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**POLITICAL.**

The total revenue of the year before Mr. Buchanan came in, was \$98,000,000. The total revenue of Mr. Buchanan's first fiscal year was \$43,000,000!!!!

We take the above from the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. The startling exclamation points given would seem to indicate a determination upon the part of the writer to hold Mr. Buchanan responsible for the falling off in the revenue arising from the reduction in the tariff, made by the Republican Congress of 1857, and the great falling off in importations caused by the financial and commercial revulsion of 1857!—We wonder the Republican press do not insist that Mr. Buchanan is responsible for the failure of the oats crop this year! He certainly has quite as much to do with it as he had with the falling off in the revenue from customs! By the by, the Republican press, when they publish such facts as the above, answer their queries why the Administration has been obliged to resort to a loan in the issue of Treasury-notes. The great falling off in the revenue is the reason.—*Planter's Advocate.*

**THE TARIFF.**

The opposition in this county bawl lustily in favor of a protective tariff and denounce Free Trade, the Tariff of '46, &c., and extol the tariff of '42. And yet these same fellows voted for David Wilcox, a free trader, for Governor, last fall, and passed resolutions to support John M. Read for Supreme Judge, this fall, although he is a bold advocate of Free Trade and wrote a letter to George M. Dallas, congratulating him for having been the means of repealing the tariff of '42!

The country never prospered as it did under the Tariff of '46. Money was plenty, labor everywhere in demand and wages good, every thing commanding good prices and finding a ready market. But in '57 this Tariff was materially altered and reduced. The bill originated in and was passed by a Republican House of Representatives, of which Republican Banks was Speaker—it was brought forward by a Republican, advocated almost exclusively by Republicans, and was voted for by them. Yet, in order to catch unsuspecting voters, these rascals now come forward and knavishly attempt to saddle their own sin on the shoulders of the Democrats! They commit the wrong themselves and then charge it upon their opponents. This is an old trick with which the public is too familiar to be deceived by it. The only consistency the Republicans have shown is in nominating and supporting free trade men.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

**How the Dead are Buried in New Orleans.**

The following letter from the New Orleans *Delta* of the 20th, has a melancholy interest:  
St. VINCENT DE PAUL CEMETERY.—This cemetery, which is situated on Louisa street, in the Third District, has been the burying place of a large number of the victims of yellow fever this season. This is accounted for from the fact that the disease has been prevailing in a greater degree in the Third District than any other portion of the city. The cemetery is divided into two divisions, the lower one of which is almost destitute of vaults or tombs, and those interred there are placed, in dry weather, about a foot under ground, the dirt thrown on top not more than covering the coffin. Since the recent heavy rain the whole place is flooded more or less, and looks more like a swamp than a cemetery. The spade hardly breaks through the sod before the water shows itself; then the negroes gouge out as much earth as they can for the water.  
Several graves were open yesterday as we passed through, looking like oblong mud puddles. A few moments afterwards, the remains of some poor individual were brought in, and left to the negroes to inter. Placing the rough coffin on the hand cart, they carried it a short distance, and placed it by the side of a hole, and then made preparations for placing it in its last resting place. The head, of course, it would not sink, and immediately rose to the surface. It was thrust down several times rather softly, to endeavor to make it adhere to the soft mud at the bottom, but invariably rose again.

At last it was shoved in, and the spade of one of the negroes held it until the other threw in large quantities of hard mud, which served as a weight to keep the head down. One of the negroes then, while the other kept his spade on the first end, lowered the foot and sank it in the same manner, kicking in some mud with his feet while his spade kept the coffin down. The whole of this section of the cemetery is filled with new graves and presents the appearance of a newly plowed field. The stench in some portions is hardly endurable, coming as it does, from the shallow graves of water.

An auctioneer, vexed with his audience, said: "I am a mean fellow—mean as dirt—and feel at home in this company."

## An Ode.

### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

AIR—"Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say not the old times were brighter than these,  
When banners were torn from the warriors that bore them;

Oh, say not the ocean, the storm and the breeze,  
Are freer or prouder when war thunders o'er them—  
For, the battle's red light grows pale to the sight,  
When the pen wields its power, or a thought feels its might;

Now, mind reigns triumphant, where slaughter has been,  
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise,  
Let the sword keep its sheath and the cannon its thunder;

Now Intellect reigns from the earth to the skies,  
And Science links nations that war shall not sever.  
Where the mermaids still weep, and the pearls lie asleep,  
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep.

Now, Mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,  
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the west,  
Our old mother country lay far in the distance;  
But the lightning has struck! We are close to her breast!

That beautiful land, that first gave us existence—  
We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart,  
And the mot herland child are no longer apart—  
For mind reigns triumphant, where slaughter has been.

Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

The blood that was kindred, throbs proudly once more,  
And the glow of our joy fills the depths of the ocean!  
It throbs through the waves and it sings on the shore,  
Till the globe to its poles, feels the holy communion.

Let us join in our might and be earnest for light,  
Where the Saxon blood burns, let it strive for the right;  
For mind reigns triumphant, where slaughter has been,  
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

### CHARACTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE GIBSON.

BY HON. WM. A. PORTER.

[Extract from his eulogy on Judge Gibson, p. 107.]

His manner of reaching his conclusions, and writing his opinions was well known. It is believed he took little part in the consultations of the bench, communicating his views usually in short, detached sentences, sometimes not at all, but when he did, hitting the exact point, and diffusing additional light on the principles in question. When appointed to deliver the opinion, he generally made an examination of the authorities, and sometimes, it must be admitted, too brief an examination. His habit was then to think chiefly without the aid of his pen, and out of the reach of books. He did this in his chamber, on the street, at the table, sometimes on the bench during the progress of other causes, and not infrequently in the public room of his hotel. Persons who approached him on these occasions, were struck with, and sometimes offended at, his abstracted and careless air.

To those who knew what he was doing, he frequently complained of his difficulty in determining on what principles to pitch the cause, without mentioning it particularly. He did all the labor of thought before he commenced to write, and he never wrote until he was ready. Before he began the very sentences were formed in his mind, and when he assumed the pen, he rarely laid it aside until the opinion had been completed. The bold, beautiful, and legible character of his handwriting, and its freedom from erasure, induced those who read his manuscript, to suppose that he transcribed them, but this was very rarely, if ever done; he had too little time, and too much horror of the pen to attempt it. Such a method of writing undoubtedly possessed great advantages. It gave his fine logical powers full play. It contributed to that condensation which forms one of the distinctive features of his writings. It enabled him to proceed with directness right to his conclusion, and to make every thing point to it from the first sentence to the last. No repetition occurs. We see each idea but once, and need not count on seeing even the shadow of it, more than once. Having always something to do ahead, the pen spent no more time on the thought in hand than was necessary to complete it. He knew precisely where he was to end before beginning, and he avoided all the difficulties of those writers who begin to write when they begin to think and sometimes before it, and who produce works resembling, for the most part, the patch-work emblazoned on the best beds of German house-keepers, and giving evidence that he was not mistaken, of the exact places at which they have been joined, and of the diverse and heterogeneous materials out of which they have been composed. The most casual reader of Judge Gibson's opinions must have observed how seldom he professes to give any history of the decided cases, and how invariably he puts the decision upon some leading principle of the law; referring but to a few cases for the purposes of illustration, or to show

their exception to the general rule, and how all this is done with the ease and skill which betoken the hand of a master.

As a jurist, Judge Gibson was ardently attached to the principles of the common law. His love of them beams in his writings as affection will beam in the human countenance. He not only looked on them with the admiration of an artist, as symmetrical and beautiful parts of a great fabric, but he regarded them as the best rampart which the common sense of mankind has yet thrown up against the despotism of the king or the judge, of the purse or the sword. We shall see hereafter that the last thing he ever wrote for publication, was a declaration of his unshaken loyalty to the doctrines of the common law. A part of the language which he applied to Judge Kennedy, might as justly have been uttered of himself, for like Byron in many of his characters, he was probably describing himself without seeing that the world would recognize the portrait. "He clung to the common law as a child to its nurse, and how much he drew from it, may be seen in his opinions, which, by their elaborate minuteness, remind us of the overfulness of Coke." The Chief Justice was also an admirer of our Pennsylvania system of law, in which the substantial principles of equity are applied under the forms of the common law. The wonder is that in any case they should have been separated. To appoint one judge to execute the law, and another to do equity, seems like creating one man all head, and another all heart. To execute the law upon a suitor's person or property, and to allow him in the meantime to apply to a Court of Equity for relief, or to turn him out of the latter because his case has no equity in it, with the assurance that he will have no difficulty in recovering in a court of law, in other words, to permit two different rules of legal duty on the same subject, to press on the same man, at the same time,—is a state of things which the mass of mankind will never understand, if each individual man should rival the patriarchs in the term of natural life. From the day when Lord Erskine uttered his quietus on the subject, down to the publication of Bleak House, the severest sarcasms on this state of things have been flung in to the faces of lawyers, without the possibility of turning the point of one of them. The Pennsylvania system of law is among the few that have been measurably free from the reproaches which the learned and the unlearned have thus conspired to hurl at the whole science. It is natural that the mind of a man like Judge Gibson, who had done so much to advance this system, and who had witnessed the strides which the legal world seemed making towards it, should feel some pride in perpetuating it. With this spirit, it is consistent, that when our legislature adopted certain equity remedies, and provided for separate equity proceedings, he should endeavor to carry them fairly into practice. An opposite course, if he could have pursued it, would have caused disgust and disaster. Besides this, whatever he might have thought, he was not a man to set himself up against what seemed to be useful reform. He had seen defects which some of these remedies seemed to supply, and he applied them in the very spirit in which the profession and the legislature had called them into being. So successfully was this done, that with all his attachment to the common law, it has not been infrequent to hear from those most devoted to the equity system, the admission that he would have made a better chancellor than he was a judge. It is pertinent to remark here that he had no undue fondness for the civil law. His mind was too liberal—for the mind of a scholar is always liberal in its appreciation of learning—not to admire the beauty, wisdom and simplicity of many parts of that system, and its adaptation to the state of society in which it has grown up; but it must be admitted that he ever and anon cast a suspicious glance on the efforts of Judge Story, and the writers of that school, to infuse its principles into our cherished common law. He could not have denied that many of the branches of our laws have been enriched in this mode, but he was alive to the danger of pushing such improvements too far. I need refer the reader only to the opinion delivered in *Lyle vs. Richards*, 9 S. & R. 322, and in *Logan vs. Mason*, 6 W. & S. 9, in proof of the existence of these views in the mind of their author.

In summing up the personal character of Judge Gibson, I do not mean to represent him as faultless, for then he had been more than human. Doubtless he had his defects; whatever they may have been, I do not propose to discuss them. To do so, would be to imitate the conduct of some visitor to a gallery of art, who should employ himself in tracing rough images in the dust of the floor, and not in contemplating the beautiful conceptions of genius on all sides around him and above him. I speak rather of what Judge Gibson was, than of what he was not. His case has been removed to that great appellate Court which, while it administers perfect justice, is governed also by

perfect mercy. Jurisdiction having vested there, on the soundest principles of jurisprudence no allegation should be permitted against him here. He certainly had small faults, which to small eyes were large enough to shut out a perception of his great qualities. He despised the anse and the cumin, and necessarily lost the respect of those valuable members of the State, outside and inside of the bar, who do the least important things first, and the more important last. Frank, generous and confiding, he spoke on the bench and elsewhere, of persons and of things, with that impulse which none but an honest heart can know; and in doing so, he occasionally lost in dignity as much as he gained in the pleasure of giving expression to his real sentiments in his own way. If, as a presiding officer, he had preserved order more rigidly, his Court would have been a more solemn place, and if he had attended more directly to what was passing before him, the business would have been more efficiently despatched. But enough of what he was not. The qualities which he possessed were striking and peculiar. That which most impressed those who knew him best, was the exceeding kindness of his heart. The knowledge of this was a key to his character. Any newspaper editor or legislative orator who had abused him, might have approached him with the profoundest confidence, not only that he had forgiven, but actually forgotten, any calumny however gross. In that respect, at least, no man could have reduced to practice more directly, the morality of the New Testament. He cherished no antipathies, and formed no prejudices. In every relation, public and private, he displayed that charity of the heart which makes a man a gentleman, despite of early associations and even of bad manners. In the liveliest sallies of his wit and humor—the last acts on which benevolence exerts its restraining influence—he never allowed himself to trench on the sensibilities of others. When he said anything from the bench approaching severity, as he sometimes did when worn down by a dull and tedious argument, no time was lost in trying, by a remark of a different kind, to wear away its effect both on the speaker and the audience. He was a sound critic in the best sense of the term, and when a harsh observation was made of one whom he knew, he was generally able to relieve its effect by pointing out some excellence which had escaped the attention of others. To the young, and especially to those who were endeavoring to become the architects of their own fortunes, he was kind, affable, and indulgent. But the picture requires higher coloring. There was something in his magnanimity, in his forgiving temper, in his kindly charity, in his capacity to appreciate excellence of any kind, in any form, which despite his apparent unconcern of manner and sluggishness of body, elicited and compelled affection. There was a true fire of the heart which glowed unceasingly and cast even the splendor of his intellect into the shade. No man ever more cordially despised a cold, calculating, spider-like lawyer, weaving day by day his miserable toils, giving up nothing, retaining his grasp on every victim of chance and folly, and employing his powers only for the production of misery and the practice of oppression.—No man ever spoke into being with so little effort, ardent and permanent friendship. He sat on the Supreme Bench with twenty-six different Judges, none of whom owed their position to his influence, and almost all of whom, on their accession, were comparative strangers to him, and yet it may be doubted whether the purest and happiest household ever lived in more absolute harmony than he enjoyed in his personal intercourse with his associates. In regard to any body of men long associated together, this fact might be worth repeating; but in that of so many independent men, of strong intellects and wills, employed together in the daily examination of exciting questions, where conscience and duty required each man to stand by his individual judgement, the case is somewhat remarkable. His intellectual acquirements were great, and he had a right to be proud of them, but that would be a poor monument to his fame, which should omit to mention those higher and finer qualities of the heart, which placed him so far above the level of ordinary men.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of him as a man of integrity. I verily believe that the mere force of habit in seeking the truth and finding reasons to support it, would have driven him to the right, against every corrupt influence that could have been brought to bear upon him. But the truth is, no idea opposite to that of his utmost purity as a judge, was ever associated with his name. There was something in his character, conversation, manner and appearance, which would have crushed such a thought in the bud. A man who had approached him for the purpose of corrupting him, would have been as much disposed to fall down before him in an act of homage, as to have attempted to carry out his purpose. After a lifetime devoted to the service of his country, it is surely no

mean praise of a public man, that declarations like these can be uttered, with a certainty that they will be credited, not less by the suitors against whom he decided, than by the profession who practised before him, and the community whose laws he enforced.

### A QUAKER JOKE.

A correspondent sends the Buffalo Express the following good thing for the hot weather:

K—, the Quaker President of a Pennsylvania Railroad, during the confusion and panic last fall, called upon the W— Bank, with which the road had kept a large regular account, and asked for an extension of a part of a paper falling due in a few days. The Bank President declined rather abruptly, saying in a tone common with that fraternity:

"Mr. K., your paper must be paid at maturity. We cannot renew it."

"Very well," our Quaker replied, and left the Bank. But he did not let the matter drop here. On leaving the Bank he walked quietly over to the depot and telegraphed all the agents and conductors on the road, to reject the bills on the W— Bank. In a few hours the trains began to arrive, full of panic, and bringing the news of distrust of the W— Bank all along the line of the road. Stockholders and depositors flocked into the bank, making the panic inquiry "What's the matter?" "Is the bank broke?" "A little inquiry by the officers showed that the trouble originated in the rejection of the bills by the railroad. The President seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office, and came blustering in with the inquiry:

"Mr. K., have you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Why is this? it will ruin us."

"Well, friend L., I supposed thy bank was about to fail, as there could not renew a little paper for us this morning."

It is needless to say Mr. L. renewed all the Quaker's paper and enlarged his line of discount, while the magic wires carried all along the road, to every agent, the sedative message, "The W— Bank is all right. They may take its currency."

### THE CROPS IN TEXAS.

G. W. Kendall writes to the New Orleans *Picayune* the following statement regarding the corn and Chinese sugar cane crops in Texas:

There is to be no want of corn in western Texas, for every field which escaped the ravages of the grasshoppers, is yielding abundantly, and many localities escaped these pests entirely. The crop of Chinese sugar-cane, which laughs at grasshoppers and droughts, is at the same time immense, and the first heads of ripe seeds are already gathered. Some of my neighbors are having it ground, and are making bread of it, speaking of it in commendable terms, while every where they are preparing to grind the stalks and convert the juice into syrup or molasses. That this is to be a valuable addition to our crops in this section, there can be no doubt; it stands a drought better than any other plant—is no more affected by dry weather than a good article of bread—so many say; the leaves make an excellent fodder, while the stalks can be converted into molasses and perhaps sugar—nothing is lost. I have often heard it stated that the grain is hurtful to horses, and I may be so; yet if any one has any to spare, I am willing to feed it out to my work animals as an experiment, and will run all risks of its injuring them. In fact, I fed out no inconsiderable quantity of it last year, and would have used it more freely, had I had it to spare. A bushel of it weighs some forty-eight pounds, or eight pounds less than a bushel of corn. We have not yet learned all its uses.

**MODESTY.**—"Who shall win the prize?" There was a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

"Who shall win the prize?" asked the rose, proudly rushing forward in blushing beauty, in full assurance of his winning worth.

"Who shall win the prize?" asked the rest of the flowers, as they came forward, each one conscious of its own attractions, and each equally sure of receiving the reward.

"I will take a peep at the assemblage," thought the violet, not intending to make one of the company, "and see the beauties as they pass."

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and was looking in upon the meeting, the judge rose to render the decree.

"To the violet," said he, "I award the prize of beauty, for there is no trait more rare—none more enchantingly beautiful, than modesty."

**THE SAW AND THE SAUCER.**—"I come for the saw, sir," said an urchin.

"What saucer?" asked the neighbor.

"Why, the saw sir, that you borrowed," replied the urchin.

"I borrowed no saucer."

"Sure you did, sir—you borrowed our saw, sir."

"Be off. I never saw your saucer."

"But you did sir—there's the saw, sir, now sir."

"O, you mean the saw! Why the thunder didn't you say so first?"

### AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR.

Allow me to relate an incident of the last war with Great Britain, on the Canada border, which develops true heroism on the part of a young officer then in his teens, but now a worthy and distinguished citizen of the State of New York. The facts were long ago related to me by an old soldier, who saw and participated in the enterprise.

In August, 1817, the American army, under Major-General Hampton, broke up their encampment at Burlington, and crossed Lake Champlain, in *ba euse*, to the Cumberland Head, on their march to Montreal, expecting to encounter the British army on their way.—There were our elite corps, of two hundred men each, severally under Colonel Snelling, Colonel Wool, Colonel McNeil, and Colonel Hamilton. They arrived at Cumberland Point, at twelve o'clock at night.

It was arranged that Colonels Snelling and Wool should proceed down the Lake, in *balleaux*, and that the two corps, under Colonel McNeil and Hamilton, should march down by land and attack the British army on the Canada shore.—Colonels Snelling and Wool arrived first, and succeeded in dividing in the British outposts to the main body, and occupying their places.

After marching about twenty miles, Colonel McNeil's command, on coming out of the woods at about sunrise, and seeing the detachments of Colonel Snelling and Wool, mistook them for the British army. Lieutenant Aaron Ward, being in command of the advance guards of about fifty men, halted till the Colonel in command should come up and give orders. Colonel McNeil soon came up and ordered Lieutenant Ward to gain the first fence, parallel to the road where the troops appeared; but otherwise to advance to the second fence. He advanced to the second fence, and formed his company, when a flag was presented, and the adverse corps proved to be the first detachment, under Colonels Snelling and Wool.

Colonel Snelling's corps soon after embarked in their boats, leaving the residue under Colonel McNeil. In the course of an hour the whole British army were observed advancing, in order of battle. Lieutenant Ward was ordered to advance with his company.

The road was five rods wide, and the enemy three-quarters of a mile ahead. Lieutenant Ward, then about seventeen years of age, and on his first campaign, steadily advanced without flinching, and received three discharges from the enemy, without returning a shot; and while re-loading for the fourth volley, Lieutenant Ward ordered his company to fire, and immediately after blazing away he charged bayonets on the enemy. Their advanced guard of regulars, under Captain Myers, was immediately routed, and retreated to their main body, pursued by Lieutenant Ward's company, leaving several killed on the field, which was instantly occupied by the Americans. This skirmish concentrated the whole American army, and the British army retreated in disorder. Colonel, afterwards General John McNeil, at the close of the war, held a civil appointment for several years in the revenue service. Lieutenant, now General Aaron Ward, of New York, after serving faithfully during the war, has since, for twelve years, represented Westchester district in Congress.

A man of consummate skill and bearing in the field, he was a useful and faithful representative of the people on the floor of Congress, and merits well of his country.—*Boston Journal.*

**THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.**—It seems to be an innate principle of the human mind to treat with reverence the memory of the departed.—They seem to us in their narrow resting places, to have become holier than mortals like ourselves. Their faults, their follies and their foibles, are all forgotten. The hand of death has purified—sanctified! It is well. It embodies human nature! Palsied be the tongue that would idly calumniate their character; palsied be the hand that would rudely disturb their repose! How simple and beautiful is the sentiment of the Latin bard

—*Nil mortuus nisi bonum.*  
And an English poet has said, with tender pathos:

"When low in the dust lies the friend thou hast loved,  
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then:  
Or if for a moment the ills be removed,  
Weep o'er it in silence, then close it again."

**WHAT IS THE EARTH?—ANSWERS.**—"What is earth, sexton? A place to dig graves.—What is earth, rich man? A place to work slaves.—What is earth, gray beard? A place to grow old.—What is earth, miser? A place to dig gold.—What is earth, schoolboy? A place for my play.—What is earth, maiden? A place to be gay.—What is earth, seamstress? A place where I weep.—What is earth, sluggard? A good place to sleep.—What is earth, soldier? A place for a battle.—What is earth, herdsman? A place to raise cattle.—What is earth, widow? A place of true sorrow.—What is earth, tradesman? I'll tell you to-morrow.—What is earth sick man? 'Tis nothing to me.—What is earth, sailor? My home is the sea.—What is earth, statesman? A place to win fame.—What is earth, author? I'll write there my name.—What is earth, monarch? For my realm 'tis given.—What is earth, Christian?—the gateway to heaven."

**Peach Leaves for Yeast.**—Mrs. Daniel R. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., says the *Rome Courier*, has discovered that peach leaves are superior to hops for making yeast. The bread made from it is quite as light and equally well flavored.—We understand that the yeast is made in the same way, except that dried peach leaves are used instead of hops.

Pat says that "nothing can be easier than to repale the union of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. It is only necessary," says he, "to transpoe two letters, and they will become untied kingdoms at once!"