

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

VOLUME 53.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 2796.

VOL. 1, NO. 41.

NEW SERIES.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY MEYERS & BEDFORD,
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.

POETRY.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH."

BY MRS. SMOOTHERY.

Oh God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunlight or in shade,
Her forest with their waving arch,
Her flowers that gem the glade.
Her hillocks, white with fleecy flocks,
Her fields with grain that glow,
Her sparkling rivulets deep and broad,
That through the valley flow.
Her crested waves that clash the shore,
And lift their anthem loud,
Her mountains with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud.
Oh God! how beautiful is life
That thou dost lead us here,
With taught hopes that line the cloud,
And joys that gem the tear.
With cradle hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce in their elastic bound,
Flow down the grass-floored sweet.
With brightness round the pilgrim's staff,
Who, at the set of sun,
Beholds the golden gates thrown wide,
And all his works well done.
But if this earth, which changes man,
This life to death that leads,
Are made so beautifully by Him
From whom all good proceeds.
How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and blest,
From chance, and fear, and sorrow free,
Attain eternal rest.

DANGER AS TO OUR SABBATH.

The fact that America has a universal Sabbath for the poor as well as the rich, says the *Home Journal*, is in the most instructive contrast to the following picture of Europe, given by a correspondent of the *Times*.
After a careful observation and experience in foreign cities, I am justified in this conclusion: The Sunday is a day of leisure to the moneyed classes of society, to whom all must be made easy, and of toil to the poorer. To the richer classes it is a gala day but to those who provide the dress, pleasures, and excursions of those above them, it is a time when their labors are more in demand than any other day of the week. Sunday is the day for the finest performances at the theatre and opera. It is a day for sumptuous dinners; for evening assemblies, concerts and balls. You may easily imagine, therefore, what an amount of labor is required, and especially when indifference to the day excludes all forethought. Young persons are playing their needles on Sabbath morning. Landladies are commonly seen carrying through the streets articles of attire. Printers and billposters are engaged in announcing the amusements for the evening. Shoemakers are finishing dress boots; boys carrying them home. Tailors are bending over brodered vests. The chief market of the week is held on Sunday morning. Cooks in the public kitchens, are busier than usual. Confectioners and decorators are pressed with labor. A carpenter in Nice said he would be grateful for any law that would exempt him from toil on Sabbath. An eminent physician in Bonn told me, that so numerous were the private and dancing parties on the Sunday evenings in that city, that in hundreds of houses the servant girls were so hurried that they could only catch a moment to eat their food as they stood. The most painful thing about this is, that there is not the most distant conception of any injustice being done to the suffering toilers by this state of things. The amount of it all is, that the *non-resist* principle works well enough for the selfish aristocracy, but terribly for the poorer classes. It would be so here, only that here, as in Europe, there can be no sound state of public or private morals, among rich or poor, without a day of sacred rest.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.

That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of the chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life. And among other things he informed me that, at their start, they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives—and the uniform result was the children were all like their mothers.—The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children.
"And now," said he, "if we could educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers they educate their sons." This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.
"The world is for the working hour; but home is the place of refuge. We come to it when we are weary or weak; our refreshment is there, our rest is there; we reflect there, we recover from sickness there, and when we die in peace, we die there."

Miscellaneous.

THE OUTPOST.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia and Ohio and the northwest portion of New York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.
To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and the colonial militia, were despatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north fork of the Alleghany river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old outpost to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and by night.
Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly looking fellow, who from his fatal, unerring skill as a marksman, had received the *non de plume* of Death. But with whatever justice the name had been applied to him for skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.

His rich fun of mother wit, large social propensities and constant good nature rendering him a general favorite with the men, while his never failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply, the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little "short coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which otherwise perhaps he might not have gotten over so easy.

The company had not been stationed at the fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three miles or so distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following under cover of a pretence of having forgotten his powder flask.

Death was invited to come again by Farmer Stanhope, happening to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.
The second week after the occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were widely different degrees of importance.

The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been sadly wanting in the *Rems* of wood-cocks, &c., for the week past, and the second and most important of two events was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

The last circumstance struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to willfully sacrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to go, enjoining double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal spot unoccupied for a night or two.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope farm. The moon was up, but her light was almost obscured by the dense mass of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty still breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, and the heavy gust rushed whistling in among their branches.

Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position several minutes he again quickly retreated in the manner he had advanced at a

point considerable lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered the room and informed him that one of his men wished to speak to him.

"Send him in," replied the Colonel; and the next moment our friend Death had entered and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

"Well, what scrape have you had yourself into now?" said the Colonel; when he saw who his visitor was.

"None Colonel," replied Death; "but I have come to ask a favor."

"Let us hear it," said the Colonel, "and we will then see what we can do."

"Well, Colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders to night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable in future."

"But how?" said the Colonel, in the most intense surprise.

"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise that no one shall receive a scratch if I follow my direction implicitly."

"Yes, you are a strange man," said the Colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"

"In about an hour's time," answered Death.

"Very well, I will give you the necessary orders so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have post Campbell's place."

Hector Campbell was a brave, but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentries had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now, my lads," said Death, as in a short hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of the dozen riflemen who had been temporary placed under his orders.

"I will tell you what we are going to do.—The long and short of the affair is simply this, it's a gang of them cussed, thieving Iroquois that have circumscribed and carried off four of our men—shooting them with their arrows and then decamped with their bodies.

"To-night as I was returning to the fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices. Creeping on my hands towards the spot, I got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen of Iroquois were there arranging their plans to surprise the fort to-night—intending to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed devilry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped to learn this, when I hurried to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned, being determined that if possible, the 'rifles' should have the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickening pulse and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long, narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky bank, while its extreme end was closed in by a dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood. Death now concealed his men, taking care to arrange them so that their fire would not cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he gave the signal; and after they had fired, not to stop to re-load, but clubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him, and in another minute the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow very impatient and Death himself to fear that the Indians had either rued their attempt, or else had changed their plan of battle, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of his crafty foes issuing in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.

"Three, six, nine, twelve, thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they immersed in single file from the wood, and, with quick, cat-like stealthiness of movement advanced up the pass, their files in trail, and their faces and bodies were rendered still more ferocious looking by the grotesque marking of their war paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle turf at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death

was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness imitated the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the riflemen now poured upon the remainder of them; but strange to say, out of the five who did not fall, was the Chief whom Death had aimed at. This unusual event was owing to the following cause; the branch on which he had steadied his arm in firing had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound he reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and fell heavily to the ground and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off!" shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters he let him go."

Over they rolled, and writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtained any advantage of the other. At last the head of the Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a big rock that projected from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released, springing on his feet finished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle, with sledge hammer force down upon his head. The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the ferocious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning) now sent up such a shout of triumph for the victory that the old woods rang with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and uncompromising veteran General Morgan of the revolutionary celebrity was the one and the same individual.

About a fortnight after this eventful night, Stanhope Farm was the scene of much mirth, during the twenty-four hours, the dinner-table of the officers was set, and we will add that the course of this "merry making" was the marriage of the beautiful Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

BLACK VERSION.—The legend concerning the color of Adam and Eve's skin, and the cause of the different varieties of shade and complexion now observable among men, are more numerous than the varieties themselves. The following which takes it for granted that all the inhabitants of the earth before the time of the deluge were black, and attributes these varieties to the son of Noah, is new to us, and may amuse some of our readers. "Noah," says the black Marabouts, "was entirely black. His three sons were quite as black as his father. One day, when Noah knew his life would soon end, he showed his sons a pit partly filled with water, which he said had the wonderful property of completely transforming any one that leaped into it. For a moment they all hesitated, but Jabeth suddenly rose and plunged into it, and as suddenly reappeared from the magical water under the form of a handsome young Caucasian. Shem, seeing this, eagerly followed his example; but to his astonishment, the water had disappeared and only a few ripe lemons were at the bottom. With the juice of these he rubbed his skin, and issued from the pit, not black, but of an Indian copper color. Ham then took courage, and with one bound reached the bottom of the pit, on his hands and feet. Frantic at the disappearance of the water, he even put his lips to the ground to suck up the few remaining drops of lemon juice; thence it happens that the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet and the lips of the negro race are of the same color as the skin of Shem.

TAKING IT COOL.—The Episcopal Mission church, at Brooklyn, N. Y., was the theatre of an exciting scene, on Sunday evening last, the 18th inst., during the services. A young man walked leisurely up the middle aisle, and after viewing the congregation for a while, walked up to a young lady in the choir, and drawing a dagger, made a desperate thrust at her breast. The lady shrieked, and the stranger was about making a second thrust when the organist interposed between the assassin and his intended victim. A policeman was called in, and the man was conveyed to prison.

It turns out that the name of the assassin is Josiah Newman; that of the lady Frances J. Bennett. The fellow, according to his own story, was desperately in love with her, but she not being disposed to reciprocate, and having given him notice that she did not desire a continuance of his acquaintance, he grew excited, and determined to kill her out of revenge; though when informed that he would have to go to the State Prison, he said, "well, I love her just as much as ever."

The affair created great consternation in church. Newman, it is said, hitherto has borne a good character.

A tubful of soapuds, farmers should remember is worth as much as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Every bucket of soapuds should be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place in which to dispose of it; but to the roots of grape-vines, young trees, or anything of the sort, will do as well.

GRUBS AND WIRE WORMS IN CORN FIELDS.

—Sward land, plowed in the Spring for Corn, is often found filled with worms which are sure to make great havoc with the seed unless they are exterminated. The following is an excellent remedy: After turning under the sod, sow broadcast a bushel and a half of fine salt to the acre, and harrow it in, following with the roller. Soak the seed in tepid water about eighteen hours. Dissolve two ounces of sal ammoniac and add it to the water. This amount will answer for a bushel of seed. Plant the corn soon after sowing the salt. The seed will germinate quickly and the plants will come forward at once. Between the salt and the ammonia, the corn will suffer little from the worms.

CHARLIE, THE DUTCHMAN.

Charlie the Dutchman, arrived at Seaford some time ago, "struck down his stake." Major, who is very fond of a joke, and seeing that Charlie had his gun and was quite fond of gunning, proposed to him one evening to go out and shoot crows in the pines belonging to Governor Ross. Charlie the Dutchman accepted and was in great glee at the prospect of shooting a half dozen Yankee crows. The moon was shining sufficiently to make it a good crowing night. Now, Major was aware that there was a large hornet's nest in one direction, so he sent Charlie towards the hornet's nest, and he took another road with the understanding that the one who first discovered a crow's nest should whistle. After a few minutes Charlie whistled, and the Major went to him.

"Major, here's one tam crow's nest as pig as a push."

"It probably has young ones in it Charlie, go up and clap your hands on it and catch them."

Charlie doffed his coat, hat and boots climbed up the pine, while Major took the precaution to cover up. Charlie claps his hands on the nest. "Mine Gott, Major, de nest is full of de little crows. Major, one little crow bite me. Major de tam little crows bite me all over. Mine Gott! how dey bite. Major, I'm coming; I tell you I'm a coming."

And sure enough, Charlie the Dutchman dropped to the ground and ran about a quarter of a mile without his coat and hat to get clear of "de tam little crows."

Charlie returned to get his coat and hat, while biting bitten.

Charlie put on his hat and a little crow which had taken refuge in the hat, took that opportunity to bite him on the head, and when he picked up his coat he found it covered with little crows.

"Mine Gott Major, everything is covered mit dese tam little crows. I'm off, Major, I say I'm off," and away went Charlie, and did not stop so long as he could hear the buzz of a hornet.

After Major had received breath sufficient to speak, he explained to Charlie, and Charlie, saw the force of the joke.

"Now Major, if you don't tell dis when you go home, I give you one five tollar, and if you tell it you is one rascal and I fight you."

But notwithstanding Charlie's bribes and threats, Major was engaged nearly all night in relation of Charlie's adventure with the "tam little crows."

"I wish my portrait taken," said a young man from the country to a daguerreotypist.

"Very well, sir, just take a seat here."

"You warrant a resemblance?"

"Certainly."

"For many years, and even when old age overtakes you, there will be some traces of your features left."

"But suppose I catch the small-pox, how can you warrant a durable likeness?"

"Just bring it back," said the artist, "and I'll punch a few holes in it."

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.—A gentleman, after great misfortunes came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am glad to hear it," said she. "Is that your love for me?" he replied in a tone of despondency; why are you glad?" "Because, answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

The mongrel: half spaniel, half wolf. Lash it often, and when you require it, a whistle will bring it to your feet; show but the slightest symptom of fear, and it will turn upon and worry you even unto death.

The Detroit Tribune says, a loving couple were married at Albion, a few days since, and having no money, they paid the preacher with two bushels of black walnuts!

"Now George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then mother, I'd rather Charles should divide it."

A coroner's jury, New York States, lately returned a verdict that the deceased person "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the mind of the jury."

To fill a green-room with envy, speaks well of a young actor. With the exceptions of rattlesnakes, it is supposed that creature possesses more venom than a third-rate Hamlet.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses!

Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic regular," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause y, he's getting well so precious fast!"

Farmers' Column.

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—In the "British Sportsman," we find the following hints respecting the management of rearing horses which strikes us as being worthy, as it is easy of a trial:

"Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise slacken one hand and bend or twist his head with the other keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs, and he will not fail to go forward. If the situation be favorable, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two three times severely. The horse will perhaps be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may feel disposed to try it again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, &c., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact, you will see him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse after having been treated in the way described, will resort to this trick a third time."

ABOUT PEAS.—I think farmers would do well to pay more attention to the culture of the pea. I think from what experience I have had they are very profitable to raise. I have grown sixty bushels per acre and down to thirty; have raised them with a bug in every pea, and every pea without a bug; if I want bugs, I sow them early; if not, sow in June, plow them in four inches deep, harrow well, and when they are fit to cut, take a horse rake when the dew is on, and rake them up; pass the winrow four feet before emptying the rake; that will leave each rakeful by itself; take a fork and put them into over once a day until dry. I do not know any name for the pea I raise. They have a bluish look when ripe, are not early, are good as green peas, or good to cook dry; I have seen them split and hull for sale in New York. I have never sold any; have always fed them to my hogs; think they pay better than corn. Peas and barley ground will fatten hogs very fast. I have none to sell; wish I had more to sow. I have only three bushels.

Moths in Carpets.

An experienced housekeeper writes: "Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco—in fact I rather think they enjoy the latter, if anything else than humanity can. Nor will the dreaded and inconvenient taking up and beating always insure success, for I tried it faithfully, and while nailing it down found several of the worms alive and kicking; they had remained under the pile unharmed. I conquered them wholly in this way: I took a coarse crash towel and wrung it out of clean water and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then ironed it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent future depredation of the miller."

GALLS ON HORSES.—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is bad economy to use poor harness. The collar, especially should always be in good condition. It should be frequently washed and oiled: an occasional pounding will keep it soft and in shape. Whenever it becomes thin and broken, pads should be worn underneath it.

Galls are occasioned, often, by putting horses to hard work all at once, after a period of rest, as in the spring, after the winter. As a means for preparing the horse for such work, it is well to bathe his breast and back with a solution of alum and whiskey for several days before the labor begins. It is well to use this preparation also at any other time when the skin becomes tender. We have known small sores to heal up entirely under the use of this remedy, even though the horse was kept at work.

It is another excellent preventative of galls to bathe the shoulders of a working horse once or twice a week, at night, with salt and water, washing off the same with pure water in the morning.

When the skin becomes badly broken a horse should be allowed a few days' rest, or if the work is very pressing, the harness should be padded as not to irritate the sore; otherwise, it would be vain to expect a cure. Some of our neighbors use white lead, mixed with linseed oil, (common paint), to cure galls. And they often succeed with it; at least they get a hard incrustation over the broken skin. But we hardly fancy this tanning a horse's hide while he is yet wearing it.—*American Agriculturist.*