

Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 55.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER 2809.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, 1858.

VOL. 2, NO. 1.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY MEYERS & BENFORD,
At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
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POETRY.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew, and flowers blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise part,"
And "built upon the sand."
'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.
And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer's chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."
'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe wher'er we can;
Fair speech would blind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those that talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

HISTORICAL.

BURS UNDER THE SADDLE.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the month of March, 1778, the British army being at Philadelphia, and the American forces at Valley Forge, the American commander-in-chief was desirous of having some information concerning the state of affairs in the city, and desired Captain Allen McLane to pick him out a few trusty men for the purpose. McLane selected five of his own men, with Sergeant John Marks for leader, and sent the latter to head-quarters to receive instructions. Marks was a very young man to be entrusted with important services, being only twenty-two years of age; but McLane had frequently marked his conduct in camp and field, had made himself well acquainted with his character, and knew that he could be thoroughly relied on. Marks was a lank, bony fellow, with high cheek bones, square jaw, and rather large mouth; but he had a fine expressive eye, his features were exceedingly noble, and his countenance entirely under his control. With this he possessed great powers of mimicry, which he used to show off frequently for the amusement of his comrades, and had a reputation for shrewdness. His muscular system had not received its full development; but his habits had made him almost as active as a panther. He was fully instructed by General Washington, as to the information desired, and left camp at dark, arriving in a short while at Port Kennedy, on the Schuylkill. At that point he struck across the country, and by means of by-ways, which he was well acquainted, having been raised in the neighborhood, evaded the scouting parties of the enemy, and arrived at Mantua, soon after dark. Here he posted his little troop, in a cedar hollow, overlooking the river; while he, in the disguise of a countryman, with a sack of vegetables, which he had stolen from a garden in the neighborhood, rode into the city. He not only escaped detection, but managed to sell his vegetables to a member of Howe's staff, was taken to the general's presence, and in return for false information in regard to Washington's movements, managed to learn some facts of importance. Promising to return in a few days, with more vegetables, he was enabled to leave the town leisurely, with a passport in his pocket, and some sugar, coffee and other articles of like nature in his sack.—He joined his men without suspicion about eight o'clock, and after dark the little party set out on its return.
Now, had Marks kept in the course by which he came, it is possible he could have reached

the American lines in good time, and safely. But it happened that about a mile from the river, at a point nearly opposite Spring Mill, there lived a farmer by the name of M'Ilvaine, who although a Quaker and non-combatant was well-disposed toward the American cause. M'Ilvaine had a daughter, named Priscilla, a young and handsome girl, to whom Marks was strongly attached, but who never betrayed any symptoms of affection in return. The house was a half a mile or more out of the former route, but lover-like, the trooper took his men in that direction. It was late in the night when he neared the place—the moon was down—yet it was probably some satisfaction for the young man to look upon the building where he supposed his lady-love to be buried in repose.

As they silently and swiftly passed along, the watch-dog of the farm began to bark, the inmates of the house were alarmed, and a light at one of the windows showed them to be stirring. At the same moment, a horseman rode unexpectedly from the shadow of a small patch of woods on the left, and challenged the newcomers. The answer was a pistol shot from Marks, which tumbled the challenger from his horse. A general alarm at the farm house succeeded, and was answered by a bugle call a short distance ahead. Marks found that he had come upon a post of the enemy, and dashed on with force. At the turn of the road a hundred yards farther, they found a small detachment formed across their path. As the Americans knew the road forked on the other side of this force, and their chances of escape were good, if they could reach the left hand road, which was a mere by-path, to be ridden by only one horseman at a time, they charged sword in hand.

Three of the troop managed to break through and escape, but Marks, and a stout trooper by the name of Gahl, from Bucks county, were intercepted, and obliged to cross sabres with the enemy. It proved useless to contend with superior numbers, by this time re-inforced by others from the farm house; and after a short and severe contest, resulting in the death of one of the British troops, the two Americans were taken prisoners, and carried back to the house of M'Ilvaine.

Marks was filled with chagrin, partly at his folly in taking the most dangerous path, and partly at his inability to convey to the Commander-in-chief, the valuable information he had picked up in the city. He veiled this mortification, however, in a cool and careless demeanor; and in reply to the lieutenant commanding the British detachment, said that he had been out on a foraging party, had lost his way, and managed to get almost within sight of the city before he discovered his blunder. Priscilla who with the rest of the family, was now awake and dressed, saw, but apparently did not recognize Marks. After some more questions which were answered in what seemed to be an open manner, the lieutenant directed the Americans to be placed, securely bound and guarded, in an upper room of the house, there to remain until morning. By the way of comfort he gave them the assurance that they would both be hanged as spies.

Marks with his companions passed a sleepless night; it was not alone the prospect of an ignominious death which troubled him; but he had learned enough in the city to know that a surprise movement similar to that attempted on the previous 4th of December, against the American forces, was set down for the following day, and was aware that it was entirely unexpected. He revolved various plans of escape in his mind, none of which appeared to be practicable, and finally concluded to dismiss any premeditation on the matter, and be merely prepared to take advantage of unexpected circumstances. As for Gahl, he took matters like a philosopher and snored away all night in happy unconsciousness of his situation.

At daylight the prisoners were brought down and placed upon the porch, while Lieutenant Draper and the men under his command took breakfast in the house. The horses of the troopers, with those of Marks and Gahl also, were all saddled and hitched to the fences under charge of a little Scotchman named McPherson. Priscilla, accompanied by Lieutenant Draper, came out, the former bearing some food. After it was partaken of, Priscilla laid the dishes knives and forks upon a bench in the porch, and listened with apparent interest to the questions put by the lieutenant. The latter, by way of encouragement, assured the two Americans that if they gave true statements their lives would be spared—otherwise they would certainly be hanged. He then left them for a short time, to digest the information, Priscilla remaining behind.

The Quaker girl, still appearing not to recognize Marks, said to him, loud enough to be heard by the soldiers who were passing to and fro:

"I would advise thee, friend, to tell all thee knows. Friend Draper will keep his word with thee, I am sure." She then added, in a

low voice: "Keep still, John, and I will save thee. Answer what I say, but pay no heed to what I do."

Marks caught her intent in a moment, and replied aloud:

"I won't turn scoundrel, Miss, for fear of death, even if I had any surety the captain there would keep his word."

Other conversation followed, and Priscilla, who had concealed a sharp case knife in her sleeve, managed to cut the prisoners' bonds without observation; cautioning them at the same time not to move too soon. She told them that the Lieutenant's horses, one of which was ridden by her servant, and both standing nearest the gate, were the swiftest of all, and then went out and exchanged some light observations with McPherson, patting and admiring the various horses, one by one. Marks kept a close watch upon her, and noticed that she passed something under the saddle-cloth of each horse; but she did not lay her hands on the two horses of the Lieutenant. Priscilla returned presently, and with a significant glance at the captives, entered the house, and engaged Lieutenant Draper in conversation.

McPherson, in the meanwhile, had noticed that some manoeuvring was being made, and came on the porch to inspect the fastenings of the prisoners. As he did so, Gahl, who was a very powerful man, struck him between the two eyes with his full force, and the Scotchman fell backwards from the raised floor to the ground, striking his head against a stone so severely as to take away his senses for the time. Before the alarm could be given, Marks and Gahl were mounted on the officer's horses, and galloping furiously up the road. Draper rushed out, and hurried pistol shots being ineffectual, ordered a pursuit. But the party had not proceeded a dozen yards before every horse grew restive, and at length utterly unmanageable. All attempts to control them were vain, and the horses growing more furious, unseated trooper after trooper. The single exception was in Marks' own horse, which Draper had mounted. He was quiet enough; but Draper happening to dismount, in order to examine into the cause of the trouble, the steed galloped off after his master, whom he immediately overtook.

After considerable time thus lost, it occurred to the Lieutenant that there was some trick in the matter. The horses were stripped and it was found that the sharp bars of the burdock had been placed under every saddle, and had fretted and galled the animals almost to madness. By this time the fugitives had too much start, and pursuit was abandoned.

About four miles further on Marks and Gahl fell in with three troopers of the enemy. The Americans were without sabres, but there were pistols in the holsters, and with these they settled two of their opponents. The third put spurs to his horse, and turning down a cross-road, escaped. Marks and his friend were in too much of a hurry to pursue him, and rode on towards the camp where they arrived that afternoon. The information that Marks brought was of essential service. The British arrived during the night, but found such formidable preparations made to receive the attacking columns, that they quietly retreated by the road they came.

Lieutenant Draper suspected Priscilla, who denied having a hand in the matter, and wondered very much where the bars had been obtained at that season of the year. The truth is that the girl had got them from some uncombed wool, which lay in an upper chamber, the sheep of the farm having gathered them in their rambles. Thus two kinds of non-combatants had played important parts in the matter; but the Lieutenant never found that out. He never ceased to lament the loss of his pistols, which were a handsome silver mounted pair, nor his showy cloak, which had been strapped behind his saddle, both proving of great service to Marks.

Marks and Gahl were promoted. The latter was made a sergeant, and was killed afterwards in a skirmish at Van Dam's Mill. Marks served through the war, became ultimately a captain, and distinguished himself in several actions. After the war he returned to Chester County, and Priscilla became his wife. The latter was formally "disowned" by her sect, for "marrying out of meeting," and for having aggravated her offence, by being married by a "shirred priest." The expulsion did not seem to affect her spirits much, for she became a jolly, contented matron, and lived to a good old age, surviving her husband two years. The descendants of the couple still live in Chester and Montgomery Counties, with the exception of a grand-son, George Marks, who is, or was recently, a thriving farmer, in Vinton County, Ohio.

A married resident of Bristol, Conn., has been fined \$6 and costs for pinching his wife when in bed. His defence was that she threw her leg that way and hit a boil from which he was suffering, and that he merely struck out to save himself. Two lawyers on each side were engaged.

THE GAME OF CHECKERS.

"Aunt Molly," said Fanny Observer, one evening, "did you ever hear any one pop the question?"

"Why, certainly, my child, I heard your uncle Charlie pop it, as you call it."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Fanny, but one doesn't tell their own experience. I mean did you ever any one else?"

"Well, yes," replied Aunt Molly, slowly, "I did happen to once."

"O please tell me all about it," cried Fanny, "I would so like to be a little mouse in the wall on such an occasion."

Fanny was just out of fifteen, and it was very natural that she should want to be posted.

"Very well," said Aunt Molly, "get your work, then, for I don't like to talk to an idle listener."

Fanny established herself, and Aunt Molly began: "It was about ten years after I was married, and at house-keeping, that cousin Will Morris, Uncle Benjamin's son, came to live with us; that is he was a partner in your Uncle Charlie's store, and boarded with us. You never saw Will, did you?"

Fanny nodded her head, and Aunt Molly went on: "He was a whole souled, straight forward, substantial young man, not lacking in polish, either; but very bashful, so much so that I used really to pity him sometimes, when we had young company. Annie Evans was an old school mate of mine, and just after I went to house-keeping, her parents moved to Oxford, and lived only a short distance from us. Annie used frequently to bring her work and spend the evening with us, and Uncle Charlie would go home with her. Those were rare times, Fanny, and we enjoyed them fully. Annie was a real woman; none of your nonsensical, love sick girls, whose heads are so full of beaux that they won't hold any thing else."

Fanny blushed as Aunt Molly said this, but Aunt Molly, very demure, and continued:—"And knowing her as I did, I felt particularly anxious that she should be well settled in life."

"That means with a good husband," replied Fanny, roguishly.

"Certainly," said Aunt Molly; "and after Will came, and I became acquainted with him, I took it into my head that he and Annie would make a capital match. But somehow, after he came, Annie did not come so often, and Will, who was very entertaining in his conversation when we were alone, in her presence, was silent and awkward in his manner, as if under restraint; and Annie took but little notice of him any more, so far as politeness required, and requested me privately to arrange it, that Uncle Charlie should still go home with her, that is, if he had no objections. So the young people's acquaintance progressed slowly. Time and habit arranged these things beautifully, and gradually they came to be more familiar, so even as to call each other by their christian names. I helped it about though, for I could not bear the formality of Mr. Norris and Miss Evans. Just as I expected—Will became very much interested in Annie; for that matter, he had admired her from the first, but he was modest in his pretensions, and seemed to regard her as beyond his reach. At any rate he could not summon courage to speak on the subject nearest his heart."

"How did you know, Aunt Molly?" inquired Fanny.

"Oh, from observation," replied Aunt Molly, "and Annie did not help the matter any, for though she was quite friendly and social in his company, yet there was nothing in her manner that betrayed the slightest interest in him. Well, one evening, Annie had been spending the afternoon with me, and we were about talked out, when Will came home from the store, and I proposed their playing a game of checkers. Uncle Charlie had gone to a political meeting. I sat some distance off sewing, and with one eye watching the game. They were both good players, and for a long time moved silently, and apparently intent on the game.—At length as it became clear that her case was hopeless, Annie remarked, identifying herself with the man she was moving, "I see you are after me, Will."

"If I catch you," spoke Will with sudden energy, "you will leave me undisputed possession!"

Annie looked up, startled by his manner, and seeing in his eager face the meaning he had placed upon her words, paused, blushed deeply, hesitated and presently replied:

"Perhaps, if you and Mary will promise never to tell any body that I popped the question?"

Will rose hastily, dropped the board—the checkers ran all over the floor, and taking Annie by the hand, led her to me, saying:

"Cousin Mary, do you think I deserve this happiness?"

"Certainly, Will," I replied, "and I congratulate you most sincerely, and now if you will come out of your happy state, and pick up these checkers I will be much obliged to you."

Will and Annie laughed heartily, and began picking them up with alacrity, and as Will took the board to put it away he remarked:

"That was the pleasantest game of checkers I ever played in my life."

Annie said nothing, but looked very rosy and smiling. "And now," said Aunt Molly, "are you satisfied?"

HOW TO MAKE INDIAN WHISKEY AND GET UP AN INDIAN WAR.—A citizen of St. Paul furnishes some pretty hard papers on his fellow-citizens who trade with the Northwestern Indians. He says a barrel of the "pure Cincinnati," even after it has run the gauntlet of rail-road and lake travel, is a sufficient basis upon which to manufacture one hundred barrels of "good Indian liquor." He says a small bucketful of the Cincinnati article is poured into a washtub almost full of rainwater; a large quantity of "dog-leg" tobacco and red pepper is then thrown into the tub; a bitter species of root, com-

mon in "the land of the Dakotas," is then cut and added; burnt sugar or some such article is used to restore something like the original color of the whiskey. The compound has to be kept on hand a few days before it is fit for use. It is then administered to the aborigines *ad libitum*. He says all an Indian wants is something that will "bite!" and it matters not whether it is pepper, rum or tobacco; that he will give forty acres of land for one dose. He says some of the speculators, when they wish to "drive a bargain," have only to administer this innocent preparation to the Chippewas and Sioux simultaneously, and they all start at once for their war clubs and tomahawks, and proceed to cleave each other's brains out.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE AND CAMEL.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

There are thousands who read this passage, but receive from it no definite idea. Various explanations have been given of it, none of which ever seemed to us to convey the true meaning, showing the beauty and force of the figure. All admit that it is impossible for a camel to go through a needle's eye, yet we cannot doubt that some men who are rich will be saved. We have met, somewhere in our reading, with an explanation that we regard as possibly the true one, which is this:

We are informed by travellers, that all the cities of the East are surrounded by high and massive walls. At certain points these have passways for the exit and entrance of the inhabitants. These passways, in times of peace, were open in the day, but closed at night. By the side of these large entrances were those that were much smaller, used by foot passengers and those who had occasion to go in and out at night; they were called the "needle's eye." A camel, without any burden, can pass through these, yet with much difficulty. Now, it is not impossible for a rich man to enter heaven; for we trust that there are many already in the Paradise of God, who consecrated their wealth to the service of Christ, and looked to Him alone for salvation. But just as the camel must be relieved of his load before he can pass through the "needle's eye," so the rich man must lay off his heart the riches of this world, and consecrate them to the services and glory of God; for it is impossible to serve Him and mammon. It is much easier for a camel to go through the "needle's eye." What, then, will become of these professors whose hearts are set on this world? Worldly-minded, money-loving Christians, we leave you to ponder this solemn question.—It is one of deep and eternal importance to you.

YOUNG AMERICA.

A certain Judge, while attending Court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his house, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, shouted out: "John, don't you drive the cattle in there; I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house."

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect, and a third time gave orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official duty:

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, y-a-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge and then at the parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and twixt 'she and I we've about got the dog so he don't bite."

PEN DROPS.

Man—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.
Life—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave.
Fame—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.
Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care.
Pleasure—A gleam of sunning passing soon away.
Love—A morning stream whose memory gilds the day.
Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.
Hope—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.
Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.
Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above.
Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of Heaven.
Death—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.
Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.
Grave—A place of rest which ends life's weary day.

BEAUTIFUL.—The following lines are from the pen of G. D. Prentice:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unappreciable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in mighty torrents upon the human heart? We are born of larger destiny than that of earth.—There is a land where the stars be will set out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever."

THE HOME MOTHER.

Some one writing for the *Masonic Mirror*, has drawn a picture from a home-loving, child loving mother:

We must draw a broad line between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts front ball to opera and party decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself—she who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusement. Not so with our home mother, blessings be upon her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties.

How pleasantly she sits day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for the use and adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes glow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but she can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforts around their necks.

There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not—if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before they sleep. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet, blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imparts a good night kiss on each rosy cheek.—It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it is the possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with what a strong, untiring love she watches by their bedside when they are ill.

Blessings on the gentle, home-loving mother. Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will unfold her as a garment.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.

A Yankee traveler, who saw the live hoosier, wrote to his mother:

"Western people," said he, "go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling his neighbors in my hearing, a pretty large story."

Says I, "stranger that's a whopper!"

Says he, "Lay there, stranger!"

And in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in a ditch, the worse for wear and tear.

"Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of western women, is it?"

Says he, "You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger ain't you?"

"Very much," said I.

"Well, replied he, that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hands,) shall cure you of that disagreeable disorder entirely."

So I knelt down and politely apologized.

I admire this western country much, but blame me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me unawares.

BLACKBERRY WINE.

There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We therefore give the receipt for making it, and having tried it ourselves, we speak advisedly on the subject:—"Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon add two pounds of sugar, cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smack under similar influences before.—*German Town Telegraph.*"

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. You never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will hide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

Foot expressed a belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew he could sell the timber.

India has a population of 180,884,297 souls.