

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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Select Poetry.



MISCHIEF MAKERS.
O could there in this world be found
So little spot of happy ground
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling;
The doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.
If such a spot were really known,
These peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever.
There like a queen might rain and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slight they might receive
And be offended never.
To mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure,
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retain them all again,
Mix'd with the poisonous measure.
And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling all their ill-meant tales, they say
They'll mention what I say, I pray,
I would not tell another's;
Straight to your neighbors house they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.
Of that the mischief-making crew
Will all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
These would our friends forget
Tongue and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Disasters by land and water, by car and steamboat, have become so common of late years, that we are, ordinarily, but little startled when we hear that, by somebody's carelessness, or by a avoidable cause, dozens or scores of fellow beings have been crippled for life, or hurried into eternity. But the burning of the New Jersey, on Saturday night, on the river Delaware, between Smith's Island and Arch Street wharf, is an occurrence unusual in that quarter, and one well calculated to wring the heart with anguish and awaken public inquiry as to the cause of the fire. The hurrying of some fifty or sixty individuals into eternity in the space of twenty minutes, on the river Delaware, within a few feet of the city wharves, with thousands of eyes witnessing the occurrence, and thousands of hands almost within reaching distance, is a startling fact upon which we shall, at present, offer no comment. We trust, however, that proper inquiries will be made, and that, if there has been guilt or gross negligence in any quarter, it will be properly punished. We extract the following account of the occurrence from the Bulletin:
"On Saturday evening, at half past eight o'clock, the steam ferry boat New Jersey, belonging to the Philadelphia and Camden Steamboat Company, left Walnut street wharf on her regular trip to Camden. There were on board about one hundred persons, as near as can be ascertained, and of these a large number were women and children. An effort was made to row the boat through the Windmill Island Canal, but the pilot finding it blocked with ice turned the head of the boat up stream for the purpose of going around the head of the bar. The tide at this time was running up and the wind was blowing from the south-west.
"When between market and Chestnut streets, fire was discovered bursting from below the deck around the smoke stack. The discovery of the flames of course created a most intense alarm. Buckets were procured, but no water could be obtained in consequence of the floating ice. The flames, carried aft by the motion of the boat, drove the passengers all forward, where they clustered on the bow in the hope of being finally rescued. Captain Carson immediately ordered the boat to be headed for Arch Street wharf, and she was accordingly turned in that direction. Before she had reached the pier below Arch street the flames had driven the engineer from his post, the pilot house had fallen in, and the whole of the boat except the extreme forward part, was enveloped in flames that were raging with terrific fury. The boat had now of course become unmanageable, as neither the pilot nor the engineer could remain at their posts. The wheels continued to revolve and brought the steamer on to within a few feet of the pier when she sheered off with her head up stream. Some two or three of those on board, the pilot among the number, succeeded in leaping ashore, but the rest of the hapless passengers were left to their dreadful fate. As soon as the direction of the boat was changed, the wind drove the flames directly among the passengers who were clustered forward.
"The blazing boat floated up the river until she lodged against the ice about opposite Callow-

hill street. She was afterwards towed to the head of the bar, where she sank in shallow water.
"The fire was discovered at an early stage from the State House steeple, and the bell was rung "North East," as the boat named the wharf the bell was struck "East," and this fact took a number of citizens and firemen to the wharf, and some of them arrived in time to perform good service. Hose were laid in readiness to put water upon the flames, in case the boat was made fast to the wharf.
"The scene along both sides of the river was most exciting. The shores were lined with people watching the blazing boat, and those who had friends on board were tortured with the most dreadful suspense.
"The scene which had before been sufficiently terrific, now had its terrors increased tenfold, the hope of landing was at an end, and the flames left the horror-stricken passengers but little time for choosing between two terrible alternatives. Some leaped into the water with their clothing on fire, while some few others remained on the burning wreck and were consumed in the flames. The details of the demonstrations of anguish made by the passengers are too sickening for recital, and we refrain from any description of this portion of the terrible scene. Of those who leaped into the water many sank to rise no more with life; some were picked up by the small boats that were got out as quickly as possible, and others got upon the floating ice and sustained themselves until they were taken off. It is probable that not less than fifty human beings perished by either fire or water in sight of their own homes.
"The general supposition now is, that some sixty persons, men, women, and children, perished. It was in truth an awful calamity.
"THE TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE ON THE DELAWARE.—The Philadelphia papers of Monday morning last contain full particulars of the terrible catastrophe on the Delaware river on Saturday evening. The number of lives lost will not fall much short of forty. The following statement of Mr. W. F. Agnew, one of the survivors, will be read with painful interest:
"I am in the employ of Messrs. Burns & Piers, proprietors of the Philadelphia Local Express, and reside in Camden. Returning home from business on Saturday evening, I took the steamboat New Jersey at 8 o'clock from Walnut-street wharf, and was an eye-witness of the most serious disaster that has ever happened on the Delaware. When the boat started, she attempted to reach Camden by way of the channel which divides Windmill Island, but finding the eastern end much blocked with ice, she was backed out and headed up the stream with a view to circumnavigate the island. When opposite Market street, I observed flames bursting out around the smoke stack, and raised the cry of fire. An unusually large number of passengers were on board, many of them women and children. The fire originated in the fire-room during the absence of the fireman, and spread with fearful rapidity. It soon wrapped the entire after-part of the boat in flames and drove the passengers forward. The strong ebb tide setting up the river convinced me it was impossible to run the boat around upon the northern part of the island, and I was glad to see the pilot head for the Philadelphia shore. The captain at this time was in the pilot-house giving orders. I was upon the bow of the boat in the midst of a wild, heart-rending scene of terror. A crowd of at least one hundred persons, including twenty or twenty-five ladies, were clustered together in the smallest possible space to avoid the intense heat of the flames—some clinging to the guards, others frantically endeavoring to wrench loose the stanchions which were yet free from the devouring element, while some stood horror-stricken, gazing upon the fast-approaching flames behind, or the icy current before them. There was nothing on board save a bench or two that could be made available as a boat or life-preserver. As the volume of the flames increased, it caught the dresses of the women, whose shrieks for assistance were appalling. Not until their clothing was burnt from their persons did the passengers seem willing to seek a chance of safety in the bosom of the other element. One by one, sometimes five or six at a time, they made the fearful leap from the burning deck. The boat had been forced to a distance of not more than ten feet from the wharf when the pilot-house fell—the government of the helm was lost, and the vessel sheered off again into the river. Some on the upper deck, however, had a chance to leap ashore; others fell short, and were crushed by the paddle-wheels. Every hope of running into the wharves was now dashed, and I turned to Mr. Muschamp, late a conductor on the Camden and Amboy railroad, and asked him if he could swim. He replied that he could not. I advised him to take a bench, which was near him, and jump overboard with me. The engine was still going, and I took care to jump clear of the wheels. I believe my friend followed me, but fear he did not take the like precaution. I swam about one hundred yards, when I provisionally reached the bow of a clipper-ship, and was rescued by the promptness of those on board."
"ATTACKED BY A BULL.—A few days ago a young lad of Lancaster, named James Stewart, was attacked on the public road by a vicious bull, and so severely injured by being tramped upon, that there is scarcely a hope of his recovery. The boy was passing along the road apprehensive of no attack from the bull, who was quietly standing by the fence, but had scarcely got by, when the bull rushed at him, tossed him in the air, and on his coming to the ground set both his feet upon him; bruising him severely and injuring him internally. When picked up it was thought he was dead, but in a short time he revived and was taken to his home in Lancaster."

FROM CALIFORNIA.
EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO—INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, ETC.
The residents of this city were aroused this morning at 5:23 o'clock, by a most violent shock of an earthquake which was felt in every portion of the town. The vibration appeared from N. E. to S. W., and as far as we can learn not a single building escaped the terrible shock. The first movement of the earth was very sudden, and the buildings swayed to and fro heavily afterwards, and finally the vibrations were short and rapid. Evidences of the violence of the shock were visible in different portions of the city this morning, and it is surprising that there was not much more damage done. The fire wall on the top of the store occupied by Messrs. Goodwin & Co., on Front street, was entirely thrown from the north side of the building into Oregon street. The store is newly built, and the mortar appears to have been of an inferior quality, or greatly injured by the recent rains, so that there was but little adhesion quality left.
Two buildings at the corner of Battery and Washington streets, occupied by Switzer, Hutchins, & Co., and the bank of Messrs. Burgoyne & Co., were separated about three inches. The direction of the shock was very fortunate; as, had it been in a direction parallel with the streets either way, its effect would have been more disastrous.
The occupants of large brick hotels and boarding houses were terribly frightened, and in many cases rushed wildly into the street for safety. The Rasselton, which is a small town in itself was the scene of great excitement. Men, women and children were seen rushing through the halls in their night clothes, seeking safety from the supposed danger.
In nearly every portion of the city we hear of houses being injured more or less. The plastering was considerably cracked and torn off from the walls of Wilson's Exchange, International Hotel, Tremont House, St. Nicholas Hotel, the Merchant's Exchange Building, and the City Hall.
The shock was more severely felt at Oakland than here, and various rumors are afloat of damage to the government works, at Fort Point and Alcatraz Island; and also the Farallones are said to be affected very materially.
The vibrations were attended with a heavy report resembling the discharge of distant artillery, but was continuous, and produced a deep, low rumbling sound.
This earthquake has been the only theme of interest on the street to-day, and we have yet to meet the first person who was not affected by the shock. It appeared to be more sensibly felt out towards Fort Point than any locality we have heard from. The small dwellings in that vicinity were rocked like a cradle, and persons were nearly thrown out of their beds. It is by all means the most violent earthquake that has ever been known in San Francisco since its settlement by the Americans.
There were several slight shocks felt during the night, but did not attract particular attention. The first occurred about 9 o'clock, and the second about 2 o'clock, and were followed by the grand convulsion mentioned above.
SCENES AT THE HOTELS.
The consternation among the inmates of the large hotels occasioned scenes which may be better imagined than described. The population of the Bassett House rushed, tumbled or precipitated itself down the stairways and into the street; and such an array of beauty undressed was never before witnessed in San Francisco. This edifice, it is said, shows no marks of injury by the shock. The scene at Wilson's Exchange, St. Nicholas Hotel, and International Hotel were equally remarkable. The occupants of Wilson's Exchange took refuge in the Telama House, which is a frame, and consequently in less danger than the other. Many of the inmates of the International found their way en masse to the Plaza, where, like their companions in misery, they shared each with the other such articles of apparel as had been caught up in the hurry of flight.
A Scorching Bomb Shell.
Read the scorching but truthful letter from FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR. Such documents as the address of the Father and the letter of the Son, should, and will have the weight due to "heavenly metal."—*Cleveland Herald.*
No sooner does a bogus Democrat desert to the enemy, than his new allies make instant use of him by turning him into—or turning him up—a mortar, and commencing a bombardment of the Democratic camp. Then it is—"a bombshell pitched into them." "A bombshell exploded!" "Another bombshell!" The opposition are in high feather now, having a battery "in position," of no less than three of these bomb-guns—Blair elder, Blair junior, and Donelson; and all "in awful activity." They make a great noise, but like the same kind of bombs thrown at the siege of Sevastopol, familiarly known as "stink-pots," they do no real harm.—*Dayton Empire.*
TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—The Gallatin (Miss.) Argus of the 29th ultimo gives the following account of a terrible accident:
"The most horrible occurrence that we have heard of for a long time occurred eight miles from this place on the Jackson road, at the store of Mr. Allman, this morning. Allman was smoking in the store-room, and being called to breakfast, started out, and it is supposed passed over a keg of powder, dropping fire into it. The house was levelled to the ground by the explosion that ensued, and was soon wrapped in flames. Some persons near by ran to the spot, and succeeded in getting Mrs. Allman from the ruins, badly, but not dangerously, burnt and bruised. No property was saved; and a gentleman just from the spot tells us that the skull and ribs of the unfortunate Allman were all that remained visible of him among the smoking ruins."

Impoliteness of Women.
A Cincinnati editor says that men are more polite than women, and proceeds to prove it in this wise:—Not long since we had occasion to ride a short distance in one of our city omnibuses. It was after dark, and the omnibus started off, nearly filled with men. Soon it stopped, and a woman opened the door. Instantly there was a move among the men; they crowded together, and a seat was furnished for the lady.—After proceeding a square or two further, another lady wished to get in; an additional squeeze was made, and she was accommodated with a seat. A similar application was again soon made, and a gentleman instantly gave up his seat, and got on top. Another soon followed, and another gentleman did likewise. Repeated instances like this occurred, and the gentlemen, by crowding together, holding market baskets and children, accommodated every lady applicant, till we counted inside—men, women and children, nearly twenty persons. Then the number began to diminish; men and children got out, and the omnibus was decently filled with women, there being only two men inside, and they at the further end, completely blocked in by market baskets. And now a woman opened the door; not a lady inside stirred. Can I have a seat? modestly asked the applicant. I should like to see where you'd set," said one lady. "Don't you see this bus is full," said another. "You can stand," sneeringly said a third. "I can walk," said the spunky applicant, and slamming the door, off she walked. Now, had the omnibus been as full of men as it was of women, that lady would have been furnished a seat without a murmur. But it is not only in the omnibus that men show their superior politeness over women. In a rainy day, if we meet two men abreast on a crossing, one instantly steps behind the other, and gives you a pass-way. But if you meet two ladies, ten chances to one, but you will have to step into the mud. In a crowded church, men will squeeze together to accommodate another man, but ladies will spread themselves out, so that three or four will fill a pew, and not an inch will they move to accommodate one of their own sex. So in railroad cars, and other places where men and women will congregate, and where the true native disposition is instinctively shown. We state these as general cases. There are exceptions, of course; but we wish merely to draw attention to the general fact, that while a man's rudeness to a woman is so rare as to attract notice when it occurs, the rudeness of a woman, towards a man, or towards another woman, is so common as to be considered a matter of course. If, among other "Women's Rights," which some ladies are now striving to obtain, they will engraft the right to be always courteous and polite to each other, we will take care of ourselves, and them too.—*God Bless 'em.* With all their faults, we love them still."

AN ELOQUENT LETTER.
The Louisiana Courier publishes an eloquent letter written by a Mississippi democrat to a friend in Florida, a whig. We make the following extract:
"You have learned by this time the election of Banks, and have, perhaps, seen the result of the recent K. N. convention in Philadelphia. Surely, the eyes of every southern man should now be opened; surely, all prejudices ought to be laid aside, and if the preservation of the Union is really desired, if the constitution is to be handed down to our children, as our fathers transmitted it to us—then we should forget past differences and rally around the only party which promises safety. The question is, which is that party? Let the great men of the old whig party (I mean southern men) answer.—Where are they to be found? Acting in heart, soul, and might, with the democratic party.—What does the so-called American party want? 'That Americans shall rule America.' Where is the dastard who dares say to the contrary? Where is the wretch who has so far forgotten the glorious past as to believe that the time will ever come when Americans will not rule America? Why sir, Americans now rule, comparatively, the civilized world. And tell me to be afraid that a parcel of ignorant foreigners, unacquainted even with our language, without means, or unity, or strength—that they will get the supremacy over us; why, the idea is degradingly absurd; it has no parallel in the records of the world. Let those who fear it turn to the history of our revolution—let them read it, blush, and shed tears over the memories of the dead, who, although many of them foreigners, feared not, for liberty's sake, to measure their strength with the then most dreaded of all nations.
"But the American party desires to put down Catholicism. My Christian friend! when religious truth is assailed we have a protector—even our Father in Heaven, who will arise to its defence. If Catholicism be of men, it will fail. If it be of God, (and they worship the same Father, Son, and Holy Spirit that we do,) let us pause, lest, unhappily, we be found striving against Heaven."
From the Cincinnati Commercial.
The Devotion of a wife.
One of the most remarkable instances on record of the unflinching devotion of a wife to her husband, under the most trying and dreadful circumstances, is given in the history of the Monroe tragedy, in Coles county, Illinois. E. Monroe killed his father-in-law—Ellington—in a fight, in which Ellington struck the first blow. Public opinion was so savage against Monroe that the Court, and even the attorneys for the defence were overawed, and a change of venue, which was begged by the prisoner, was not obtained. The attorney of Monroe feared to apply for it, apprehending murderous designs on the part of the people. The trial proceeded and the Jury did not dare to find the prisoner guilty of anything but murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to be hanged. The Governor impressed that something was wrong in the case, granted a respite of ninety days, and the mob broke into the jail and dragged Monroe out and hung him. Amid all this terrible storm of infuriated public opinion, though his wife's father was the victim in whose name the cry for vengeance was raised, and he had been a fast man, having drank hard and kept bad company, Monroe retained the love of his "Nannie" to the last. When he had been murdered by the mob, she begged for his remains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport, on the Licking river, and there, with her child in her arms, stood the only mourner by his grave. Three days before his death she wrote to her husband as follows. The person whom she mentions as Pole, is N. B. Aulich, a distant relative of her husband.
CHARLESTON, Feb. 12th 1856.
MY EVER DEAR HUSBAND.—How miserable you must be. My very heart aches for you. I have not given up yet—I still have hope. I am now at Mr. Bail's with Pole and Ma. Pole has been a brother to me and a friend to you. I intend to make his home my home, wherever that may be—I hope a good way from here—the farther from here the better. I would rather die to-night, than to stay here among my enemies, for those who are your enemies are mine and your friends are my friends.
As soon as I can make arrangements and get the means, I will leave this town, never to return again. May is well. Farewell, but I hope not forever.
I subscribe myself your true and devoted wife,
NANNIE MONROE,
And proud to own it.
THE DARK LANTERN NOMINATIONS.—Our friend of the Delaware County Republican concludes an article on the recent nominations in Philadelphia in the following words:
"We consider the act of the Convention in making the nominations, as the closing scene in the broad and ridiculous farce which these political tricksters have been playing before the intelligent people of this country for the past two years. Their numeraries are ended, the secret machinery is broken and scattered, and the sensible part of the community, who have watched the actors while they strutted their brief hour upon the stage, will rejoice in the fall of the curtain, and the eternal darkness of these scheming and profligate politicians.
"I AM THE OWNER OF ONE HUNDRED SLAVES!"—This was the exclamation of Andrew Jackson Donelson, the nominee for the Vice Presidency of the Hindoo American party. "I was born in a Slave State—I am the owner of one hundred slaves—I love the institutions of the South." These are his recommendations for the Vice Presidency. A gentleman informs us, that he saw twenty or thirty women ploughing in his fields last summer. He did not mention this fact as one of his recommendations.—*Pitts. Gazette (Rep.)*

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—FIFTEEN TO TWENTY LIVES LOST.—The Louisville papers of Monday contain a full account of the terrible disaster by which the steamboat Henry Lewis was sunk and 15 to 20 lives lost. It occurred in the Ohio river, about 3 o'clock, Saturday, a clear star light morning. The Henry Lewis, with a full cargo for New Orleans, from Cincinnati, and about forty passengers on board, was descending the river, just below Troy, hugging the Kentucky shore, at the head of Anderson's bar, when the E. Howard, ascending, came up or rather out, from behind the point, and a collision occurred, sinking the Henry Lewis in three minutes, in about twenty feet of water. A wild scene of excitement ensued, as the passengers were all asleep in their berths at the time of the collision, and were hurried on deck amid the cry of fire, the hissing of steam and the crashing of timbers.—The lost are two children belonging to a poor Irish woman; two cabin passengers from Portsmouth, Ohio; Wm. Jacobs of La. the second steward, and Daniel McCutcheon, of Steubenville, the second cook; ten or twelve of the firemen who shipped at Cincinnati and whose names could not be ascertained; four of the Cincinnati slaves belonging to Mr. Gaine, were on the boat, including Margaret and her infant child. The child was drowned, and the others saved. They were taken on the boat last Friday, from Louisville, and were on their way to Gaines' landing, Arkansas. The mother exhibited no other feeling than joy at the loss of her child. The cargo of the Henry Lewis consisted of about 700 tons of pork, lard oil, candles, cheese, and such other articles of produce, usually shipped from Cincinnati. She was in charge of Capt. Emerson, who, together with Mr. Patterson, his clerk, and S. McFarland, the engineers, were the chief owners of the boat. She was insured at Cincinnati, at the Washington city insurance, and Merchants' and Manufacturers' offices. The fault of the disaster has not yet been definitely fixed on either party.
Mr. GREENE telegraphs to the New York Tribune that the members of Congress who stand by Free Kansas, and are opposed to Fillmore for President, are considering the policy of issuing a call for a People's Presidential Convention; probably to meet at Philadelphia simultaneously or substantially so with the Republican Convention. The movement will be carefully considered, and no step taken without extensive concert and some deliberation.—So far I have heard of no Member who supported Banks and now sustains Fillmore. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, spoke at the City Ratification Meeting on Friday night, but was careful not to endorse the nomination.
The Democratic members of the New Jersey Legislature have expressed a preference for James Buchanan for the Presidency.
A resolution having been offered in the American Council of the State of Rhode Island approving of the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson, it was laid on the table by a vote of 16 to 9.
MEMORY OF A MAGPIE.—A lady who caught her magpie stealing her pickled walnuts, threw a basin of hot grease over the poor bird, exclaiming:
"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"
"Poor Mag was dreadfully burned, his feathers came off, leaving his head entirely bare.—He lost all spirit and spoke not a word for more than a year, when a gentleman called at the house who, on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head. The magpie appeared evidently struck with the circumstance. Hopping up on the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of his astonished visitor:
"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"
A NEW PHASE OF SOUTHERN SLAVERY.—A gentleman residing in Richmond, writing to his friend in Boston, says:—"The number of free negroes who have applied to the legislature this winter for the privilege of choosing masters and becoming slaves has been so great, that a general law has been passed permitting them to do so. They are mostly those who have been slaves, but have been emancipated. The reason they give is that they cannot provide for themselves, and want masters who will provide for them in return for their labor."
A FRANK ADMISION.—The Louisville Courier, an old-line whig paper in Kentucky, very frankly says:—"We do not, for a moment, suppose that the Whigs can have a hope for their success in the next campaign. We believe that it is written down in the book of fate that the Democracy will sweep the whole country at the Presidential election in November next. We do not entertain the shadow of a doubt but they will carry Kentucky by a sweeping majority."
ALLEGHENY COUNTY.—The American Executive Committee of Allegheny County, Pa., having assembled at Pittsburg to receive the report of the delegates who were sent to the National Convention at Philadelphia, unanimously agreed to repudiate the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson, and adopted a resolution instructing the subordinate councils of the county to elect delegates to the State Convention of the united opposition to the Pierce Administration.
A Young lady, from Philadelphia, has been cutting up a great many shins in Petersburg, Va., where she had put on a pair of trousers, with other habiliments to match, and was sporting it like a fine young gent. The father found her thus unsexed, and took her home.—This interesting specimen of feminine precocity was only sixteen years old.
BUSINESS AT ST. LOUIS.—On the 6th instant there were ninety steamboats lying at the wharves of St. Louis, thirty having arrived on that day with 20,000 tons of freight.