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Poetry.

MY OWN PLACE.

BY MARTIN F. TOPPER

Whoever I am, wherever my lot,
Whatever I happen to be,
Contentment and duty shall hallow the spot,
That Providence ordains for me;
Not coveting striving and straining to gain
One feverish step in advance,—
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain
To hazard a change and a chance.

I care for no riches that are not my right,
No honor that is not my due;
But stand in my station by day or by night,
The will of my Master to do.

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here,
And whether I live in his service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere.

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King;
If poor, as the friend of my Lord;
If feeble, my prayers and my praise I bring;
If stalwart, my pen or my sword;
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish his gift;
If stупleness, bask in his love;
If sorrow, his hope shall my spirit uplift,
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize;
The evil—it can be evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No duty can ever be mean,
The factory cripple is fixed in his fate,
As well as a king or a queen!

For Duty's bright livery glories all,
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be;
A servant—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by heaven;
A monarch—remember that justice assigns
Much service where so much is given!

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm,
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue;
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung;
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship were there,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most,
I—Leave it—do better elsewhere!

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"
I might go ahead with a rest,
But many a gain and a joy is the curse,
And many a grief for the best;
No—duty are all the "advantages" I use;
I pine not for praise or for self;
As to ambition, I care not to choose
My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot—I stand
Where God has ordained me to be,
An honest mechanic—or lord in the land—
He fitted my calling for me,
Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honor, or sweat on my face,
Thus, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand, like a star, in my place.

A Lawyer in a Predicament.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser is responsible for the following:
"Yesterday, a clinker-built row boat, containing four gentlemen engaged in fishing, was capsized in the Niagara river near the head of Grand Island. Three of the party escaped with only a moderate ducking, but the other, a legal gentleman, was less fortunate. By some process, which it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to explain, he managed during the moment of capsizing, to get his head in the bait bucket, with the bait around his neck. This novel helmet rather embarrassed his motions in swimming, though he showed great alacrity in sinking.
He went under, to the horror of his companions, though they might have known that he would not stay there a great while. Coming to the surface he made a few desperate plunges to get off his bladder, and then went down again. Several feet beneath the surface he found the water too wet for comfort, and came up like another Venus Aphrodite, the bucket still concealing all above his shoulders. This time he was fished out and helped to the boat, where he succeeded in getting clear of his head gear. He was not much worse for the accident. He got rid of the water he had swallowed as soon as possible, then disentangled a-half dozen minnows from his curly hair and whiskers, took a long breath, and gently murmured, "By thunder!" The party were soon rescued by other boats."

"What are you looking after, my dear?" said a very affectionate mother to her daughter. The daughter looked around and thus replied: "Looking after a son-in-law for father."

THE OLD CARTMAN.

BY BLUNDERBUSS.

[From the San Francisco Golden Era.]

I have a mind to tell a little story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it's true I most emphatically avow. If the reader despise it because of the first, or the editors of the Era reject it for the reason of the last, then I will eschew truth in the future, and devote myself to the elaboration of lies into chapters and the purest fictions into volumes of seventeen hundred pages each.

With this understanding, I proceed at once to remark that five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or "Pap Ainsley," as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prostic language possible, he was a hand-cartman, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind hearted men not unfrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsley."

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financing to meet it,) having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodging, I gave Pap Ainsley the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs five or six times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medical and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I.
"Very seldom," he replied, dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.
"Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, "you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelvemonth for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand."
"To be frank," said the old man, "I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years since—"

"Since when?" I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.
The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father of the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to her union with a man he had never seen; and removing her from school, dispatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information, that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm with a pistol shot, and then attempting the life of his daughter, who happily escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to the city, purchased a hand-cart, and—the rest is known. "Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and

expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for Pap Ainsley, and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzling day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, offered to the old man the job of conveying it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face, probably giving the best assurance of the careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment, the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had probably by accident neglected to settle for the cartage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece. He could not make change. "Never mind, I will call to-morrow," said he turning to go. "No, no!" replied the lady, glancing pitifully at his white locks and trembling limbs: "I will not put you to so much trouble;" and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady, kindly. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated: "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. "Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady, leaving the room, for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come—I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity run behind the large arm chair, hesitatingly approached.

"What is your name, dear?" inquired the cartman.
"Maria," lisped the little one.
"Maria?" he repeated while the great tears gathered in his eyes; I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much like she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest, "and was her name Maria Eastman, too?"
"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair and dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast. "This cannot be! and yet, why not?"

He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house. "I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her that I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple," he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were bewildered. "You are not going?" said the mother re-appearing, and discovering the old man in the act of passing into the hall.
He stopped and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do ought else.

"He said he had a little Maria once, that looked just like me, mother," shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.
The knees of the old cartman trembled and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang towards him, seized him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him toward a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not till you tell me I am forgiven!"
"Forgiven?—for what?" replied the mother.
"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you," she cried.
"My poor father!" she shrieked, throwing her arms around his neck; "all is forgiven—all forgotten!"

All was forgiven, and the husband when he returned late in the afternoon was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle, I never learned; but this I do know—it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic affairs of the family had tied themselves during her absence. Pap Ainsley still keeps his cart, for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Dr. Eastman, one day last week, and discovered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle round the enclosure, with his four grand children piled promiscuously into it.

"You can't Pass."

Persons rob one another every day, but he must have been a clever fellow who robbed the Prefecture de Police (the head police officer in Paris.) And this man did whose name has become historical—Beaumont. He was the Jack Sheppard among thieves.

When Beaumont accomplished the immortalizing feat (amongst his brethren) he had just returned from the Ragne, (the galleys at Brest. It took place in the days of the celebrated Vidocq. He actually robbed the strong box at the head police office, and this box contained, not only bank notes, but all the jewelry which is found, or in any way comes into the hands of the police. After his return from the galleys, he frequently called upon Monsieur Henry, principal officer of the second division of police, and these visits were made under pretence of making certain revelations, or giving useful information, in the hopes of becoming attached to the police himself.

Monsieur Henry's office was next to the cashier's office. In going and coming, Beaumont had keys made to fit them. This was, doubtless, a great point gained, but it was not all; it was necessary to watch a moment when the cashier would be out, not home, or having left his office, and when Monsieur Henry, who never scarcely was absent, should be away. Everything turns well for those who choose to wait patiently. Beaumont found the long watched for opportunity, and as he never did any thing hastily, he did all at his ease this time, and as cleverly as quietly. He put on a black coat belonging to Monsieur Henry, a dress then little worn, except by those high in office; he walked down stairs and went to the nearest guard house, asked for the officer, who took him for some high official, and two soldiers were sent with him, without the least difficulty.

Beaumont gravely placed them at each end of the corridor, with strict orders to let no one pass until further directions. It was very daring but equally sure. When he had made his selection amongst heaps of precious things, and filled his pockets with gold and jewels, he passed one of the sentinels and said:

"That's right my friend. I am going to the head director's. Everything must remain as I have left until my return; I shall soon be back; let no one pass."

But the office hours arrived, and all the clerks too, high and low.

"You can't pass!" they were told.
So they all went out and walked up and down the yard. Some, however, went round, at last, tired of waiting, to the other entrance.

But "You can't pass!" again saluted their ears.

Then came the head of the office, and lastly Monsieur Henry himself, who did not take matters quite so quietly. He ran to the guard house. The officer knew nothing of the rank or name of the functionary who had asked for a guard. To release the soldiers from their duty the minister of the police had to be sent for, and they got in. If a thunderbolt had fallen among them all, they could not have been more dumb-founded. The strong box was rifled, and the ground strewn with rejected valuables. Who could have done it? To whom attribute the audacious act? All the persons employed were under examination and suspicion, when Beaumont was betrayed by a comrade, and condemned a second time. He had stolen several hundred thousand francs, the greater part of which was found upon him.

"There was wherewithal to have become an honest man; I should have turned one," he said.

"It is easily done when you are rich; yet how many of the wealthy are rogues!" This is all he uttered. He was sent to Brest, where he died, leaving an immortal name among the thieves.

Inclined to be Quarrelsome.

We heard that prince of story-tellers, Tom Calloway, get off the following, midst bursts of laughter, the other night. Squaring himself, and stretching out his legs, he began:

"There was once a little, slim built fellow, rich as a Jew, and independent as the devil, riding along a highway in the state of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs by the help of a big, raw-bone specimen of humanity. Stopping the last named individual, he accosted him—

"I say, are these your hogs?"
"No sir, I'm to work by the month."
"What pay might you be getting, my friend?"
"Ten dollars a month, and whiskey thrown in," was the reply.
"Well, look here, I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, do you see. Now, I'll give you twenty-five dollars per month to ride along with me and protect me," was Gardner's reply. "But,

he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on a fight?"

"Never been licked in my life!" rejoined six footer.

"Just the man I want. It's a bargain, replied Gardner.

Six-footer ruminated. Twenty-five dollars—double wages—nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally, when he's sassy. Six-footer accepted.

They rode along till just at night they reached a village. Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked up a fuss with him. After considerable promiscuous jawing, Gardner turned to his fighting friend and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six footer peeled, went in and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-enacted; Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six-footer doing the fighting.

At last on the third day they came to a ferry, kept by a huge double-fisted man who had never been licked in his life. Whilst crossing the ferry, Gardner as usual, began to find fault and "blow." The ferryman naturally got mad and threw things round kind o' loose, and then told them his opinion of their kind. Gardner then turned to his friend "from the shoulder," and gently broke the intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but that it was absolutely necessary to thrash that ferryman." Six-footer nodded his head but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job, by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, both stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water, they fought, scratched, gouged, bit and rolled, till at the end of an hour the ferryman caved. Six-footer was triumphant, out it had been tough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well, but I'm—of the opinion—that you're inclined to be quarrelsome. Here I've only been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country. I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome and I reckon I'll draw."

Execution of Colonel Hayne.

Among the distinguished men who fell victims during the war of the Revolution, was Col. Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightness, had secured the good will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six children, the oldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Col. Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the British forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both English and Americans, interceded for his life. The ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented on their bended knees as humble suitors for their beloved father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, the eldest son was permitted to stay with him in prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavored to console him, by reminding him that the unavailing grief of the son tended only to increase his own misery; and he could even rejoice that his troubles were so near an end. "To-morrow," said he, "I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I am dead take my body and bury it by the side of your mother." The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die for you! I will die with you!" Col. Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said to him in reply—"Live, my son; live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters." The next morning Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, "Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life's sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be short. To-day I die; and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow me." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you, for indeed, I feel that I cannot live long."

And his melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly; but as soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears were stanchoned, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called upon his father, in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.

Wonders of the Mississippi.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo is fifty feet. The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased, yet immense additions are made to the quantity of water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western sides of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises: What becomes of this vast volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans, and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course, it is confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas bottom, water is found as soon as the water level of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down, the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw-mill, some twenty miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine, during the late flood. When the water receded, his well went down till his horse would no longer reach the water, and finally his well was dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake to let the water into his well; the lake was drained, and the well was dry again—having literally drank ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is, that the whole valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to its highlands on either side, rests on a porous substratum which absorbs the abundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf but for this provision of nature, to which alone it is attributable.

In fact, if the alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi were like the shores of Ohio, the vast plain from Cairo to New Orleans would to-day be part and parcel of the Gulf of Mexico, and this whole valley a vast fresh-water arm of the sea. Were the geological character of the valley different, the construction of levees, confining the water of the Mississippi to its channel, would cause the rise in the river to become so great at the South, that there no sufficient levee could be built. The current would be stronger and the accumulation of water greater as the levees are extended north of us.

Such results were reasonably enough anticipated; but the water instead of breaking the levees, permeates the porous soil, and the overflow is really beneath the surface of the swamps. Such, it seems to us, are the wise provisions of nature for the safety and ultimate reclamation of the rich country south of us.

We believe that the levee system will be successful, and that the object of its adoption will be attained. The porosity of the material used in making has caused most if not all of the crevasses. Men may deem it a superhuman task to wall in the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans, but our levees are the work of giants when contrasted with the dikes of Holland.—Natchez Paper.

[From the Allentown Democrat.] A Few Plain Questions.

Democrats! cut this out and ask your knowing and republican neighbors the following simple questions.

Who are in favor of giving negroes the right of suffrage which they refuse to foreign-born citizens?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who passed the law in Massachusetts preventing foreign-born citizens from voting, when duly naturalized according to the Constitution of the United States?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who recommended the same law to be passed in New Jersey?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who recommended the same law to be passed in New York?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who sanctioned and approved that odious measure in Pennsylvania by giving silent consent in their late State convention.

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who introduced a bill in the legislature of Ohio to strike out the word "white" from the constitution in order to give negroes the right of suffrage?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who are in favor of foreigners not voting until they are 21 years in this country?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who voted against admitting Minnesota as a free State?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who voted against admitting Oregon as a free State?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who carried banners in 1856 upon which only sixteen names appeared where there should have been thirty-two?

The know-nothings and republicans.

Who were in favor of letting the Union slide?

The know-nothings and republicans.

"Hello! Jim, what are you making?" inquired a young friend passing by. "Why, mother made apple-butter the other day, and she don't like it, so I am making it back into apples again."