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## Original Poetry

### NATURE'S SIMILITUDES.

BY [? ? ? ?]  
All nature has its kindred forms.  
Its stars and worlds relations are;  
The ocean's kindred to its storms,  
The earth is kindred to each star.  
Each flow'r that feels the morning's breeze  
Doth mingle fragrance with the air;  
The land is kindred to the seas,  
In shapes both hideous and fair.  
The hills and valleys are allied—  
The mountains' crown on vales below—  
They lie congenial, side by side,  
Beneath the skies that o'er them glow.  
  
The brook is kindred to the spring,  
The streamlet to the river's flow;  
The lakes the ocean's dirges sing,  
O'er each the ships sail to and fro.  
The eagle from his lofty flight  
Stoops back to earth to rest his wing;  
And gazing from his craggy height  
Hears little warblers sweetly sing.  
The mighty oak, in lofty pride,  
Stands monarch of the forest trees;  
And yet, the woodbine by its side  
Climbs up the trunk to kiss the breeze.  
  
The lion with his kingly strength,  
Of let his vengeful anger calm,  
And in the sun doth stretch his length,  
Beside the tiger, or the lamb.  
And thus all nature is allied  
In form, in lineament and love;  
Its golden cords stretch far and wide  
Through earth below, and sky above—  
And what is man to nature's scenes—  
The earth, and sky, and flood and field?  
He's monarch of the ocean wave,  
The land to him its fruits must yield.  
  
He bears the image of his God,  
And angel forms around him glow:  
He's kindred to the courts above  
And monarch of the world below.  
Rocks, hills and dales, his brothers are;  
And mountains, with their peaks of blue,  
Join seas, and sky, and moon afar  
To lift him up to heaven's view.  
And so all nature shows its ties,  
From God above, to man below—  
On heaven's plains love's fountains rise,  
Throughout the universe they flow.

From Once a Week.

## HOW NED SMITH WON HIS MEDAL.

A STORY OF THE CORNISH WRECKERS.  
Some dozen years ago, before the railways now throbbing like arteries through the land, were in existence, I went with two friends to lodge in Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw, far removed from the cross country road, and only reached by venturing over a track—for it could not even be called a path—winding along the edges of cliffs often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place to delight all whose fortune had carried them within sight of it.  
The southern end of the bay closed in a steep slope of living rock, caused by a landslide, in which the turf had slid down like a veil to hide the ruin it left behind, of which nothing was seen from the beach but a back ground of towering rocks. Like some old Norman castle, we fancied them still resisting step by step the advance of decay. It was near this southern point that the traces of former lawless doings were still to be seen. A small hole apparently only a fox den, led into a cave where a thousand kegs of French brandy had often been stored in a single night.  
We were anxious to learn whether the tales we had heard of Cornish wreckers were true, and it was some questioning on this subject which drew from the old miller the following story:  
"I can't say I never heard of such things, but I never seed no such doings myself. I have lived here, man and boy, these seventy years," he said, "many and many's the night we've been watching on those bleak cliffs for a chance to help the poor creatures as had only a frail plank between them and death. Scores of lives I've seed saved, but never one took; no, not even the brute beast that came to the shore from all the multitudes of wrecks I've seed. I am not going to say that when the ships, poor things, are all broken up and the timbers come ashore—I'm not clear to say, there is not some small matter as never gets reported to the kipp's man. Little I blame those that take it, for, as the Lord above knows, I believe it is more the fault of those that keep back the honest dues for the salvage."  
"I remember in the time that barwood," and he pointed to some pretty things made by his son, of the bright colored logwood, "was coming in. There was those as worked night and day, landing it, and after all their toil they wanted to pay them off with just a quarter of what was the right money. So if they that are so well off try to cheat like that, I'd ask your honor if it is not setting an example to the poor?"  
"There's Ned Smeeth, now—he has got that fine medal from that grand place up to London—I am sure he is as tender hearted as a child, but you'll never make him believe there is any sin in taking a stray baulk or two the tide brings in, and nobody owns; while after he'd been working for a whole week they wanted to pay him with a little more than nothing. That's what I call scaling!"  
"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such falsities."  
"Twas seven years last November—I mind it well—and Ned was standing as your honor and me is now, by my old hut here. It was a bitter night of weather, and was so dark we could not see even the clouds of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill a going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap, (for you see I always wake when

and would have put the stranger with him, but we soon found he was too wild to be trusted free, so we bound him for his own safety.  
"In a few minutes after they were landed Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for spirits and things, and he, youngster-like, told what Ned was about. None who were there will ever forget that fair young thing as she fell on her knees by her husband's side, and swooned away with her head on his breast.  
"Ah, the man that had just braved such danger, wept like a child as he smoothed the golden hair of his wife.  
"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came soon after, and bound up their wounds, and then we got a cart and brought them down to my house.  
"Eleven men and three boys were the crew of the Hesperus, as the ship was called, and only that one man saved. He lay for days—very quiet at last—and scarce spoke a word. What he did say was about his mother, and the name of some young woman. When we stripped him—by the doctor's orders—we found a little packet hung around his neck by a black riband, and as it was wet with the salt water, we took it away to dry. My wife who tended him more than the rest, said he seemed to keep groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back again; and when he found it there all right, he never strove to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me to say, but my old woman always considered that packet to hold some true love token. She often said she wished she knew, for she thought how glad his mother and sweet-heart would be to know he was alive.  
"Well, he went on in that strange way night on three weeks, and we did not know so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about again all well, we thought the sight of him might bring the sailor to his recollections. So Ned went and sat by the bedside till he awoke. It was getting near Christmas, and he wanted the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes, Ned held out his hand, and says he:  
"Give you joy, comrade. Ay, I see you'll be more than a match for me next turn we have, particularly when 'tis grass we stand on."  
"With that the tears came into his poor, dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand, he said:  
"I remember now. Were none saved but me?"  
"Ned was fearful to tell the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he just laughed and said:  
"You've been so long sleeping off the effects of your wetting, that they've gone and left you. But 'tis time you knew your name, stranger, if it please you to tell."  
"Gascogne," he said—"Richard Gascogne. Has no one written to my mother?"  
"How could we," says Ned, "as we did not know where she lived?"  
"With that he got up to come away, for he was afraid if he stayed he'd tell himself about his shipmates, only three of whose bodies were ever found.  
"He'd just got to the door when the poor man wanted him to come back, but before he could turn about the parson came into the room, and Ned got away.  
"We never knew the particulars for certain, but always believe, to this day, the young man was no common sailor.  
"The parson used to come and sit with him hours together, and a fine lot of letters they wrote between them. But we were never the wiser for any of their scholarship doings, but in one thing, and that won't be forgot round here for many's long day.  
"The Christmas day we were all standing about the church door, shaking hands, and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, when the little gate that led from the parsonage lawn into the church-yard opened, and a lady came among us, so beautifully dressed and so beautiful herself that we all stopped talking to look at her.  
"I'm before my story, though, for I should have told you the stranger had gone to the parsonage as soon as he could be moved.  
"Well, the lady came forward into the midst of the crowd, and she said:  
"Which of all you brave kind men is Edward Smeeth?"  
"Ned was just behind me, and seemed ready to slink away, but I pushed him fore, and said:  
"It please your ladyship, that's him."  
"Well, Ned knowed manners too well to run away then, so there he stood, blushing like a girl.  
"The lady took his hand, and seemed going to make a speech; but she had only just begun her thanks when her heart rose in her throat, and the tears stood in her eyes, and she only said, 'God bless you!' and put a little box into Ned's hand, and then kissed his great rough hand as if it had been a baby's face. Ned seemed struck all of a heap. He looked at the things she had given him, and turned his hands as if he expected to see a mark where her beautiful lips had touched.  
"Well, as the lady could not speak for herself, the parson up and told us all the sense of it. How that there was a grand place up to London, with a great many grand people, who subscribed among them to reward them that saved life.  
"And proud," says the parson, "proud I am that such a token has come into my parish."  
He said many kind and good words, and then told Ned to open the little box and show what was in it. There, sure enough, was a beautiful medal with Ned's name, and the name of the man saved, and some Latin words, which the parson said was that we should never give up trying to save life, for perhaps a little spark of hope might yet remain, though all seemed gone.  
"Ah! here comes Ned, he'll be proud to show your honor the medal."  
So we walked into Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though seven long years had passed—years that had robbed him

of his fair young wife, and laid her, with her new born babe, in an early tomb—his dark eyes would brighten, and his fine form looked taller, as he exhibited that well-earned medal from the Royal Humane Society.  
**THE FOLLY OF EMANCIPATION.**  
There is no infatuation less able to stand the scrutiny of reason and common sense than that which believes negro emancipation would contribute to the success of our arms, or the restoration of that fraternity without which peace could not be permanent and lasting. The adoption of such a policy as this, in obedience to the clamor of an angry faction of Abolitionists who have been the worst enemies of our domestic peace for the last thirty years, would divide the Northern people, now substantially united in fighting for the Union under the Constitution, demoralize the army, produce discord and contention, and force upon the country a question far more embarrassing than the slave question—namely, the negro question. The emancipation of the slaves, instead of concluding our domestic troubles, would only re-commence them in a more embarrassing form. The negroes of the South have now a fixed status sanctioned by the Constitution; and there is no reason why we should trouble our heads about them one way or the other. They can do us little harm as slaves, and no good as freemen. Our policy, therefore, is to prosecute a vigorous war against rebellion, without wasting our strength upon foreign and extraneous issues. Should the Abolitionists carry their point and drive the Administration into issuing a decree of universal emancipation, the effect, if any, would be to force upon our immediate attention the question, what shall be done with the negroes.  
But while the rebellion lasts we do not believe that a decree of emancipation would have even this effect. It would only divide the North and embitter the South during the prosecution of the war, rendering its result more doubtful than it now is. The Government would be enabled by the utter annihilation of the Union sentiment still prevalent in portions of the Southern States; the war would assume the character of conquest or extirpation on one side and resistance to the death on the other—and if, in spite of these obstacles, it should terminate in the entire subjugation of the rebel States, instead of bringing to us peace and quietness, it would find us in our exhausted and impoverished condition, with four millions of negroes on our hands to protect and provide for. They could never assimilate with the population upon terms of equality—never be made citizens of this nation; and the Northern people would have either to bear enormous taxation for the purpose of colonizing them, or contribute to their support as free and idle vagrants.  
A nation so extensive and diversified in its interests as ours can never be governed by narrow theories. Our sympathies must be as boundless as the continent, and our toleration as expansive. The Fathers of the republic in their wisdom comprehended this great truth when they formed a Constitution adapted to all parts of the country—a Constitution enabling the New England States and the Southern States to live under one Government, without compelling uniformity in their domestic institutions. And it is because infatuated men in both sections have sought to force their narrow sectional views upon the whole country, that we are now plunged in the horrors of civil war. The Abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South are the great criminals who have embroiled a whole people in fratricidal strife; and, until they are both extirpated, we cannot hope for peace. The extreme opinions of neither of these incendiary factions can ever govern this country in peace. We can never all become Secessionists, or all Abolitionists. Our only safety is to abide by the tolerant and comprehensive principles of the Constitution, which are alike removed from both extremes. If the Union is to be preserved, the Southern man must learn to live in peace with the New England Yankee so long as he renders his vagaries harmless by confining them to his own territory; and the New England man must learn to tolerate the most extreme type of pro-slaveryism so long as it keeps within Constitutional limits. Upon any other basis than this—the original foundation of our Government—we can never expect that a people inhabiting a continent, and differing in origin, institutions, mental characteristics and education, will ever live in harmony. If one section determines to impress its peculiar ideas upon the whole nation, and will abide no difference of opinion—if, instead of a Union of equal States with each exercising absolute control over its domestic concerns, the aim of the war is to render us a homogeneous people in every particular, we have indeed undertaken an impossible task. But as the true purpose of the Government is restoration and not alteration, its success depends in a great measure, upon the fidelity with which it adheres to this great object.—Emancipation would be a fatal departure.—*Patrot & Union.*  
**A WOMAN ELECTED MAYOR.**—At a late election in Oskaloosa, Iowa, there was but one candidate presented to be voted for. The "boys" did not like him and were bound to have another candidate, and so, more in the spirit of fun than otherwise, they nominated Mrs. Nancy Smith on the day of election, and to the astonishment of everybody, when the votes were counted in the evening it was found that Mrs. Nancy Smith had twenty-one majority over the regular candidate for Mayor.  
Before her marriage, the Queen of England was a wayward and fitful young woman—subject to the most variable caprices, and entirely uncontrollable by her ministers. Shrewd politicians have always ascribed the calm and equitable course of British policy to the influence of Prince Albert, who was one of the most shrewd and accomplished diplomats.

**The Schoolmaster Abroad.**  
EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.  
Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."  
**A WORD TO THE PEOPLE.**  
Citizens of Bedford county! You will soon be called upon to exercise an important prerogative; that of choosing persons who shall be clothed with certain prescribed powers to govern your local affairs. For the peace and prosperity of your several districts, it is as important that proper persons be chosen, as it is for the good of the whole country that proper legislative and executive heads be elected. But there is a certain local office, to which, in a great many instances, not enough attention is given in the proper selection of officers, and to which we wish to call your notice in this article,—we mean that of School Director. We have always been of the opinion—and our experience has never taught us to change that opinion—that the very best men in the land should be selected for School Directors. Every friend of education will at once see the force of this assertion, and no long train of argument is needed to establish the truth of it; and as we are more particularly addressing the friends of education, we do not deem it necessary to do so.  
But as we remarked before, this subject does not receive the attention which it deserves. In many instances persons who are apposed to common school education, manage to have themselves elected in order to do all in their power to break down the system, just because its friends do not exercise proper vigilance to keep such intruders out. Thus the progress of the system is retarded, and its harmonious workings destroyed. With but a little vigilance, all this can be easily avoided. See that you do your duty in that respect, by selecting none but the best men among you for School Directors. Let no man, under any circumstances, slip into that important office, whose antecedents on the subject of our common school system are not, like Caesar's wife, "beyond suspicion." If you love education, if you are in favor of discharging your duty to your progeny by having their minds properly educated, and thus rear monuments that shall bless your memory long after you cease to exist, you will do this. Although our country is torn by intestine strife, and every kind of business is more or less prostrated and paralyzed, yet we must not neglect the subject of education, we dare not tear down the Temple of Learning, or like Samson, we will be crushed beneath its ruins. "We must educate! we must educate," exclaims a celebrated writer, "or we must perish!"  
Bedford county compares favorably with her sisters, and the commonwealth, in educational matters; and the common school system has insinuated itself into the favor of a majority of its citizens to such an extent, that we doubt whether it could be easily uprooted. We apprehend no great danger, therefore, from the influx of a few antagonistic directors, but we don't want them elected because they are clogs to the wheels, and throw obstructions before the "car of education" and impede its onward progress. Select men who are openly avowed friends of the cause; those who will appreciate the importance of their office, discharge its duties not for its emoluments—for there are none—but who love education for its own sake; and who will stand nobly to their word regardless of the few grumblers who shall see fit to oppose them. Do this, and you will have the consciousness of having done your duty in a humble but important capacity.  
**ABOUT AN EXHIBITION.**  
We had the pleasure, on the evening of the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, of being present at a school exhibition, in our neighboring borough, Bloody Run, with which we were particularly delighted. It was a joint affair, we believe, between the Sabbath schools and the day school; the whole under the control of Prof. J. C. CLARKSON, the excellent teacher of that place, to whose energy and ability the performance owed its success. The proceeds of the exhibition were to be appropriated to the laudable object of procuring a library for the Sabbath schools of that place.  
When we say that we were delighted with the performances, we but re-echo the sentiment of every one who was present. Such propriety in selection of pieces; such tasteful arrangement and consummate skill in performance we have seldom witnessed on similar occasions.  
Among the many pieces, the following were gems, and elicited the approbation of the audience: "In the Light! In the Light!" "Washington crossing the Delaware;" "Death of Pulaski;" and "Washington's Dream of Liberty." The personification of the "Goddess of Liberty" was exquisite; and the tableaux made more beautiful pictures than artist ever conceived, or could possibly execute.  
We do not, generally speaking, approve of

school exhibitions, because too many do not exhibit any thing particular except a superficial acquirement, by which precious time has been wasted, and which is an injury rather than a benefit, but such as the one to which we allude, are certainly commendable. If we had properly conducted exhibitions in connection with the examinations at the close of the schools, it would no doubt have a tendency to create a deeper interest in the public mind in the cause of education. A great deal can be done by the proper exertions of the common school teacher, to awaken that interest, and not a little credit is due Mr. Clarkson for his efforts to build up the cause in his sphere of labor. The people everywhere will properly appreciate such teachers.  
The following very good rules have been adopted in a school room in Maine:  
No chewing tobacco in school hours.  
No kissing or squeezing the girls in the entry.  
No snapping apple seeds at the master.  
No cutting benches with jack knives.  
No novels allowed to be brought to school.  
**BORROWING AND LENDING.**  
There seems to be some infatuation about a loan, especially a loan of money. No sooner does one man manage to extract five dollars from the pocket of another, and that other a long acquaintance and a friend than a stranger seems to sit on the borrower's part towards the benefactor, the one accommodated appears to conceive a sudden and unaccountable dislike to the one who was willing to accommodate him and it is ten to one if the man receiving the five dollars, does not very shortly, shun the one who loaned it altogether and even go so far as to cut him dead when he does chance to meet him. There is a concealed perversity in human nature on this point, which is next to impossible to account for. Why it is that a man turns on his benefactor in this fashion, passes the reach of all ordinary comprehension.  
But not a few shrewd and dry individuals take advantage of this quality in the human character, to get rid of disagreeable and unfortunate acquaintances entirely. We know a lady who said she married her husband at last, just to get clear of him. He had bothered her more than half to death, probably, with his attentions, and could not, or would not, see that she was excessively disagreeable to her; and so she up and married him, to bring the matter to an end! It is exactly the same with men who are glad enough to lend others small sums of money, feeling pretty certain that they will be troubled with them no longer. The late Amos Lawrence, of Boston, once told a deservingly young merchant who came to ask for assistance, that he would gladly give him the aid he required, if, when next he saw his benefactor coming up, or down the street, the young man would not turn suddenly off to a by-street! It appears that Mr. Lawrence, therefore, understood the whole mystery of this business. But sun it all up, there is no mistake that many a man is cheaply got rid of for an acquaintance, whom a loan of five or ten dollars is sufficient to make obnoxious to one's existence.  
**EFFECT OF THE WESTERN SUCCESSES.**  
The triumph in Kentucky has caused much dismay among the agitators in Congress and the personal enemies of McClellan. They begin to see that these victories are the effectual justification of the general's schemes and their own condemnation. Roseoe Conkling told the House a day or two ago that the victories in Kentucky were in his judgment largely due to the labors of the committee on the Conduct of the War! To a similar effect is the following from the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post:  
"In other words, those members of Congress who urged speedy action in the field are to be crushed, if possible, with the very news of victory which comes from the South and West. It is but just to these gentlemen to state an unquestioned fact—that the late victories are owing almost entirely to the immense outside pressure which has been brought to bear upon some of our leading generals. It is very convenient for some gentlemen to deny this fact, but the statement is susceptible of proof."  
To prove this it would be necessary to show that the "outside pressure" completed the ordnance, manned them, brought down the ordinance from Pittsburg for which they had to wait, raised the rivers to the proper height, and thus rendered possible the movement which the army has been so long waiting to make.  
**A CHAPTER ON BOYS.**  
Boys! What a world of frizzled heads, dirty faces, chapped hands, and crooked, toiled boots this little monosyllable suggests. Boys! living, moving institutions of mischief and sport! Creatures, who run, tumble, scratch, bite, scream, chatter, and hammer their way through the world with the greatest possible impudence and nonchalance. They are the things which so worry the dignity of Old Ferule, who tries to keep them in rows, but fails, for they are like crooked pins—can't be kept straight. They turn the house up side down, keep a continual uproar in the streets, batter things every way, make life misery, and threaten to pull creation to pieces. They are all pervading. They are found in the woods, in the fields, in the streets, in the attic, in the cellar, in the barn, in church, in taverns and saloons, in stores and shops, on trees, under ground—everywhere; and ever the same noisy, jostling, original being. They wait not upon care, but away they dash upon their reckless train, apparently heedless—not lost in the giddy whirls of their sports—yet not a single move is made, not a word is uttered by the Old Governor but their ready eye and ear catches it and lays it up in their storehouse of incidents for future consideration.

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