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POETRY.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's mending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.
One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In Glory's arms they fall.

For those no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night,
"Each answer, 'Here am I!'"

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthem pealing o'er their dust,
Through long cathedral aisles.

For those the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

For those the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in the crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew.

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all her scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

CAPITAL SELECT STORY.

THE POT OF GOLD.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the village of Centreville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp eye to the main chance—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt. In worldly matters he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances, the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a help meet to share his house and name. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centreville and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few unmarried ladies who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered. So it happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried; and in all probability likely to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's neighbor was a widow. The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite a comely woman. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small, old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven, hardly to be classed as productive of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty living, which of course imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety. It is surprising, then, that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage, as a method of bettering her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection upon this point she should have cast her eyes

upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position.

He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression upon the female heart—this was true—but he was of a good disposition, kind hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband a desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a bargain a fact to be seriously considered: for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for finessing.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room, with her feet resting upon the fender.

"If I ever am so situated as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Deacon Bancroft."

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest practicable moment.—What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's as you are going to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at the summons. However, about 11 o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Bancroft, I do; but am much afraid you will think strange of it—at least, of what I may say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow casting down her eyes—"suppose I am only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot full of gold pieces in their cellar, would they have a right to touch it, or would it belong to me?"

The deacon pricked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who had formerly owned the house could at come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow further, with apparent anxiety.

"No, unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of, everything went with it."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon, abstractedly.

"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon rising; "I'm much obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to take a piece of mince pie, you must know that I pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after a little more chatting, upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he "that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so much to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some?"

To be sure so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all, the widow's earnest desire to have him think it was all curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

"I will wait and watch," thought the deacon.

It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the Directors of a Savings Institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month, to attend the meeting of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind, the Widow Wells sent over to know if he would carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend to there.

The request was readily accorded. Arrived in the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

"Ha! ha!" thought the deacon; "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back, and find out, as he could, readily, from the cashier, what business she had with the bank.

"Can you give small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she asked.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise, "rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars in our limits. Did you know of any one who?"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly; "I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allow on such deposits as came within your limit?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

The widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.

"How is business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"About as usual."

"Had any new deposits lately?"

"I brought over a lady this morning who seemed to have business with you."

"The Widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why? Did she deposit any?"

"No," replied the cashier, "but she asked whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he inquired a moment afterwards.

"No; she exchanged a gold piece for some bills."

"Ha!" pondered the deacon reflectively, "did she give any reason for inquiries?"

"No, she said she only asked for curiosity."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought.—He came to the conclusion that this "curiosity" only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had actually found a pot of gold in her cellar and appearances seemed to indicate its probable value was equal to five thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank, seemed to confirm this story.

"I rather think," said the deacon, complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people;"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though, as to the prime fact of people's being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday, the Widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these—

"How much vanity some people have to be sure!"

"How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living, can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell! I should think that she was old enough to know better."

This last remark was made by a lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempts to catch a husband had hitherto proved unavailing.

"I suppose" continued the same lady, "she's trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I would condescend to such means I'd—I'd drown myself."

In this amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth.

The widow had calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated.

Monday afternoon, Deacon Bancroft found

an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be about tea time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and, somewhat to his surprise, actually did.

The politic widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought on one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zeal.

"You'll take another piece I know," said she persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, and he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know where to stop."

"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I only call them common. I can make mince pies, when I set out to, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon emphatically.

"Then I hope if you like them, you'll drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Bancroft."

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook! Besides he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable amount of money. What objection would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening.

The widow blushed—professed to be greatly surprised—in fact she had never thought of the thing in her life—but on the whole, she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter short, accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in her cellar.

"Pot of gold!" she exclaimed in surprise, "I know of none."

"But," said the deacon, disconcerted, "you know you asked me about whether the law

"O, lor! deacon, I only asked for curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?"

"Why, certainly. What else could it have been?"

The deacon went out to the barn, and for about half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time, he ejaculated as a consolation, "after all, she makes good mince pies."

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about that "Pot of Gold."

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we feel now, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves, and that she now has for our children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled; and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness to the worm.—And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names. Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and out of mind.'"

VERMIN RIDDANCE.

Half an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water, and put on with a brush while boiling hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs. Flies are driven out of a room by hanging up a bunch of the Plantain or Fleawort plant, after it has been dipped in milk.

Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man.

When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing in mistake, mixtures of strychnine, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items.

House ants ravenously devour the kernels of walnuts, and shellbarks or hickory nuts. Crack some of these, and place them on a plate near the infested places; and when the plate is full of the ants, throw the contents in the fire.

Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by the troublesome insects.—*Hill's Journal.*

A lady at Mobile, having lost her teeth, found them in the craw of a turkey, after killing seven turkeys not guilty.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following extract, taken from an account written by the Rev. James Miller, and quoted by the author of "Old Redstone," will give the reader some idea of the pecuniary embarrassments of early ministers and of the general state of the Western country, and also of the remarkable interposition of Divine Providence for the relief of one of those ministers.

"Our story," says Mr. Miller, "will carry the reader back to the period when all north of the Ohio river was almost an unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, kill and scalp any victim that came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on Sabbath met in a grove or rude log church to hear the Word of God, with their rifles in their hand.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his parental home, east of the mountains. He it is said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, promising to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents, in cash. Even their salt, which had been brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat had often to be given for one of salt. The time came when the payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm.

For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people must be abandoned.—The people were called together, and the case laid before them, and they were greatly moved; counsel from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned, the congregation was unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime, it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them on reasonable terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill; some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty miles on horses to the mill. In a month word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme, months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate; nearly all the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales were told of the Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and had come back no more.—

"Who then could endure the toil and brave the danger?" None volunteered, the young shrank back, and the middle aged had their excuse. At length a hoary headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, rose, and to the astonishment of the assembly said, "Here I am; send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around Father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to Father Smiley and deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, and a parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed and no word came back from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came; the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father Smiley. After

service the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been returned to God for his safe return, Father Smiley rose and told his story: That the Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each one hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charge. He meekly replied, that he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money it was found there was enough to pay what was due Mr. Smith, to advance his salary for the year to come, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then have a large dividend for each contributor.—Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder repose in the same churchyard, but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the past."

A CASE OF WINE.—A Kentucky lawyer on circuit was asked to dine with the Judge. At the table, the Judge, as is his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly afterwards rose from his seat and took from the sideboard a bottle of Old Bourbon, of which he invited his guest to partake, partaking freely himself, as is his custom. After dinner was over, the lawyer said: "Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "Oh, certainly," replied the Judge, "what is it?" "I observed," said the lawyer, "that after you asked a blessing, you set on the bottle.—Now I wish to know whether you were ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it was good enough without?" "The Judge took the case under advisement.

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages, to explain the pathology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—zig-zag!

Cash, being alone counting amazingly—love of a bonnet, suburban rides and pic-nics, will do towards expanding the feminine heart, and getting into the father's house.

Hard times produce one good thing:—they check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only "had company" once since last summer. The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they have for the last five years.

A lady asked a physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain.

"No," said he, "for no body who has any brains ever takes snuff."

In a story of the courtship of a loving couple, after all had been arranged, and matters "fixed up," the narrator says: "Here their lips came together and the report which followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mire!"

A lady, complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied: "But, then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

"This is a net gain," as the spider said when he caught the fly.

Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party the other day by remarking, that women are facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said: "Facts are stubborn things."

At a county court, a witness was asked if he was a husbandman, when he replied, "No, sir, I am not married."

A lady said to a gentleman who was suffering with influenza: "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket-handkerchiefs a day, madam."

The Best Judge.—A lady said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence: "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers."

"No, I think not," said the husband.

"Well, Jerrold interposed, 'I think the lady who always wears them, ought to know.'"

"Plaze sir," said an Irishman to a traveller, "would yez be so obliging as to take my great coat from here to Boston?" "Yes," said the traveller, "but how will you get it again?" "Och easy enough though," said Pat, "for shure an I'll remain in it."

A queer genius being asked why he did not attend the funeral of his wife, replied: "that he could not leave his shop, and that it was always better to attend to business before pleasure."

It is said that a man who is bung does not pay the debt of nature, but simply gets an extension.

"I love the silent watches of the night," as the nocturnal thief said when he robbed the jewelry shop.

Punch has a portrait of "the next ambassador to Naples." It is a seventy-four pounder, behind which stands an English tar, with his hand on the fuse. Gunpowder diplomacy, that!