

# Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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BY GEO. W. HOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

## Select Poetry.



### THE UNBELOVED.

BY MISS S. F. DAWES.

I wander round my pleasant home,  
A sad and sorrowing child,  
And oft I wish that I could roam,  
To some lone desert wild.  
For no one speaks a kindly word  
To one who calls so plain;  
And not a pitying sigh is heard,  
When I am racked by pain.

My mother strokes the golden hair  
Of my darling sister oft,  
And tells her she is very fair,  
In tones so sweet and soft,  
O, how I long to be caressed,  
And told, though plain my face,  
That deep within her yearning heart,  
I find a cherished place.

They say I'm cruel, a stupid child,  
A peevish, fretful thing,  
They never can know the anguish wild,  
Such words as these can bring,  
O, why did God my sister give  
A face and form so fair?  
O, would that I have never could live,  
For all is beauty there.

An angel whispered soft and low,  
Sweet words within her ear,  
That made her little face to glow,  
And filled her heart with cheer,  
"Thou shalt not bloom amid human flowers,  
But farthest in the heavenly bowers,  
Shalt blossom sweet above."

As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, dear sigh,  
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
Not near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.

ANGRY WORDS.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
The eye grow bright and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour—  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,  
Bitter, poison drops are they;  
Weaving for the coming morrow  
Sad memorials to-day.

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## A Romance of Real Life.

Rescue of Miss Gardiner from the Indians. The St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer gives a detailed and interesting account of the recovery of Miss Gardiner from the Indians who perpetrated the Spirit Lake massacre. The story of her having been set up as a target and shot at by the Indians, turns out to be a sheer fabrication. Miss Gardiner was rescued by three friendly Indians, dispatched for the purpose by Governor Medary. They bear the picturesque names Mazintemani, or the man who shoots metal as he walks; Hotonwashte, or beautiful voice; and Chetannaza, or the Iron Hawk. Miss Gardiner is a native of Seneca county, N. Y., and is but fifteen years of age. Her father, mother and the rest of the family, except a sister, who had just removed to another part of Iowa, were all murdered at the time of the attack on the Spirit Lake settlement.

The above mentioned Indians, left the Yellow Medicine Agency on the 23d of May, in a two-horse wagon, and on the 29th, came upon a deserted camp of Inkpadutah's band, (the Indians who committed the outrage,) where they found the dead body of Mrs. Noble, one of the captives taken from Spirit Lake. The body was terribly mutilated; it was apparent that she had been most cruelly outraged, not only before but after death. Three bullet wounds were discovered in her head, and on her limbs and arms the traces of brutal cruelties were visible. The Indians wrapped her body in a blanket and interred it. The next day, at another deserted camp, they discovered Mrs. Noble's hair, which they gathered up for transmission to her friends.

On the 30th of May they reached an encampment of one hundred lodges of Yankton Indians, and three lodges of Inkpadutah's band, where they learned that Miss Gardiner and Mrs. Noble had been sold to a Yankton warrior, but that subsequently Mrs. Noble had been forcibly taken from the Yankton lodge by Inkpadutah's son and some confederates, who after brutally outraging her, put an end to her existence. Miss Gardiner was saved only by the bravery of the Yankton who purchased her; he placed her on the couch beside his squaw, and declared that his life and that of his squaw would be sacrificed before harm should come to Miss Gardiner. This bold course saved her from injury.

The name of this warrior is Wanduskabank, or the End of the Snake, and with him the Indians immediately opened negotiations to obtain Miss Gardiner's release. The End of the Snake said he bought her with the intention of giving her up to the whites, but he could not give her up until he had obtained the consent of the remainder of the Yankton's. A council was held, which continued two or three days. One of the Yanktons objected to giving Miss Gardiner up, because they could do better by taking her to the military officers in Missouri, and get a large amount of powder and tobacco. A bribe, however, silenced him, and Miss Gardiner was finally delivered to the Christian Indians. The price paid for Miss Gardiner was two horses, seven blankets, two kegs of powder, a box of tobacco and other articles.

As soon as the purchase was completed, the Christian Indians started on their return with their ransomed captive, accompanied by the Yanktons, who volunteered their service, and were undoubtedly the means of preserving the party from massacre, as they were followed for several days by a party of Inkpadutah's band, who were evidently deterred from making an attack by the presence of the Yanktons. Miss Gardiner was treated with comparative kindness by the Indians who captured her, on the account of the protection of the Chief's son. She was compelled to carry a heavy pack, but did it with apparent willingness that seemed to impel the Indians to treat her more kindly than they did Mrs. Noble.

In reference to Mrs. Noble, Miss Gardiner states that she seemed much dejected and despondent from the time she was taken captive until death relieved her from her sufferings. At times she would sit for hours bemoaning and crying over her sad fortune, and again, she would rouse herself and treat the Indians with the indignation natural to a high spirited woman subjected to the most degrading outrages. The tasks allotted to her she would not willingly fulfill, and was often cruelly beaten in her resistance to the tyrannical will of her captors. Miss Gardiner thinks that it was this peculiar temperament that not only caused the murder of Mrs. Thatcher, who, it will be recollected, acted in the same manner, but also of Mrs. Noble.

Miss Gardiner has been conveyed to Fort Dodge, where a sister, the only remaining member of her family resides. The sum of \$500 was raised at St. Paul to be applied to her education. The only indication betrayed on her countenance of her experience among the Indians, is that she is very much sun-burnt. The sum of \$1,200 was paid the Indians as a reward for effecting her release, and their outfit cost six hundred dollars. The release of Miss Gardiner and Mrs. Marble cost over \$3000. The Pioneer says that measures have been adopted by Governor Medary, which will result in the extermination of Inkpadutah's band, within a very few months. Now that there are no white women in the camp of the outlaws, the Governor can prosecute his plans with that energy which will secure the speedy extermination of these women-murderers. A military expedition was not sent lest friendly Indians should be killed, and that in the end, more harm than good would result to the captives from such interference.

A young lady at a ball, was asked by a lover of serious poetry, whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales?" "Why no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon, Miss," said he; "I mean, have you read Crabbe's Tales?" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

## LET ME BE QUICKLY RICH.

From the Washington Union.

The prayer of most young men is, "Let me be quickly rich." Few seem satisfied to become so by the once-honored mode of industry and economy practised by our ancestors. Of the thousands who make the effort few become quickly rich, and fewer remain so. But the story of those who prove successful, with fabulous additions, spreads with telegraphic speed, and influences the minds of the excitable, and often many others, and they long to become quickly rich. Forgetting, or not regarding, the fate of the unsuccessful, their whole energies are directed to the rapid accumulation of a fortune. They vainly imagine that the possession of wealth, and living in a style common with many who have suddenly acquired it, confer happiness without alloy, although experience has everywhere demonstrated the fallacy of such expectations. Man is so constituted that employment is necessary for his health and happiness. He who devotes his energies to business to secure a livelihood is far happier than him whose sole employment is caring for and protecting wealth, while no system of measuring merit can prove the latter more honorable or noble. A false and highly injurious notion is widely prevailing the public mind, that honor and happiness flow from wealth, and that the want of it indicates dishonor and misery. This fallacious theory has led to more misfortune, suffering, and disgrace, than wealth ever prevented. It induces men to engage in the wildest adventures, and to hazard, not only their own accumulated earnings, but those of others, as far as subject to their control; while not one in a hundred proves successful. The effort to become quickly rich is the great cause of the frauds upon merchants by their clerks, and many of their customers, and upon banks and corporations by their officers and employees. They are not content to follow the path trod by Astor, Girard, and others, and to rise to fortune by industry and the pursuit of business, directed with skill and intelligence. They forget that Astor commenced his commercial career by carrying his stock upon his back, exchanging it for furs; and that regular business, skillfully managed, conducted him to his immense fortune. They do not remember that Girard, from a cabin-boy on a vessel, became first a small ship-grocer, and by unremitting attention and great sagacity accumulated his millions. They only recollect them as millionaires. They wish to approach or rival them in their accumulations without subjecting themselves to the toil, physical and mental, necessary to accomplish the result desired. Girard once made a remark which is worthy of much reflection. A young man had been offered a salary which he thought too small, as he could lay up but a limited sum after paying his expenses. Girard replied, "I labor far harder than you, having all this property to manage and take care of, and all I shall ever have out of it is my victuals and clothes." Out of his millions all he enjoyed was comprised in these two items. Men are most happy when constantly engaged in business, and are most likely to perform all the duties of good citizens in the most acceptable manner. Of course they are gratified if it proves successful, so that it may guard them and their families against want. It will and skillfully conducted, most kinds of business leads to independence and competence, which tend to happiness; whereas the mere possession of wealth, except with the sordid miser, never confers happiness upon mankind. Those who become suddenly rich lose all the pleasure and reputation derived from conducting a successful business. One lucky venture will lead to new hazards, and often occasions a total loss of the fruits of the first success. Among all who engage in mercantile business, not three in a hundred are computed to die rich. Among those who seek to become quickly rich, probably not one in a thousand does so. Of the many thousands in California who suddenly became apparently wealthy, or were reputed so, very few are even now comfortably off. The rich men there usually became so by the slow process of regular business. Of the thousands who have been suddenly made rich by stock and other Wall street operations, few, indeed, close their career with wealth. Among the numerous "hopefuls" in land and other property, where a regular business course is not pursued, but a limited number ever come out with property, much less large fortunes. We hear much of those who in all these matters succeed, but lose sight of the infinitely greater number who fail and fall into obscurity, poverty, and often into degradation and misery. That father confers the greatest benefit upon his son who educates him to some regular and respectable employment, and encourages him to pursue it as the road most likely to lead him to happiness and a reasonable share of wealth. The son who devotes his time and talents to such employment may rationally expect a far greater share of respectability and happiness than can be derived from fortune not actually earned and accumulated, but quickly derived from some one lucky move out of scores of unsuccessful ones. He who prays to be made quickly rich, if his prayer is favorably answered, will fill in his greater object of becoming honorably distinguished and personally happy. If any doubt the correctness of our conclusions, let them study the evidences that abound in both city and town in every quarter of the country. It will be found that those who earn their fortunes keep them, and are generally esteemed by all, while few who become suddenly rich long remain so, and fewer still who secure enviable positions in society. Parents and young men just entering upon active life should reflect upon these subjects, and pursue that course which the experience and observation of mankind show best calculated to lead to honor and happiness. Such course will also contribute most to the honor and independence of the country, which all should have at heart.

## Mother, Home and Heaven.

To the above words may be most appropriately added one other, which in its endearments is equally as powerful, and calls up the sweetest recollections as well as brings into play the tenderest sentiments of the human mind and heart—that word is "wife"—holy, lovely, and all powerful in its influences. There are four instead of three words deserving the name of the dearest, to be found in the English language—"Mother, Home, Wife, Heaven."

How true were the words of that writer who said, that the dearest words to be found in the English language were—"Mother, Home and Heaven!"

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on a visit, on the 20th inst. She was sitting near the door of the room, engaged in reading. The shoe upon her right foot was near the center of her foot was a small hole through the foot and the upper of her shoe. Her clothes were set on fire and she was not a particle from the pain which she was sitting.

## Hoop and Umbrellas.

What a bonny day! doubled in price within the past month in consequence of the enormous cost of the article in skirt hoops. Wholesale price was forty or fifty, it is now or ninety cents a pound. The Commissioner of today reports a sale of eight thousand at ninety-five. An umbrella dealer informs that at retail he has been obliged to pay for a half a pound for the manufacturer, and the five dollar umbrella of two weeks ago are now sold for six. Nor is this all, braces have become greatly attenuated, hardly more than half the size they were—old-fashioned umbrellas. So that the price, we shall be compelled to rely wholly on braces, which have experienced no such vicissitude.

Such being the case, it behooves ladies to change the make their hoops accordingly. The inexhaustible supply of steel and the rapidly-diminishing number of hales are startling facts, and ought to be meditated upon by our belles, who doubt by every consideration of economy to lessen their hoops or to substitute iron wire, or steel, which are more service and less liable to rust.

There are other reasons which we have heard advanced in the old style. One is the suppleness of steel, which is said to have been multiplied in the case of a lady who was seriously injured by the breaking of a steel which wounded her leg so seriously as to be amputated. This story, however, has been authenticated, and was the invention probably, of some reckless "bull" of the horse market.

The other objection is, that the steel may attract the light. As for this, all that we have to say is, it is pure superstition. Steel, when cold with silk or any non-conducting material as whalebone or gutta serena. —*Evening Post.*

Use of Salt Food.—Dr. Chambers, of London, in his lately published work on Digestion and its ailments, says of common salt in food: "The element of salt in the average healthy state is decidedly beneficial to the human species, and its use as an accessory aliment is wise those who are well supplied with other food. The physiological action of salt indeed leads us to expect that it be hurtful in some cases. Where we are already excessive, or under circumstances where the diet is insufficient, the advantage salt is a matter of serious doubt. Where it is deficient in quantity or quality, it is entirely improper that any excess of salt should be used beyond that which is just sufficient to act as a complementary aliment; all beyond this wastes the waste. Encouragement should be given to employ instead, other spicy flavoring which have not this tendency, or which have a contrary tendency.

It is to be remarked that the question of the use of salt as accessory food is by no means the same as that of the employment of salted provisions. A manufacturing process so dries up and hardens muscular fibre that without diligent cooks it is insoluble in the gastric juice, and in a lot of fact is an insufficient nutrient, a staple thing where it has been said salt is in proper. When salt provisions must be used, the desirum is a mode of cooking which would render albumen and brine again soluble."

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On Monday afternoon, Mr. G. Huber, residing near Daltown, went to his well in the yard, for the purpose of drawing water, when the walls caved in, precipitating him down the well, a distance of thirty feet (the well is about forty feet deep) where he was firmly held by earth and stones, unable to extricate himself. At the time the accident occurred, Mr. Huber was alone at home his wife having gone to visit his mother, who resides ill. She returned about five o'clock, and finding her husband in the house she called and received an answer, when, on searching for him she found that he was in the well. The sad was immediately given, and strenuous efforts made by the neighbors to rescue him from his perilous situation. They worked faithfully, and at one time were within eighteen inches of him, the unfortunate man conversing with them all the time. Their exertions, however, seemed to avail but little, for as fast as they succeeded in removing the earth and stones, fresh quantities would fall in upon him. Finding their exertions in his behalf of no avail, the doctor came shortly after midnight, requested that his wife might be brought within hearing of his voice, that he might bid her a last farewell. His request was complied with, and we leave the reader to imagine the scene—the anguish of mind of her who, on the 14th of April, had led to the altar a bride.—At one o'clock on Tuesday morning he ceased to exist, and his lifeless body was found, about four o'clock, much bruised, with one hand off. —*York (Pa.) Gazette.*

A man by the name of Wm. Wilson, residing just above Nine Hill Gap, Pa., was shot on Monday evening last by his son. It appears that Wilson was too apt to indulge in the cowardly and inhuman business of "wife-beating," and while doing so on Monday last, his son, who could not stand and witness such a brutal attack upon his mother without avenging her wrongs, took hold of a pistol and shot his own father. Wilson's recovery is doubtful.

Don't Grumble.—He is a fool that grumbles at every mischance. Put the best foot forward,

is an old maxim.—Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate.—People do not like to have unfortunate acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it earnestly in the face and it will turn from you.

A young man who was desirous of marrying a daughter of a well known Boston merchant after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman in a very stammering manner, said: "Mr. O—are you willing to let-let-let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," gruffly and quickly replied the old man, "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."

Tremendous Hill Storm.—FREDERICKSBURG, July 2.—A tremendous hail storm occurred here about 4 or 5 o'clock yesterday, accompanied with terrific thunder. The hail stones were as large as hen's eggs. All the windows on the windward side of the houses were demolished. All the magnets except the one in the telegraph office, were burst. The destruction to the trees and crops is supposed to be immense. The Railroad from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg is badly washed, and both trains were temporarily detained, the one coming north was thrown off the track, and three persons were slightly injured.

RISINGTON, June 2.—A hail storm occurred last night, which was very destructive to the crops in Stafford, Culpepper and the adjacent counties. The stone fell of an immense size, six inches deep in some places, between Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek.

Bitten by a Spider.—About four o'clock on Sunday morning, a young lady named Miss Sarah Malone, while asleep in bed at the house of her sister, near the steam-mill, in this borough, was bitten in the nostril by a spider.—But little or no attention was given the circumstance until three or four hours after its occurrence, when the face of the young lady became so much swollen that it was evident a quantity of poison had accompanied the bite. A physician was summoned, who administered for her relief, but without any apparent success. The swelling increased during the day, and in the evening the doctor gave it as his opinion that the patient could not survive. On Monday morning, however, a favorable change was perceived, and since then she has been gradually improving.

Burning the Dead.—The Paris Academy of Medicine has set the papers to writing and the people to thinking earnestly of the return to the practice of burning the dead. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded with the victims of pestilence engendered by the foul air of the grave-yards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemeteries is a constant source of mortality. Their putrid emanations filling the air, and the poison they emit impregnating the water, are held chargeable for the many new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs, which baffle all medical skill.

At Montpelier, in Blackford county, Indiana, on Thursday of last week, a boy fourteen years of age, son of James Wright, merchant, of the former place, by accident shot his mother, who died almost instantly. The mother was rinsing clothes, and the boy in attempting to put a cap on his rifle, carelessly aimed it at his mother, when the percussion fell and the ball was discharged, penetrating the right breast and coming out at the left. Before the neighbors reached the tragical scene, but a few moments, the wretched woman had ceased to breathe.

Murders by Indians.—St. Louis, July 8.—Reliable advices from Fort Randall state that a band of Sioux Indians committed murders at Spirit Lake, near the head waters of James river, 180 miles from Fort Pierre. It is probable that troops will be sent after them.

The Largest Man in the World.—The West Tennessee Whig announces the death of Mr. Miles Darden, near Lexington, in that State, and says: "The deceased was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over a thousand pounds. It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet and four inches.

A lady in Carlisle, Ind., left her infant, about a month old, in its cradle, while she went out into the field where her husband was at work. When she returned, what was her horror to find that her child had been stolen, and a negro baby left in its place! No clue whatever, can be found of the kidnapper.

"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possessors you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age, I could go with the first cut."

"The first cut," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log, "is always a slab."

Not less than fifty German princesses are of an age to be married; and hence, of course, looking out in the matrimonial market. On the other hand, there are not more than half a dozen continental princes who are of an age befitting the expectants. Among these are the count of Flanders and Prince George of Saxony, both heirs apparent of thrones; Prince Napoleon, Prince William of Baden, and two or three others of minor note.