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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND,
Remember, all day long,
Amid the din and tumult,
He battles with the throng,
Who, gentle to his husband,
Grows cloudy with the care
That presses on his heart and hands
White he is struggling there.

And when the night has gathered home
The loved one to his rest;
Be gentle—if no smile appears,
There's sorrow in his breast.

'Tis true, you miss the welcome voice,
Whose tones are always kind,
And long to raise the cloud that casts
A shadow on his mind.

Yet, never fear, that though it all
Thy presence is not blest;
For like the sunshine, through the storm,
It brings sweet thoughts of rest.

And many times, when labor-tossed,
Thy gentle tones have come,
And made glad music in his heart,
"Thanks be for thee—and home."

Be sure, though he speaks it not,
Thou art the star, whose ray
Makes life, and love, and gladness all
In life's dark, rugged way.

And so be ever gentle,
Kind words and deeds, from thee
Do more toward making labor light,
Than ever thou couldst see.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.
Bedford, Oct. 26, 1855.

G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor.

Franklin County.

We copy the following amusing account of the late election in Franklin County from the *Chambersburg Whig* of the 17th inst. which we are satisfied will be read with interest by all into whose hands it may fall. It is both rich and spicy. Franklin county, it will be remembered, used to be styled the "Green Spot" of our opponents, from the fact that it gave so steady and uniform a large majority for the *Whig ticket*—but now Nothingism supplanted Mr. Whiggery before the old gentleman had time to consider:—and, lo! and behold! old Democracy, at the second trial, has taken possession of the strong citadel. This, however, was not owing to the *actual strength of the Democracy*, but to the bold, manly and patriotic manner in which a large body of the best Whigs in the county, under the lead of Col. A. K. McClure, of the *Whig*, repudiated the "mid-night Order." Notwithstanding the "Valley Spirit" is one of the most able and efficient papers in the old Keystone, always pouring a regular, steady, and sure fire into the ranks of the enemies of Democracy, yet the fact cannot be concealed that without the aid of Col. McClure, Nothingism must have triumphed in that county, a fact which no man will be more ready to concede than our friend Cooper, who is a man every inch of him.

After a careful review of the course taken by Col. MC. in the last campaign, we most cheerfully forgive him for every harsh sentence or word he uttered against us in the bitterness of "political strife." We think it more than probable that if we had known each other better, we would both have omitted many harsh paragraphs we suffered to be sent abroad through the medium of our respective journals. Colonel, we wish you health, a long life, all the pleasures and comforts this world can afford, and great prosperity in all things when engaged in as good and as pure a cause as aiding to "crush out" an oath-bound secret political Society such as never before disgraced any party upon the face of the Globe. But we are greatly displeased. We simply intended to call the attention of our readers to the following well written and amusing article on the recent election in Franklin County:

An Election Night in Chambersburg.

The times that "tried men's souls" are not peculiar to the days of the Revolution. This modern and progressive age is pregnant with trying events, and one-stated period of delivery is the Second Tuesday of October each year—election day in Pennsylvania. This famous day came along this year at about the usual time.—The sun arose in the east as in by-gone days—alone with its accustomed splendor, and set in strict accordance with the almanac as the shades of night gathered around us. Golden leaves and chestnuts were abundant, as in the good old days of our fathers; and Captain Whiggery—that inveterate hero of many a gallant shot in the neck—was on hands in full martial costume, with the usual assortment of "snakes" and "bricks" for the pedestal and upper extremities of the public.

In a word, election day was here last week,

and the political race-course had an extra nag on the track, popularly known as "SAM." He had tried his speed on the sly last year along the edges, and had performed some surprising feats in the way of helping old *cor populii* to make good time; and this year he had himself traipsed, lubricated, rubbed down and trotted out against the field. The stakes through all the heats were between him and Democracy, as the favorite old hero of many a brilliant triumph, known as Whiggery, had been stripped of his trappings and robbed of his fodder by the new competitor. Democracy was a little stiff from last year's drubbing, but it was discovered early in the day that he would have the benefit of some Whig riders, and bets ran even pretty much all the time between him and "SAM."

A jolly day was our election day. "SAM" and the Democracy had the polls to themselves and they contested the ground inch by inch, while the little rear-guard of Whiggery whittled their sticks and put in a jolly vote now and then between stumps. "Hurrah for STUBBAUGH!" "Hurrah for Wash!" "Hurrah for STUBBAUGH!" "Hurrah for Wash!" were the watch-words around the council fires, while "Hurrah for the Democrats" and (hic) GENERAL JACKSON occasionally echoed along the Democratic ranks. The Whigs reserved their yelling for the next campaign. It was clip and cut and cut and clip all the day long. And when the polls closed the discreet of both sides retired to wait quietly for the result. "SAM," however, had engaged rather more than his share of "snakes," and he did extra yelling before the returns commenced coming in. If we asked the time of night, we were told that it was just about—hurrah for STUBBAUGH!" If we asked for the privilege of bringing our principle in contact with one of its ignited fellows, we were told "yes sir—WASHBAUGH'S (hic) elected." If we asked for returns we were told—"there's no doubt about it; the Eagle's the bird for me." The South Ward finally came in and "SAM" had out-done his expectations, whereupon a broadside of enthusiasm and eagles greeted us. Hamilton soon followed, and though a little below the council figures, the eagle still waved aloft. Guilford came next, and by a mistake in the informal count, "SAM" was more than himself again. "Hurrah for STUBBAUGH!" went up melodiously in the "still-night." The North Ward was next on hands, and "Hurrah for Wash!" (hic) STUBBAUGH!" broke upon our ears, and after some side-cheering, order and quiet resumed their way. Occasionally some mellow voice would "Hurrah for (hic) Old the Democrats," but the Democratic artillery was generally silent, and, at this stage of the action, hardly properly primed. Long and anxious was the suspense as Greenville, Fayetteville and St. Thomas arrived, and hurrahs were postponed, both sides resting on their arms, excepting an occasional hoarse, guttural sound breaking forth from both camps regardless of figures. Fayetteville finally came and "SAM" was awfully scotched, but he was declared still living, and away went hurrahs on both sides rather by way of keeping their courage up. Greenville was next on hands, and the council had missed its figures and over fifty votes were wanting. "Hurrah for (hic) Old!" rather increased in volume and shortened the intervals, and it required a brave deception of the eagle. To raise a cheer, but some faint ones did go nevertheless. Midnight had now stolen upon us, and we took advantage of the calm to reconnoiter the field. We tried every system of Arithmetic taught in our school boy days—subtraction, addition, compound addition and multiplication, but the Whig ticket wouldn't come out elected. We thought of vulgar fractions, but however adapted apparently to the case, they wouldn't win, and after a careful examination of the whig body politic, it was pronounced dead—DEAD!

The Whig death over we made a tour among the wounded. We found "SAM" at his head quarters a little drowsy, patching up the broken calculations and getting in monstrous returns (on paper) from the remaining districts. Hurrahs were now scarce on all sides. The Democracy we found like the Dutchman's milk "all lying around loose," with pencils, paper, and calculations flush, and big returns (on paper) from the remaining districts. Both camps had a due share of wounded—some in the neck, some in the Democracy and some in the Eagle, but all were on duty (mainly in the oyster-shellers trying to nullify the new license law on the ale-issue) and we returned to hang Whig craps on our office-door.

For two weary hours stillness reigned in Chambersburg. WASHBAUGH stricken old the hurrah list by consent of all parties.

Quincy next popped in with a terrible broadside—a perfect crusher—against the Democracy. "SAM" was forthwith jubilant and hardly even respectful to the bereaved relatives of the Whig party, and Democracy allowed "expressive silence" to move the praise of the Eagle in Quincy. Next came Antrim, Washington and Mercersburg, and forthwith "SAM" was changed from joy to mourning. STUBBAUGH'S seat at Harrisburg considered d-batable, and "Hurrah for Old!" was uncessantly heard to burst upon the morning solitude. Another long and painful suspense followed, as the whole Valley was still to be heard from, and the race seemed to be neck and neck. Pencils, slips of paper, old election tables, &c., were again brought into requisition by all sides, and both parties always figured both parties out ahead. As the golden fringe of day was throwing its gentlest rays upon the far East, the Valley came in on an ornate horse in the pocket of a muffled boy, and "SAM" figures were fearfully curtailed by the official vote. "Hurrah for Old!" (all parties were now sober) now became rather common thunder, and each additional return only piled on the agony until about time for late morning bitters and breakfast, when STUBBAUGH was laid aside with WASHBAUGH among the spiked and otherwise damaged guns of the campaign. Thus were the chiefs of "SAM's" forces

(for the mass of the party fought almost exclusively for STUBBAUGH) placed in the list of killed, and when "SAM" had lost his head, few cared how many arms and legs had been saved whole. Early in the day the following apparently official orders were promulgated:

ORDER NUMBER ONE.
CORONER SEASEN. You are hereby instructed to bury in some quiet and secluded spot, the remains of the late Whig party. That portion of it that has gone over to the Democrats can be allowed to shoot for future usefulness.

ORDER NUMBER TWO.
In accordance with the foregoing order, the post-mortem examination of Whiggery was had with due solemnity, and the funeral ceremonies brief but impressive in deploring silence, were disposed of at once.

No useless coffin enclosed its breast,
Nor in shroud, nor in shroud was bound it;
But it lay like a mud-turtle taking its rest
With "SAM" and Democracy around it.

We cannot vouch for the authenticity of the injured, but it is believed to be genuine.

Our garrison after sustaining an infernal fire from the allies, has been compelled to retire with the loss of our general officers, various privates shot in the neck, and an innumerable quantity of small arms. The field however is still redolent with "snakes" and "bricks" as the proud monuments of our bravery. The army will forthwith disband, blow up its fortifications and put out its council fires, as it cannot sustain another campaign on burconic rations and crippled commanders.

There was one jolly party on the field and that was the Democracy. Thus closed an election night in Chambersburg, and the gray morning returned as usual, and the world wagged on as if innocent of Pennsylvania elections.

The Lord's Prayer.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that benevolent Genius—strong drink. Booth and several of his friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company resorted in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Both rose slowly and fervently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremulously upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as by an electric stroke, as his rich toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven," &c., with a pathos and a fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He had finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (his host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and sized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, never."

"You are right," replied Booth: "to read that prayer as it should be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my reading of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends what beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

"So great was the effect produced," (says our informant, who was present) "that the conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour the company broke up, and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE PRAYER OF THE REV. JNO. CHAMBERS.—We have been informed, by a gentleman who heard the prayer made by the Rev. John Chambers, in Independence Square, on the occasion of the Masonic procession, that for fervid patriotism, and Christian sublimity, it has never been excelled. We recommend the portion given below, as repeated to us from memory, to the members of the Know-Nothing Order, and all who aid or abet that proscriptive body of men:

"We beseech Thee, Omnipotent Jehovah, thou great Architect of the Universe, to protect, guard and perpetuate the temple of liberty in this our happy land. Continue to admit within its portals the stranger and the exile, who approach it with garments dripping with the chilly dew of other and less favored climes. Cause love and charity to glow and fructify in our hearts for suffering humanity throughout the world."

Somebody says a wife should be like roast-lamb—tender and nicely dressed. Somebody else wickedly adds, "and without sauce!"

DISTRICTS.	1854	1855
Bedford Borough,	65	121
Bedford Township,	166	127
Broncks,	93	40
Cambria,	111	92
Conover,	118	11
Conover Valley,	48	60
Harrisburg,	48	99
Harrisburg,	113	83
Harrisburg,	41	41
Lebanon,	88	41
Lebanon,	49	86
Martins,	97	86
Napier,	111	123
Providence, East,	35	144
Providence, West,	144	144
Schickling Borough,	64	64
Schickling Borough,	46	46
Schickling Borough,	28	28
Southampton,	130	181
St. Clair,	100	181
Union,	99	122
Woodbury, Middle,	85	132
Woodbury, South,	83	61
Total,	1677	1791

The Democrats did not consider it right that a Coroner should be elected whilst Mr. Moses, the gentleman elected last fall for the term of three years, is still performing the duties of the office.

Horrible Scenes Within Sebastopol.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have been presented to the world the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fusili could not conceive anything at all like unto it. The poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder what little will kill. The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dock-yard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row, at right angles to the line of the Redan.

The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears, in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony unattended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trawls and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption.

"With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shell and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the room, which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extreme agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators—Oh! with such looks. Many, with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head and trunk, pointed to the lethal spot.

"Many seemed bent alone on making their

Official Returns of Bedford County, 1855.

Canal Com.	Assembly.	Treasurer.	Commissioner.	Director.	Comptroller.	Auditor.
A. Peckover.	T. Nicholson.	J. Bernhardt.	G. N. Smith.	R. S. Alexander.	Wm. W. Kirk.	Isaac Menger.
David Over.	T. W. Holtan.	Wm. Whitstone.	Henry Wertz.	Geo. D. Shuck.	A. P. Fields.	Ewd. Pearson.
Geo. W. Smith.						

peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh ever been a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round.

"In the midst of one of these 'chambers of horrors'—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotten flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them.

"Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before; indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that this retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for the wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

"The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clocks destroyed save the dial, with the words 'Barwise, London,' thereon; cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants to pieces; everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once.

"The oldest inhabitant could not recognize it now. Climbing up the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed

Death in the Midst of Life.
This is the title of a sermon delivered by Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, on the Sunday following the terrible catastrophe on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. The opening, which we quote, discloses some personal incidents of painful interest.

It is related of the distinguished Robert Hall, that having written a funeral sermon from the words: "In the midst of life we are in death," he searched the Bible to find the place to announce them from, and wondered that he could not. They are in that which is only not the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and if not Scripture, were conceived and born of it. I venture the opinion that they have been uttered from more hearts within the last four days than any other sentence in our language. And I have been so perfectly possessed with it myself, that it must be the theme, although it may not be the text, of what I say to you this morning. "In the midst of life we are in death."

You all remember how beautiful a day was Wednesday. We may suppose such weather constantly in Paradise. I spent the morning on our unsurpassed Green Bank with two friends, one of more than thirty years, who had come to put their children at the college. They left me with their little son, in the most perfect enjoyment of all that makes up life, to return to their homes in New Jersey. In less than an hour I heard of all that had happened on the railroad. I thought at once of them, and rather flew than run to find their mangled bodies. God had preserved them perfectly uninjured.

There came to me, from Boston, twenty years ago, a young man (Edward G. Prescott, Esq.) who had early taken a high stand at the bar.—He was of patriot name; the very blood of Bunker Hill. His father had adorned the bench. His brother had not been surpassed, as a historian, in modern times. He had lived carelessly and away from God. But his heart had been touched. It had melted under the gospel. It yearned to preach to others the unsearchable riches which had been more than rubies to itself. And he asked me to receive him as a candidate for holy orders. I did. There are many here who must remember him. He studied faithfully and well. He was ordained. He went to Salem as minister of the parish. He was most acceptable as a preacher; and, as a pastor, most devoted. He married as lovely a woman as ever lived. His life was filled to overflowing with the double tide of usefulness and happiness. But "this is not our rest." His health failed. He sought in vain its restoration. He went to sea. He died on board the ship. He left a widow without children. Possessed of a handsome fortune, and what is better, with a sense that it was not her own, she was another Dorcas, in the "good works and the alms-deeds which she did." At ten o'clock on Wednesday she started, with her dear friends, upon a tour of health and recreation. And, in little more than an hour, had yielded upher soul to God. Is it not true, that in the midst of life we are in death? Do we or can we know "what shall be on the morrow?" Which one of us might not have been in that disastrous train? Which one of us might not have been of that dead company which filled our streets with coffins, and hung our houses and our hearts with sackcloth.

My brethren, there can need no preacher to bring this mournful Providence home to our heart of hearts. Those nearing trains. The signal to break up. The carriage on the track. The crash. The crash. Car mounted upon car. Car rushing through the midst of car. The cloud of dust. The storm of splinters. The groan. The shriek. The wail. The wounded. The mutilated. The crushed. The torn asunder. The buried alive. The fearful row upon the bank. The hurt. The dying. The dead. Our public houses filled with the maimed and mangled. Our public halls a receiving vault for unknown corpses. Our private houses so many hospitals. Every man a servant. Every woman a nurse. Through the whole day business checked. The social currents all directed to one point. Not an act, not a word, not a thought, but of the wounded, of the dying, of the dead. The very centre of our city a choked grave-yard. There is no human eloquence, that is not beggared by such sermons as that scene preached to every heart. God spoke, and man was still. "In the midst of life," all felt,—"in the midst of life—we are in death."

THE VICTORY.—The Louisville Times states, as an incident of the mob in that city, the following:
"A woman who attempted to save her husband, was pitched down stairs, breaking her neck and limbs so that she died. The mob, finding their game scarce, set the torch to the houses; the women fled—one who was fleeing with a young infant in her arms, was followed by a hard-hearted wretch, who, coming up, put the muzzle of the weapon to the child's head, fired, and bespattered its brains over its mother's arms!"

VERMONT.—In the Legislature of Vermont two amendments to the Constitution have been reported, and the council has indicated a determination to recommend their adoption. The first provides for biennial sessions of the Legislature; the other for the election of Secretary of State, Auditor of accounts, Bank Commissioner, and Register of Probate by the people.