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## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

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### WHITE MEN AT A DISCOUNT AS AMERICANS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes that the prevalent belief in France is that Americans are black.

"A native-born citizen of the United States is generally—not always, I am sorry to say—too dignified, too much of a gentleman, to go crying through the streets, the restaurants, and the kitchens, that he is an American; while, on the contrary, there is in Paris a large number of American negroes, and a still larger number of very dark persons, of mixed Indian blood, from the West Indies and South America, who proclaim everywhere that they are Americans, and thus overshadow and crowd out the small number of pale-skinned Yankees, who attempt to pass themselves off as the Simon pure.—These South American Spaniards, who, so far as I know them, are very gentlemanly men, are generally very dark, and outnumber, at this time, the North Americans two to one. They call themselves Americans, as they are, in fact since they come from the American Continent, and thus it is that those of us who have the misfortune to bear a Northern skin on our bodies pass for English, or German; we are a false article!"

### SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.—Hall's Journal of Health has the following:

"From extended and close observation the following general deductions seem to be warranted: 1. Infantile vaccination is an almost perfect safeguard until the fourteenth year. 2. At the beginning of fourteen the system gradually loses its capability of resistance, until about twenty-one, when many persons become almost as liable to small-pox as if they had not been vaccinated. 3. This liability remains in full force until about forty-two, when the susceptibility begins to decline, and continues for seven years to grow less and less, becoming extinct at about fifty, the period of life when the general revolution of the body begins to take place, during which the system yields to decay, or takes a new lease of life for two or three terms of seven years each. 4. The grand practical use to be made of these sentiments is: Let every youth be re-vaccinated on entering fourteen; let several attempts be made so as to be certain of safety. As the malady is more likely to prevail in cities during the winter, special attention is invited to the subject at this time."

CHOLERA.—This fell disease has once more made its appearance in England; and there can be no doubt, if it be true to its antecedents, that it will visit the shores of America during the course of the approaching summer. Should it do so, it will again find us unprepared, and the usual mortality and panic will be the result. Six months previous to the outbreak of 1854, we warned the authorities of its approach, and urged the adoption of measures calculated to arrest its progress and disarm it, in a measure, of its power. Our warnings, however, were unheeded, and a mourning community were insulted by the solemn mockery enacted by short-sighted and incapable officials, in the great activity displayed to check the progress of an epidemic which had gathered its victims, expended its power, and was already rapidly on the decline.—*Montreal Medical Chronicle.*

SUICIDE OF EX-PRESIDENT JONES OF TEXAS.—*New Orleans, Jan. 12.*—By an arrival from Galveston, intelligence has been received that Dr. Anson Jones, Ex-President of Texas, committed suicide at Houston, on the 8th inst., by blowing out his brains. The cause of the act is not stated. Dr. Jones had been a prominent citizen of Texas since a period anterior to the revolution which resulted in the independence of that State. After holding various offices of a responsible character, he was chosen President. He was afterwards an ardent advocate of the annexation of Texas to the United States. Since Texas became one of the States of the Union, Dr. Jones has acted as a leader of the Democratic party, second in influence only to Houston and Rusk. He was recently a candidate for the United States Senate, but yielded place to General P. Pinckney Henderson.

TAX ON MONEY LOANED.—Under the new code of revenue laws of the State of Mississippi, the tax on loaned money is twenty cents on every one hundred dollars, or two dollars on the thousand.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. She said: "How beautiful your blush has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears became her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. They may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-grown rose, sprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her mother's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service, in case of war—because their charges are so great that no one could withstand them.

## Select Poetry.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]  
THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

O for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

—My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And calmly smiling said,  
"If I but touched thy silvered hair  
Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid the fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah! truest soul of woman-kind!  
Without thee, what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind;  
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

—The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!"

—"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take—my—girl—and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,  
"Why this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise,—  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke  
To please the gray-haired boys.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

A circumstance occurred during the gloomy winter of 1776-7, which has not found its way into histories, but which we copy from a late number of the *Democratic Review*. It was one among the many during the Revolution, which appeared to be providential allotments in our favor. The writer received the account of it from a son of Richard H. Lee, and from Francis Lightfoot Lee, who were members of Congress, and were in Philadelphia at the time.—These gentlemen were accustomed to mention it as a providential interference in behalf of their country.

"When General Washington was retreating through the Jerseys in the winter of 1776-7 and had crossed the Delaware, his lead and bullets had nearly failed, and he would be unable, without a considerable supply, to make the brilliant and successful movements which re-covered New Jersey, and re-inspired the country with new hope and confidence in their Commander-in-chief. In this darkest hour of the war, Congress had made every effort to supply the so-much-needed articles. All the lead that could be found in public and private places had been obtained. Lead pipes had been melted and the plates torn from the roofs of houses; but still a small quantity only could be obtained. Just then in the darkest moment of despondency, Robert Morris, who has been called the "financier" of the Revolution and whose extensive credit and mercantile transactions in Europe, and whose unflinching devotion to his country, has laid that country under never-ceasing obligations, received a letter from one of his ships which had escaped British cruisers, informing him that the vessel was within the capes, and would reach Philadelphia at such a time, and was ballasted with lead, and amounting to a very large quantity. This letter the patriotic Morris—for such we delight to call him—received late in the day, and after Congress had adjourned. He joyfully informed the members he could see before morning. Early the next morning, Morris and many members repaired to the wharf anxiously looking out for the expected vessel. For some time she did not appear. The members repaired to the hall with saddened countenances, and on the assembling of the House, the letter of Morris was read and the looked-for supply was eagerly expected. Morris was too anxious to remain in his seat in the House; he returned to the wharf, straining his eye down the river. At length the goodly vessel heaves in sight, and her owner recognizes the stars and stripes. The news spreads rapidly through the city and reaches Congress, a scene of joyful emotion instantly succeeds, and the hearts of these glorious, beloved men sent up to Heaven their grateful thanksgiving for the relief about to be received in the hour of despair.

The ship arrived ballasted with lead, which the Captain of his own apparent will, (but as our fathers rationally piously believed, by the leadings of a good Providence,) had for the first time resolved to use for that purpose. By God's overruling providence, the vessel escaped the perils of storm and capture; arrives at the exigent moment; a large supply of lead is immediately obtained; our great Commander re-crossed the Delaware and saves our country.—*Laus Deo.*

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked a Yankee if they had any swift horses in America. "Swift?" said Jonathan, "I've seen a horse in Baltimore beat his own shadow a quarter of a mile the first heat."

How much more difficult is it to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than a week day! Can the shut shops have any thing to do with this?

## A VISIT TO VALLEY FORGE.

About sixteen miles up the Schuylkill from Philadelphia, a small stream leaves the rich and beautiful valley of Chester, and winds its way through a deep ravine between two mountains and empties its clear waters into the river.—The mountains are filled with iron-ore, and as the stream affords water power, the old inhabitants of the colonies erected at its mouth a mill and around them a few houses, and the place was known as the "Valley Forge."

It was after the disastrous results of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in which the Americans lost 2000 soldiers, whom in their already reduced state they could poorly spare, that Washington was forced to give up Philadelphia to the enemy, and lead his drooping and discouraged army to this secluded spot, which the sufferings of that little band, while it lay and shivered there during the memorable winter of '76, has made immortal.

We approached the old encampment by a road leading down a narrow defile which forms the bed of the stream, and ascended to the summit where the army lay, by a rugged pathway which is still to be traced among the rocks, and were shown by our guide as we passed the different spots, where the cannon had been planted to guard the entrance. When we reached the summit we found it partially covered with trees and underwood, yet eighty years had not been able to destroy the efforts that little band had put forth for self-protection. There was still to be seen a ditch and embankment, which is at present about three feet high, extending more than two miles around the top of the mountain.

At the more open and unprotected points are still to be seen five different forts of different forms, more or less perfect. They were probably built principally of logs, but they have long since decayed, and their forms at present are to be traced only by piles of dirt which had been thrown up to strengthen them. The most perfect one at present is still about ten feet high, and probably one hundred feet square, with a dividing ridge running diagonally from one corner to the other, forming two apartments of equal size, but with one narrow entrance. It all remains quite perfect and the walls or banks are covered with trees. The tents of the soldiers were made of poles, which seem to have been twelve or fifteen feet long, built in the form of a pen, with dirt thrown up on the outside to keep out the storm. Their remains are still to be seen, situated in little groups over the enclosure. While down near the Old Forge we were shown a stone house, about 20 by 30 feet, which served as head quarters, in which Washington lived surrounded by his staff during the winter.

We entered the venerable building with feelings of the deepest emotion, and examined the room which served the illustrious chief as bedroom and audience chamber. It is very plain, and the furniture much as he left it. A small rough box in a deep window sill, was pointed out as having contained his papers and writing material. The house is occupied by a family who take pleasure in showing to visitors the different items of interest. The old cedar shingled roof which protected the "Father of his country" eighty years ago, had still sheltered the old head quarters until a year or two ago, when it was removed, and its place occupied by tin.

The graves of the soldiers are still to be seen in distant clusters over the ground, but are most numerous in the northeast division, where the regiments from the South were quartered, death having raged most fearfully among them, they being less able to endure the severities of a Northern winter.

It was during their encampment here that the tracks of the soldiers could be traced by their blood, as they gathered wood to warm their miserable huts.

And it is here that Washington is said to have shed tears like a father, while beholding their sufferings, while they gathered around him and plead for bread and clothing, and he had not the means to furnish them. Yet although every thing seemed so discouraging, it was near here that the "Friend" went home surprised, and exclaiming, "the Americans will conquer yet! the Americans will conquer yet, for I heard a whisper in the woods, and I looked and saw their chief upon his knees, and he was asking God to help them."

It may be great to lead a powerful army on to victory, but surely it is greater to preserve the shattered remnants of a discouraged band together, when the enemy was trampling over them, when their Congress could do nothing for them, when starving families at home were weeping for their return, and when their seemed no prospect before them but miserable defeat.

Numerous graves have recently been opened, and the bodies of many of the officers have been removed by their friends to other burying-grounds in their native States. But the poor and obscure soldiers who still remain, have monuments more beautiful than art can form erected over them, for nature has planted hundreds of cedars as a silent tribute to their memory, which have been watered by the pure and generous tears of night, and they are now forming living wreaths of evergreens over their graves.

A man who can have his corns mashed without grumbling, is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toe, "My dear sir, are you not a miller?" "No sir; why do you ask?" "Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one, too, because you have been grinding my corn this half hour without taking toll."

How much more difficult is it to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than a week day! Can the shut shops have any thing to do with this?

[From Morris and Wallis' Home Journal.]

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

This exquisite ballad, constructed by Robert Burns, out of a different and somewhat exceptional lyric, has always left something to be wished for and regretted: it is not complete.—But who would venture to add to a song of Burns? As Burns left it, it runs thus:

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was bent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill together;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane another;  
Now we maun totter down John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep together at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

Fine as this is, it does not quite satisfy a contemplative mind; when one has gone so far, he looks and longs for something more—something beyond the foot of the hill. Many a reader of Burns must have felt this: and it is quite probable that many have attempted to supply the deficiency; but we know of only one success in so hazardous an experiment. This is the added verse:

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we have slept together,  
The sleep that a' maun sleep, John,  
We'll wake wi' ane another;  
And in that better world, John,  
Nae sorrow shall we know;  
Nae fear we'er shall part again,  
John Anderson, my jo.

Simple, touching, true—nothing wanting, and nothing to spare; precisely harmonizing with the original stanzas, and improving them by the fact of completing them. This poetical achievement is attributed to Mr. Charles Gould, a gentleman of our town whose life has been chiefly devoted to the successful combination of figures—but not figures of rhetoric. The verse was written some years ago, but it has not hitherto found its way into print; yet it well deserves to be incorporated with the original song in any future edition of Burns' Poems, and we hope some publisher will act on this suggestion.

## THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

"That which other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?"

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest orator of modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment to which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been erected there rather than had travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the most illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? By dint of diligence; by downright pains taking.

## A ROYAL LADY.

Our lady readers will be interested in the following description of the English Princess Royal, Victoria's eldest daughter, from the pen of a correspondent of an Aberdeen journal.

"With the remembrance, as if it had been yesterday, of the boom of the guns which announced her birth, I was scarcely prepared to find her a full grown woman, taller by a couple of inches than her mother, and carrying herself with the ease and grace of womanhood. It is no stretch of loyalty or courtesy to call the Princess Royal pretty. She is perfectly lovely. The regularity of her features is perfect. Her eyes are large and full of intelligence, imparting to her face that sort of merry aspect which indicates good humor. The nose and mouth are delicately and exquisitely formed, the latter giving the effect of great sweetness. The Princess is more like her father than her mother. She is like the Queen in nothing but her nose. In all other respects she is a female image of her father. I should add, as interesting to your lady readers, that she wears her hair slightly off her forehead; not pushed back in the Eugenie fashion, but brushed latitudinally from the temples, and raised at the side above the ear in bandeaus (really the ladies must excuse me if I am talking nonsense, for I have not given that hostage to fashion which would enable me to speak *ex cathedra*.) Well, at any rate, the Princess is fair enough to be the heroine of a fairy tale, and the Prince Frederick should consider himself a lucky fellow."

A Boston paper, giving a puff to a new minister, says: "His prayer at the close of his sermon was the most eloquent that was ever addressed to a Boston audience."

TEACHER.—"William, can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" Pupil, looking demure.—"Don't know, sir, 'cept it be that 'east makes everything rise."

## IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the British press. Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at a winter assize at Clumel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms.—The individual inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the name) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare and a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "by your leave," at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington: "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah, before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed," exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"I won't."

"Upon your honor?"

"On my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself very comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore—

"Halloo!" said Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell: the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quick catches a cold, as reading a damp journal," and Daines once more affected to go to sleep.

The result was that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

## A HIDING PLACE OF ROBESPIERRE.

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great revolution, and now known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honore. The Club which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years have often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no farther, and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinions of the club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long have maintained his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed: A small room—a hiding place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and thus forewarned, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen, the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florin, open at the 2nd chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony of the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but a moment before; and singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles with which the flooring is composed.

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliott, an incorrigible wag, who was not noted for any particular and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional *jeu d'esprit* with the dry professor of conics. On one occasion, the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun.

Tom replied: "I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it what would you do?"

"I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

AT HER POST.—An old lady was very much addicted to going to sleep in church—a habit which she avowed she could not help. One evening, a prayer meeting was to take place in the church of which she was a worthy member, and she informed her family that she was going to it. One of her daughters said to her, "It is no use for you to go to church—you will be sure to go to sleep." "I don't care if I do," she replied, "I shall be at my post."

An honest Jonathan from the interior on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night by hearing the cry of "Oysters! buy any oysters!" in the mellifluous tones of a venter of the luscious shell fish, who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room-mate what it meant.

"It's only oysters!" replied his fellow lodger pettishly.

"Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

"I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Meller; "I shan't stay here a great while."

"Oh! Mr. Meller, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Meller, with a lugubrious expression of face.

"Because," said he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I am just passing away, like a cloud before the rising sun."

Mr. Meller verified his prophecy the next day, by running away with a good and sympathizing sister.

The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business, certainly than being raised by it.

A bankrupt, on being condoled with for his embarrassment, replied: "Oh, I am not at all embarrassed; it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a school-master of one of his pupils. "Because he had no knife to cut it," replied the hopeful biblical student.

An Eastern poet says the glance of his mistress would ripen peaches on a garden-wall.

"What a blessed change for society," says Punch, "it would be, if all the numerous rascals now upon the turf were under it in stead."

What is contentment?  
To sit in the house and see other people stick in the mud.

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get," said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

The worst feature in a man's face is his nose—when stuck in other people's business.—Remember that—you who are in the habit of bobbing round.