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## Select Poetry.

### 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think when far away  
In other lands our footsteps stray,  
Of childhood's happy home—  
Where'er we roam, what'er our lot,  
Fond memory clings to that dear spot,  
Around the old hearth-stone.

'Tis sweet to think of halcyon days,  
O'er which hope's rainbow-tinted rays  
In golden circles hang—  
When brightly rolled the skies so fair,  
Undimmed by clouds of grief and care,  
That o'er us now are flung.

'Tis sweet to think of those dear,  
By ties of love and kindred near,  
The friends still faithful ever,  
And twins around each loved one's name  
Of memories sweet, an endless chain,  
That strengthens on for ever.

'Tis sweet to think that if no more  
We shall meet on Time's bleak shore,  
Ere earthily ties are riven,  
That once again we'll meet  
In realms above, of fadeless light,  
We'll meet again in Heaven.

'Tis sweet to think as on we glide,  
Adown Time's swift uncertain tide,  
With cares of life oppressed;  
That far above you star-lit dome  
Awaits us there a happy home,  
A home of endless rest.

### THE BOY PATRIOT.

History is filled with the deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriot women forgotten in the burning words of that gloomy period of '76, but where is the history that tells of the patriotism of the boys of that gloomy period? Who writes their biographies?

There were boys in the Revolution—boys of noble patriotism and dauntless spirit—boys who would not become traitors, though the rack and gibbet confounded them—boys who toiled with an endurance and boldness unequalled in the annals of a nation for the independence of the "Old Thirteen," and had their just desert, the brightest star in America's constellation, and the widest stripe in her broad canvass, would be dedicated to the "Boys of '76."

Let us relate an instance: it was in the year 1776. Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenacious store-house in the little village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen years mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson the orator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain homespun jacket throbbed a heart, that never shrank before any obstacle. His father was the commander of the Delaware troops, and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army. "I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket I would not stand idle here, with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"None, I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the old tory Livingston, has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard. "He has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easy as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy. "If there are any three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Every boy in that crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation, James's eyes flashed like stars. "Now by the death of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's residence, though death-stands in my path."

With a firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from Whit clay Creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted store-house in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night; still it was not dark, the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining a solemn silence. At length they gained the bank of the creek and slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into Whitclay, and James Wilson ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoiter the premises first to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here until we return. Make no noise and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarce had they gone from their companions, ere the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise. "Halt!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight. James Wilson darted from his covert and lightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The tory's son struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice like grasp of James and Frank on either side.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear?" "What do you want to do with me at this moment?"

"I—cannot tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall tell, or—"

"Spare me, and I will tell everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is the Captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy and he soon gained from the tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children left exposed to the pitiless foe. The old tory was to receive as his reward the land whereon the village stood and an annual pension from the British government.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor, about two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their captain. Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife. Not a few in that youthful band trembled for a widowed mother or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was tied hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth, to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung Whitclay Creek.

"Now, boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an opportunity to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red-coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

"Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time, nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader felt securely behind his stone defence and shouted:

"Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsman ceased rowing and gazed with astonishment above them. The impetus which the boat had acquired, caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doimed words:

"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse, the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat had been burst to pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of Whitclay. A cry of victory burst from the joyful lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead, but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such was the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder and an abundance of balls, were concealed in the tory's cellar. The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at their head quarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the Whitclay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers. James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw.

Each boy who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and returned to his native village, but mortification embittered his life, and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips—"Cut loose, in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot, in the annals of Newark.

Such, readers, were the acts of the boys of '76, and though they have no monumental pile to preserve their memories, they live in legends, songs and verses, where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity. Let our literary men redeem from darkness the deeds of American youths, and while they recount the achievements of our Revolutionary patriots, let them not forget the boy heroes.

### A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A circumstance which fully illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," recently came before Judge Sharswood in the District Court. Had it not been for the legal question involved in the events to which we refer, they would have never, probably, had any publicity given them. Some time since there was a couple residing in this city, who were surrounded by many blessings. The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly attached to each other, and together they doated on an only child.—The first blow to their happiness was in the loss of their little one who sickened and died, leaving its parents heart-broken. The death of the child fell like a shadow upon the household, the parents became unhappy, moodiness came in the train of their melancholy, and absolute aversion for the society of each other followed. The sored and discontented pair finally determined upon a separation, and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became strangers to each other so far as social intercourse is concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome lot was procured by the latter in one of the cemeteries north of the city, and a day was fixed for the re-interment. The father notified the former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstance and informed her by note that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains.—The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband, repaired to the cemetery. The little coffin was placed near the open grave, and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the background.

The couple who had been so long estranged and who had again met strangely over their dead hopes, gazed earnestly at each other, the solemnity of the hour revived their tenderness, and falling into each other's arms both burst into tears. The re-interment took place and the parties returned to their proper homes.

With the consent of all who were interested the father of the dead child visited, on terms of friendship, his former wife, and they were in the habit of riding out together.

Not long after this singular reconciliation the father of the child took sick and died. Before his death he placed in the hands of a friend two city bonds, of a thousand dollars each, to be handed over to his first wife, in the event of his death. In his will he appointed, as his executor, the friend who was the custodian of the bonds, and his first and second wives. The friend, in his capacity as trustee, was uncertain

as to the legality of the gift under the circumstances, and he made application to the Court for a decision in the matter, so as to secure himself from loss. The legal heirs of the deceased offered no opposition to the ante-mortem bequest and the Court decided in favor of its legality.

The famous scene of the reconciliation of Mrs. Haller to her husband, in the play of the "Stranger," which generally melts tender-hearted spectators to tears, is inferior in respect to genuine effect to this drama in real life, which culminated beside the coffin of the dead child.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS OFFERED BY MR. TRUMBULL.

Arrest of Persons in the Loyal States. U. S. CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, DEC. 16, 1861. SENATE.

Mr. TRUMBULL (Ill.) desired to call up the resolution inquiring into the authority for, and the arrests made by or under the direction of the Secretary of State.

Mr. DIXON (Conn.) was opposed to the passage of such a resolution. It was well known that during the six months, while the existence of the nation hung as it were upon a hair, while large armies threatened the capitol and its safety at one period was in great doubt, there were in the loyal States men of dangerous character who were allowed to go at large, although it was well understood that they were giving aid and comfort to the enemy in every possible manner.

My own State was infested by these, although I am glad that they were not natives of the State. They got up a series of peace meetings, and endeavored to get up a feeling of sympathy for the South, saying that the Government was making war against the South, which was fighting for its rights. They were at last stopped by the Secretary of State and imprisoned. The adoption of such a resolution would imply that the Secretary had exceeded his powers. Not to have acted as he did would have been a great treason on his part, and on the part of the President. Should the President see the Government paralyzed by unprincipled men who were seeking to destroy the country by the means of the people? It was enough that the people should be upheld, not censured, as the resolution would imply.

Mr. TRUMBULL rose to advocate his resolution. It did not, in his opinion, imply any censure to the Secretary of State. He was in favor of prosecuting the war with the utmost vigor. He would have the army active and vigilant, and he would strike at the traitors with the power of 600,000 men, and at the soonest possible moment. The resolution was one as to the arrest of persons in the loyal States. The Courts were in operation there and it was for them to arrest, not the general Government.

Mr. DIXON—The Senator will allow me. I stated that they gave aid and comfort to the enemy by instituting a series of meetings in which they called peace meetings in which they addressed large assemblies of the people, and attempted to influence the public mind that the South was acting in self defence and that the Administration was making war upon the South. If the Senator could tell me how they were to be arrested for treason, I should like to know how it should be done. I do not say they were guilty of open treason, but they were guilty of moral treason.

Mr. TRUMBULL desired to know how the proper persons were to be arrested. The Senator from Connecticut had admitted that the right persons had been arrested, and he now comes to the defence of this despotic power—the essence of despotism—where the President, by the click of the telegraph, can order the arrest and imprisonment of any one in the loyal States. What becomes of constitutional liberty—what are we fighting for, if the broad ground is to be assumed, and to be justified in this body, that any man is to be thanked for assuming unconstitutional and unwarranted authority?

I, sir, was willing to vote, and did vote at the extra session of Congress to sanction the acts of the Executive made through the military power, for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion, for some of which no warrant could, perhaps be found. But now a different state of things exists. The President is not infallible and must err sometimes. If any additional legislation is necessary to punish treason in Connecticut, or anywhere else, he was in favor of passing such a law.

It is in just such times as these that the foundations of tyranny and despotism are laid, and not when the people are wide awake to their own interests. This leaps upon the people unawares, and under the pretence of necessity assumes this great power, and they cannot extricate themselves from the tyranny that is upon them. He would never commend any such usurpation.

Mr. WILSON (Mass.) regretted the remarks of the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. TRUMBULL). He (Mr. T.) knew that all done by the Secretary of State was in obedience to the President, whose chief clerk he virtually was. Why, then, ask the Secretary if such arrests have been made. Instead of reflecting upon the Secretary or President, why could not the Senator bring in a bill, proposing to enact a law that should clothe the Government with ample power to arrest and imprison men who have been in complicity with the traitors to the country. Threatened as we are by domestic traitors and foreign powers, why come into the Senate with a resolution which carries implied censure with it upon the Government? It was wrong, and there were nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand in the loyal States who would sustain the Government in its action.

Then the President, through the Secretary of

State, had these persons arrested, and turning the doors of Fort Lafayette, silenced innumerable traitors. In the loyal State nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand men applauded and thanked the Government for this action.

Why, then, does the Senator blame the Government for thus saving the country? for he declared that this course has done more to save the country than the whole military force. To this hour the Government has been quite too lenient, and the time for a more vigorous and determined action had arrived.

Mr. HALE (N. H.) thought the resolution was eminently proper and appropriate, and he should feel mortified if it was not passed. Our fathers fought for the principles of Constitutional Liberty regulated by law not mere independence—and the Government had better fall than be faithless to that great principle. He wanted to strengthen the hands of the Government, but he wanted them to stretch across the Potomac South instead of North. If the people, now pouring out their flood of treasure, find that they have been trifled with, and that imbecility stands in the place of courage in the vigorous prosecution of the war, then will there be such a storm come upon their heads as history never recorded. We might even now hear the rumblings of the coming storm. The people he represented will support the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, and woe to those who do not understand the day and hour and the crisis of destiny.

Mr. KENNEDY (Md.) was glad that the resolutions had been offered. Arrests had been made, which he thought were not according to the constitution—He had always claimed that Maryland was true to the Constitution. He had never, in any way, said or done anything in violation of the oath he had taken to support the Government; but if he thought the Government was going wrong, he claimed the right to raise his voice against it. He stood there as a friend and supporter of the Government, believing that it had sufficient power to support itself under the Constitution.

Mr. DOOLITTLE (Wis) moved that the resolution be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. TRUMBULL opposed such a reference. He wanted to know if we were not fighting for principle and constitutional liberty.

Mr. PEABODY (Md.) favored the resolution. He thought the country would be benefited by bringing it forward. He thought there was no authority for the Secretary of State making such arrests.

Mr. BAYARD (Del) also spoke in favor of the resolution.

Mr. DOOLITTLE again urged its reference to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. WILSON would say to the Secretary of State, go on and when any man plots treason in the loyal States, lay the hand of the Government upon him, unless, Congress provides a better way to take care of traitors. He did not know when more power and vigor had been shown than by those who were waging rebellion. They did not stand on constitutional questions. He was for a vigorous prosecution of the war, but though we should have faith and would thank the American Senate for passing a resolution carrying with it an implied censure on any Department of the Government.

Mr. TRUMBULL insisted that it was a resolution of inquiry only. He was as much against traitors as the Senator from Massachusetts; but he was also for constitutional liberty. The Senator from Massachusetts was against traitors, and also against the constitution of his country.

Mr. LATHAM (Cal.) could see no necessity in trampling on the constitution in order to sustain it. Let treason be punished by law, and if men must be arrested, let them be arrested according to law.

### Gen. Halleck Sustained.

The first great conservative victory was gained in Congress on Wednesday last, when the resolution offered by Mr. Lansing, of New York, condemning the order of Gen. Halleck relative to the fugitive slaves, was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. VALANDIGHAM, by a vote of yeas 78, nays 94. All the eloquence of Field Marshal Thad. Stevens and Gen. Owen Lovejoy could not induce the House to censure General Halleck.—Patriot and Union.

About thirty Parrot guns are turned out at the West Point foundry per week. Four hundred and fifty men are employed.

Why are the Home Guards like Col. Baker? Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

In a recent case of assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room, and the first thing I knew, I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the ark and then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit on the tree in Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha.

Somebody once remarked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

Wink at small injuries rather than revenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy we have a thousand.

A shoemaker has one great advantage over most kinds of mechanics—his goods, when ever finished, are always sold (e).d.

## The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

(From Clark's School Visitor.)

### WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

No. 1

Did you ever, my dear friend, think what an anomaly was that self-same teacher of your little ones? Few men exist in whom rarer virtues are combined, if we are to believe or accept as true a description as I once read of him—"A person who engages for a specified sum to let other people abuse him for four months: one who is expected to do what the parents know they can not do—to make misbehavior behave, indecency to be decent, and to impart knowledge where there are no brains to receive it." Will you not respect the man more than ever, now that you have heard what Herculean tasks he is expected to perform? Perhaps you think the picture is too deeply colored! To prove the burden of his task, and his need of every parent's aid in performing it, is the object of this paper.

Let us go with him to his school room this morning, and see, for ourselves, how the struggle goes on. None of the scholars have yet arrived. He seats himself at his desk and writes in his diary as follows: "Another week of pleasure or torment is about to begin! Which will it be?"

One after another the little curly-headed mischiefs arrive. Each has his own joke to crack, each little miss her anecdotes to tell of Sunday visits, walks or rides; and now and then a tale is told of dress or bonnet by her neighbor worn. All mirth and glee, and as they

fresh from the band-box, he seems to forget the past, and his heart begins to leap in expectation of a pleasant week among cheerful and obedient scholars; and his hand moves instinctively to hide the rod in some odd corner, where day-light may not again visit it; when, lo! his pleasant visions are disturbed. Poor Jamie comes in with streaming eyes, and clothes demured, to say that Thomas pushed him in the gutter, and spoiled his Sunday coat. Ere his complaints are ended, Mary cries out that Sallie has got her bonnet string; and a third injured one rushes up to say that Bob has torn his book, and Sam has bumped his head against the wall.

These cases are all despatched with a speed and justice that would do honor to a lawyer's court; and now a cherry cheeked lad comes forward with a cup of clear cold water, fresh from the mossy spring, and a smiling lass presenting the first fruits of the orchard, asks, "Please, sir, will you have an apple?" "Thank you, my dears," burst from the teacher's lips, and all seems merry as a marriage bell.

At length the hour of school arrives. The bell is rung, and one after another the scholars come in and take their places at their desks. Scripture lessons read, devotions ended, now comes the tug of war.

Fifty or sixty pupils are seated in the room. All come expecting to be heard three or four, and some even six recitations in the course of a day. All are classified from A, C, C, to higher mathematics, except, perhaps, one or two who have requested to be instructed in languages, and have been permitted to try their wits in Greek and Latin. The average number of classes each day, the teacher informs us, is thirty. Let us make a little calculation. Six hours of 50 minutes will give 360 minutes in the school day. These divided by thirty will give twelve minutes for each class, allowing nothing for recesses, and other losses of time. How will he be able to do justice to all his pupils?

### WOUND, OR WOONED.

There is frequent inquiry as to the pronunciation of the word *w-o-u-n-d*. Dr. Webster says, "wound or wooned," leaving us to choose for ourselves. Mr. Walker condemns wooned as a "capricious novelty," and such we think it is. There are, at least, two reasons why we should call it wound, sounding on like ow in cow.

It is easier to pronounce, especially in animated, emphatic speaking. Try it.

Analogy—bound, found, mound, pound, round, ground—wound.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear."—Newton.

"Salvation, O, the joyful sound!" &c.

"This education forms the common mind, Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."