



THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

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Political.

Opposition to the Democratic Party.

Ever since the existence of the Democratic party, which is coeval with our confederacy, it has had its bitter opponents. At its very inception, it had to contend with many giant intellects and brilliant orators; but logic, in perfect harmony with our national origin, prevailed.

Regardless of all this, the Democratic party flourished, prospered, and triumphed. Sometimes a new party would rise up, assuming such a formidable appearance, and gathering strength so rapidly, that the timid would bear its power, and predict its final success.

For three-quarters of a century, the Democratic party has been at the helm of our government; and history will corroborate us in making the assertion, that no great measure was ever passed by our National Legislature which did not owe its origin and final success to that party.

The rapid progress of our country in greatness, strength, and power, since the Revolution—as well as in the elevation of man to his proper and intended sphere—has no parallel in the history of nations. In this she stands unrivalled and alone. And yet, why is it, since the Democracy were in the majority during the main period since the formation of our government, that we, as a nation, occupy this exalted position in the great family of nations?

The present opposition arrayed against it, with all its bitter vindictiveness, will not avail anything in the end. All the factions marshaled against it, will soon be forgotten, and the time will soon come when the so-called "American Republican" party will be remembered only as a name.

Diarrhoea.—As this is the season when the diarrhoea prevails to the greatest extent, we publish the following from Hall's Journal of Health, which we believe is considered good authority among medical men:

Diarrhoea is a very common disease in summer time. Cholera is nothing more than exaggerated diarrhoea. When a man dies of diarrhoea, he has died of cholera, in reality. It may be well for travellers to know that the first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels, in absolute quietude, on a bed.

POETRY. TWO.

High on the hills Lord Heron dwells; Rosalind sings on the moor below, Watching the bees in the heather bells, Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron bath left his state, Donned a doublet of hoddin gray, Stolen out of the postern gate, A silly shepherd to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child; Gentle and tender and pure is she; Colin, the shepherd, is comely and mild, Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before What she hears at the close of day: 'Rose of roses I love the more—' More than the sweetest words can say!

'Though I seem but a shepherd lad, 'Down from a stately race I came; 'In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad, 'And Lady of Heron shall be thy name.'

Rosalind blushed a rosy red, Turned as white as the hawk's-bill's blow, Folded her kirtle 'er her head, And sped away like a startled doe.

'Rose of roses, come back to me! 'Leave me never!' Lord Heron cried, 'Never!' echoed from hill and lea; 'Never!' the lonely cliffs replied.

Lord he mourned a year and a day, But Lady Alice was fair to see; The bright sun blesses their bridal day, And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling knell Rosalind hears them slowly peal, Low she murmurs—'I loved him well, 'Better I loved his mortal woe!

'Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice's arms! 'She is a lady of high degree; 'Rosalind had but her peasant charms; 'Ye had rust the day ye wedded me!'

Lord Heron dwells in the castle high, Rosalind sleeps on the moor below; He loved to live, and she loved to die; Which loved trust the angels know.

Miscellaneous.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

'Have you seen the new scholar?' asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming towards the school-house; she cuts the most comical figure you ever saw.—Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as men and boys wear.

'Oh, yes, I've seen her,' replied Lucy Brooks; she is the new washer-woman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the Academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through such as well as any. It is clearer of course.

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls. 'Come, let us go in and examine her,' continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school-house; 'I am thinking she will make some fun for us.'

The girls went into the dressing-room, where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly, though tidily clad. The girls went around her whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school, they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence, had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

'And do you really think,' said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, 'that you are going to get the medal. It will correspond with your cloak?'

And she caught hold of the cape, and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in her loud laugh.

'Calico cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her! I should like to see her caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.'

The little girl struggled to release herself, and when she was free, ran home as fast as she could. 'Oh, dear,' she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, 'do answer Uncle William's letter and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'calico cloak;' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me.'

'Lizzie, my dear,' said her mother, 'you must expect to meet with those who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror.'

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

'But mother, they are all unkind to me,' replied Lizzie; 'there isn't one that loves me.'

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls; and the others joined them in teasing the little 'Calico Cloak' as they called her, from thoughtlessness; and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment toward her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and became a member of his family, hoping that, while there her child could continue her studies, and perhaps through his influence, lead a happier life among her schoolmates. Accordingly at the end of the term, she gained the medal, and it was worn from the Academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away to the students of the Bridgeville Academy, and the little 'Calico Cloak' was forgotten. Those who were at school with her had left to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman, came into Bridgeville and was settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following his ordination, that he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and especially, after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

Soon after, Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival, can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

'How are you pleased with our village?' asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

'I like its appearance very much, it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years.'

'Were you ever in Bridgeville before?' asked another lady, as these around looked somewhat surprised.

'I was here a few months when a child,' replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited. 'Have you friends here?' asked a third after a moment's silence.

'I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage, which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store, on the corner of Pine street.'

'The widow Lee?' repeated Mrs. Britton, 'I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name.'

'I think I attended school with you at the Academy,' replied Mrs. Maynard; 'you were Miss Mary Lark were you not?'

'That was my name,' replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; 'but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recreant.'

'I was known in the academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name.'

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face and a deep blush overspread her features, which in a few moments was seen deepening upon the faces of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age by making herself known.

'Oh! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy,' said an old lady, as she looked up over her glasses, 'and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology.'

'I had no intention whatever, ladies,' replied Mrs. Maynard, 'to reprove any one present by making myself known; but, as it may seem to some that such was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the 'Calico Cloak;' but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And as I again hear the old academy bell

ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling toward any one. I know that, whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends. But, ladies, let me add, if you have children, learn a lesson from my experience, and treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection, and as sensitive of sorrows, as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child who shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell the story of the 'Calico Cloak;' it will carry its own moral with it.

'That is the shortest but best sermon I ever heard,' said the old lady, again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; 'and I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us.'

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another until it found its way into the old academy. At that very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But, when the 'calico cloak' reached the scholars, the little boy (for he was naturally a noble-hearted child), became very popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to 'Little Patchey,' as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of 'Little Patchey,' she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

NICE GIRLS.

BY A BACHELOR.

To my mind there is nothing in all the world so beautiful, half so delightful, half so lovable as a 'nice girl.' I do not mean a pretty girl, or an elegant girl, or a dashing girl, but a 'nice girl'—one of those lovely good tempered, good hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of home diffusing, around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a 'nice girl' is not the languishing beauty, who dawdles on a sofa and talks of the last new novel, or the great giraffe-looking girl who creates an effect by sweeping majestically through a drawing room. The 'nice girl' does not even know how to play, or dance well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes; she is too active for that; she is not given to novel reading, for she is always too busy; and as to the opera, when she goes there she does not think it necessary to show her bare shoulders, but sits generally away back in the box, unheeded or unnoticed. Is it not in such scenes we discover the 'nice girl'?—Who is it that rises first in the morning and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast and carries up mamma's tea, and puts buttons on the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the elegant creature? By no means.—It is the 'nice girl.' Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family! She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the 'fine girl,' but takes the initiative herself and kisses the boys one after the other with an audible 'smack,' which says aloud, 'I love you ever so much.' She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to 'help fill the kettle,' she has fetched it from the hob, and replenishes the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner, and all day long she is running up and down the stairs, always jovial and light hearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs and play old tunes to her father, hours together and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearied patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion.—I have often thought it would be happiness to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' yet who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low

dresses or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a 'nice girl' with curls; but this may be prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that 'coaxers,' or 'co's,' those funny little curls, which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline, are totally inconsistent with the character of a 'nice girl.' And if one whom I have been disposed to regard as a 'nice girl' were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I felt at all disposed to allow to my beau ideal—or should it be in this belle ideal—is kid boots with brass heels. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which I believe the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neat booted foot, and a well shaped ankle in conjunction with a clean white petticoat and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint.

Young men, is it not so? Yes, you confess it is.

SECRET OF SLEEPING WELL.

There is a fund of wisdom in the following well-told story, by which adults may profit quite as well as children:

Squire Jenkins could get no rest. He had a noble mansion, fine pleasure grounds, and a beautiful carriage drawn by beautiful horses.—His table was supplied with every luxury, and his friends were the most cheerful companions the world; but still Squire Jenkins could get no rest. Sometimes he went to bed early, and sometimes he went to bed late; but whether late or early it was just the same. 'There is no peace for the wicked,' and there was no rest for Squire Jenkins. He applied to his friends, who told him to take exercise, and to take an extra glass of grog before he went to bed. He applied to the doctor, and he gave laudanum and opium; no sound rest could be obtained.—At last he consulted Thomas Perrins, his gardener. Now Thomas Perrins was an humble Christian, and well knew that his master feared not God; that he was unjust, cruel, and oppressed the widow and the fatherless, and that his conscience troubled him; so Thomas told him that old Gilbert Powell, who lived hard by on the waste land, always slept famously but that perhaps he wore a different kind of a night-cap.

Mistaking the meaning of Thomas Perrins, away went Squire Jenkins with one of his best night-caps in his pocket, to exchange it for that of old Gilbert Powell, which he had washed and well aired; and when night came he went to bed in good spirits, hoping to have a comfortable night's sleep; but no! though he put it on in all shapes, and placed himself in all postures, Squire Jenkins could get no rest.—As soon as the sun rose, he hastened to the cottage on the waste land, to know how Gilbert Powell had rested; when Gilbert told him that he thought he had never had a better night's rest in all his life, and was quite delighted with his new night-cap. Perplexed and cast down, Squire Jenkins then went once more to his gardener, to tell him of the ill success which had attended his plan of borrowing the night-cap of Gilbert Powell.

'It cannot be Gilbert's cap,' said he, 'for he wore one of mine, and he tells me that he never had a more comfortable cap in his life. 'Ay, master,' said Thomas Perrins, shaking his head significantly, as he leaned on his spade, 'but to my knowledge he wears another cap besides the one you gave him, the cap of a quiet conscience; and he who wears that is sure to sleep well, let him wear what other cap he pleases.'

DODGING THE HATTER.—The St. Louis papers are telling a good story of an individual who purchased a hat in the store of a tradesman named Dodgion. The article was gotten in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store, entirely forgetting (by mistake of the trader), to pay for the aforesaid article. The trader, upon hearing the facts, started for the levee in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhearing him the following scene occurred: 'See here, sir, I wish to speak with you.' 'I am Dodgion, the hatter.'

'That's my fix.' 'I tell you I am Dodgion, the hatter.' 'So am I; I am dodgion' the latter, too—and very likely we are both dodgion' the same chap.'

The scene ended with a striking tableau, in which Mr. Dodgion found himself considerably 'mixed up' with 'Dodgion, the hatter.'

The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double barreled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up, as we say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on them as well as on honey.—It catches them in the way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth.—The tongue, then, of the humming bird, is not merely one instrument, but it contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons and a pair of tongs.

ARTESIAN WELL.—The State of Ohio is digging an artesian well at Columbus, in the capital yard, and the contractor has completed his contract of boring still further, and it is found necessary to bore still further, and to prevent caving, it is contemplated to enlarge the bore and tube with cast iron pipe. 1000 feet of solid rock has been penetrated. The water in the well lacks thirty feet of reaching the surface of the earth.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought— Silently builded, thought on thought, Truth's temple greets the sky; And, like a citadel with towers, The soul, with her subservient powers, Is strengthen'd silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow, The saplings of the forest grow To trees of mighty girth; Each nightly star in silence burns, And every day in silence turns The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand, Fetters the rivers and the land With universal chain; And smitten by the silent sun, The chain is loosed, the rivers run, The lands are free again.

STEEL PENS.

The immensity of this manufacture is hardly conceivable, yet it is a source of industry and wealth to a large number of enterprising and ingenious manufacturers. The number of steel pens annually produced in Birmingham, England, is said to be upwards of one thousand millions. One establishment has the distinctive markets of five hundred different dealers in all parts of England, as well as on the continents of Europe and America, for whom the pens are manufactured according to order. The method of forming the pen or nib from the metal is rapid and curious. It is thus described: The sheets of steel are reduced to the requisite tenacity by successive transits through the rolling mill, operations tended by men and boys. When reduced to the thinness of a steel pen, length about two feet, breadth two and a half to three inches, the sheets are ready for punching out the blanks. The process is performed with great rapidity, one girl of average industry and dexterity being able to punch out about one hundred gross a day. The next operation is to place the blank in a concave die, on which a slight touch from a convex punch produces the requisite shape—that of the semi-tube. The slits and apertures to increase the elasticity and the maker's or vendor's name or mark are produced by a similar tool. Previously, however, the pen undergoes a variety of other processes. When complete, all but the slit, it is soft and pliable, and may be bent or twisted in the hand like a piece of thin lead. Being collected in grosses or great grosses, the pens are thrown into little iron square boxes and placed in a furnace, where they remain till box and pen are of a white heat. They are then taken out, and thrown, hissing hot, into pails or tanks of oil, when they may be broken like so many wafers; after draining, they are made to revolve rapidly in a perforated cylinder.

DECIDEDLY RICH.—The following incident which occurred in a neighboring city, is too good to be lost: As Judge W. was walking the street, a woman hurried out from her house, and mistaking him for her husband, expected from California, accosted him eagerly, 'Oh, Joseph, Joseph.' The Judge solemnly presenting to her the palms of his open hands, gravely enunciated 'Stop, madam; I am no Joseph.' The woman seeing her mistake, quietly replied, 'Excuse me, sir; my husband's name is Joseph, not Potiphar,' and turning she left the Judge to cogitate on who was ahead.

'As I was going,' said an Irishman, 'over Westminster Bridge, the other day, I met Pat Hewings. Says I, 'How are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Dooley,' says he. Says I, 'That's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine H-wings,' says he. So we looked at each other, and faith, it turned out to be neither of us.

A farmer sowing his ground, some dandies came riding along that way, when one of them called to him with an insolent air: 'Well, honest fellow, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor.' To which the countryman replied: 'It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.'

Upwards of one thousand bushels of raspberries have been gathered on the mountains near Crosson this year. As much as thirty bushels per day, have been shipped on the Pennsylvania Railroad to Pittsburg, and other intermediate towns and stations. So says the Hollidaysburg Register.

An editor out West has been fined \$200 for hugging a pretty young girl in church.—Daily Argus.

Chap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—Chicago American.

Julius what part of de seremonies do ladies most admire when dey go to de church? 'Well Pompey, I can't tell what dat is; can you tell?'

'Why, yes nigger, don't you see dey observe de hins?'

'What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?'

'Because it is the only thing I have to spend.'

'My boy, what does your mother do for a living?'

'She eats cold vittles, sir.'

'When it rains pitch-forks?'

Being our own masters, sometimes means that we are to be the slave of our own follies, caprices and passions.

Virtue is the surest road to longevity, but vice meets with an early doom.