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POETRY.

THE HARVEST HYMN.

We copy the following beautiful hymn from the London Farmer's Magazine:

God of the rolling year! to Thee
Our song shall rise, with bounty pours,
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores:
No firstlings of our flock we stow,
No soaring clouds of incense rise,
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay,
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Come on thy breath, the lap of spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,
And smiling summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
The golden sheaf and laden bough,
The fullness of thy bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves of palm or orange bowers,
No myrtle shades or orange bowers,
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain, are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
Our flocks and herds securely stray,
No tyrant master claims our store,
No ruthless robber rends away;
No fierce volcano's withering shower,
No fell simoon, with poisonous breath,
No burning sun, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky:
Where never was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here at the throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ATTILA.

THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

In the early part of the fifth century, when the northern or Gothic nations were hotly contending with the tottering empire of Rome for the dominion of Europe: when new communities were settling in Spain and Germany, and the Franks were beginning in Gaul to assert, first their own freedom, and then their sway over their weak neighbors; when Christianity was beginning to assert its influence over the wild barbarians in the Helvetic morasses and in the German woods, and the dawn of a better day seemed to glimmer over the world through the dark shades of barbarism, superstition, and cruelty, there crept a storm over Europe, that had well nigh crushed and blighted in its fury the tender blossoms of new civilization. From the steppes of central Asia, the desolate region lying between the frozen tracts of Siberia and the lofty Himalaya range, there arose a race of men, who, pouring over Europe, like a swarm of locusts, devoured every green thing, and left behind them ruin, misery, and desolation. Innumerable as the sands on the sea shore, pitiless as the blast that swept their native plains, they were in themselves sufficiently calculated to inspire fear in the minds of the half-civilized tribes against whom they turned their arms; but the terror caused by their first arrival reached its culminating point, when they were marshalled at last, not by a rude, unthinking savage, but by a leader who united to consummate cunning and dauntless valor, the most unbounded and unquenching ferocity; a king, who, by vast success in the field, and the pitiless rancor with which he hunted down his foes, acquired a name pronounced by his enemies with fear and trembling, and came to be known throughout the length and breadth of Europe as the "Scourge of God," the rod with which an outraged Providence was supposed to smite the nations of the earth.

The Huns, for so these formidable strangers were called, were wandering tribes of the Tartar plains. Possessing no fixed abode, they wandered from place to place, as dwellers in tents and keepers of cattle. Their aspect was hideous to behold. They had flat noses, huge heads, broad shoulders, and huge muscular arms. They were short of stature, and their thin legs, weak and crooked, seemed unable to support the huge square bodies and enormous heads which appeared rather to belong to evil demons than mortal men. Thus they seldom appeared

on foot, all their warlike evolutions, all their maneuvers of advance and retreat, of attack and defence, being executed on horseback. When once mounted, horse and man seemed to form but one creature, and almost to realize the ancient superstition concerning the centaurs.—Their skill in archery struck a chill to the hearts even of the brave Goths; and with their tough lances thrusting sure, and their harsh voices yelling like the howls of savage beasts above the din of battle, they swarmed like wolves through the affrighted fields of southern and central Europe. One horrible custom they had, that contemplated the disgust and abhorrence with which these ferocious strangers were regarded—they ate their meat raw. Each warrior placed upon his horse's back, beneath the saddle, a great piece of beef or horse-flesh; and when the action of riding had rendered the fragment somewhat tender, the savage would devour it with the voracity of a famished tiger, washing down his savage repast with huge draughts of sour milk. Such were the Huns. Ferocious beyond the imaginings of the dark times in which they lived, barbarous beyond the conception of the inhabitants of benighted Europe, they proved fit agents to execute the decrees of the wild, cruel despot, who deluged the West with blood, while he called himself an instrument—a scourge in the hand of the Almighty.

Attila was one of those mighty spirits which arise from time to time, endowed to all appearances with the power and will to crush a world. He was worshipped as a god by his followers whom he led from victory to victory, while he ruled them with a rod of iron. "Where his horses' hoofs had trod," said superstition, "the grass could grow no more." Smiling fields and populous cities stood before him; but a howling wilderness marked the track his savage hordes had taken. From the borders of the Black Sea to the banks of the Rhine he led the Huns, laying waste the country as he went.—The affrighted populace fled everywhere before him; and there were not a few who asserted, in the extremity of their fear, that the end of the world had come, and that the final judgments foretold in the Scriptures were about to fall on the earth, by the hand of the "Scourge of God."

The Eastern Empire was the first to suffer from the invader's fury. Greece was laid waste from end to end, and Constantinople only escaped destruction by the payment of a tremendous ransom. Onward through central Europe towards Gaul, swept the mighty torrent; and among the country people there still survive tales of the horrors that accompanied the march of these ruthless men; still are to be found in various parts of Germany great mounds and fortifications of earth, erected in the vain hope of checking the foe in his onward course, and distinguished by the names of Hun's Mountains and Hun's Ditches. Isolated attempts were, however, far too feeble against such an invasion, and right onward, past the Rhine, came the hordes of Attila. Nothing stopped their progress, and the fate of Europe in the balance.

Then, at last, there seemed to have flashed upon the minds of the scattered nations of the West the great idea that in union alone could a sure defence be found. Franks and Visigoths, Gauls and Romans, forgot for a moment their mutual animosities, and resolved to stand side by side to repel the common enemy. Near Chalons, on the broad plains of the river Marne, the nations of the West stood arrayed to make one desperate stand against their terrible antagonist. There stood Theoderic, the brave monarch of the Visigoths, with Merovig, the great warrior, the founder of the first race of Frankish kings, and the Romish race of Gauls, under their last brave proconsul, Celsus. On the other side came Attila, with his innumerable legions of horsemen, and a crowd of barbarians whom he had pressed into his service as auxiliaries. The monarch of the Huns fully understood the importance of the crisis; and in his harangue to his troops before the battle, promised great rewards to the brave who should insure him victory, and menaced with death the coward who should flee.

The battle was obstinate and bloody. So long as the arrow and the javelin were the weapons of attack the Huns had the advantage; but when darts and spears had been hurled, and the combatants came to closer quarters, Roman discipline and stubborn Gothic valor began to tell. Foaming with rage, Attila saw his promised victory escaping from him; and when evening came, and two hundred thousand of his followers lay dead upon the field, he suddenly gave the signal for retreat; and the deepening night put an end to the carnage.

Then followed a night of suspense, in which neither side knew what the enemy were doing. When morning dawned, it shone upon a scene calculated, in those rude times, to excite the admiration even of an exasperated foe. During the hours of darkness, the Huns had formed a complete fortification, after their fashion with the wagons which always followed their train.

Within the inclosure formed by these carriages stood the warriors in a deep circle, rank upon rank, many of them holding torches in their hands. In the centre they had raised an immense pile, formed of the wooden saddle of their horses, the yokes of their oxen, and all timber they could collect; and on the summit of the giant mound towered, torch in hand, the form of Attila. Driven to desperation by the unlooked-for reverse of the previous day, the savage king had determined to fire the pile and perish in the flames, rather than fall a captive into the hands of his foes.

Courage even if it were the courage of despair, was the quality most respected in those days of warfare. Celsus and Merovig declined attacking an enemy so humbled, yet so proud in his abasement. They remained at some distance; and slowly and silently Attila drew off the remains of his army, and retired beyond the Rhine. The "Scourge of God" was broken, and Europe breathed more freely.

Yet another year, and the savage king succumbed to a monarchy more powerful and pitiless than himself—even to the grim King of Terrors. He had menaced Rome with the remains of his army—a horde still formidable, even after the loss they had sustained by their numbers and ferocity. But a dark presentiment seemed suddenly to fall upon him; he drew off his men, and retired to Upper Italy, where he died.

His followers mourned deeply for their great chief. They interred him in a golden coffin, inclosed in an outer shell of silver; and the slaves who had dug his grave were all slain that none might be tempted by the wealth deposited there, to disturb the monarch's resting place. Then with mourning and lamentation, the Huns fled back toward the East; and to this day no man knows where the "Scourge of God" lies buried.

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

BY KENT.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Mideas, whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no more. Dogs, sweeps, and lamp-lighters never pass him, without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit precisely mad color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times, he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance, at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horsepond; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat was 'to gild refined gold—to paint the lily.'

"Tom will be a neat man yet," I said as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom, who had been leaning against some newly painted window blinds.

His man Caesar declares that he can't see due obsequies to him when he never stay bracked; and his washerwoman, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but as she declared, with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what could I tell them?" But there were very few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning, I strolled over to Tom's room. I ascended the stairs, and heard his voice in a very decided tone.

"But it must be done, and so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything within the limits of possibility; but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise anything in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to perform."

"If double your price would be any object—"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it—certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it—it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," exclaimed Tom. "I require your advice upon a very im-

portant affair—which of these cravats do you think the most becoming?"

And he spread before me some half dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends would never know you.—But you cannot support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney sweep, now—but that would have been too natural. Tell me, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent with macassar, "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You doubtless remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

Now it so happened that of all the good advice I had given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a squire to a fop?

"Pray, where are you going this evening," I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? Nowhere in particular. I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray. No harm in that I hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me. "Your old friend Mr. Murray. And his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in the visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night."

"Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know anything about it."

"And so you were there last night, too? Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything. I called last evening to see Murray on some business about the real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a box constructor. My beard was three days old, collar ditto, and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and somehow or other I forgot about the real estate."

"And so you are going again to-night—and that is the secret of the new coat?"

"By no means, I wanted a new coat, and tailors are so long you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is—I mean blue—"

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her favorite isn't it?"

"The fact is, Frank—take another glass of this wine—the fact is—good wine isn't it? Been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a little in love. Try a little of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank, a queer feeling about the heart, a something which drives the blood through one like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia; short and chubby, isn't she—with red hair, and a little squint eye?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a good many times; but if you do not stop that nonsense, I will."

"Quite valiant in defense of your lady love. Well, Tom, I confess she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow—so, good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it? She did not recognize me."

"Not recognize you?"

No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia as Mr. Frederic somebody. And would you believe it, the little witch did not know me. I think I shall not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clean enough, but an incorrigible squire.—And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference in a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes."

The last time I saw Tom he was scolding his eldest boy for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots.

A JEWEL OF A GIRL.—One of our exchanges speaks of a beautiful girl who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"

"No sir-ee!"

"What makes him stop, then?"

"Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa,' and he shan't hear it."

MANUFACTURING WINE.

A Yankee pedlar, on his way to the west with a two horse load of notions, put up, many years ago, at the house of an honest Pennsylvania Dutchman, and, as it happened, was detained at his stopping place for three or four days, by a heavy rain, which made the road and streams impassable. At last the sky brightened up and he hitched to, out when the reckoning came to be paid, which was ten dollars, Jonathan requested the host to score it until he returned from his expedition, promising very honestly to discharge it then. This did not suit the Dutchman, however, who insisted on the cash, which was at last reluctantly paid him.—It was then the custom to treat a traveler on payment of his bill, to a glass, and the tavern-keeper was never backward in following the custom. But on handing out a mug of clear cider, Jonathan remarked shrewdly, that it would make fine wine, and said he had a secret by which, through a very short process, he could convert it into the best of wine. This put Mynheer on the nettles. Possess the secret he must, so he finally took the Yankee up at his offer of putting the cider into the process of wine making, for ten dollars down, and fifty dollars more when he returned, if it succeeded to the landlord's mind. Jonathan was accordingly conducted into the cellar, and having procured a half inch auger, bored a hole in one end of a hoghead of cider, and directed Mynheer to apply his thumb to it, while he bored a like hole in the other end, and then ordered him to stretch his other arm so as to cover that also. Having thus got the unsuspecting Dutchman into business, he directed him to remain so until he prepared two spigots for the holes, then walking to his wagon, he jumped in and was off, leaving his credulous friend to make wine of his cider the best way he could, and get the ten dollars back again when he caught him.

ASHAMED OF HIS MOTHER.

A few years since a young clerk was pointed out to the writer, in the city of Boston as an object of special curiosity, for the following reason:

He was handsome, but poor and proud. The clothes on his back and in his trunk were all that he was worth and perhaps more. His mother was a pious widow in very humble circumstances, and was much neglected by her unfaithful son. He was suddenly taken sick and a dangerous fever followed. He was soon glad to send for his neglected parent to administer to his wants. She came with a mother's love and watched by his bedside by night and by day with a mother's tenderness. Providence interposed and the young man recovered. One day a shopmate called to see him when he introduced his own mother as his nurse! He was ashamed of her lowly appearance because it disclosed his humble origin, and he took this cruel, heathenish way to mislead his associate. Place such an example of downright barbarity in contrast with the filial devotion of a Lawrence and it seems like the deed of some untutored hindoo or South Sea Islander. Ashamed to confess his humble origin! The curse of God will follow him to his grave unless his life is marked by a change. Every honorable sentiment of humanity condemns such want of affection, while it proves the opposite in the faithful Lawrence. Men despise the one and admire the other.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.—Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite:

"Can you reach the perpetrators, sir?"

Mr. M. extended his arm toward the dish and satisfied himself that he could reach the "perpetrators," and answered:

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback by his unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself, he asked:

"Will you stick my fork into one of them?"

Mr. M. took the fork and very coolly plunged it into a finely roasted potato, and left it there. The company looked more foolish than before. But suddenly an air of confidence struck him; rising to his feet he exclaimed with an air of conscious triumph:

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, with the most imperceptible gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunder storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman B.—

A BACHELOR'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MARRIAGE.—No single man can be fairly called poor. What double man can with certainty be called rich? A single man can lodge in a garret, and dine on herring; nobody knows, nobody cares. Let him marry, and he invites the world to witness where he lodges, and how he dines. The first necessary a wife demands is the most ruinous, the most indefinite superfluity; it is gentility according to what her neighbors call gentility. Gentility commences with the honeymoon; it is its shadow, and lengthens as the moon declines. When the money is all gone, your bride says, "We can have our tea without sugar when quite alone, love; but in case Gentility drops in, here's a bill for silver sugar tongs." That's why I'm single.—Blackwood.

HOW TO PUNISH A MAN.—"Judge, you say if I punch a man in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I say I repeat. If you punch a man, you are guilty of a breach of the peace and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions whatever?"

"Now, Judge, I guess you are mistaken—suppose, for instance, I should brandy punch him, what then?"

"No levity in court, sir. Sheriff expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case."

THE VERY LATEST YET.—During the summer of '49, says the Knickerbocker, corn being very scarce in the upper country and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of justice to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried to the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:

"Hollo, what have you got there?"

"Poor old Mr. S."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Bury him."

"What! he's dead? I had not heard of it."

"No, he is not dead, but he might as well be, for he has no corn and is too lazy to work for any."

"That is too cruel for civilized people. I'll give two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive."

Old S. raised the cover and asked in a dragging tone, "Is it shelled?"

"No, but you can shell it."

"Drive on boys."

THE ROBIN'S LOVE FOR MANKIND.—It is a curious fact that the love of our race is so innate in the robin as to render him unhappy in any other society—excepting only in the breeding season, when all the birds are naturally shy and suspicious for the welfare of their offspring.—Go into any wood, walk down any shady lane, enter a cemetery, seat yourself in any country church-yard, or perch yourself on any rural stile—within a few moments you will assuredly introduce a robin beside you, and he will assuredly introduce himself with a song. It is in vain to say to him, "Nay." He fairly fascinates you; he woe your heart and wins it. How many of my successes are attributable to the hints afforded by this open-hearted, all conquering bird.—Kidd on the Robin.

THE END TO COME AGAIN.—If "figures don't lie," we beg pardon beforehand of those of our readers whom the following frightens to death:

The Millerites are again predicting the speedy end of all things terrestrial. The present year, too, is to be the last, and they arrive at this result by a mathematical process, thus: The square root of the cost of Ezekiel's chariot was \$563. From this subtract "prophetic value" of "scarlet lady of Babylon," 1282 and we have 7281. Take from this the cube of the ram mentioned by the prophet as pushing westward, 4757, and we have for remainder 2524. Deduct from this "the remainder of beasts" mentioned in the Apocalypse, 666, and we get the result, 1858—the year in which the end of the world is to take place.

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back; they said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said in his deep stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back!" "It cannot be done," they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," he said, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible!" repeated Mr. Webster; "impossible! Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill," and the vast crowd swayed, and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

SHIRTS AND SCARE CROWS.—A gentleman who recently traveled through the Mohawk Valley states that the farmers of that region, instead of the old fashioned figure of a ragged man with a wooden gun, for a scare crow, now hang up hooped skirts in their corn fields; and the carrion birds are effectually alarmed by this modern fashionable contrivance.

Slootum, how is it, to-day—can you take that note up?"

"I'm sorry to say that I can't—never was so cramped in all my life."

"By the way, you are always cramped, are you not?"

"I'm sorry to say that I am; and yet there is a natural cause for it."

"And what is that?"

"Why, I was weaned on green apples and water-melons."

Jenny, said a landlady to her help, the other morning, Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?"

"Yes marm, said Jenny; there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame."

The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming, "Katy Darling."

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of a young gent, were heard at it thus:

"I like Charley; but he is rather girlish. He hasn't the least bit of beard."

"I say he has a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No, he hasn't neither, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it scratched my cheek the other day."

No gainsaying that. Jealousy regularly established forthwith.

A Quaker having sold a fine looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser, in his dry way:

"Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"No," was the answer.

"Neither will he see any in thee," said old Broadbrim.

A little child in church observing the minister to be very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box?"

Red skirts and red shoes are the latest female agony.