

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 2785.

VOL. I, NO. 30.

VOLUME 53.

NEW SERIES.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY MEYERS & BENFORD,
AT THE FOLLOWING TERMS, TO WIT:
\$1.50 per annum, cash in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and is a criminal offense.
The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

DENTIST
WILLIAM SCHELL, DENTIST,
Office on East Third Street, Bedford, Pa.

DR. P. C. REANOR
RESPECTFULLY begs leave to tender his Professional Services to the Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office in Juliana Street, at the Drug and Book Store. Feb. 17, 1858.

DR. B. F. HARRY
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. John H. Harris. June 24, 1853.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.
The undersigned have associated themselves as the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Juliana Street, three doors east of "Mergel House," opposite the residence of Mr. Mann. JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.
June 2, 1854.

WM. P. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW
WILL attend faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care in the Counties of Bedford and Fulton.
Bedford, Nov. 1, 1847.

John P. Reed,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pennsylvania.
Office second door North of the Market.
Bedford, Feb. 20, 1852.

Cosma & Shannon,
ADVISED a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office nearly opposite the Gazette Office, where one or the other may all times be found.
Bedford, Oct. 20, 1849.

LAW NOTICE.
W. JBAER, Attorney at Law:
WILL practice regularly in the Courts of Bedford County hereafter. He may, during Court Week, be consulted at his room at the Washington Hotel.
Nov. 3, 1853.

JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
HAS Sale 10 Farms, and 12,000 acres of Coal and improved Land, in Bedford and Fulton counties, in Lots in the town of Hamilton. Land sold in lots to suit purchasers. Proposals for timber invited from Lumbermen. Terms easy.
Aug. 1857.—5m.

W. J. B. HENFORD, P. F. MEYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
WILL practice at all business entrusted to them. Mr. Henford will be in regular attendance at Court. Office on Juliana Street, same as formerly occupied by Wm. M. Hall, Esq. Jan 28, 1853.

TO BUILDERS.
The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish a quantity or quality of Building Lumber and Plastering Laths. Orders directed to St. Crisville, Bedford County, will be promptly attended to, by giving a reasonable notice.
F. D. BEEGLE.

NOTICE.
Partnership heretofore existing between James B. and J. H. Tharp is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All money due the firm is payable to J. H. Tharp, and all debts owed or contracted by them, will be paid by James B. Tharp.
JAMES B. THARP.
J. H. THARP.
19, 1858.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Indebtedness appointed by the Orphans' Court in the County of Bedford, to report a distribution of the money in the hands of Mrs. C. Harmer, administratrix of the last Will of Mrs. C. Harmer, who was administrator of the Estate of Mrs. B. Miller, deceased, will attend to the duty his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bedford, on Wednesday, the 10th day of March, next, 10 o'clock A.M. of said day, when and where all persons interested can attend.
JNO. F. REED, Auditor.
ST received at Shoemaker's Colonade a large assortment of Boots, Shoes, H. C. [Dec. 4, 57.]

O BE HAD AT DR. HARRY'S.
of Jamaica Ginger, which should have place in every family, for sale at Dr. H.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper:
"Is there for the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one,
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily wooed.
Tall and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he wooed.
May-day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.
May is passing:
"Mong the apple boughs a pigeon coo,
Hannah shudders;
For the wild southwest mischief brews,
Round the rocks of Marblehead.
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lone-soned,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
"Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she see,
Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you, heard of Ben?"
Oid with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Twenty winters
Bleached and tear the rugged shores she views.
Twenty seasons
Never one has brought her any news,
Still her dim eyes shimmer,
Gaze the white sails of the sea,
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

THE MUTILATED TOOTH PICK; OR THE BLOOD TUB OF TILLETUOLUM.

BY BRAINLESS BOB, JR.
"Mad Joe! the Mysterious Sings, &c."
CHAPTER I.
"Now is the winter of my discontent
Made double bitter by the scarcity
Of Lager beer."
"Lager, more lager!" hoarsely shouted the Count D'Nincompoop to his attendants, as he sat at the banquet table, in the Hall of Nincompoop Castle.
The butler hastened to obey the order, and soon returned with the just-lygiced that the lager was all gone!
"No lager!" exclaimed the Count in a voice of thunder.
"Nary glass!" replied the trembling menial.
"Fool, why dost thou not provide more of that Teutonic beverage? But go, depart, separate! ere in my rag-I strike out from the shoulder like an artist, and give you justice!"
The butler and the other attendants left, and the Count was alone.
With rapid strides he paced the Hall, anon he speaks, while his manly face is distorted with fearful passion.
"Isabella D'Fitzsimkins, thou shalt be mine; eye, haughty beauty, never shall Rodrigo call you wife. My plans are laid, and unlike the Wall street brokers, I know no such thing as fail."
"Rodrigo, the Blood Tub is on thy track; beware, beware!"
With the smile of a demon, he drew from its sheath a glittering dagger, and sharpened it on his boot.
CHAPTER II.
"Cassia—Dost know him, Iago?"
"Iago—I do; he is a lead of bricks—be it so!"
Rodrigo D'Polliwog was an orphan.—This melancholy circumstance, it is generally believed, was caused by the death of his parents. He loved with all the fiery ardor of his impetuous nature, the beautiful Lady Isabella D'Fitzsimkins. To him she owed her life: for one day she walked forth in all the pride of her maiden loveliness to purchase a pair of pea-nuts, a pair of flight-and horses dashed madly down the street. All except Isabella, fled; but she seemed rooted to the spot.
Nearer they approached—a piercing shriek reads the air; they are almost upon her, when a youth rushes from a lager beer saloon, seizes the foaming steeds by the tails, and with superhuman effort threw them into the middle of next week! Having accomplished this herculean feat, he bears Isabella into a shotery pop, where she soon recovers, and is escorted home by the gallant Rodrigo. 'Twas thus they met.
That night Lady Isabella slept not, tho'ts of Rodrigo filled her mind, and conjured up visions of the future, brighter than Fernando Wood's before election day. And Rodrigo, too, wooed the God of Sleep in vain.
CHAPTER III.
"Her nose is like the snow drift,
And bunged up is her eye!"
"That's so!"
In a magnificently furnished apartment sat the Lady Isabella and Rodrigo knee at her feet.
"Rise, Rodrigo," she murmured in dulcet tones.
"I'll rise no more than fancy stocks have since the financial crisis, until you decide my more questions."

SONG.

ELLEN BAYNE.
Soft be thy slumbers, ride cares depart,
Visions in numbers cheer thy young heart.
Dream on while bright hours and fond hopes remain,
Blooming like smiling bowers for thee Ellen Bayne.
CHORUS.
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty, round thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne.
Dream not in anguish—dream not in fear—
Love will not languish—fond ones are near,
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure, or pain,
Warm hearts will beat for thee, sweet Ellen Bayne.
CHORUS.
Scenes that have vanished smile on thee now,
Pleasures once banished, play round thy brow,
Forms long departed, greet thee again,
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"DARK DEEDS" OF INDIA.

A recent writer gives the following account of something that fell under his personal notice in India:
Our conversation was here interrupted by a gardener, who presented the Rajah and myself, respectively, with a musrey; and who volunteered the information, that some workmen, in digging the foundation of a vine-trellis, had come upon an old house under the earth, and in it had been found several gold and silver coins.
"Where?" said the Rajah.
"There?" said the gardener, pointing in the direction.
We hurried to the spot and found that the workmen had gone; but sure enough, there were the walls of an apartment, formed of red stone and white marble.
"This quarter of Agra," said the Rajah to me, "was formerly inhabited by persons of the highest rank. Where we are now standing, and was, no doubt, once the site of a palace; and these walls are those of the ty-khana—a vault beneath the dwelling from which the light is excluded. In these dark places are usually perpetrated what you English call 'dark deeds.'"
I expressed a desire to explore this newly discovered apartment of former days; but the Rajah told me that it was then too late as the workmen had gone; but he promised me that if I would come to him at daylight on the following morning, he would have great pleasure in gratifying my curiosity.
On the following morning, having spent a very dreamy night, I was carried in my palanquin to the Maharajah's. Such was the name of the place.
Lall Singh then resided. The Maharajah was dressing. I was confronted by a Sikh with an enormous head, whose hair was a yard long, and tied up in a peculiar knot on the top of his head, and who politely inquired if I would take coffee. Ere long the Rajah made his appearance, and we went together to the newly discovered ty-khana, which was now guarded, since gold and silver had been found there. The workmen, some twenty in number, came and commenced their labor of clearing away the earth in all directions, in order to get to the bottom of the apartment in the ty-khana. This was accomplished in about two hours, and we then stood upon a stone floor in the centre of a room about sixteen feet square. In several of the niches were little lamps, such as are burnt on the tombs of Moslems, and a hootah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterranean apartment, of which the sky is now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that upon one side, there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor, and carried up therefrom and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was made of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantelpiece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked the Rajah the reason of such structure in the apartment. He replied that he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it: one of them however took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been huddled up. The skin was still being on the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, spangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ankles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire or thread: such as only Mohammedan women of rank or wealth could afford to wear. The body resembled a well-preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and was parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrible and ghastly figure that I ever beheld.
The workmen appeared to take it as a matter of course; or rather to regard it only with reverence to the gold and silver ornaments upon the skeleton; and it was with great difficulty that I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the Rajah, he simply smiled, and coolly remarked:
"A case of jealousy. Her husband was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus,—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it,—perhaps she was plotting against his life: perhaps she was innocent. Who can say? Hindoos as well as Mohammedans punish their wives in this way."
"You mean that they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India. But such a thing could not occur in our time."
"It does not occur as often as it did: but it does occur, sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of the wealthy native?—Let us look a little further into the wall.—It strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

CHAPTER V.

"Dry up and suspend!"
The news of the murder of Rodrigo spread with rapidity throughout the city. The Metropolitan were on the alert, and by the orders of Coroner Conroy the Count was arrested, and the mutilated tooth pick was found upon his person.
Isabella was summoned as a witness, but alas! she could give no evidence, she had become an idiot. The Count endeavored to prove that the blood upon the tooth pick was not arterial, but he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.
But mark! what cry is it that breaks on the startled ear, "Ere's the Express, third edition; get the recovery of Rodrigo!"
The news was, Rodrigo was not mortally wounded, and with the aid of the retired physician, whose sands of life had nearly run out, recovered his usual health.
But little remains for us to relate. The Count D'Nincompoop was released by the intercession of Rodrigo, and left the United States to spend the balance of his miserable life in New Jersey.
In a fit of diabolical passion at hearing of the marriage of Rodrigo D'Polliwog to the Lady Isabella D'Fitzsimkins, he dashed his brains out with a bar of soap.
Rodrigo and Isabella, who, after the murder had procured a divorce from the Count, lived happily together, and many little Polliwog squirmed around their feet.

BADGERING WITNESSES.

Some lawyers have a very reprehensible practice of badgering witnesses while on the stand, in order to render their evidence useless by reason of contradictory statements which they may make while in a state of temporary embarrassment. They sometimes meet with their match, and a very notable instance is an anecdote related of Cook, the actor and musician, who on being summoned as a witness in a case which was tried in London in 1833 between some music publishers, the matter in dispute being an alleged piracy of "The Old English Gentleman"—was cross-examined pretty fiercely by Sir James Scarlett, (afterwards Lord Abinger) who appeared for one of the parties. His Lordship said, "Now Mr. Cook, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different: what do you mean by that, sir?" To this Cook replied: "I said that the notes in the two copies were the same but with different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different." "But Mr. Cook," quoth Sir James, "don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, what do you mean when you speak of accent?" Cook replied: "Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner, as you would lay stress upon any given word—for the purpose of giving better understood. Thus, if I were to say 'you are an ass,' it rests on ass, but if I were to say 'you are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James." Shouts of laughter, it is said, followed this repartee, in which it was difficult for the stute judges to keep from joining. Sir James was satisfied with Cook's elucidation of the matter, and permitted him to retire without asking any more questions.

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GUMOROUS.

Phragmont of an Owed to a Phreemont Pull what was been Cut Dann fur stove wood.—
Woodman, spare them pull!
"Touch not a single wan.
Last fall they cheered our souls,
Just let them stand for plan.
It was our Phreemont Club,
That first did place them there;
Oh! please, sur, let 'em stand,
Or else you'll here us swear!
Boston Post.

SPARE THAT GIRL!

Youngster, spare that girl!
Kiss not those lips so meek!
Unruffled let the fair locks curl
Upon the maiden's cheek!
Believe her quite a saint;
Her looks are all divine,
Her rosy hue is paint!
Her form is—erminine.
How He Strengthened Him.—We believe we have got hold of an original anecdote that never was printed before. A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary of course to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:
"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."
"Yes, sir."
"Well, what explanation can you make?"
"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."
"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"
"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."
We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

ONE OF THE WATCHMEN.—A "feller"

coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake, in a wicker cage, which he deposited with his other plunder under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunken and sick "fellers." During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding the critter gone, yelled out:
"Everlasting misery! who's seen my watch-snake?"
"Many news-poppers," replied one of the dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article.
"What was he, old feller, you're inquiring for?" says a bald-headed man.
"Why my watchman, all my dust is under my bed here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone!"
"Guard! was he a nigger or a white feller?"
"No! he was a California rattlesnake—nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles on his tail. How any of you fellers sees the tassel critter crawl in round here?"
They hadn't, but all who were able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so in a bunch.

I GETS TE PEER ANXHOW.—The Sacramento

(Cal.) Age tells of an inveterate lager beer consumer, who is in the habit of hanging around the bar-rooms for the "stungs" and pickings." "Yesterday, the old fellow was waiting in a saloon on K street, expecting the receipt of a free glass. The bar-keeper at length saw a dead mouse under the counter. "Good," he exclaimed, "I'll fix old Lager with this 'ere'!" so he takes the mouse, puts its decaying body into a glass, (ugh!) covers it with malt liquor, and, passing to the counter, calls out: "Ere old chap, 'ere's a drink." Lager tottered to the counter, around which several cool ones were standing, seized the beverage, and swallowed it, choking slightly as the vermin descended his throat. "Ah, ah, now you're fixed," yelled the crowd. "Was it fixed?" inquired old Lager, startled by the sudden exclamations of the room squad. "Oh; you've swallowed a mouse, that'll use you up," answered the bar-keeper. "Schlorried a nice one, mit the beer!" said Lager as coolly and carelessly as though he had only taken down a fly. "A nice, wot, I tot it was a hop as goes in me, but I don't care, tis a nice, I gets te peer anxhow!"

DEAN SWIFT MAKES THE BARBER'S FORTUNE.

—Dean Swift's barber took it into his head to unite the profession of publican to his more regular one, "for the better maintenance of his family," of which he daily informed his distinguished patron, one morning while lathering one.
"Indeed," said the Dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"
"And please you," said razor, "some of our customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."
"What do you intend for your sign?" says the dean.
"The jolly barber, if it please your reverence with a razor in one hand, and a full pot in the other."
"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that you can be no great difficulty in supplying his pen, as instantly scratched them, but set in here, where you cut from pocket shaving bit the beer."
Where might you see the sign, where it remained was a sign, and made the barber's fortune.

ONE OF SPURGEON'S PARABLES.

That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment day was come. The great Books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus said, "Separate the chaff from the wheat, put the goats on the left hand, and the sheep on the right." The mother dreamed that the middle of the great assembly.—And the angel came and said, "I must take the mother, she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats, they must go on the left." She thought as she went, her children clutched her, and said, "Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?" She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, "My children, if possible, I would take you with me." But in a moment the angel touched her: her cheeks were dried; and now overcounting natural affection, being rendered super-natural affection, being resigned to God's will, she said, "My children, I taught you well. I trained you up and you forsok the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation." Thereupon, they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven!—Spurgeon.

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