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## PORTENT.

### THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

'Twas a sunny day and the morning psalm  
Was sung in the church together;  
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm  
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, the sweet, the sacred strain,  
Through every bosom stealing,  
Checked every thought that was light and vain,  
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear  
Was the blue sky shining o'er us,  
And in every pause of the hymn could hear  
The wild-herd's happy chorus.

And let from the haints by cave or rill  
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,  
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,  
And down the chancel's centre,  
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,  
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,  
With a sudden rustle flying,  
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,  
On the altar cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,  
And the children's bright young faces;  
Then vanish, none knew how or where,  
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours  
Spent on the quiet mountains;  
And the church seemed full of the scented flowers,  
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair  
With our music sweetly blended,  
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share  
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,  
And through the green mountains led them,  
Whose hand, when He pined the enduring hills,  
With a smile of beauty spread them.

And a tender passion was borne above,  
In a louder anthem swelling,  
As we hushed to the visible spirit of love,  
On these calm summits dwelling.

## CAPITAL SELECT STORY.

### THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages in old Virginia, there lived, in the year 1755, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country around. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette.

In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks, they all assembled round the door in the cool of the evening, "now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money nor talents, book learning nor soldier learning. I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat anything in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath, and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for her. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a dead level, shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth

of trial cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry.—The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country; and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper;" and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and, withal, happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden, he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. Well done, Harry Preston!" cried the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead." Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brain fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk, and talk, and laugh, and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he were sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half.—Hurra for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd, good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the list altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this," and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bound forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip he leaped forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half," shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half!"—Henry Carroll forever, Annette and Harry!"

Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, to which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that?" said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Henry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies."

The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of

our village maidens is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Is the list open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll. If you will try, you are free to do so. But, let me tell you Henry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her, and make your trial."

The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered upon the altar of her father's monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and an angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The shout was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince.—Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

Annette's cheek became paler than marble; her to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride. Tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I ought to be," he added, with gallantry, "do wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some favored youth among the crowd who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry; "me thinks you were the victor on the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and, as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping for pure joy upon his shoulder. The welkin rang with the exclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred him at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, as he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half doubtingly, half assuredly shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately, if she were ill.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet meaning smile observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam, pardon me.—Colonel, I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of campfire and hard usage, too powerfully to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I met of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional—whose claim to a substantial bonafide flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

Davidson College North Carolina, contributes a good story of a man with a very bad habit. As it is all about lying, the reader will believe it or not as he likes.

In the old North State lives a certain John Long, who draws a long bow whenever he has any thing to tell, and his character for truth and veracity has been below zero for many years. Captain Johnson had been so taken in by one of John's outrageous stories, that he said to him, in a pet:

"If you make me believe one of your lies again in a month, I'll give you fifty dollars!"

John pretended to be quite hurt by the offer, and went off. A few days afterward he was riding by the Captain's post-hatch, on horseback, when the Captain called out to him:

"I say! hello, Johnny! stop and tell us a lie or two this morning!"

"John rode on, but cried out most dolefully: 'No time for lying now; brother Jimmy has just been killed.'" On he went.

"Captain Johnson ordered his horse, and rode over to see the dead man and offer his services, but found him alive and well, ginning cotton,—and in no danger of the machine. Just then John rode up and demanded the fifty dollars.—The Captain declared it was a rascally trick, but he would have had to pay the money if John had not let him off."

STRANGE AND REVOLVING CUSTOM.—A recent communication to the Indian office, from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at San Francisco, reports a strange but shocking custom that prevails among almost all the Indians of California. This is that of burying alive. When a widow dies and leaves young children, rather than trouble themselves with their support, the tribe to which she belonged will bury the orphans alive. The Superintendent states that he will use all his efforts to put an end to this cruel practice, but it has been impossible to prevent it entirely as yet, even on the Government reservations.

The United States sloop-of-war, *Saratoga*, which was ordered to the Gulf, went into commission at Norfolk, on Saturday, and will sail this week. Her officers and men number 200 souls, and she carries a battery of 20 guns. The *Day Book* says she has on board 300 loaded shells, 11,000 lbs. of powder, together with 3,000 musket cartridges, 4,000 carbine cartridges, and 4,000 pistol cartridges. She has also the usual quantity of small arms allowed to a vessel of her class, with 15 Colt's revolvers for her officers. The marine guards have the new regulation Minsie rifles.

At a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whiskey, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whiskey—in other words, the whiskey was drunk, and so was the jury.

A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, says that if he is denied the privilege of going to heaven after death, his second choice is Baltimore.

A Western editor expresses his delight at having been nearly called "honey" by the girl he loves, because she saluted him as "old beeswax," at their last meeting.

Two members of the Ohio Legislature quarrelled a few days ago. One of them called the other a liar, and the latter retorted by throwing a quid of tobacco in the face of the offender. We presume this was meant as the *quid pro quo*.

The botanists tell us that there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the "coal black Rose."

A man in Wisconsin, who unfortunately had his nose pulled last week, makes bitter complaint of the matter in the Madison paper. He doesn't attempt to show, however, that his nose didn't have "a fair shake."

## THE EVENINGS.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

In the summer evenings  
When the wind blew low,  
And the skies were radiant  
With the sunset glow,  
Thou and I were happy  
Long, long years ago,  
Love, the young and hopeful,  
Hovered o'er us then,  
Filled us with sad pleasure  
And delicious pain,  
In the summer evenings  
Wandering in the lane.

In the winter evenings  
When the wild winds roar  
Blustering at the chimney,  
Piping at the door,  
Thou and I are happy,  
As in days of yore,  
Love still hovers o'er us,  
Robed in white attire,  
Drawing heavenly music  
From an earthly lyre,  
In the winter evenings  
Sitting by the fire.

## WILLIAM A. PORTER.

Some curiosity is usually felt to know the private history of men who are proposed for public office. Judge Porter spent a considerable portion of his life in this town. On his appointment to the Supreme Bench we published a short sketch of him, which was copied by some of our exchanges. We add a few more facts, well known to his friends here, which may prove interesting to others.

He was born in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, in 1821, and is now about thirty-seven years of age. He is the son of the Hon. David R. Porter, whose name has long been familiar to our people. His mother was the daughter of Mr. McDermott, who emigrated from Scotland during the last century; for the purpose of engaging in the manufacture of iron, in Western Pennsylvania. Being Irish on one side, and Scotch on the other, Judge Porter has a good right to the title of Scotch-Irish, so much culogised in his life of Judge Gibson.

His early life was passed in Huntingdon, but we have no information respecting it. He came to Easton more than twenty years ago, and spent several years at the college in this town. His teachers speak of him as a boy of quick and active mind; a persevering student, and exceedingly truthful and honorable in his thoughts and feelings. During his college course, he maintained a position at the head of his class. He early showed a talent for debate, and represented the literary societies of the colliery also in moral and intellectual philosophy. In the ancient languages he was particularly distinguished, so much so, that on graduating he delivered an original speech in Greek and Latin.

In 1839 Mr. Porter commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. J. M. Porter, who has turned out more lawyers than some of our bars contain. Several years were here devoted to the study of the law. During this time he became a general favorite of our citizens, and they will vote for him with a unanimity which few public men could command.

In 1842 he was appointed by Attorney General Johnson, District Attorney for Philadelphia, which brought him in contact with some of the ablest members of that bar. We have always understood that he discharged the duties of the office with ability. The sheriff of Philadelphia having died, a violent contest for the remainder of his term ensued. Unable to please either faction, Judge Porter's father, then Governor, appointed him to the office. This was an uncomfortable position, for the uproar on all sides was great. Besides the political discontents, proceedings were commenced to test his eligibility, on the ground of age. But the character of the office was soon changed. Order was brought out of confusion, and all illegal fees abolished. Money was promptly paid over, and the business was conducted with an exactness and precision which are said to be memorable to this day. The notable riots of that period commenced about this time. One of the most exciting occurred in Kensington. Departing from the custom of his predecessors, Sheriff Porter placed himself at the head of a posse of several hundred citizens, and, against all remonstrance, proceeded to the scene of disturbance. The newspaper accounts are still fresh in our minds. At the first discharge of firearms, the posse left the sheriff with but a handful of supporters. The testimony afterwards given in court brought the subsequent facts prominently to view. One of the witnesses testified that, after a long search, he found the sheriff in the midst of the fight, surrounded by several hundreds of the rioters and severely injured. On being urged to retire, he replied, not until the riot is quelled. In the presence of the witness he was again knocked down and very much trampled. The result was a long illness. We have frequently heard Mr. Porter say, that on recovering from his illness a new world seemed to open upon him, for all opposition to his administration as sheriff was gone. The frowns with which he was formerly met were changed for congratulations.—Those whom his amiable temper and integrity had failed to influence were won by his disposition to do his duty.

At the close of his term as sheriff, the members of the bar, without distinction of party, presented to him an address which was republished in this paper at that time. Among other things, they say: "That we cheerfully bear our testimony to the faithfulness and purity with which you have discharged your responsible trusts, to the decorous manner in which the affairs of your office have been managed, and to the promptness and correctness with which all its business has been conducted."—On turning to the list of signatures, we see the names of Meredith, Randall, Ingraham, Mallory, Dallas, Gilpin, Brown, Price, Reed, Tyson, Campbell, Tilghman, Wharton, Cadwal-

der, Ingersoll, Scott, Hubbell, Perkins, Bayard and several hundred equally distinguished and of all political opinions.

On retiring from the sheriff's office, Mr. Porter resumed the practice of the law in Philadelphia, and continued it with success for fifteen or sixteen years, and until his appointment to the bench. His success, which was almost unprecedented, might have been expected from his ability, industry, and legal knowledge.

In 1749 the trustees of the late Bank of the United States selected him as their counsel.—Some of his opponents, we see, abuse him as the solicitor of the bank. This was not so. He was counsel of the trustees, who were hostile to the former managers of the bank, and were engaged in suits against many of them. This appointment, which brought him in contact with lawyers in nearly every county in the United States and many of the cities of Europe, added to his practice. Several hundred thousand dollars were thus collected, and in the end the notes and deposits of the Bank were paid in full, principal and interest, (a result at first wholly unexpected), and the remainder of the assets were distributed among the other claimants.

In 1856, when the finances of Philadelphia had been greatly reduced, and a vigorous effort to overthrow the dominant party had been determined on, Mr. Porter was selected as the Democratic candidate for city Solicitor, and the ticket was elected by a large majority. His skill, energetic, and independent course in that office is well known. His letter to Councils, composed of a majority of his own party, in which he refused to interfere, at their request, in a case pending in court, was general read and applauded by men of all parties.

When Judge Knox retired from the bench of the Supreme Court, Governor Packer, in accordance with the wishes of the party throughout the State, appointed Wm. Porter to his present position; and the Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on the fourth of March last, confirmed this selection by an almost unanimous vote.

Such has been his political and professional course. His life has not, however, been wholly devoted to professional occupations. At college he exhibited much literary taste. His address before our literary societies, in 1843, was highly instructive. We remember his also delivering an address before the Law Academy of Philadelphia, of which he was one of the Presidents, but the subject has escaped us.—His most successful publication is his work on the character of Judge Gibson, who, it seems from the preface, showed him much kindness in early life. This work was extensively read and had a rapid sale.

He has been engaged in other labors somewhat peculiar for a lawyer. He was several years one of the managers of the American Sunday-School Union, and a member of the committee of publication. In this capacity he selected, supervised, or assisted in the publication of some of the important treatises published by that institution, which have exerted so much influence on the minds of the young, throughout the country.

In private life the character of Judge Porter is without a blot. In his deportment and disposition he is frank and cordial. In private charity he is liberal to a fault. As an advocate he was exceedingly clear and forcible. The books are full of his arguments. Of his fidelity to clients, the citizens of this county, of whose business in Philadelphia he had the almost exclusive charge, require nothing to be said; and besides a safe adviser, they have always found him a courteous and hospitable gentleman. As a judge we are told he leans much towards the common law, and that his views are very conservative. In religion he is a Presbyterian. In politics he was, when he was here, and always has been, a Democrat. As a judge he may, and probably does, suppose it improper to take any part in the political questions now under discussion, but those who know him best are sure that he will be found at all times on the side of the right.—*Easton Sentinel*.

"Way do you associate with such low girls, Josh! When I was of your age I could always go with the first cut." "Daddy," said Josh, turning over the saw-log, "the first cut is always a slab."

Mr. John Adams, a Post Master in Texas, has been detected in embezzlement. Three of his clerks proved to have been involved with him.

"In Adams' fall They sinned all."

"Do you go in for the new Pennsylvania Liquor Law?" "Why partly yes and partly no—I go in for the Liquor but not for the law."

What is the difference between a bar-head and a hair bed? One flees for shelter and the other is a shelter for fleas.

An auctioneer, vexed with his audience said: "I am a mean fellow—mean as dirt—and I feel at home in this company."

A young man without money, among ladies, is like the moon on a cloudy night—he can't shine.

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman. "No, sir, I'm the man that cooks the mate."

While an officer was bowing, a cannonball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never loses anything by politeness."

A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you're the hook that no body can bite."