

# Bedford



# Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

## Select Poetry.



From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

BUCHANAN.

BY BOY.

He's the man of the age and his glory and station,  
He goes not to battle or thunder of cannon:  
But the years of head-toil in the cause of his nation:  
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

For a nation of freemen the time has gone by,  
When the heroes of frenzied excitement forgets,  
That the heroes of battle but rarely supply  
The plans of success which a statesman begets.

Let our warriors be honored with titles when due,  
With plaudits and love in a perfect ovation,  
But the statesman, the able, the tried, and the true  
Are fitted the best for executive station.

Midst the great of Old England he stood unabashed,  
Determined and faithful, pacific and bland,  
And the glory and might of his intellect flashed  
The splendor of fame on his own native land.

In the quiet of Wheatland rests like a sage,  
The ablest companion of Webster and Clay,  
An injustice to them, darkness history's page,  
True to the great who are living to-day.

In the quiet of Wheatland rests like a sage,  
In repose 'neath the shadow of oak and of elm,  
With his vigor of youth and his wisdom of age,  
His country hath need of his hand at the helm.

Mighty faults may be shown by the demagogue's art,  
Twas better that men, without sin fixed the blame,  
It heared, 'twas a fault of the head not the heart,  
For he's true to his country, and true to his fame.

He's the man of the age, and his glory and station,  
But the years of head-toil in the cause of the nation:  
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

OLIVE OATMAN,  
THE APACHE CAPTIVE.

So much interest has been manifested in the story of the captivity of Olive Oatman, that we visited her a few days since, when she gave us an intelligible account of her adventures, which were embodied. This account we obtained only by asking questions, as her timidity and want of confidence prevented her from giving the details unassisted. Her faculties have been somewhat impaired by her way of life, but her friends assured us that in the short time she has been among them she has made very perceptible improvement.

Olive has found good friends at the Monte, in the families of Mr. Ira Thompson and Mr. David Lewis, and is regarded and treated as a member of their families.

The Oatmans started from Iowa in company with the family of Mr. Thompson, with whom they travelled together as far as Tucson, in Sonora, where Mr. T. resolved to lay by to recruit his cattle and wait for other trains to come up, so as to insure the safety of the road to numbers. But the Oatmans pushed on, impatient to get through, and met their fate on the Gila about two hundred miles from the Colorado. While at Tucson the Thompsons had many opportunities of noticing the terror which the Apaches excited in the people. One evening a Spanish woman arrived in the village, saying she had just escaped from the Tonto Apaches, where she had been a prisoner. She related that a day or two before, the band returned to camp from killing and plundering a party of Americans, and also bringing in prisoners. She was left alone with the threat that if she attempted to escape she would be killed. That night while they were dancing the war dance, she escaped and returned to Tucson. By comparing dates they were satisfied this was the band that attacked the Oatmans. Inquiries were made at the time, but nothing could be learned concerning the captives.

Olive is rather a pretty girl, with a skin as fair as most persons who have crossed the plains. Her face is disfigured by tattooed lines on the chin, running obliquely and perpendicularly from her mouth. Her arms were also marked in a similar manner by one straight line on each. The operation consisted in puncturing the skin and rubbing a dye or pulverized charcoal into the wounds.

It was about sunset when the attack was made, which resulted in the capture of herself and her little sister, Mary Ann. Olive was thirteen, and Mary Ann seven years of age. The Indians stripped her of her shoes and nearly all of her clothing—her sister had no shoes on at the time—and they started off with the speed of horses in a northerly direction into a mountainous region. They travelled all night without resting. At noon next day they stopped a few minutes to breathe, and then hurried on again until night-fall, when they came into camp. She thinks they travelled a hundred miles. She was barefoot, and the sharp stones lacerated her feet, and her blood sprinkled the whole distance. Whenever she lagged, they would come behind and beat her, to urge her on. Her sister gave out, but being small, the Indians carried her in their arms. The reason of their hurrying on so rapidly, was fear lest they might be pursued.

The clothes left to her were worn out, and fell from her back in two weeks, and then she matted together the bark of trees and tied it around her person like the Indians. It was a slight covering, but it did not leave her entirely exposed.

Among these Apaches Olive supposed they remained one year. At any rate, the same kind of season returned as that when she arrived. Time among the Indians is not noted. If they note it at all, it is only by moons. The count-

try was mountainous, and barren of grass or timber. The Indians live in the small valleys. The girls were treated cruelly by these Indians. They were overtaken, and when they could not understand what was said to them, and so great was her mental excitement, that she knew neither weariness nor hunger.—The trail was tortuous and rough leading through mountains and gorges, and several times she was compelled to swim the Colorado. This time, too, her feet were protected from the sharp stones by sandals, such as are worn by the Indians.

During all her captivity she does not remember to have seen a wild flower, or shrub. If there were any, her mind was so absorbed with her own misery, that she did not observe them. Among the Mohaves there is no food except what is raised—that is, corn, wheat, melons and beans. A few fish are caught from the river; a small bulb, resembling a brodiaea, is taken from the ground, which is boiled or roasted.—This bulb is almost tasteless, and is found in such small quantities that a whole day is required to gather enough for a meal. There are no berries nor fruit trees of any kind.

The Yumas and Mohaves are friends. Their manners, customs, and dress are the same, and their lodges are built upon the same plan.—

Their language, also, is similar—they easily understand each other. The two tribes last year made war upon the Cocopahs, and took several prisoners. When they arrived at their villages the prisoners were killed, and the dead bodies suspended on a crucifix, while the whole tribe danced round the pole, singing and throwing arrows into the bodies.

She converses with propriety, but as one acting under strong constraint; and she has not forgotten the instructions of her childhood.—She reads well, writes a fair hand, and sews admirably; though in her captivity she saw no implement nor instrument of civilization. She is very ambitious to learn and spends most of her time in study.—*Los Angeles Paper.*

## Murder in Hollidaysburg.

The Hollidaysburg papers give us an account of another atrocious murder committed in that place on Monday last. We copy the following from the Hollidaysburg "Standard," and hope that ere this the murderer has been arrested:

**ATROCIOUS MURDER!**—One of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders on record was perpetrated at the Canal Basin, in this place, on Monday evening. At the time we go to press no inquest has been held, and many rumors are in circulation in regard to the affair. As far as we could gather particulars that could be relied upon we give them.

On the evening in question, a dance was held at the house of Jas. B. Johnston, on the south side of the Canal Basin, at which there was no overflow of the river, and much suffering follows. The Indians are too indolent to plant more than will suffice for their actual necessities. Three years ago there was no overflow, and a famine was the consequence, in which many perished. It was in this famine that Olive suffered her greatest grief. Her little sister, Mary Ann, had endured all her captivity with her. They supposed that they were alone of their family; they had suffered together the cruelties of the savages; but they had not been separated. They could sympathise and cheer each other in their dearness, and sometimes they would whisper together a faint hope of future redemption. But now came the trial.—The child wasted away by degrees—she knew that she was to die, and talked calmly of death to Olive. She had no disease, but there was no food—and she wasted miserably in the famine that desolated the tribe. Olive herself was near perishing, but the strength of her constitution saved her life. She speaks of the Chief's wife in terms of warmest gratitude. A mother could not have expressed more kind hearted sympathy than did this good woman, whose gentle treatment saved her life. This woman had laid up seed corn to plant, and when the dying groans of her own people could not make her bring out. When she saw Olive's distress, she ground this corn between stones, made a gruel and fed it to her, not reserving any even to herself.

The Mohaves always told her she could go to the white settlements when she pleased, but they dared not go with her, fearing they might be punished for having kept a white woman so long among them, nor did they dare to let it be known that she was among them. She could not go alone, for she did not know the way, and she despaired of ever again seeing her friends. Hope almost died within her. For three long years she mourned her captivity—though well treated she was restrained, for she knew not how to extricate herself. What were her sensations, during all this time, must be imagined; for she is not, as yet, able to express her thoughts in language.

Davis has a family residing about two miles west of this place, at the Dutch Bottom, near the old Dunkard Meeting House. It may as well here be stated that some persons allege that Davis shot Johnston from the boat with a musket. This is hardly probable. Johnston was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children. Although somewhat given to the use of intoxicating liquors when he could procure them, he was a mild, inoffensive man, and never, that we heard of, quarreled with any person.

Before the arrival of the Indian messenger charged to release her, she heard of his departure from the Fort, by an Indian runner. Her joy was very great, but she forced herself to appear indifferent, lest the Indians should still restrain her. She had little confidence in their sincerity, when they gave her permission to leave them, because they refused to go with her, and they knew she could not go alone.

At length, Francisco, the Yuma, arrived with the news that the deed was committed, hundreds of our citizens repaired to the scene of the murder and the excitement ran very high. Well it might. A more deliberate, malicious, and cold-blooded murder of an innocent man never took place in our usually peaceful village.—

May we never be called upon to chronicle a similar outrage. It is to be hoped that no executions will be spared to bring the guilty wretch to condign punishment. If he is suffered to escape, through any lack of vigilance on the part of the officers of the law, life will become insecure, for there are others like him, who are ever ready to play the assassin, if there is an opening to evade justice.

**ACCEPTANCE OF MR. FILLMORE.**—The committee appointed by the last Philadelphia Know-Nothing Convention to apprise Mr. Fillmore of his nomination for the presidency have at last received a formal response from that gentleman. He毫不hesitatingly accepts the nomination, platform and all. The letter of acceptance was written at Paris, and bears date of May 21.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. JUNE 27, 1856.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 43.

of democracy which we have inherited from our revolutionary fathers will endure to bless mankind throughout all generations. Is there any democrat within the sound of my voice—is there any democrat throughout the broad limits of good old democratic Pennsylvania—who will abandon these sacred principles for the sake of following in the train of a military conqueror, and shouting for the hero of Lundy's Lane, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec?"

They have given us the distinguished son of Pennsylvania, James Buchanan. He comes from the right quarter—the old Keystone State, the most precious stone in our proud edifice—the land of Franklin, Morris, Muhlenburg, and Buchanan—my own, my Native State—the first State in our Union that adopted and ratified our glorious constitution, and the only State of the North that in the great contest of 1796 which cast her vote for Thomas Jefferson against the elder Adams, and, in my humble judgment, this day has less fanaticism and sectionalism among her masses than any of the original thirteen colonies—the first State in the Union that nominated General Jackson for the presidency.—Pennsylvania has never had a President; yet she has constantly supported the men of right with and principles, having voted uniformly for Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, casting her united vote for the election and re-election of these patriots and founders of the republic.

Like the Romans in their times of trouble and excitement, our people are looking to the old and true men. We have in the person of James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, he who was contemporary with Madison, Monroe, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, McDowell, Hayne, and others. He is the link on the chain that connects the present with the past—that age, when the love of the Union, the love of order and the supremacy of the laws was the paramount principle. Buchanan is the man that the good and true men can rally around of all parties devoted to the constitution and the Union, with the full assurance that he perfectly understands and fully appreciates not only our domestic policy but our foreign relations.

In the midst of sectional excitement, local strife, violations of law, secret organizations, and when appeals are making to the worst passions of men, to everything except the majesty of the laws and constitution, it is a source of gratification to the true patriot to have one presented for the first office of the Union, whose whole life is one of devotion to law and order. But few administrations will show brighter on the page of history than that of James K. Polk—the acquisition and settlement of difficulties connected with Texas, the acquirement of California with its untold wealth, the war with Mexico—yet in all these James Buchanan was our Prime Minister, (Secretary of State,) exhibiting, in all these trying times, the same devotion to principles, firmness of purpose, and yet so conducting our foreign relations that while an empire was added to our republic the peace of the nation was not disturbed.

James Buchanan was the bosom friend and companion of General Jackson—his ardent admirer. He has had the confidence not only of Jackson, Polk, and Pierce, but of all the statesmen of the land who have formed his acquaintance. The best evidence of his devotion to the welfare of the country is found in the fact—for he masses always act right—he never, never, never—your fusionists remember this—has been defeated by the people or legislature, from his first trial in 1814 until the present moment. The word defeat is not in Buchanan's vocabulary or that of his friends; and as sure as he lives until the 4th of March, 1857, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, will be the President of this nation.

JAMES BUCHANAN was an acknowledged favorite of James Madison at the close of his administration. In 1827 James Monroe tendered him the mission to Mexico. As minister to Russia, under the appointment of General Jackson, he negotiated the first commercial treaty between our government and Russia, which secured to our commerce the ports of the Baltic and Black seas.

James Buchanan was the bosom friend and companion of General Jackson—his ardent admirer. He has had the confidence not only of Jackson, Polk, and Pierce, but of all the statesmen of the land who have formed his acquaintance. The best evidence of his devotion to the welfare of the country is found in the fact—for he masses always act right—he never, never, never—your fusionists remember this—has been defeated by the people or legislature, from his first trial in 1814 until the present moment.

James Buchanan was the bosom friend and companion of General Jackson—his ardent admirer. He has had the confidence not only of Jackson, Polk, and Pierce, but of all the statesmen of the land who have formed his acquaintance. The best evidence of his devotion to the welfare of the country is found in the fact—for he masses always act right—he never, never, never—your fusionists remember this—has been defeated by the people or legislature, from his first trial in 1814 until the present moment.

Upon the quiet of Wheatland rests like a sage, the ablest companion of Webster and Clay, an injustice to them, darkness history's page, true to the great who are living to-day.

He's the man of the age and his glory and station, he goes not to battle or thunder of cannon: but the years of head-toil in the cause of his nation: with fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

For a nation of freemen the time has gone by, when the heroes of frenzied excitement forgets, that the heroes of battle but rarely supply the plans of success which a statesman begets.

Let our warriors be honored with titles when due, with plaudits and love in a perfect ovation, but the statesman, the able, the tried, and the true are fitted the best for executive station.

Midst the great of Old England he stood unabashed, determined and faithful, pacific and bland, and the glory and might of his intellect flashed the splendor of fame on his own native land.

In the quiet of Wheatland rests like a sage, in repose 'neath the shadow of oak and of elm, with his vigor of youth and his wisdom of age, his country hath need of his hand at the helm.

Mighty faults may be shown by the demagogue's art, twas better that men, without sin fixed the blame, it heared, 'twas a fault of the head not the heart, for he's true to his country, and true to his fame.

He's the man of the age, and his glory and station, but the years of head-toil in the cause of the nation: with fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

OLIVE OATMAN, THE APACHE CAPTIVE.

Arrived among the Mohaves, the chief, whom she calls *Espenesay*, took them into his own family, and they were treated in every respect as his own children. Two blankets were given to them for covering; food was divided with them; they were not obliged to labor, but did pretty much as they pleased. Lands were allotted to them, and they were furnished with seeds, and raised their own corn, melons and beans as the Indians did.

There is little or norain at the Colorado, and the Mohaves depend upon the overflow of the river for the irrigation necessary to germinate and ripen their harvests. Sometimes there is no overflow of the river, and much suffering follows. The Indians are too indolent to plant more than will suffice for their actual necessities.

Three years ago there was no overflow, and a famine was the consequence, in which many perished. It was in this famine that Olive suffered her greatest grief. Her little sister, Mary Ann, had endured all her captivity with her. They supposed that they were alone of their family; they had suffered together the cruelties of the savages; but they had not been separated.

They could sympathise and cheer each other in their dearness, and sometimes they would whisper together a faint hope of future redemption. But now came the trial.—The child wasted away by degrees—she knew that she was to die, and talked calmly of death to Olive. She had no disease, but there was no food—and she wasted miserably in the famine that desolated the tribe. Olive herself was near perishing, but the strength of her constitution saved her life. She speaks of the Chief's wife in terms of warmest gratitude. A mother could not have expressed more kind hearted sympathy than did this good woman, whose gentle treatment saved her life. This woman had laid up seed corn to plant, and when the dying groans of her own people could not make her bring out. When she saw Olive's distress, she ground this corn between stones, made a gruel and fed it to her, not reserving any even to herself.

She converses with propriety, but as one acting under strong constraint; and she has not forgotten the instructions of her childhood.—She reads well, writes a fair hand, and sews admirably; though in her captivity she saw no implement nor instrument of civilization. She is very ambitious to learn and spends most of her time in study.—*Los Angeles Paper.*

**Murder in Hollidaysburg.**—The Hollidaysburg papers give us an account of another atrocious murder committed in that place on Monday last. We copy the following from the Hollidaysburg "Standard," and hope that ere this the murderer has been arrested:

**ATROCIOUS MURDER!**—One of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders on record was perpetrated at the Canal Basin, in this place, on Monday evening. At the time we go to press no inquest has been held, and many rumors are in circulation in regard to the affair. As far as we could gather particulars that could be relied upon we give them.

On the evening in question, a dance was held at the house of Jas. B. Johnston, on the south side of the Canal Basin, at which there was no overflow of the river, and much suffering follows.

of democracy which we have inherited from our revolutionary fathers will endure to bless mankind throughout all generations. Is there any democrat within the sound of my voice—is there any democrat throughout the broad limits of good old democratic Pennsylvania—who will abandon these sacred principles for the sake of following in the train of a military conqueror, and shouting for the hero of Lundy's Lane, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec?"

Like the Romans in their times of trouble and excitement, our people are looking to the old and true men. We have in the person of James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, he who was contemporary with Madison, Monroe, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, McDowell, Hayne, and others. He is the link on the chain that connects the present with the past—that age, when the love of the Union, the love of order and the supremacy of the laws was the paramount principle. Buchanan is the man that the good and true men can rally around of all parties devoted to the constitution and the Union, with the full assurance that he perfectly understands and fully appreciates not only our domestic policy but our foreign relations.

Mr. Buchanan belongs to a class of statesmen nearly all of whom have passed from the stage of action. He was long associated in the public councils with Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Wright, Forsyth, and others, whose names are cherished as a portion of the treasures of the country—and he was not the least star in that galaxy. His great peers are gone, yet he remains, in the vigorous possession of all his faculties, standing in the midst of the descendants of those with whom he commenced his career—respected and honored by all classes of his countrymen. Like all public men he has been the victim of detraction; but he has outlived its influence, nor can the ex-lumini be thrown out in the party contests long past be more successfully revived against him than against the memories of his honored associates.

Like myself, gentlemen, it does not become me to speak, especially here, in the midst of a people among whom I was born and reared. My principles and course of life are known to you all.

Gentlemen,