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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



GOD'S WAYS.
Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon the battle field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is best seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.
Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.
It is not so; but so it looks:
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's heights, and reached
Only by child-like love.
The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.
She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free,
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.
Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!
And blessed is he who can divine
Where right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!
Oh, learn to scorn the ways of men!
Oh, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.
God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
Muse on His justice, downcast soul,
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thee crown to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!
God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
From the New York Ledger.

THE GAME AT CARDS.

BY MERL LEE.
"The darkies are mine," said the gamster, striking his fist upon the table; "show 'em up, and let us see what they look like."
The young planter, who had lost, sent one of the boat servants below for John and Helen. The passengers awaited for the appearance of the servants, in silence, for a long time; but they came not. The servant had informed them of the change of owners, and they dreaded to see their new master. They were attached to the young planter and his wife, and did not like to leave them; beside they had children of their own at home; and what was to become of them?
The winner began to wax impatient at the delay, and exclaimed:
"Come Danton; hurry up the niggers. They must move quicker than this when I send for 'em or they'll never know what hurt 'em."
The young planter's aristocratic face flushed crimson at this rude and brutal exclamation, but he made no reply. He was about to send another servant for John and Helen, when his purpose was stayed by the appearance of Mrs. Danton. Her husband had been gaming, and she had been weeping ever since the boat left Cincinnati; and we were now far down the Mississippi. No wonder, then, that she was pale and wan, and that her eyes looked as though they had been nearly wept away; but she was exquisitely lovely, nevertheless.
Although many years have passed since that evening, I can see the sorrow-stricken young wife now, as she glided up to the table and looked her husband in the eye. He could not bear up under her gaze. He lost all their money, and in a fit of desperation had also staked and lost the two slaves. Laying her little hand upon his arm, she said:
"Is it true, Charles, that you have lost John and Helen?"
Her husband made no reply; he could not even look up.
The passengers were now fast gathering round, and the scene was growing painful. My father (who came North to fetch me from school, and was taking the longest possible way home) was holding me by the hand, and I knew, by the tightening of his grasp, that he was becoming much excited.
As Danton did not seem inclined to answer his wife's question; the gamster roughly said: "Yes, ma'am; John and Helen are mine; and I want to see 'em, quick."
Danton sprang to his feet, and stooping across the table, hissed in the very teeth of the gamster:

"Villain! don't you presume to speak to my wife again."
The look with which this menace was accompanied was perfectly blasting, and made the swarthy and pitted face of the gamster fairly turned white.
How inconsistent is man! That accomplished and high-born husband could deliberately jeopardize the property and corrode the happiness of his wife, hour after hour, day after day, and night after night; but he could not bear that the man whom he had chosen for a companion should even so much as speak to her.
"Yes, Mary; John and Helen are lost," he said at last, as he let the gamster from under his gaze;—"they are lost, and it can't be helped now; so don't let us have a scene about it."
"I shall not let them go," said Mary, firmly; "and I will have a scene about it. I did not say a word about the money, but now that you have played them away—Oh, Charles!" and she leaned her head on her husband's breast.
"Ah! hence they come!" said the gamster, as John and Helen approached.
John was a powerful and fine looking mulatto; his face indicating unusual intelligence and kind heartedness. Helen was much whiter than her husband, and remarkably handsome. The gamster's evil-eyes gleamed as he surveyed her, and turning to a savage-looking man near him, he said:
"I'll sell you John, in the morning, Hammond; but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days."
"I'm agreeable," said the slave trader, for such he was; "but I'd like the gal as soon as possible."
A look of indignation ran around the group at this brutal colloquy. My father's grasp tightened still; and encouraged thereby, I whispered to him to buy John and Helen himself; but he shook his head, and motioned me to keep silent.
"I tell you, I shall not let them go," repeated Mrs. Danton, addressing the stranger; "they were brought up in my mother's family; beside, they have children at home, from whom it would be cruel to separate them."
The gamster and slave trader exchanged sneers at Mrs. Danton's sentimental reasons for not letting the slaves go, and her husband said:
"It can't be helped now, Mary; let us go to our room."
"O, Missus! don't go and leab me wid dat man," shrieked Helen; "I shall die, or jump overboard. O, don't leab your own true Helen, who saced your life when you fell in de by-go."
"I shall not leave you, Helen. Do not be alarmed; I—"
"Bress de Lord for dat!" interrupted Helen; "I knows we're safe, now; kase yer allers does jes' what you says you will."
"I think it's about time this nonsense was stopped," said the gamster, rising from the table. "You acknowledge, Danton, that these niggers are my property; consequently, they are mine, and I have a right to do what I please with 'em; no bill of sale is necessary between gentlemen. And now, you niggers, just come along with me, and don't make a fuss, or I'll have you flogged and put in irons."
The scene now became truly exciting. John drew Helen to his side, and clenched his teeth and fist, while their young mistress stood close in front, as if with her feeble arm she would protect them from the clutches of the gamster. I was wild with excitement, and begged my father either to buy the slaves or shoot the gamster—I did not care which. A bloody fight seemed inevitable; when a young New Englander, who had been very quiet during the whole trip, elbowed his way to the table, and asked the gamster at what sum he valued the slaves.
"Two thousand dollars," said he; "do you want to buy?"
"I have only a thousand dollars," the young man answered; "I will give you that for them."
"No sir; but I'll stake 'em against your thousand dollars, and play you a game of poker for the pile."
"I don't understand the game," said the New Englander.
"What game do you play?"
"I have played a few games at all-fours, but I never gambled for a cent in my life."
"Well; I'll play you a game of all-fours, then, if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars."
To the surprise of every one present, the young man accepted the challenge, called for a new pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced; the gamster having the first deal.
As the company drew more closely around the table, it seemed as though a watchmaker's shop were in our midst, so distinctly we heard the ticking of the watches.
The first hand the New Englander made three to the gamster's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran round the group. The second hand the gamster made three, and his opponent nothing; the third hand they each made two, which left the New Englander two to go, while the gamster had but one, and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and everybody seemed to give up the thousand dollars as lost.
The New Englander dealt the cards with a steady hand, however, and turned up the jack of hearts, which placed him even with his antagonist; but when he raised his cards I saw that he had not a single trump in his hand and his adversary was hesitating whether to "stand" or "beg"; if the former, the game was his to a certainty; if the latter, there would be another chance for the slaves. After drumming on the back of his cards a short time, he looked at the New Englander, to see if he could determine by his manner what it was best to do; but the young Bunker Hill met his gaze without flinching; and there they sat for a long time, gazing into each other's eyes.
"Run the cards," said the gamster, at last.

I could have hugged the man for his mistake.
Bunker Hill again dealt, and the queen of spades was turned. Every heart stood still as the cards were for the last time lifted.
"They are mine!" shouted the New Englander—"or rather, they are yours, madam," said he, in a milder tone, to Mrs. Danton, as he threw down the ace of spades.
The beautiful and impetuous Southern threw her arms around the winner's neck, and three defending cheers (in which even the slaveholder joined,) told the satisfaction of the audience.
Many years after I again met the New Englander on the Mississippi, and claimed his acquaintance, on the score of having been one of the most enthusiastic partisans on the night of the well-remembered triumph. He had prospered in business and become rich; and was making his annual pilgrimage to the family hearthstone—a stone which has more potent charms for good, than that at which kneel Mahomedan devotees in the city of their prophet. He said he had never touched a card since that memorable game; that the thousand dollars he then risked, was the sum total of his savings for many toilsome years; but that he staked it, and played the game, with a perfect conviction of success.
Danton had sought him out, and kept up the acquaintance ever since; and Mrs. Danton could now travel the world over with her husband without fear, for he had forsown gaming from that never-to-be-forgotten night.
"Bayon; the name which the Southern negroes give to every stream or body of water."
"I CAN'T SET IT UP."
BY F. H. STAUFFER.
While seated with the editor of a Philadelphia paper, a pretty little fellow, with an intellectual forehead, and dark, spiritual-looking black-eyes, came into the office. In one hand he held a composing stick, with some half dozen lines of type in it, while he toyed with the buttons on his coat with the other.
"What is it, Charley?" said my friend kindly.
"I want some other copy."
"Other copy? I don't understand you."
"Sir, I can't set it up, it is so touching!" and the little fellow burst right into tears. "It fills me right up. My eyes swim so with tears that I can't see the type. O, sir indeed I can't set it up."
"Very well then," said the editor, with a kind smile, "hand it over to Morgan; here is something else."
"That is a noble little fellow," said my friend, turning to me after the lad went out. "He is apt and intelligent beyond his years. He promises to be one of the most rapid compositors about the establishment. His little sister, a sweet child of six summers, used to come in the office and watch him as he worked. They were orphan children, and the hands all loved them dearly. A fortnight ago the little girl died, and her brother has taken it very hard.—Something about an incident that he was setting up brought his sister to memory, and caused this emotion."
My friend gave me a long, interesting history of the boy, until I detected a tear coursing down my cheek.
Ah, he was indeed a noble fellow! He was a little hero—one of those whose daily sacrifices no word may ever write in imperishable light—the ashes of whose consumed heart, none may ever gather as a holy relic. His soul that wanted but the touch of circumstance to stand mighty and beautiful before the world. No one could measure the grandeur of that lad's spirit, as he struggled upward through sorrow and adversity—plucking from his child's heart with more than a child's strength, the poisoned arrows of the world's scorn—warning with a holy faith and love the sensitive spirit chilled by the world's icy touch!

Romance of Real Life.
The Chicago Times relates a story, the incidents of which are said to be real. In a small town in the interior of Ohio, lived a beautiful young woman, whose father dying, willed her the whole of a large fortune, which she was to inherit when twenty-one years of age, on condition that she should remain single until that time. She obeyed the injunction for some years, but her young affections became at length, and some three years previous to the expiration of the time mentioned in the will, the prey of an artful man, of showy address, who removed from another place, and took up his residence in the village where the young heiress resided, for the purpose of laying siege to her heart. He succeeded too well, and under pretence that he was wealthy himself, and did not require the young woman's fortune in order to live in ease and elegance, induced her to consent to a secret marriage. The wary fortune-hunter had been duped by his own urgency in pursuit of the large property which the young and credulous woman was supposed to inherit unconditionally on coming to the age prescribed. He made known the marriage, and at once was undecieved by the guardian of the lady, who announced to him that the fortune was lost to him and his wife forever, as by the terms of the will the marriage of the daughter gave the property to another branch of the family. Maddened by the destruction of his hopes, the rascal denounced his wife for deception, although she had endeavored to make him understand the real facts, and, as she fell fainting, he left the house and the village. Years afterwards the abandoned bride received a letter from her husband, who had learned that she had become possessed of the property designed for her by her father, on the annulment of the marriage, and trusting to her retaining a lingering affection for him, hoped that he might still gain the prize that he coveted. He had not misjudged the strength of the young woman's affection. She responded to the letter, offering to unite her fate with his, and saying that she could now give him the inheritance that had caused them so much trouble. In order that her guardian and family should not know of her conduct, she sent the letter to the office by a servant girl who took with her a little girl as a companion, and allowed her to carry the letter. The child, attracted by the bright color of the stamp, removed it, and the letter deposited in the office, was sent to the dead letter office at Washington. She, of course, received no reply. But, a month later her guardian received a newspaper from Chicago, containing a political speech, which a friend in that city desired him to read. He laid down the paper, and the lady took it. Her eye glanced first at the marriage, and there she saw the announcement of the marriage of her former husband. She fell to the floor in a swoon, and lingered only a few days, when she died—the victim of misapprehension and avarice.

Always do What is Right.
The truly great are those who always do what is right. To be withheld from acting wisely and conscientiously, by motives of temporary policy or fear, is to behave like a traitor to the principles of justice. A man should think less of what may be said of his conduct at the time, than of the verdict that may be pronounced a few years in advance. It is by sacrificing principle to expediency, that character is lost; and character lost is with difficulty regained. Besides the fast decline from right leads to others. It is like the start in sliding down hill.
But there is a worse feature than even in succumbing to baseness, meanness, or wrong. Habit soon drills the moral perception, so that in time men come to perpetuate, with a morose pang, acts that originally they would have been astounded. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is the indignant exclamation of many a person who eventually commits the deed he abhorred. Arnold's treason grew up in his mind by slow degrees, nurtured by extravagance, and supposed neglect. Washington, always being rigidly correct, left behind a name that will never cease to be revered. To say merely that "honesty is the best policy," and thus appeal to the selfish part of nature, is a poor way to educate men to do right conscientiously. Better the nobler and higher ground that right should be done for right's sake.—Ledger.
A HUSBAND SOLD FOR \$500.—The Cleveland Plaindealer tells the following:
"A lady passed through here a few days since in hot pursuit of her husband, who had been smitten with a smart attack of 'passional attraction,' and had an away with another woman from Wyoming county, N. Y., to Loran county. She took a brace of officers from this city, and went to Elmira. The gentleman snuffing the approach of danger, left his money with a nephew to effect a diversion with the enemy, and took the cars for the South. On reflection, he suspected the honesty of his nephew, and took the next train back to look after his money. Here he encountered the pursuing party, and negotiations were opened. It resulted in the lady's selling out all her right, title and good will, in and to her husband, and his purchasing a dishonorable peace for five hundred dollars. The lady returned to Wyoming without a husband, but with a pocket full of rocks."
A FASHIONABLE CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—If "Fanny Fern" did not write the following, we do not know who did:
"You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you; your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Closely behind you follows a poor, meek, plainly-clad seamstress, deprived, from her tread-mill round, to think, one day in seven, of the immortal! The sexton is struck with sudden blindness! She stands embarrassed one moment; then, as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and, with a crimson blush, recrosses the threshold which she has profaned with her plebeian feet. Hark to the organ.—It is a strain from Norma, slightly Sabbathized. Now the worshippers one after another glide in—silks rattle—plumes wave—satin glistens—diamonds glitter—and scores of forty-dollar handkerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What an absurdity to preach the Gospel of the lowly Nazarene to such a set! The clergyman knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and handsome parsonage too highly. So, with a velvet tread he walks all around the ten commandments—places the downiest pillow under the dying prodigal's head—and ushers him, with seraphic hymning, into the upper-ten Heaven."
AN AFFECTING STORY.—A CHILD LOST.—A child of Franklin Gray, of Preston county, Va., (two years of age) attempted to follow his father to a neighbor's, a mile distant. The mother, missing the child, became alarmed, and at once instituted search. She followed her husband, but heard no tidings of the lost one.—Father and mother, spreading the alarm, joined by sympathizing neighbors, set out on a search, and all that day and night they continued the search, but morning came, and still the little wanderer was not found. Court was in session at Kingwood, (the county seat,) and on Saturday morning adjourned to allow all in attendance to aid in restoring the child to its anxious parents. The party numbering now about 200 persons, searched the woods all day, but not till the hunt had been well nigh abandoned, as evening was coming on apace, could any information be had of the child's condition or whereabouts. Mr. B. Hawley, as he was returning home, and within half a mile of Mr. Gray's house, found the child, but it was dead! It had perished from exposure, having been without food, wandering in the cold dreary woods from Friday morning.
"NO MOTHER."—"She has no mother!" What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance—no mother! Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrows be overfilled by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of doing?—forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh remember, "she has no mother!"
THE FURBER.—How we sometimes yearn to draw aside the veil which conceals futurity from our view, and see what time has in store for us. Alas! we know not what we wish! Few, perhaps, would have strength to press forward through the clouds and darkness that often lie in the brightest pathway. Wisely and well, therefore, are they concealed from view.

MARRIAGE.
Marriage is certainly an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is preserved, (as I have often said,) the most indifferent circumstances administer delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, "If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection."
A QUERE REMEDY.—A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend who had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the children read the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; and in a few days they will be cured."
A WOMAN SWIMMING THE MISSISSIPPI.—Loyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory gives a thrilling instance of the necessity for woman knowing how to swim. When the ill-fated Ben Sherrod was in flames on the Mississippi river, and the lady passengers who had thrown themselves into the water were drowning around the boat, the wife of Captain Castleman jumped into the river, with her infant in her arms, and swam ashore, a distance of half a mile, being the only woman saved out of sixteen. She had learned to swim when a girl.
FROM THE BRIDAL CHAMBER TO THE GRAVE.—The Boston Mail says that three weeks since Sabbath evening last, a seafaring man named Field was married to a young lady at South Boston, and immediately left for sea. On Monday the young bride was buried, she having been attacked with typhoid fever on Friday, of which she died in a few hours.
A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—"When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own have been swallowed by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturns and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the Shepard first noted them from the plains of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"—Carlyle.
CHILDREN DESERTED.—On the last trip of the steamer Chicago from this city to Cin., a couple of children, a boy and a girl, ten and twelve years of age respectively, were placed in charge of Captain Shunk by a gentleman who said he was going to Cincinnati by railroad, and would reclaim the children at that place. The Chicago arrived in Cincinnati, but there was no claimant for the children. Capt. S. concluded to retain them on board until his return from Louisville whence he was bound. He did so but still found no one to father the children.—The supposition of course is that the juveniles have been deserted by their unnatural parent. They are bright, intelligent children, and unless claimed soon, they will be adopted into respectable families—two have already volunteered, the one to take the boy and the other the girl.
MILITARY STATE CONVENTION.—It is proposed to hold a military convention in Harrisburg on the third Monday in January next.—The object in view is the improvement of the volunteer system, to accomplish which it is proposed to obtain the enactment of a law providing that companies hereafter organized shall consist of at least sixty, rank and file—fixing the militia fine at two dollars—the payment of all militia expenses from the fund thus raised in each county—providing penalties for evading assessment of militia tax—a certificate of membership in a volunteer company to entitle the holder to a credit of two dollars on his State tax.
"It will be gratifying to our Democratic readers to observe the prominent position which Berks county occupies at Washington, in the person of her able Representative, Hon. J. Glancy Jones. The admirable resolution offered by him in the Congressional caucus last Saturday evening, was unanimously adopted, with every token of approval. We agree with the Pennsylvania, that "nothing which has occurred for a long time has given more satisfaction to the sterling Democracy of Pennsylvania, than this fearless avowal of national doctrines on the part of the Democratic party in Congress, and we are glad to see that a Pennsylvania was selected as the one to present this eloquent declaration, to a meeting of the representatives of the Democracy of the Union."
A horse dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults.—When turned loose in the field, he was "bad to catch," and he "was of no use when caught."
Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character; and in doing this never reckon the cost.