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MY HOME'S NOT IN THE CROWD.

My home's not in the crowd,

Not where most men's extremes of good and ill,

Not where the reveler's orgies are, nor where

The passions craze and kill;

Not where the pomp of pride,

With its cold glitter all around it, chills,

Where coins the slave, with nerve and bone, the gold

His master's coffers fills.

My home's not in the crowd,

Not in the garish glow of idle things,

Not where the short-lived Ease lulls in false arms,

And Siren luxury sings.

Not where the bath-ome Plague,

Fell spore of airs fouled by the city's taint,

Its gloom-wing o'er the orphan spreads, and laughs

To hear the widow's plaint.

My home's not in the crowd,

No—where the woodlands wear their crown of mist,

And where the black hills by the sinking clouds,

Are in the gloaming, kissed,—

Where come the bat and owl,

And hark the red fox, in the excentide,—

Where rounds the full moon o'er my native world,—

Let me for ever abide.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

CHARMED BY A RATTLENAKE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

A writer in the United States Magazine pronounces the following description of a young girl, charmed by a rattlesnake, one of the most remarkable and beautiful descriptions ever penned:

"Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossy green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eyes commenced vacantly with these, fascinated by a star-like shining glaucous, a subtle ray that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream over the space between and find its way into her own eyes; very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness of the sweetest, strongest powers. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away only to return, and the vines waved and swung away in fantastic maze, unfolding ever charming varieties of form and color to the gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and glorious in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful with what wondrous intensity did it gleam and dart, growing larger and more lustrous with every beam it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed, also, but with a dreaming sense, which conjoined up the wild fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown, but she had no power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and was irradiated with its bright, white gleam; but ever, as she stretched forth her hand, and bent forward, she heard a rust of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mocking bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky chest and flaps its slender wings. Such a scream warned a warning; though yet unawakened to a full consciousness, it startled and forbade her effort.

"Now then once in her survey of this strange object she had heard that shrill note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was still upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird; now steady in its place, and obedient seemingly of hers; now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to gaze. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waved hurriedly by night in the hands of playful toys; but in all this time the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew fixed, a very principle of light a bright, subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapors above old graves and blinds us as we look, shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely its sense of perception. She felt dizzy; as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention, and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure, her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freezing of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustle beside her and the birds, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as if were of warning, flew away from her station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect for which it was intended, of bringing back to her a portion of that consciousness she had been nearly deprived of before. She strove to move from the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The arch, star-like glance still riveted

Miscellaneous.

THE FORTUNES OF ABBALLAH.

A PERSIAN STORY.

Abdallah was a prosperous barber of Shiraz; he married a woman of surpassing beauty, but excessively vain, so that his whole substance was consumed in providing her with dresses, trinkets, and the luxuries of a miniature harem.

Above all other women the wife of Hassan, the King's astrologer, was envied by the wife of Abdallah, the unostentatious barber; for this lady affected great grandeur, and could afford it, on account of the large salary and handsome presents bestowed upon her by her husband.

One day the discontented beauty announced to Abdallah that she would no longer continue to live with him, unless he gave up the miserable business of a barber, and adopted that of astrology. To vain did he represent to her that trimming beards was his habit, while of astrological predictions he knew nothing. She insisted, and the unfortunate man, inflated by affection, resolved to obey.

So, observing the eccentric practices of the astrologer, he took a brass basin and a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and, smiting his basin, cried aloud that he would calculate nativities, predict the events of the future, detect thieves, and recover lost property. His neighbors were astonished, and one and all said, "Abdallah, the barber, is certainly mad!" But it chanced that a certain lady, returning from the bath, walked through the bazaar with her veil torn. She appeared in great distress, and upon hearing the cry of Abdallah, sent one of her slaves to him with this message:

"If you are an impostor, my husband will cause you to be bastinadoed; if you are really an astrologer, inform me where I shall find a necklace of pearls which I have lost this day."

Poor Abdallah, bewildered, gazed upon the lady, and in gaining time to invent an answer, said:

"She can win the pearls, when they are near, for the veil is torn."

These words were reported to her by the slave, and she uttered a cry of joy.

"Admirable prophet," she exclaimed, "I placed my pearls, for safety, in a rent that is in the veil of the bath;" and she ordered Abdallah to be presented with forty pieces of gold.

Now, it should be known that in the Persian baths there are screens, the name of which is the same as the native word for "veil." So Abdallah, by a lucky accident of speech, had not only saved himself from the bastinado, but had gained forty pieces of gold.

At length another lady, the wife of the King's treasurer, made her appearance, and just at that moment a messenger from the Treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the bazaar, and spoke to him. The lady stood close by, and listened.

"Abdallah," said the slave, "my master has lost the King's great ruby; if you have the wisdom of the stars, thou canst find it; if not, thou art a pretender, and I will assuredly cause thee to be bastinadoed."

"This time the unfortunate barber was at his wit's end. "O, woman," he exclaimed, "thou art the author of this."

He meant his own wife, but the wife of the treasurer, who stood by, imagined he referred to her. Guilt is always pale, the poet says.—She herself had stolen the King's ring, and believed that the astrologer was aware of her crime. So, when the messenger had departed, leaving the barber petrified with perplexity, she approached him and said, in a soft tone:

"O, astrologer! I confess that, in an hour of anxiety, I took the jewel. Restore it without sending me to condemnation."

Abdallah sternly replied—"Woman, I know thy guilt. Where is the jewel?"

She answered, "Under the fourth cushion from the door, in the apartment of Kashem, my lord's Georgian slave."

Abdallah hastened to the palace, was rewarded with a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces, and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed once more. The King's treasury had been broken open, and forty chests of money had been carried away. Not a trace of the thieves had been discovered. The royal astrologer had tried every sort of divination and failed, and was therefore in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah, which was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had reached the ear of the King, who sent for him and gave him audience in the Hall of Kalnet Serpunchild.

"Abdallah," he said, with a severe expression in his face, "art thou truly able to read the stars?"

"Put me to the proof!" answered the barber who was now prepared for the worst.

"Then discover the forty chests of money which have been stolen, as well as the criminals. Succeed, and thou shalt marry a princess, and become my minister; fail, and I will hang thee!"

"There must have been forty thieves!" said Abdallah, making a fortunate and not very difficult guess. "Grant me forty days."

"Forty days thou shalt have," said the King, "and thou shalt then die, or live for riches and honor."

So the barber went home and told his wife, and said, "I have forty days to live; I will sit upon my prayer mat, and meditate on the evils of life and the blessedness of death. Give me, I beg then, forty beans. At the hour of evening prayer, daily, I will give thee one, that, by counting the remainder, I may remember how many days I have to live."

She complied, and every day at the exact hour of sunset, Abdallah gave her a bean, and said, with great firmness and solemnity, "There is one of them." And, on the last day, he said, in an excited manner, "There are the whole forty of them!"

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THE FORTUNES OF ABBALLAH.

A PERSIAN STORY.

What was his astonishment, when, at that instant, a violent knocking was heard at the door. A crowd of men were admitted, and one of them evidently the chief, said:

"O, Abdallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive the forty chests of gold untouched, but spare our lives!"

In supreme bewilderment, he answered:

"This night I should have seized thee and thy wretched companions; but tell me, on thy head, how knowest thou that I possessed this knowledge?"

"We heard," said the chief of the robbers, "that the King had sent for thee. Therefore, one of us came, at the hour of sunset, to listen at thy door, and heard thee say, 'There is one of them.' We would not believe his story, and sent two to ascertain it, and thou wast heard to say, 'There are two of them.' And this night, O wonderful! thou didst exclaim, 'There are the whole forty;' but restore the King's money, and do not deliver us unto the executioner."

Abdallah promised to do what he could.—Being admitted to the palace, he declared that owing to some mystery of the stars, it was given him to discover either the thieves or the treasure, but not both. The monarch, at length, consented to take the forty chests, and fulfilled his promise to Abdallah.

Miscellaneous.

THE FORTUNES OF ABBALLAH.

A PERSIAN STORY.

THE HOMESTEAD.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood. How sacred the recollections that cluster around the spot where we were born—the spot where first we learned to look upon the beauties of nature—the green sward—the waving corn—the stately tree—and the little, clear bubbling spring at its foot, from which, during the long, long days of summer school, we slaked our thirst, or sought a short relief from the tiresome, straight-backed school house bench; the rippling brook, with its grassy bank, and speckled trout, and little falls that turned the tiny wheel.

The place where we first chased the gay butterfly and timid "chipmunk," where we first tangled the grass of the mower by searching for the delicious strawberry, and where first we plucked the bright tempting cherry, the luscious peach, the dainty pear, and the always enduring and ever grateful apple.

Where, with brothers and sisters, and the little visiting friends, we had our playhouses—our ovens of sand—our acorn cups, and saucers, and plates of broken china, and made the miniature stately calls and formal tea parties; and with what stately stride we imitated the walk of our elders in doing it; where we played "keep school" and "preach," and anon with hard-back blossoms or cockerel's feather in our caps, we strutted forth, the embryo defenders of our country's rights, the gallant volunteers.

The place where first we learned to listen to the rapturous notes of the free happy orchard melodist—the robin and her associates, the chattering swallow, and the plaintive whippoorwill.

The place where first we learned to lip the names of father and mother; and to utter the first pure sentiments of fraternal love for brother, and for "sister dear."

But above all, and more than all, the spot where first the holy love of mother taught our infant thoughts to revere, and our infant lips to pray, "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

How intimately and indissolubly connected with, how holy enshrined upon, the spot where we were born—the old homestead—are all recollections of the pure gushing joys of early years! And who, in after life, can see a stranger lord of that manor, without a pang of sorrow? Who would not then feel that such is sacrilegious!

"Give, O! give me back my home, My own dear NATIVE HOME."

Miscellaneous.

THE FORTUNES OF ABBALLAH.

A PERSIAN STORY.

A FASHIONABLE SERMON.

A NEW YORK SKETCH.

The fashionable preacher is a mortal always adored by his congregation—the female portion particularly. He is a mortal, but sometimes deemed an unaging immortal, and eclipses the Divinity whom he preaches. He prays resoundingly (to the congregation) and his "amen!" sounds like the tap on a bass drum. He is meek, exceedingly so—in the pulpit; he loves his hearers collectively, and sometimes individually; he hates sin and the devil—professionally. Discourses eloquently on charity, from a mahogany pulpit, but forgets his charity for those who differ with him. Gives liberally (his advice), in resonant sermons, but always has his purse in his pantaloons' pockets when he meets a mendicant.

Sends the gospel to Borrioboola Gha, and sends the heathen at home—to the gutter. Perfumes his sermons with sacred poetry, and perfumes his white handkerchief with *eau de Cologne*. Speaks fearfully of that other world, but would doubtless prefer staying where he is better acquainted. Calls his congregation the sheep of his flock, and pulls the wool over their eyes while he shears them.

Studies attitudes as he studies his sermons and lifts his arms with imitable grace, to beseech the Divine grace—of heaven! Delivers from a three-story pulpit—where he is elevated far above his hearers—persuasive harangues upon moral propriety. Acts as though sin could be drawn from man as that beautiful rich Eve was drawn from Adam, by throwing him into a gentle slumber; or as the dentist extracts a tooth by administering chloroformal discourses and most ethereal sermons. Of morality he talks in the aggregate, but never descends to particulars. If one of his congregation, by negotiating his property, swindles a friend out of a few thousand dollars, never rebukes the man as the prophet did David; never mentions it at all—that is a *secular affair* and belongs to the world.

Prays to God, not for wealth, which he wants not, neither for poverty, which he cannot bear, but only for a competence, by which he means a three-story competence, finished with brown stone, all the modern conveniences, and a spacious basement.

If he preaches at night, always arrives after the audience is seated and waiting; sometimes, if there is a rush, he has to rise mysteriously through a trap door in the pulpit, as many have seen Parson Beecher do; this always produces a fine effect—so theatrical and striking. Before his entrance, the gas is turned down to a moonlight mellowness, and a dim obscurity broods over the congregation; the organ is silent.

But the moment arrives: the popular preacher enters: the gas blooms into a magnificent brilliance; the ladies bend eagerly forward, and a murmurous expectancy permeates the air; silks rustle and feathers and fans wave; the organ peals a grand voluntary, and the minister, slowly mounting the rich carpeted stairs, sinks into the silken pulpit cushions, and opens a hymn book.

"Is this the worship of God, or man?" sadly asked my friend Burdett, whom I had accompanied to the exhibition. I do not know—I cannot answer him—but I think of the poor publican, who stood afar off and smote upon his breast, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*St. Louis Republic.*

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THE FORTUNES OF ABBALLAH.

A PERSIAN STORY.

MIXED GRAMMAR.

A great many people find great difficulty in saying what they mean—as much perhaps as some editors find in meaning what they say. A certain witness, in an assault and battery suit, we once heard, mixed up things considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came up to him and struck, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog came along, and I hit him again and dropped him."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

"Throwed a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again?"

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail between his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he come back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor, and that's all I did to him, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

Miscellaneous.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S SNUFF BOX.

The French papers have not, under the influence of the alliance, ceased to have their jokes upon Englishmen, and one of the drollest is told as follows, by the *Union Bretonne*, from which we translate it:

Lord C——, well known for his eccentricities, went lately to the establishment of one of our most celebrated workers in fancy articles.

"I want you to make me," said he "a snuff box, with a view of my chateau on the 'id.'" "It is very easily done," was the reply, "if my lord will furnish me with the design."

"I will; but I want also, at the entrance of my chateau, a niche in which there shall be a dog."

"That, too, shall be provided," answered the workman.

"But I want also that some means should be contrived by which, as soon as any one looks at the dog, he shall go back into the niche, and only re-appear when he is no longer looked at."

The workman looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether his customer was not the victim of some mystification. Re-assured by his examination, and like a clever man, understanding how to take advantage of the affair, he said to the Englishman:

"What you ask me is very hard to comply with; such a snuff box will be very expensive; it will cost a thousand crowns."

"Very well; I will pay you a thousand crowns."

"Then, my lord, it shall be made according to your wishes, and in a month I shall have the honor of delivering it to you."

A month later the workman presented himself to Lord C——.

"My lord," said he, "there is your snuff box."

Lord C—— took it, examined it, and said, "That is my chateau, with its turrets, and there is the niche by the doorway. But I see no dog."

"Did not your lordship," said the workman, "say that you wished the dog to disappear when he was looked at?"

"I did," replied his lordship.

"And that he should re-appear when he was no longer looked at?"

"That is true, also," was the reply.

"Well," said the workman, "you are looking at it, and the dog has gone into the niche. Put the box in your pocket, and the dog will re-appear immediately."

Lord C—— reflected a moment, and then exclaimed, "All right, all right." He put the box in his pocket, and taking from his pocket book three bank bills of a thousand francs each, handed them to the skilful workman.

Gumbo—"Is yer good at spellin', Buck?"

Buck—"Well, darkey, sagaciate; what de interrogatory?"

Gumbo—"I see yer's larned—but can yer spell know nuffin without no letters at all?"

Buck—"You mean know nothin', you darkey, you?"

Gumbo—"Yes, know nuffin—can yer duz it?"

Buck—"I surrender it, as Yorktown said to Cornob, caze it can't be did with no letters at all!"

(Gumbo takes a piece of chalk, gets down upon his knees and makes a big cypher on the floor, and rolling up his white eyes, asks Buck, if that ain't a nuffin? Takes out of his hat an old handkerchief and rubs the cypher out clean.)

Gumbo—"Now, nigger, darkey's no nuffin darkey, as plain as day, to dis darkey."

Buck—"Good! Gum, Good! Yah, Yah, Yah,—jis like de party itself—gone! up!—rubbed out!"

COERTING WIDOWS.—Some Western editor who evidently has no sympathy with Mr. Weller, sent, in his horror for "live vidders," this reveals his experience:

"For the other half of a courting match, there is as much difference between courting a damsel and an attractive widow as there is between ciphering in addition and the double rule of three. Courting a girl is like eating a fruit, all very nice as far as it extends, but doing the amiable to a blue-eyed be-aved one, in black crape, comes under the head of preserves—rich, pungent, syrup. For delicious courting, we say; give us a live 'vidder.'"

WHAT UTILITY IS THERE IN KILLING HOGS, IF THEY ARE CURED DIRECTLY AFTERWARDS?