earned a great many more canings than he has ever received.

It is intimated by one of the nigger sheets that Mr. Sumner is about to traverse Pennsylvania to make niggerite capital. If so, we advise him not to make use of such language.—The people of Pennsylvania are free-men—he who says to the contrary is a black hearted liar—they love the Constitution, the Laws and the Union—they are law abiding, too, and they will not suffer any Yankee Abolitionists to come from the slaves of the cotton mills of Massachusetts, and heap villainous abuse upon them with impunity.

THE FREMONTIERS AND OUR NATURALIZED CITIZENS.—The sudden and hypocritical regard of the Fremonters for our naturalized citizens is unmercifully exposed in the subjoined extract from the *New Haven Register*:

"The *Hartford Times* says that Gov. Dutton, on taking the chair of the Know Nothing Convention, made a few remarks, in which he said that 'the more he reflected the more he became convinced that unless the foreigners among us—the agents and auxiliaries of despotism in Europe—were met and put down, we were no longer safe.' [Applause.] The speaker continued, saying that the 'foreign element in our population was a brutal, unenlightened, ignorant agency.' This must have been very gratifying to the 'Fremont German Club,' which the *Courant* claims exists in Hartford.—Where is Ole Bull? Where is Hoffman? where is Hecker?"

Gov. Dutton is one of the most prominent and influential supporters of Fremont in New England.