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NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1859.

VOL. 3, NO. 6.

NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS,
A FINE OPPORTUNITY IN A DELIGHTFUL
AND HEALTHY CLIMATE 25 MILES SOUTH-
EAST OF PHILADELPHIA, ON THE CAM-
DEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD,
NEW JERSEY.

An old estate consisting of several thousand acres of productive soil has been divided into farms of various sizes to suit the purchaser. A population of some fifteen hundred, from various parts of the middle States and New England have settled there the past year, improved their places, and there the best of the soil, the price of the land is at the low sum of from \$15 to \$30 per acre, the soil of the best quality for the production of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Peaches, Grapes and Vegetables. IT IS CONSIDERED THE BEST FRUIT SOIL IN THE UNION. The place is perfectly secure from frosts—the destructive enemy of the farmer. Crops of grain, grass and fruit are now growing and can be seen. By examining the place itself, a correct judgment can be formed of the productiveness of the land. The terms are made easy to secure the rapid improvement of the land, which is only sold for actual improvement. The result has been, that within the past year, some three hundred houses have been erected, two mills, one steam, four stores, some forty vineyards and peach orchards, planted, and a large number of other improvements, making it a desirable and active place of business.

THE MARKET.
As the reader may perceive from its location, is the BEST IN THE UNION.

Products bringing double the price than in localities away from the city, and more than double the price in the West. It is known that the earliest and best fruits and vegetables in this latitude come from New Jersey, and are annually exported to the extent of millions.

In locating here, the settler has many advantages. He is within a few hours ride of the great cities of New England and Middle country where every improvement of comfort and civilization is at hand.—He can buy every article he wants at the cheapest price, and sell his produce for the highest, (in the West this is reversed,) he has schools for his children, divine services, and every amenity of winter, and a delightful climate, where leisure is utterly unknown. The result of the change upon those from the north, has generally been to restore them to an excellent state of health.

In the way of building and improving, lumber can be obtained at the mills at the rate of \$10 to \$15 per thousand. Bricks from the brick yard opened in the place, every article can be procured in the place; good carpenters are at hand, and there is no place in the Union where buildings and improvements can be made cheaper.

The reader will at once be struck with the advantages here presented, and ask himself why the property has not been taken up before. The reason is, it was never thrown in the market; and unless these statements were correct, no one would be invited to examine the land before purchasing. This all are expected to do. They will sell land under cultivation, such is the extent of the settlement that they will no doubt, meet persons from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements and can judge the character of the population. If they come with a view to settle, they should remember to stay a day or two, before they are ready to purchase, as locations cannot be held on refusal.

There are two daily trains to Philadelphia, and to all settlers who improve, the RAILROAD COMPANY GIVES A FREE TICKET FOR SIX MONTHS AND A HALF-PAY TICKET FOR THREE YEARS.

THE TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

In connection with the agricultural settlement, a new and thriving town has naturally arisen, which presents inducements for any kind of business, particularly stores and manufactures. The shoe business could be carried on in this place and market to good advantage, also cotton business, and manufactures of agricultural implements or Foundries for casting small articles. The improvement has been so rapid as to insure a constant and permanent increase of business. Town lots of a good size, we do not sell small ones, as it would reflect the improvement of the place, can be had at from \$100 and upwards.

The Hammonton Farmer, a monthly literary and agricultural sheet, containing full information of Hammonton, can be obtained at 25 cents per annum.

Title indisputable—warrantee deeds given, clear of all incumbrance when money is paid. Route to the land: leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia for Hammonton by Railroad, 7 1/2 A. M. or 4 P. M. Atlantic P. O., Atlantic Co., New Jersey, or S. B. Condit, 202 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished.

Aug. 19, 1859—6m.

Allegheny Male and Female Seminary,

RAINSBURG, Pa.
FACULTY.

E. J. OSBORNE, A. B., Principal, Prof. of Languages and Philosophy.

Wm. S. Smith, Prof. of Mathematics.

Jas. H. Miller, Adjunct Prof. of Mathematics.

Rev. B. F. Stevens, Lecturer on Moral Philosophy.

Wm. A. Stephens, Prof. of English Grammar &c.

Dr. J. Hughes, Lecturer on Anatomy &c.

Mrs. E. V. Osborne, Preceptress, Teacher of Drawing, French, Botany &c.

B. F. Drott, Prof. of Instrumental Music.

Price of Tuition for term of 11 weeks.

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Piano music, with use of instrument 10 00

Board \$1 75 per week including room, rent, fuel, furniture &c. This is one of the best, and cheapest institutions in the country. The whole expense per year need not be more than twenty-five dollars.—Second Quarter of summer session commences August 4, 1859.

Teachers will be instructed free of charge in the Normal Department.

For particulars, address the Principal.

E. J. OSBORNE, A. B.
Rainsburg, Bedford Co., April 22, 1859.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY R. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:

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The courts have decided that persons are not accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

Select Poetry.

NO SURRENDER.

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender!
Boldly dare and greatly do,
This shall bring us bravely thro' gh,
No surrender, No surrender!
And though Fortune's smile, be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No surrender!

Nail the colors to the mast,
Shouting gladly, No surrender!
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
No surrender, No surrender!
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast,
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
Mind the word is, No surrender!
Battle, tho' it be up-hill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, No surrender!
Hope,—and thus your hope full—
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill,
Is to give them—No surrender!

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

BY W. W. FOSDICK.

Let sailors sing the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.

When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird cucks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly;
Yon orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands:
The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing gay,
To him the summer blushes,
The autumn smiles with yellow ray,
His sleep old winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears confound him;
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels 'round him;
He trusts in God, and loves his wife,
Nor grief nor ill may harm her;
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

A DIVER'S TALE.

The life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea, is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor. Not to the common diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander, with impunity, for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea—to him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian stories tell us were presented to the fearful eyes of Aballath. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for in his memory, he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but amid the

crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten—not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had undoubtedly struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploits in which there was uncommon danger—not that the others were cowards; on the contrary; they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and presence of mind of which others were destitute. As two persons were needed in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows," as my comrade, Rimmer, remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly prepared to venture. So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability.—Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me.

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little mist—all right."

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish.—Then making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward toward the south, and rising slightly toward the north. Looking forward then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea. There are a thousand objects, fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain, covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away as in the upper air, for the water, in the distance, grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast-valve and the splash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practical wearer.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape met our eyes no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols, there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us; there some huge ones with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain, till we would come close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we would see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock, which had first greeted our eyes from a far. As yet we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck on my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved on more quickly. A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer

to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly, Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous position. The storm was coming on.

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it.—No, I would not. I signaled to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and in some places, were covered by marine plants and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer. The Marmion—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down and had settled in such a position among the rocks that she stood upright there, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told of a swift approaching danger. What was to be done, must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room.—All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight room. Suddenly, I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

"Pshaw! it's only Rimmer!"

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upward; sprang out upon the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me with frantic gestures to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow!

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there—there thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after cabin and entered—

Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and with one common emotion all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped one upon another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! To me, they were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes!—eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death—eyes

which still glared, like the eyes of a maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning, for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; his long black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon.—Oh, what was and torture, what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with ten-fold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled at them with frantic exertion, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also was lying down in my passage-way through the machine room. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not there. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there they lay, the boat tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer, for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—far lent wings to my feet. I hurried down stairs into the lower hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me. I looked up. The aperture was closed!

Heavens! it was closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended, or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprang toward me—?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it and kept it strongly expanded by close wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron and tried to pry it up: I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had raised it four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked.—Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to try and fit up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She cracked on the ground, and labored and then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went back again.

Then, with the last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosened, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption, constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me. Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

"CARRIAGE, SIR."

The Commercial Bulletin gets off the following, which is rather a good one:

Last week a gentleman from the West, visiting Boston for the first time, to attend the Trade Sales, arrived via the land route from New York, about midnight. On leaving the train, he secured the services of a hackman, and directed him to drive to the United States Hotel. Jarvey seized his valise, packed his passenger into the coach, with unusual alacrity, and leaped upon his box, cracked his whip, and rattled off through the almost deserted streets at a spanking rate. Away they went, up one street and down another, until at last the panting horses were reined up before the broad portico of the United States.

"How much, driver?" inquired the passenger.

"Fifty cents, sir—reg'lar fare, sir. All we're 'low'd to charge sir," said Jarvey, politely.

"Ah! very reasonable," was the satisfied remark, as he paid over the half-dollar, "and here's a dime extra, for driving me up so quickly."

Coachy grinned his thanks, leaped upon his vehicle, and rattled off.

Next morning our western friend received a call from one of his Boston acquaintances, and in course of conversation, happened to mention his arrival the night previous, and his ride up to the hotel.

"Ride up?" exclaimed his friend. "Why you don't mean to say you rode to this house, from the Western depot?"

"Certainly I do. You don't think I would walk all that distance, do you?"

"All that distance!" repeated the other, eyeing the vigorous underpinning of his friend. "Why how far from here do you suppose the railroad station is?"

"Judging from the ride, about a mile. How far is it?"

"Just across the street—possibly ten steps—it may be a dozen," was the reply of the other as he pointed to the station from the window. "You have been the victim of a hack driver. These men are becoming as bad as their brethren in New York."

"No, sir," was the decided reply. "There was one circumstance about that ride which would have made me sure I was in Boston and not in New York?"

"What was it?" asked the other.

"Why the driver charged me fifty cents instead of five dollars!"

A MISTAKE.—A young gentleman who had been paying (under a protest from her father) his addresses to a young lady, and had almost given it up as a hopeless case, obtained an eligible situation in a foreign mercantile house. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance soon after he had arranged to go abroad, he said to her: "If you will promise never to tell it to any one, I'll confide to you a secret."

"O no! of course I'll never mention it," said the lady.

He whispered in her ear—

"My fortune is made, I am going to Havre!"

"You don't say so! When?"

They separated and the next day the father of the young lady appearing before her, flourishing a big cane in his right hand, demanded to know, "by what authority he had proclaimed that he was about to marry his daughter!"

The young man denied the soft impeachment.

"You did!" roared he wouldn't be father-in-law: "You told Miss Threem-dash that you was going to hav' her next week?"

"And so I am—to sail for the port of Havre on the Humbolt!"

The old gent sloped.—Boston Museum.

A member of the Mississippi Legislature at one of its sessions, introduced a bill to change the name of a certain county in that State to Cass county. One of the opposition moved, as an amendment, the letter C be stricken out of the proposed name. This motion created some laughter at the expense of the member offering. Nothing daunted, however, he arose in reply and said: "Mr. Speaker, this is the first instance that has come to my knowledge in which a member has had the assurance, upon the floor of any legislature, to propose to name a co-members after himself."

An old toper in the last stage of was told by his physician that nothing save him but being "tapped." His son, a little shaver, here let in, saying: "Dad, the farmers of this papa, for you know there new them can be Elled thing-tapped in our house that lastly, ALSIP, Agent, a fortnight."