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Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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VOLUME 57.

NEW SERIES.

BY B. F. MEYERS.

At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
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Transient advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square of ten lines for three insertions, or less, but for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged in addition. Table and figure work double price. Advertiser's notices ten lines and under, \$1.00; upwards of ten lines and under fifteen \$1.50. Liberal reductions made to persons advertising by the year.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE TWO ERAS.

APRIL 19th, 1775, AND APRIL 19th, 1861.

The Bay State bled at Lexington,

But every drop that ran,

By transmutation strange and strong,

Sprang up an armed man;

Sprang up, indomitably firm,

And multiplied and spread,

Fill Freedom's amarantian crown

Enwreath'd our country's head.

Yet, when the horn of Lexington

Who kept their natal day,

Were writing fourscore years and six

Upon their annal grey,

The Bay State bled at Baltimore,—

Wherefore, I may not speak;

For sad and tender memories rush

From heart to moisten'd cheek.

And sighs of buried fathers break

The cold, sepulchral bed,

And hideous harpies clap their wings

When brothers' blood is shed:

And stars that in their courses sang,

Their constellations shroud,

And wind-boine echoes cry forth fear!

From yonder cloven cloud:

While contrite souls from holy church

And hushed, heart-stone pray

That He who rules above the skies

Would turn his wrath away.

And rote the spirit that of old

The shepherd Abel slew,

And link the hands in loving clasp,

Now red with battle-dew:

Yea, all our nation's sins remit,

And bid His judgments cease,

And in His own good time restore

The blessed halm of peace.—L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., Friday Evening, April 19th.

THE HORSE DEALER'S STORY.

Many years ago, before the era of railroads, and when highwaymen abounded along the great southern route from Kentucky, a drover who had been to the "flower country" with a large drove of horses, which he had sold for cash, was overtaken by night, on his return near Springfield, in the county of Robertson, Tennessee. He remembered that a little distance ahead was a quiet inn he had never stopped at, and he determined to spend the night there.

As he rode up to the house, the landlord, a respectable looking person, received his horse and led him away to the stable, while he invited the drover to enter the public sitting room.

Here he found two young men, one of whom from his resemblance to the landlord, he recognized as his son; the other, somewhat older, from his manners, appeared also to belong to the family. Immediately after supper, (during which the drover stated where he had been and what luck he had met with,) the son mounted a horse, and stating that he was going to Springfield to stay all night, rode off. The Kentuckian, having looked after the comfort of his horse, soon after requested the landlord to show him to his room, which was done.

As the traveller slipped off his garments, he felt for the leather belt about his waist to see that it was secure. This contained his gold, while his paper money was contained in a large wallet, carried in a pocket made for the purpose in the inside of his vest. Depositing these articles beneath his pillow, he extinguished the light, and threw himself upon the bed, when, overcome by the weariness, he soon fell asleep.

How long he had been in this state of forgetfulness he could not tell, when he was aroused to wakefulness by the sound of some person endeavoring to open the window near the head of his bed. At the same time, he heard suppressed voices without, as of several persons in whispered consultation.

Startled by this suspicious appearance of things, the drover reached toward the chair, on which he had thrown his clothes, for his weap-

ons, when, to his dismay, he remembered that on his arrival, when preparing to wash off the dust of his journey, he had lain them aside within the bar, and had neglected to resume them.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, the defenceless drover slipped from the foot of the bed and hid himself in the darkness behind a lot of women's dresses suspended from the walls of the house, and watched the motions of a man who was now slowly and cautiously entering the room. He even fancied he could detect the reflection of the dim light upon an unpraised knife, as the man approached the bed, with staggering and uncertain steps. But great was his relief, when, instead of an attempt at murder, the intruder carelessly shuffled off his clothes, and throwing himself into the bed he had just vacated, was soon buried in deep slumber. The man was evidently drunk, as his loud, snoring breathing plainly indicated.

Not knowing what to make of this strange affair, the drover determined to dress himself, call up the landlord, and have this singular intrusion explained. He had reached his clothes, and slipped on his trousers, and was moving toward the door, when steps were heard cautiously crossing the outer room. Once more he sought the shelter of the dresses, which completely screened his person, and awaited the entrance of the persons, whoever they might be. Presently the door of the room was silently opened, and two men made their appearance. It was not so dark but that the drover could readily distinguish them to be the innkeeper and the man that he had seen at the supper table.

"Step lightly, I tell you," whispered the landlord, "or you'll wake him up, and then we'll have a pretty mess on our hands!"

"Wake—!" replied the other, with an oath. A man that snores like that, I reckon, can't be easily awakened. Yea, scared, old man!"

"Scared!" repeated the first speaker. "No man ever before told John Garner he was scared! Here—give me the knife! I'll show you who is scared! You secure the money—it's under the pillow—I saw him put it there—and I'll do the rest!"

The old man was in advance, and as he stood between the window and the drover, the latter could see his form bent over the bed, while his hand seemed to be searching beneath the pillow.

"Here, Bill—take it. Here's the wallet, and here's the belt. My God, how heavy it is!" and he passed the money to his companion before the other had yet reached the bedside.

The old man then put his hand to his bosom, and the trembling drover saw him draw forth the long blade the other had given him. For an instant the murderous weapon was poised over his head, and then descended with a hissing sound upon the person of the poor wretch in the bed. Another and another stroke followed in rapid succession. A half stifled groan a few gasping sobs escaped the dying man, a convulsive tremor of the bedclothes, and all was quiet.

The murderer paused in his bloody work for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that life was extinct, and then, with fiendish deliberation, drew down the coverlet, and to make all sure, passed the knife from ear to ear across the throat of his victim. Then wiping the instrument upon the sheets, the villain moved quickly from the room.

As soon as the sound of the footsteps had died in the distance, the horror-stricken drover escaped through the window, and run with all speed to the neighboring village, where, arousing the people of the hotel, he told his fearful story. A small crowd was soon collected about him, and when enough of the facts had been gathered, they accompanied him to the scene of the foul murder.

All about the house was still, but on approaching the stable a light was discovered within; and moving noiselessly to the door, and peering through the cracks, the two murderers were found in the act of digging a grave beneath the flooring. A rush was made upon them, and they were arrested.

At the sight of the drover, who was the first to confront the guilty wretches, the landlord uttered a shriek of terror, and fell to the ground, while his accomplice, pale as a corpse, gazed upon him with a fright, not doubting it was the ghost of the murdered man who stood before him.

The party now proceeded to the house, dragging the two murderers along with them. The family was by this time alarmed, and the wife and daughter of the landlord, together with the servants of the house, ignorant of the terrible crime that had just been enacted so near them, inquired into the cause of the disturbance.

Lights were procured, and, still keeping the prisoners with them, the people entered the room where lay the body of the man so strangely murdered instead of the horse-dealer. The wife and daughter followed.

When the bloody covering was removed from the face of the corpse, and the full light of the

candle glared upon it, a wild cry burst from the lips of the landlord's wife.

"My son! my murdered son! Who has done this?"

And with a hysterical scream, she fell insensible to the floor.

"No! no! it can't be so, mother," exclaimed the daughter, as she struggled to reach the bed. But the terrible truth burst upon her, as her eyes fell upon the mangled form of her brother, and she also swooned upon the body.

The cries of the broken-hearted females seemed to arouse the old man for a moment, and gazing wildly at the sight before him, he also realized the terrible truth—he had murdered his own son.

On investigation of the facts before the magistrate of Springfield on the following day, it was ascertained that the son of the innkeeper, who was a dissipated young man, had visited the town on the previous evening, where with some of his associates, he had been engaged in drinking and gambling till a late hour; and being too much intoxicated to remount his horse and ashamed to meet his family, some of his fellow gamblers had accompanied him home, and supposing the room in which the drover had been put to be vacant, they assisted the drunken man into the window. It was their voices the lodger had heard; and thus it was that the hapless youth met his death—and our friend providentially escaped.

The accomplice of the landlord proved to be his son-in-law.

From that awful hour the wretched mother of that murdered boy, murdered by his father's hand, remained a raving maniac.

It is only necessary to add, in concluding this tale of horror, that the drover recovered his money; and Justice, claiming her due, the two murderers paid the penalty of their crime upon the gallows. Shortly after this last event the people of Springfield, to whom the scene of the unnatural murder had become an eyecore, assembled and leveled the buildings to the ground. The spot is now covered with brambles and thistles, and pointed out to the stranger as a place to be avoided! for the ignorant assert that it is haunted by the ghost of the murdered son.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE CANALS.

Lord Palmerston's remarks relating to the United States are thus reported:

There is but one spot in the political horizon, the contemplation of which must inspire us with regret and uneasiness. I mean those convulsions which are now taking place among our cousins in North America, leading to a dissolution of the union of the formerly United States. It is not for us to say what ought to be, whether no compromise ought to be made by which the Union may be maintained or whether it is best for the happiness of the sections that they should separate, and form respectively different associations and confederacies. But of this I am sure, every man who hears me, every British heart, will feel that it is our cordial wish that, whatever may be the ultimate result of the differences now prevailing, that result may be brought about by amicable adjustments, and that the world may be saved from the afflicting spectacle of seeing brothers armed against brothers, and parents against children, and of seeing that state of social happiness which has hitherto been the admiration of mankind, deformed by disputes; and a country which has been the scene of peace and industry, polluted by the effusion of blood. [Cheers.]

TREASON DEFINED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Harrisburg, April 12.—The bill defining and punishing treason passed the State Senate to-day. It prohibits any citizen taking a military commission from the enemies of the United States, or engaging in any plot or conspiracy, or traitorous correspondence, or furnishing arms under penalty of ten years imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine. Any person selling vessels to the enemy, or fitting out privateers, suffers five years imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine. All the officers of the Pennsylvania volunteers are to take the oath of allegiance to the United States in thirty days. Any officer refusing to do so will be at once deprived of his commission.

I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth.

"Oh, sir, that's nothing," she replied.

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass. All were drawn up in front towards the north. "Now, what is before you John?" "The north, sir." "What is behind you, Tom?" "My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

Jonathan, Hallo, neighbor! what be ye gwyn dew with that air keewhite? Zeik, 'whoy, I've got tarntion cretur of a boiey, what for get, to go to skule, and I want to jog his memory.

From the Home Journal.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITIES.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

"My dear," I said to the lady who was opposite to me at the breakfast table, and who has the good fortune to be my wife, "if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to receive a cup of coffee that looks as if it had been sipped from before it reached my hands. Have I not often asked you to fill my cup to within an eighth of an inch of the rim, and not give it to me half or three quarters full?"

"You are as particular as an old bachelor," the estimable lady replied, "and if I had known it before I married you, this day would not have seen me your wife. There, sir, is your cup of coffee. I hope it will suit you."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, as I took the cup, "now you've managed to run it over.—You certainly must be aware that if there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is to find slop in my saucer."

"Well if you will insist on my filling the cup, you must expect that sometimes I shall spill it over; besides, your finding fault with me does no good, but makes me nervous, and causes my hand to tremble, so that I only wonder that there is any coffee left in the cup.—But here is a clean saucer in place of the one you have."

Having effected this important change, I tasted the contents of my cup. It was evident to me that there was no sugar in it. I tasted it again to make certain of the fact. Then I said to her:

"You have neglected to put sugar into my coffee. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is coffee unsweetened."

"I am certain," replied my estimable spouse, "that I did sweeten it. I don't think you have."

"But I have," I answered.

"Not with your spoon," said the provoking woman, "for it is perfectly dry; perhaps, however, you used your fork."

"Pshaw," was all the answer if you wish to be safe in this remark.

"Now, I declare," I said, after having stirred and sipped my coffee, "you have made it too sweet. It is to have my coffee taste like syrup."

"Let me put more milk in it, then?" replied the obliging woman.

"No, I thank you," I replied, "I don't care to have my stomach turned into a dairy. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is milk. I gave up milk diet when I cut my first teeth."

"It is to be hoped that you will give up the idea of fault finding, which you possess in an eminent degree, when you come to cut your wisdom teeth, though no one can tell when that will be."

"Thank you," I replied; you will probably be the first who will know when it occurs."

"And a happy day it will be for me," she answered with provoking calmness. "Few know, though, how much unhappiness your constant fault finding causes me. Nothing I do seems to give you satisfaction. There isn't a moment elapses, while you are in the house, save when you're asleep, but you are thus occupied. The truth is I have always been too indulgent with you, and humor you when I ought not. I did not commence right in the first place. I should have paid no attention to your whims, but studied my own convenience and comfort, instead of seeking to make everything smooth and pleasant for you. Then I would have got along much better. Oh, you men are great tyrants; and if a woman yields to you in the least, you follow up your advantage, and bend her will to yours, and crush her spirit to the earth; till, by and by, you break her heart."

"My dear, I will thank you for another cup of coffee," I said, passing my cup to her; "but be careful not to run it over, nor get it too sweet, nor put in too much milk. What an intolerable stuff this is!" I added; "it is tough enough to have been cut from one of the cattle pictured upon a thousand hills, more than a thousand years ago. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is tough beef-steak."

"You ordered it yourself, from the market, so you needn't find fault with me on account of it. I knew it was tough the moment I looked at it."

"Then why didn't you send it back?" I inquired.

"Because, as it was your own selection, I supposed you wanted a tough one; besides, if I had returned it, you would have found fault with me for doing so."

"Well, I can't eat it, that's certain," I said; "it had better be taken off the table. I shouldn't throw any more money away on beef-steaks."

"Oh, it will answer for hash," said my economical wife, "and you can have it for dinner."

"Hash!" I exclaimed. "If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is hash. Hash is only fit for children and old people without teeth. Besides, it is a popular dish at boarding schools and boarding houses; and when I was a boy, and afterward while a bachelor, I ate my share of it, and I'm not going to eat any more. No, we will have a turkey for dinner."

"Very well," said my spouse, "a turkey let it be. Shall I see to getting one?"

"I think not," I answered. "The fact is, that all the turkeys you select turn out to be like the celebrated one of which Job was the reputed owner—poor and tough. No, I'll buy the turkey, and you can cook it."

"Very well," said the imperturbable lady.

"But how will you have it cooked?"

"Oh, any way; suit yourself; I answered."

"Then I think I will roast it," she replied.

"Roast it!" I exclaimed. "That is just like you. Now, you know if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have a turkey roasted."

"Very well, then," said the accommodating woman, "I will boil it."

"Boil it!" I said aghast. "Boil soup, boil lamb chops, boil cherries, if you like, but never, for me, boil a turkey."

"Pray, then, how will you have it cooked? Only tell me and it shall be done."

"Why—why—well—fricasseé it, of course," I answered triumphantly.

"Very well," said the lady, looking, however, as if it were not very well.

"Why can't you say something else besides 'very well'?" I asked. "What a provoking woman you are, to be sure."

"Not half as provoking as you are," she replied.

"Now, then, you wish to make me angry, I suppose; but you can't do it," I said. "I have put up with everything all thro' breakfast, and I am not going to be provoked just as I am finishing."

"I am sure I dot wish to provoke you," my wife said in a most innocent and aggrieved manner.

"But you must certainly do provoke me," I replied.

"Then I am sorry for it," she answered, in a softened tone, "for such was not my intention."

I looked across the table at my wife; something like a tear rolled down her cheek, and she made my wife weep. What—a what—a—brute I am.

Then, speaking aloud, I exclaimed:

"Darling!"

"Well," was her calm reply.

"Do you know," I continued, "that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is a tear."

She answered, simply with a sad smile.

"Sweetheart," I said.

"Well?"

"Cook the turkey any way you please."

She shook her head.

I left my seat, (having finished my breakfast,) went to her side, and, smoothing her pale, wan cheek with my hand, kissed it and said:

"Forgive me, dear, this time."

She smiled dubiously, as if "this time" was only one out of the "seventy-times seven" which she would be called on to forgive during our matrimonial career; but, nevertheless, the pressure of her hand which I had taken, assured me that peace was made.

WHO SYMPATRIZE WITH THE SOUTH?

There is no person at the North who loves his country and his flag, that sympathizes with treason or rebellion. Secession has had few, if any, advocates or apologists here. There are certain journals which have been studiously represented as conniving at secession, but which nevertheless, have vigorously opposed it from the first. They have warned, advised, and expostulated with the South, against any such suicidal step, for they deemed the Union paramount to everything else. There are those here who have been charged as sympathizing with the South, because, deprecating civil war—and such a civil war as can only be fought by Americans—they have earnestly advocated a policy of peace, conciliation, mutual concession, in hope that the integrity of the Union might be preserved thereby. But if hope is extinguished and if civil war has become the only alternative, there is but one course to be pursued. Our firesides are here; our flag, our country, our government, are here; and it is our duty (and we accept it as such) to protect those firesides, to defend that flag, and sustain that Government.

We have prayed that this cup of bitterness might never be filled. We hoped that our Southern brethren might either be brought back to their former loyal position in the Union, or else be permitted to go in peace. Rather than civil war, we would have had those who chafed under the rule of the U. S. Government, recognized as an independent Confederacy, yet living in amity, and allied to us by all those interests which have bound us hitherto. But another destiny seems to await us. At all events, we are vigorously preparing for war, and must continue to prepare for it. True, the South has not yet invaded the free States at any point. There have been rumors of an attack upon

Washington and also Cincinnati; but none has yet been made; and it is at this moment a matter of doubt, we suspect, whether any such attack is intended, or whether the demonstration made, and the threats which are said to have been uttered, were not designed as a feint, to prevent too large a force from being sent to the Southern ports, until the Secessionists there could complete their fortifications. But however this may be, our government did right in summoning a large force to defend the Capital; and would have neglected its duty, had it failed to do so. The whole North will sustain it in doing all that may be necessary to defend not only the capital, but every portion of the non-seceded States. And if, for this end, it should accumulate so large a force as not only to deter the South from invasion but also to dispose them for any honorable terms of peace, rather than encounter the hazards and horrors of a ferocious war, it will be an auspicious result. One thing the South should understand, viz, that to the extent above indicated, the North is now a perfect unit in sentiment. And further, that if an attempt should be made upon Washington or any other free territory, the same public sentiment will justify retaliation in any kind. If the South indulge the thought that in any aggressive movement, armed co-operation may be expected from any portion of the North, the sooner they rid themselves of this fatuity, the better it will be for both sections, and the sooner will the issue be cleared up. There is no easy road to victory through a divided North.

Politics make strange bed-fellows now; or rather, politics are altogether ignored, and partisans have united en masse for the common weal.

We cannot but hope that when both parties behold the vast proportions that the war will assume, in case the two sections shall be brought into deadly conflict with each other, the counsels of peace will prevail, and an adjustment of differences be made, in some way honorable to both parties. And we are the more encouraged to hope this, when we see in leading Republican papers, as we occasionally do, such sentiments as the following:—

From the Hartford Courant:—
"The public opinion is gradually settling down in favor of the recognition of the new Confederacy by the Federal Government. The thought of a bloody and protracted civil war, except as a matter of absolute necessity, is abhorrent to all, and its issues may be as perilous to the victors as to the vanquished. To subjugate the seceded States by force of arms and to compel them to remain in the Union, if it be possible, must involve great expenditure of treasure, of life, and can result only in changing the present alienation into deadly hostility and incurable hate. If they remain in the Union, they must do so as peers of the other States, and not as conquered provinces."

But here a new peril meets us. Do we not by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, recognize the principle of secession? No.

Seven States have seceded from the Union. The act is revolutionary, and may justly be punished with all the severity which the crime of unprovoked revolution demands. The present Administration must deal with the matter as it stands; not simply as a question of constitutional law, but also, as a question of practical politics. The forcible subjugation of these States, under existing circumstances, is not to be thought of.

We learn that a sermon much in this vein was preached in Northampton, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Eldy, of that town, on the occasion of the recent Fast; and that it was generally approved, even in that rather ultra Republican community. The sermon is to be printed. It was a parallelism between the present secession and that of ten tribes in Rehoboam's day, from the original Union, which was thereby reduced to the Two Tribes of Judah and Benjamin.

Rehoboam was going to fight the ten tribes back into the Union, but the Lord through his prophet, commanded him not to do so.—M. Y. Journal of Commerce.

"Father," said a little boy, "I know how to fire off the guns and cannons of earth—but who is tall enough to touch off thunder?"

"Many a scribbler has become," in his old age, a pensioner upon others, from not having been able in earlier years to "pen shun" himself.

Entering a fruit store, a gentleman took up a tropical fruit and politely asked what it was. The very rude and abrupt reply was—"Man-go!"

To make excellent jam—squeeze six or eight women, now-a-days, into a common stage coach.

"I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?"
"Oh, yes I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

A little boy of some seven summers being asked in Sunday school, "What is the chief end of man?" answered: "The end, what's got the head on."