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A FEW SHORT YEARS—AND THEN!

A few short years—and then
The dream of life will be
Like shadows of a morning cloud,
As sinks the sun to rest!

A few short years—and then
The idols loved the best
Will pass in all their pride away,
As sinks the sun to rest!

A few short years—and then
Our young hearts may be left
Of every hope, and find no gleam
Of childhood's sunshine left!

A few short years—and then
Impatient of its bliss,
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

HAGAR TO HER CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die: I can not brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eyes!
And could I see thee die?

I did not dream of this, when thou wast stray-
ing,
Like an unbound gazelle among the flowers;
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing.
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

Oh not when I watched by thee the while
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
A heritage for thee!

And now the grave for its cold breast hath won
thee
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will
press;
And of my last career
Must feel the cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair?

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining years,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day—
Then we shall sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past;
Within the heart's still chambers
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be stern and sombre,
They may be young and fair,
But the heart will have its chambers
The guests shall gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters?
Who, then, shall be our guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadows on us rest.
Shall we not, midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old?
Till the mists of that still chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining years,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day?

How an Irishman Converted a Jew.

A rale hard sinner, a native of the Emerald Isle, went to confession the other day, to his parish priest, and so shocked the Clergyman with the recital of his sins, that he exclaimed—"My son, did you ever do a good deed in your life?" "I did," said Pat, "I converted a Jew once." "How was that?" inquired the confessor. "You see," said Pat, "that long nosed-pork-ating murdering blagard fell overboard, and I put after his carcass in a bote. I seized him by the top knot just as he was going down the second time, and pulled his head above the surface, and says if I save you you will be a Christian!"

"I want says he, and with that I deposite his head about three feet nuther again: pulled him once more, and put the question anew—will you be a Christian? to which he again replied 'No,' and I gave him another dip and brought him up putting like a porpoise. Will you be a Christian now?" "Yes," says he, and his teeth were chattering for all the world like a monkey that had burned his toes. Well, says I you are now converted, and you bet-ter die in faith, and so saying, I held him under until his spirit had departed."

LADY FRANKLIN still looks to Dr. Kane to lead another expedition to the Arctic regions in search of any traces which may exist of her lamented husband and his companions; and she has written a letter to Mr. Henry Grinnel, of New York, expressing a desire that Dr. Kane should visit England to make the necessary preparations.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS,

OR
The Providential Mail Robbery.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

In the spring of 1848 I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend Court having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail.—I arrived early in the morning, and immediately had a long conference with my client.

The stolen mail bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given to me for examination, and I then returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

Having got through my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon to see what was going on.

The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild and innocent look, which we so seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened and the moment my eye rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from Mrs. Naseby; and as the case went on I found that this Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress.

The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At the juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking man, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered.
"I am a lawyer," I answered.
"Then do save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent."
"Is she your sister?"
"No, sir; but—"
Here he hesitated, but I understood him.
"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that will do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay you all I've got. I can't give you much, but I can raise something."
I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble entreaty I read in her glance, resolved me in a moment.

"I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case, and I was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran quickly through the room told me where the sympathies of the people were.

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars. "She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing about it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from her drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it—and somebody else must have put it there."

I asked her whether she suspected any one.
"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook: I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me.—She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glance once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rascal that committed the theft.

"Nancy Luther did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"
"No, sir."
"Then rest easy. I will clear you, if all goes right."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room, and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony.—She said she entrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, in two tens and one five dollar note.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"
"No, sir."
"Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"
"No, sir."

Mrs. Naseby left the stand, and Nancy took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say "trap me if you can."

Nancy gave her evidence, in effect, as follows:—

She said that, on the night when the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up she suspected all was not right. So she followed her up. "Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the keyhole, and saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away." She then went on and told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.
"You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your rooms," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"
"Certainly, sir. I mean no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally a hard woman, was moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"
"Yes, sir; for she often came up to my room when I was there and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market men, who happened to go along with their wagons."

"One more question: have you known the prisoner having used any money since this was stolen?"
"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.
"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once, of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about the lost money?"
"Because, I could not make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she replied promptly.

"You say you looked through the key-hole, and saw the prisoner take the money?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"
"On the bureau."
"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"

"The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp."
"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"
"Not quite a year."
"How much does she pay you a week?"
"A dollar and three quarters."
"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"
"Yes, sir."
"How much?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Why don't you know?"
"How should I? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now, if you had any wish to harm the prisoner, could you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"
"No, sir," she replied, with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"
"No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby now owes me!"

"Then you didn't have any twenty-five dollars when you came there?"
"No, sir, and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the very money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd only remember what you hear."

This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she put the money in the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

"She hesitated, and for a moment the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered:

"I belong to Somers, Montgomery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always."

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told the truth about my payments."

"O, I don't doubt it," I replied, "but ocular proof is the thing for the court room. So if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipt."

"I will do it willingly, if the court says so."

The court did say so, and she went.

Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the prisoner, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eyes, "please tell the court and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started, as though a volcano had burst at her feet. "She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could see her emotions, and then I repeated the question."
"I never—sent—any," gasped Nancy.
"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I didn't," she faintly uttered, grasping at the railing by her side for support.
"May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a man who has been arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the name of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post mark, you will observe that it was mailed on the very day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you if you please."

The court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the post-master on the outside.—
I give it verbatim:

Sister Dorcas—I send you here seven five dollars which I want you to keep for me till I come home I can't keep it here coz I am afraid it will get stole. Dont speke word to a liven sole about this coz I dont want nobody to kno I hev got enny money. I am fast rate here only that good fur nuthin snip of liz madworth is here yit—but I hope in git rid of her now. Giv my luv to all inquirin frens. This is from your sister
NANCY LUTHER.

"Now, your honor," I said, as I handed him the letter and receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther Somers, Montgomery County. And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed these receipts. The jury will also observe. And now I will only add: It is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of the other parts of the letter, I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your hands."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness' own

mouth that she had no money of her own and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of "NOT GUILTY."

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her, at least, if they had done no more.

On the next morning, I received a note very handsomely written, in which I was told that "the within" was only a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor defenceless maid. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars.

Shortly afterwards, the youth who had first begged me to take the case, called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him that I was already paid, and refused to take his hard earnings.

Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

Nancy Luther was tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary, where she is now undergoing the punishment which she intended for my fair client. Who pities her?

Thus, by a mail robbery, an innocent maiden was saved from the jaws of ruin, for with the evidence so strong against her, the jury could not give any other verdict than "GUILTY."

I have always looked upon this as a special providence to save an innocent girl, and bring the real criminal to justice.

My client charged with robbing the mail was also acquitted, notwithstanding the settled conviction in the mind of the community that he was not "above suspicion."

I left Jackson a happier and a richer man, for I went there fearing that my client would be convicted, and I would be unpaid.

Translations of the Bible.

The first translation of the Bible into English was made by John Wycliffe. He translated from the Latin Bibles then in use. The Translation was made some time before the year 1384, as Wycliffe died in that year. This translation was never printed, but there are several MSS. of it in England.

In the year 1527, William Tyndal, a Welshman, first printed the New Testament at Antwerp. This translation was not made as former ones had been, from the Latin Vulgate, but from the Greek original.

In 1536 the whole Bible was translated by Miles Coverdale, published in folio, and dedicated to Henry VIII.

In 1537 Mathew's Bible, as it is called, was printed with the king's license, of which there was another edition in 1551. Mathew's is certainly a fictitious name, as John Rogers was the translator. In Queen Mary's reign he was burnt for printing this very Bible.

In the year 1539 Mathew's Bible was published, with alterations and corrections, in a large folio, printed by Grafton, which was also called Cramer's, or the Great Bible.

The next revision and publication of the Bible was made under the care and direction of Archbishop Parker. And as several Bishops were employed in it, it is sometimes called the Bishops' Bible. This was printed in 1568.

The English Roman Catholics, in 1582, made a translation of the New Testament, in English, from what they call the authentic Latin—meaning the Vulgate—and because it was printed at Rheims it is usually called the Rheims Bible. And in 1609 they also printed the Old Testament, at Donny, called the Donny Bible.

In the reign of James I. a new, complete and more accurate translation of all the Holy Scriptures was made by fifty-four learned men, appointed by royal authority, and was printed in folio in 1611.

This last is as true and good a version as we can have, and we shall not want another till length of time and change of language shall render it obscure and unintelligible.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Divers of our readers have taken offense at the plain garb in which many of the English proverbials have been so long attired.—We therefore dress them in a light garment of our own, suitable to eyes of fashion, and the fastidious refinement of all in whose mouth butter would not melt, and who "look as though they could not say boo to a goose." To begin at the beginning.

Feathered bipeds of similar plumage will live gregariously!

That which is engendered in the osseous portion of the frame will never be extracted from its carnal covering!

Those the illumining appertures of whose messages are vitrified, should never project fragments of granite.

The capital of the Papal States was not constructed in the diurnal revolution of the globe.

Experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the larks of grain.

An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to the sudden closing of the eye to a rocer laboring under a cataract.

It is a sage infant who is intimately acquainted with his own parental relative.

The infernal being is not so sable as limners have represented him.

No ablution will convert an African into an Albino.

In the absence of the miniature tiger the muscivolar race will become festive.

Do not calculate the number of your juvenile poultry, before the process of incubation be completed.

In what a prodigious conductor appendage our domestic Grimalkin rejoiceth.

Give some men a small island, and they will take a liquid letter.

One fleecy animal cautiously infected will spread contagion through the coarser kind of mill puff.

Do not exclaim vociferously till you have past beyond the forest.

Let every person pursue the bent of his own genius, as the elderly maiden observed when saluting her vaccine favorite.

An equestrian mendicant will journey toward the realms of his Satanic majesty.

Too great a number of culinary assistants may impair the flavor of the consommé.

A pebble in a state of circunvolution acquires not the lichen of mural vegetation!

Royalty may be contemplated with impunity even by a feline quadruped.

How to Dispose of Old Stock.

A peddler of tin ware, who had been traveling from plantation to plantation with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a very large stock. In despair of getting rid of them he offered them at what he called a "very reduced-price," yet he found purchasers as scarce as clover in sand hills. At length a tavern keeper directed him to a farmer, who he said was very much in want of the article. To the house of this ready customer went Jonathan, determined to get his troubles worth out of him. The first person he met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road.

"You don't want to buy a lantern, do ye?" asked Jonathan.

"Yes, though, I reckon I do," returned the overseer, "how much mought you ask for one?"

"Only 37 1/2 cents."

"Well, suppose you gin me one," the peddler accordingly gave him a lantern, and receiving his money, proceeded onwards.

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do ye?" said he to the overseer's wife, who was washing in the spring.

"Yes," was the reply, "Mr. B. has been wanting one this long while."

Jonathan accordingly served her out one at the same price he had bargained with her husband for. At the barn, before he reached the farm house, he met the son of the planter—

"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do you?"

"I don't want one myself, but I'll take one for father, who has been after one this long while."

Jonathan accordingly pocketed another thirty-seven and a half cents, and became one lantern lighter.

He now advanced boldly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her—"You don't want to buy any first rate lanterns do you?"

"Indeed, but I do," said the old lady, "my husband has been wanting one these six months past—and I am glad you have come."

Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, and received in return another thirty-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the spec he had made. At some distance from the house, in a field by the side of the road, he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question:

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern do you?"

"How much do you ask a piece," inquired the planter.

"Fifty cents, and I guess that's cheap enough, considerin they've come all the way from Connecticut."

"Well, I'll take one," said the old gentleman.

"Haden't you better take a half a dozen?" asked Jonathan, "there's no knowing when a tin merchant may pass this way again. If you will take a half a dozen, I will let you have them for thirty-seven and half cents a piece."

The planter took him at his word—and the peddler took to his route, after having disposed of ten lanterns where only one was really required.

SORROWFUL JESTS.—A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "sorrow-gate."

He replied—

"A gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married."

"I presume it is, then, a corruption of the word 'sorrow-gate'?"

The informant replied—

"You are right, my dear, as 'women' is an abbreviation of 'wo' to 'man.'"

OUR FLAG.—Some papers, with what motive we knew not, have lately asserted that the flag of our country is usually made of foreign bunting. The National Intelligencer has good reason to doubt the statement, and says—

"Bunting, as good and as beautiful, at least, as any of foreign fabric, is made in Massachusetts, if not elsewhere." The large and splendid flag which is unfurled at our City Hall on public occasions, was made at the Massachusetts factory, and is a present from the company."

CAN YOU THROW A TURTLE OF TURTLES?—Can you take off my hair here?" said a grave, tall, shag-browed Yankee to an Albany barber, feeling at the same time his chin, with a nose like a grater. "It's a light bird; what d'yer tax? Three cents for a light bird, six for a heavy."

"Yes!"

"Waal, go ahead, then."

While the barber was rasping three cents worth from his chin the "sifter" saw an instant putting Cologne upon a customer's hair, through a quill in the cork of a bottle.

"Look! here Squire," said the Yankee, "can't you spirit some of that peppergrass on my head, too? Say can't you throw a little of that in the three cents?"

A DUCHMAN'S DEFENSE FOR BIGAMY.—"You say," said the judge, that the squire who married you the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Hus, "he told me that I should hove four better, four worse, four fisher, four boorer—and in my country, four times four always make sixteen."

TOO BAD—REALLY.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance, the bird of paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the sypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest of created creatures, are very often ditto—and a little more so!

We cut the following advertisement from a paper published in the far West:—

"To rent a house in Melville avenue location immediately alongside of a fine plum garden from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and greater part taken in plums."

A friend sends us the following Epitaph on a Liar, which he proposes to inscribe upon his own tombstone:—

"Good stranger, pause—I hear thy step,
And feel thy burning tear,
For one who lied through all his life,
And now is lying here."

A QUARREL IMPENDING.—A distinguished gentleman, whose nose and chin were both very long and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told—"I am afraid your nose and chin will fight ere long, they approach each other very much."

"I am afraid of it myself, for a great many words have passed between them already," replied the gentleman.

We honor the obligations of deference paid to woman. It evinces not only respect to virtue, and desire after pure affection, but that our women are worthy of such respect. But women were not made merely to win men into their society. To be companions, they should be fitted to be friends, to raise hearts, they should secure the approbation of minds.