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Poetry.



DIXEY'S LAND.

Away down south in de fields ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottoms,
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den 'way down south in de fields ob cotton,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land.
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

Pork and cabbage in de pot,
It goes in cold and comes out hot.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Vinegar put right on red beet,
It makes dem always fit to eat.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land.
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

Old massa and I am glad,
He's lost de one he thought he had;
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

If he comes back, which I know he'll do,
Massa make him dance till he is blue.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land.
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

A nigger up in a great big tree,
Looking right strate down at me,
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

I up wid a stick and I hit him in de eye,
And I made dis little monkey cry.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land.
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

A nigger in a bushed measure,
Was tickled to death by swallowin' a feather.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

De doctor tried to fetch him to,
But he found out it warn't no go.
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land.
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

HOW THEY FALL.

It is seldom that a young man sets out in life with the determination of living viciously. His intentions are correct enough, but he is weak. He mingles with men older than himself, with whom it is gratifying to his vanity to associate. He finds among them habits of thought, expression, and action, which in his very soul he loathes; but he is weak—how can he resist the evil? Nay, how can he avoid taking part in it, unless he wishes to make himself appear singular, and becomes the subject of his companions' ridicule? By degrees the unfeeling or obscene conversation of his companions becomes less disgusting and more palatable, still at length, words that at first would have his cheek tingle with shame or sting his conscience with remorse, become the woof of his conversation. The licentious thought, the coarse expression, the blasphemous oath, is welcomed with a smile, and he is ready to sneer at others, whose moral nature is still too sensitive to allow them to do the same—From being an unwilling bearer he soon becomes a smiling partaker, and the advance is rapid to glorifying in it, and himself becoming the tempter to others, to lead them in the same path he has himself trodden. It is by this weakness—this moral cowardice—that we are led into sin, despite the promptings of our hearts we despise the man by whom we are led, but we come at last to applaud their sentiments and adopt their tone.

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel.

"Ah," replied the doctor, and what did you call him?"

"Why, said he I called him a scoundrel, too. Well, resumed Franklin, I presume you both spoke the truth."

THE LAST ACT OF ALL.

"Ned Banilino," in his recollections of a visit to Nashville, tells the following:

One evening, shortly after the close of the Mexican war, I found myself at the old 'inn,' once kept by the noble Ferguson, in company with Frank C. Bill N., and two or three other friends who had with me faced death on the plains of Mexico, and afterwards 'reveled in the halls of the Montezumas.' We had dined together, and the wine had not been sicc; therefore we felt inclined for any kind of fun which might present itself.

A young man, of very plausible address and most genteel appearance, had in some way got into the company, and though from some words which dropped I knew he was a gambler, I contented myself with avoiding any conversation with him, letting the rest do as they pleased in regard to him. I heard them call him Morford, and afterward learned that he came from a respectable stock.

After we had drunk a few glasses at the bar to 'top off' with, a walk was proposed; and Morford volunteering to show the boys some fun, was selected as pilot. This did not please me overmuch, but I would not let any whim of mine break up the party, and so I went along.

We visited various saloons in Union and other streets, and Morford, thinking he had matters in the right train, started, at the head of the party for the far rooms of Sam B., one of the heaviest gamblers in the city, situated in Water street aforesaid.

We were passing a long brick building, but a short distance below the bridge, when a succession of screams, evidently from females, and other indications of a general row, fell upon our ears. As the noise came from the brick building, we were not long in making an entrance there, and in a moment witnessed one of the most disgraceful scenes that man can ever look upon.

Two frail women were engaged in a beastly fight, while other brutes, in the garb of men and women, were encouraging the combat.—The scene did not last long, for Morford, with a cry of horror, sprang forward, and dashing the combatants apart, drew one of them towards him.

"Good Heavens! Pauline—you here!" he exclaimed, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, Henry," replied the girl, whose personal beauty was great, notwithstanding the evidence of intoxication, and whose likeness to himself was striking, "you broke father's heart by turning gambler, and I thought I'd finish the work—"

She never finished the sentence that she had commenced.

With a wild cry of despair, the young man drew a pistol from his pocket, and before a word could be spoken, or a hand raised to interfere, her brains bespattered the wall where she stood. And while yet the report echoed through the room, and the stifling smoke rose over her body, the young gambler cocked a second barrel of his revolver, and coolly saying, "Good bye, gentlemen, I must go with my sister," fired and fell a corpse beside the body of his victim.

It turned out to be true that she was his sister, and this was the first knowledge he had of her having, like himself, departed from the path of honor and virtue.

Our fun was over for that night, and we went back to our quarters a sobered and saddened set of men. None of us will be likely to forget that tragedy while life lasts. Young folks take warning.

A LADY EDITOR ON KISSING.—Miss Belle Phillips, evidently a very sprightly young lady, his charge of a department in one of our literary exchanges. She is a very dashing writer, talking just as she feels, and feeling, we guess, just about right. Listen to her:

"We got such a raking about our thoughts on kissing, that to spite some folks we now will tell them what we don't like. We don't like to be importuned for a kiss until all our patience is gone. We don't like to threaten bashful men to kiss them. Goodness me! how it frightens them. They turn pale and red, and, finally, like some simpering school girl turn their heads aside as if they really thought us in earnest. Well, we'll tell you that if we were in their places, no young lady under the sun should threaten to kiss us and not do it.

We saw a young man kiss a lady's picture once, and she present; now we wouldn't have done that, and we told him so. Kiss a cold miniature picture, when the original was sitting before us, with rosy red lips and delectable eyes? No, never. 'Jacob kissed Rachel,' is the earliest record we believe of a love kiss, though we feel assured that long before this, luxury was indulged in. In olden time people used to greet each other with a real hearty kiss, but fashion has substituted the formal bow, or the shaking of hands. Poor exchange, we say. Mark Antony resigned the world for a kiss. Our poets have written some of their sweetest lines in praise of kissing. We humbly beg our friends, those who are insensible as not to feel the pleasure of a kiss, not to pester themselves in picking up a piece, because we have thus expressed ourself. If they do, we'll pay them back. There is one thing pretty certain, there's only one objection we would raise to kissing—if any one wishes to know, let them inquire through the Herald. We do not condemn kissing, but if any one was to attempt to kiss us—well, never mind the rest."

The subscriptions raised in France for the relief of the Syrian Christians amount to 404,165 francs.

A Laughable Story.

The Mobile Register is responsible for the following with provoking incident:

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard, has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent in the centre of which was a well, 25 or 30 feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill-wind lifted Jake's 'stie' from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake always practiced the virtue of economy and he immediately sat about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the fractious cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader herself, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's oranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unhooked the bell-strap, approaching with slow measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"G—d dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a comin this way sure, and shan't get no more eyes than to fall in here. Whoa! Ball!"

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that 'Ball' wouldn't whoa. Besides, Jake was at the bottom resting, before trying to 'shin' it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old oss will be a top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! dang you 'Ball, whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now—Oh! Lord, have mercy on my poor soul. Whoa, Ball."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

A NEW SOCIETY.

Old men and young men, women and children, are admitted as members, if they possess the following qualifications:

1. They must devote their whole attention to other people's business, and entirely neglect their own.

2. When they hear a scandalous report about a neighbor or a friend, they must not eat, drink or sleep, until the chief officers of the society are informed of the same.

No person shall become a member unless he or she is a person of leisure; and can loaf about town, or make about seventeen calls a week, and watch the actions of the people generally, and be ready to report at headquarters the slightest intimation of a report.

The following are some of the by-laws and regulations of the society:

Art. 1. This society shall be known as the Tattle and Gossiping Society. Two principal and ruling officers shall be as follows: One great liar and two lesser ones, three tattlers and four gossipers, any one of which will constitute a quorum, and shall have power to transact business at any time.

Art. 2. If any member of this society shall be found guilty of knowing more about his own business than that of his neighbor, he shall be expelled forthwith.

Art. 3. Any person belonging to this society who makes a practice of telling the truth two or three times, shall be expelled without a hearing.

Art. 4. Any member who does not report regularly what his neighbors residing within three doors of him have for dinner every Sunday, and for tea every time they have company, shall be cut off from the rights and privileges of this society.

Art. 5. If any member of this society shall see, hear tell of, or even suspect that a young man has waited on a lady twice, he must report them as already married, or to be married soon, or he shall be looked upon as no tattler, and shall be fined to the full extent of the law, for any such misdemeanor.

Art. 6. Any man or woman who shall neglect their own business to take the trouble to circulate about town scandalous reports which they know to be false, shall be deemed by all respectable citizens as Commander in Chief of said society, and shall be looked upon as such by all its members.

The following is an exact copy of a notice posted up in a New Jersey town:

Lost—a calf red. He had a white spot on one of his hind legs. He was a she-calf.—I will give three dollars to everybody what will bring him home.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

It is of Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power—unconsciously exhibited in his business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"Yes."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of the cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle shelf in his room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness, you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle, which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir; upon your oath, you did?"

"I did!"

"My lord, it's a waffer!—Blackwood."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Every candid observer of human nature will freely admit that woman exerts a powerful influence over the human family. Without woman to encourage man, he would falter before great and responsible undertakings, and yield to difficulties. This may appear doubtful to many at first view, but I ask you to look at the history of all classes of good men. What do you hear them say? "Had it not been for the warning voice of my dear mother, or sister, or female friend, I would be ruined, irretrievably lost; but, by heeding her timely warnings and faithful admonitions, and by the help of God, I am saved from the gambler's cell, or the drunkard's grave." Thus they speak.

The true woman, in her different relations to man as a mother, sister or wife, has a more potent influence over him than he is often willing to give her credit for. Many a man has been applauded and honored with fame, when a part of it, at least, might have been bestowed upon a female relative.

Look at Washington, styled the "father of his country." What would he have been with only a commonplace mother? She was a true—not loud and boisterous—but a good christian woman—just such a woman as every mother should be. She considered it her duty to minister daily, to her son's spiritual welfare, and never neglected to inspire him with high, noble, virtuous views of life, and she lived long enough to see her son great, good and successful on earth. Happy woman! But all women are not such. "Deluded by ignorance and seduced by sin," they became quite the reverse. And the world is the worse for it.

O, woman! pause and ponder over your situation and duties. Mother, feed that little son or daughter by your side with food convenient for him or her. Sister, learn and perform a sister's office toward your brother.—Wife, properly companion your husband; be a helpmate to his soul, and you will all reap your reward in due time.—*Rural American.*

ABOUT THIRTY.—Mr. Charles Cist, who took the census of the Fifth Ward in New York, this year, tells a good anecdote of a conversation between himself and a married lady, which will bear repeating:

"Madam, what age shall I put you down at?"

No direct answer.

"How old is your husband?"

"Sixty-one."

"And your oldest son?"

"Twenty-seven."

"And the next?"

"Twenty-one."

"And how old do you call yourself?"

"I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty."

"Did I understand you, madam, that your oldest son was twenty-seven?"

"Yes."

"You must surely, then, be more than thirty!"

"Well, sir, (quite snappishly,) I told you about thirty; I can't tell exactly; it may be thirty-one or two, but I am positively not over that."

Robert Fulton, the Inventor.

Among other anecdotes of the first experiments of Robert Fulton, the following, from the pen of R. N. Haskins, of Buffalo, has been lately published.

Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a traveling acquaintance upon a steamboat on the Hudson river with a gentleman, who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat, the Clermont, which I had never met with elsewhere.

"I chanced," said my narrator; "to be at Albany, on business, when Fulton arrived there in his unheard of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that his craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing."

"Mr. Fulton, I presume."

"Do you return to New York in this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chances with us."

"I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with his eye fixed upon it he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, 'is that right, sir?' This roused him as from a reverie, and as he looked up at me the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, 'Excuse me, sir; but scenery was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the event over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.'"

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

MOTHERLESS.

Motherless! There is a wail in the very sad, slow word. What an infinite, mournful meaning it has—a meaning to be felt, but far, far too profound for the poor compass of words.

One by one friends drop away from our sides and we feel all the different degrees of desolation and bereavement. But though with pale lips we may have echoed the word "lonely" many a time and oft, as the sods fall upon the still bosoms and folded hands of our best beloved, and life, robbed of its love treasures, may have seemed almost too worthless for its daily exertions, we never, never can know the full meaning of that sad word nor feel the uttermost result of the heart's bereavement, till the grave has covered from our sight the form and face and eyes we first looked upon with conscious affection. When we are motherless we are alone, for no other friend can fill the void a mother's loss creates—no other love can supply the place of that which has gone from us here forever.

The saddest grief—notches in the diaphanous of sorrow have been wrung from human hearts by a mother's loss. Manhood and womanhood mingle their voices in the cry, and little children and youth of all ages re-echo it. Even the wail of the infant, as yet unconscious of a loss that never can be supplied, has a prophetic sadness in its tones that is like no other sound of human grief.

Dick, a dakey in Kentucky, was a notorious thief. On one occasion, Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Jones') turkeys.—Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.

"No I didn't, Massa," responded Dick.

The master persisted.

"Well, at length said Dick, 'I'll tell you, massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and confound it, when I come to look, dere was nine turkeys on de rail!"

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.

"No, sir!"

"Do you support Douglas?"

"No, sir!"

"Do you support Bell, then?"

"No, sir!"

"What do you support Brookridge?"

"No, sir!" shouted the screamer; "I supports Botsey and the children, and it's mighty hard screwin' to git along at that, with corn only twenty-five cents a bushel!"

SPICY.—The following passages at arms has taken place between the Petersburg, (Va.) Press, (Loco), and the *Intelligencer*, (Union).

"Democracy survives."—*Press.*

"So does the devil."—*Intelligencer.*

"And as both are now fairly in the field for the next campaign, 'choose ye whom ye will serve.'—*Press.*

"Of two evils choose ye the least." "We'll take the devil."—*Intelligencer.*

"Bill, I'm fascinated with Miss Million."

"With her personal charms?"

"Yes, with her purse-and-all-charms."

The past year has been one of great prosperity to the farmers, who should therefore remember the poor—printers!

Agricultural.

A CURE FOR GLANDERS.—A few years ago I had a very valuable horse which had the glanders, which lasted some twelve or eighteen months, and so badly that I offered to sell him for \$15. He could be heard to breathe from fifty to one hundred yards every breath; indeed we could not sleep well, so distressing was his breathing, the stable being close by.—I determined to kill or cure, so for experiment. On Monday I gave him as much dry calomel as would lie on a ten-cent piece; on Wednesday I did the same; on Friday I gave it again; on Saturday he could not bite a pumpkin; on Sunday morning I looked in his trough and found at least one quart of old matter scales, with a mixture of matter, all in a lump. From that time he breathed easy, and never was troubled again with glanders; it was a perfect cure. I worked him in my buggy for two years after that and traded him as a sound horse to a neighbor, who was familiar with the disease all the time he had it. He was slightly salivated, and was as good afterward as before. A neighbor tried the remedy with equal success.—*Cor. Southern Planter.*

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.—In a communication to the *Cotton Plant* says—"There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper and all other worms and bugs that usually infest and often destroy so much bacon. It is simply to keep your smoke house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the last twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never have my bacon troubled by any insect. I have now hanging in my smoke house hams one, two, and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exemption of my bacon from insects but simply the fact that my smoke house is always kept dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many experiments, but always without success, or with injury to the flavor of my bacon. I smoked with green hickory—this is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood.

INDIA RUBBER WATERPROOF VARNISH.—A writer in the *Scientific American* says:

"I have used a solution of India rubber and turpentine for about twenty years, as a waterproof varnish for my boots and shoes. I make the applications before blacking is put on, or else remove the blacking by water. When the leather is moist I take the solution of India rubber and apply it with a rag, taking care to rub it in; then I put the boot in a moderately warm place until the whole is absorbed. The process is repeated twice, or until the pores of the leather are filled, when the surplus is wiped off. In a few days afterwards blacking may be put on, and the leather will polish well. By this method of treating my boots I make them not only water-tight, but much more durable, and the leather is always kept soft and pliable. I treat every pair of new boots in the manner described, and affect a considerable annual saving thereby."

HOW TO SAVE SWEET POTATOES.—The other day, while conversing with three gentlemen, the conversation turned on sweet potato keeping, and the following was the plan recommended: Take boxes three by four feet, and put three inches of dried oak leaves on the bottom, then one layer of potatoes, alternating till the box is filled within six inches of the top, and that six inches must be packed with leaves, and be sure to keep the three inches all round the inside of the box packed tightly with leaves; then put the cover on, dig a hole in the ground four inches larger than the box, put two strips in the bottom two inches thick, and then put dry leaves all around it, and on the top put enough to make it one foot high; then put on one foot of earth, forming it roof-shape.

MUTTON VS. PORK.—We mean to repeat a thousand times, or