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POETRY.

CHILDHOOD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have hardened into wood—

That to the world are children,
Through them its feelings glow
Of a brighter and sunnier clime
That reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our covetings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your own
And the goodness of your looks?

You are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCHES OF FORT DUQUESNE & FORT PITT.

November 25th, 1858, being the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of the occupancy of Fort Duquesne by the British and American troops, under Gen. Forbes, was commemorated in magnificent style, by the citizens of Western Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh. As a matter of interest at this time, in connection with this event, we give the following sketches, which we copy from the *Pittsburgh True Press*:

HISTORY OF FORT DUQUESNE.

This important post was erected by the French, in the year 1754, and named in honor of Captain Duquesne, who acted a most conspicuous part in the French and Indian war.—Numerous other forts had been built about the same time, extending from Lake Erie to the Ohio river. These encroachments of the French, on what was regarded as English territory, created much agitation in the colonies, as the purpose of the French was evidently to prevent the extension of the English colonies west of the mountains—and furthermore, it was regarded as the first step in the consummation of a plan of the French Court, to place all North America under French dominion. Under these circumstances, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, selected and despatched George Washington, then in his twenty-second year, as a messenger to the French commander with instructions to ascertain the forces of the enemy, the nature and location of the fortifications, and to learn if possible what gave occasion to the expedition of the French.

The result of the expedition of Washington, (being his first public service) is familiar to every American reader, as it is fully set forth in a journal kept by himself. On the 22d of November, 1753, he arrived at the mouth of Turtle Creek, on the Monongahela, and from thence he walked down to the present site of Pittsburgh. Here his journal reads thus:—"I spent some time in viewing the river and the land in the fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers." But we need not dwell further upon the journal.

During Washington's absence, steps had been taken to fortify and settle the point formed by the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and upon his return he "met seventeen horses, loaded with materials and stores, for a fort at the forks of the Ohio," and soon after, "some families going out to settle."

made by the "Ohio Trading Company"—but, upon the return of Washington, and the transmission of the intelligence that the French were determined not to yield the West without a struggle, Gov. Dinwiddie immediately set about making preparations for war, and a company was to be raised and to proceed at once to the forks of the Ohio, there to complete, in the best manner, and as soon as possible, the Fort begun by the Ohio Company, and in case of attack, or any attempt to resist the settlement, or obstruct the works, those resisting were to be taken, and, if need be, killed.

While Trent's little band of forty men were working away, in hunger and want, to fortify the point at the head of the Ohio, to which both the French and English were looking with so much interest and jealousy, a few Indian scouts were seen, but no enemy seemed near at hand. Indeed, all was so quiet that Frazer, an old Indian-trader, who had been left by Trent in command of the new fort, ventured to his home at the mouth of Turtle Creek, ten miles up the Monongahela. But, tho' all was so quiet in that wilderness, keen eyes had seen the low entrenchments at the forks, and swift feet had borne the news to the French camp up the Allegheny Valley. On the 17th of April, 1754, the occupants of the unfinished fort at the head of the Ohio, were astonished at the sight of sixty bateaux and three hundred canoes, on the Allegheny. The boats contained a thousand men, several pieces of artillery and ample stores. Ensign Ward, then in charge of the Fort, was "summoned" to surrender by the French Commandant, Contrecoeur, and as resistance was useless, he surrendered his works, passed up the Monongahela, and thus left "the forks" in possession of the French.

The French claim to the land lying in the entire valley of the Ohio, as set up by Contrecoeur, was the first act provocative of the long and bitter hostilities which followed. "The seven years war," says Albach, "arose at the forks of the Ohio; it was waged in all quarters of the world; it made England a great imperial power; it drove the French from Asia and America, and dissipated the scheme of empire, so brilliant and so extended, they had so long cherished."

In the following year, 1755, the famous though disastrous expedition of General Braddock, was projected and executed. On the 20th of April, he left Alexandria, to march upon Fort Duquesne, whither he had been expressly ordered; and the 7th of July following, he was met by the French and Indians, at what is now called "Braddock's Field." As what need recount the incidents of the defeat, which formed the most terrible reverse that the British arms had encountered in America. The Colonists suffered dreadfully at the hands of the French and Indians after the defeat of Braddock. Whole settlements were destroyed, and many men, women and children, were cruelly massacred.

The next prominent event in the history of Fort Duquesne, was the defeat of Major Grant, in September, 1858, at the point known as Grant's Hill, now within the city limits. He had been sent in command of eight hundred men, to gain further information in regard to the condition of the Fort, but underrating the numbers within the garrison, his forces were attacked and routed, with a loss of two hundred and seventy killed, forty-two wounded and himself taken prisoner. Washington, in speaking of this engagement states that "it was a very ill conceived, or very, ill-executed plan perhaps both—but it seems to be generally acknowledged that Major Grant exceeded his orders."

We pass on to the successful expedition of General Forbes, who arrived with 2700 Pennsylvanians, 1800 Virginians and 1000 British regulars, on the evening of the 24th of November, 1756, at Turtle Creek, ten miles above Fort Duquesne. A council of war was held here, the result of which was that it would be impracticable to proceed—the provisions and forage being exhausted. The General, upon being informed of this, swore he would sleep in the Fort, next night, or in a worse place. About midnight, a tremendous explosion was heard, and Forbes swore that the French magazine had been blown up. This revived the spirits of the English and provincial soldiers. The Indians who had watched the approach of Forbes' army, reported at the Fort, that they were "as numerous as trees in the woods." The French, numbering about four hundred men, became terrified and disheartened, and setting fire to their magazines, barracks, etc., pushed off their boats, some up, and some down the river. All the improvements made by the French had been burnt to the ground, and the next morning—Nov. 25th., Forbes' army took peaceable possession of the important post of Fort Duquesne, the erection of which was the cause of the bloody war.

Thus was Fort Duquesne evacuated, and thus did the Forks of the Ohio pass into the

possession of the English. With the fall of Fort Duquesne, and the capture of Niagara, all direct contest between the British and French in the West was closed, the hostility of the Indians was abated, peace was restored to the border of the English colonies, and settlers began slowly to push further into the Indian country.

HISTORY OF FORT PITT.

General Forbes died at Philadelphia on the 11th of March, 1759, and he was immediately succeeded by Gen. Stanwix, who, in July of the same year, proceeded to the head of the Ohio, to carry out the orders of William Pitt, then at the head of the British government. Pitt was strongly impressed with the importance of speedily restoring, if possible, the ruined Fort Duquesne, and in case it could not be repaired, he favored the erection of an adequate defence upon the site of the old fort. Accordingly Gen. Stanwix immediately (perhaps in August, 1759) commenced the building of Fort Pitt, so named in honor of the then prime minister of England. The fort was five miles—the two facing the country were supported by a revetment of brick work, nearly perpendicular, supporting the rampart on the outside. The other three were protected by a line of pickets, fixed on the outside of the slope of the rampart. Around the whole work was a wide ditch, which would be filled with water when the river was at a moderate stage. The draft of the work was made by R. Rutter, and to show the anticipations of security entertained at the time, we quote the following from a letter written at the fort, under date of September 24, 1759:

"It is now near a month since the army has been employed in the erection of a most formidable fortification, such a one as will to the latest posterity secure the British empire on the Ohio. There is no need to enumerate the abilities of the chief engineer, nor the spirit shown by the troops in executing this important task; the fort will soon be a lasting monument of both."

The siege of Fort Pitt, in 1763, was the most prominent one in its history. On the 27th of May, of that year, bands of Indians appeared before the fort, and demanded the surrender of the fort. They refused friendship to the English, and gave them to understand that if they did not abandon the fort they would be scalped by overwhelming numbers, then on their way for that purpose. Capt. Euyver could not be caught in this trap, but he effectually frightened the Indians by telling them that he had men enough to defend the fort, and that thousands of men were coming to his assistance. The Indians were thus beaten at their own game and fled down the river.

In July of the same year the Indians again appeared near the fort, in considerable numbers and again attempted to get possession by stratagem. They stated that they had a message from the great Pontiac, who was coming with his hands to strike the English at the forks of the Ohio. Euyver told them that he could defend himself for three years against all the Indians in the woods and that if they came about his home he would fire bagfuls of bullets at them. Disappointed in getting possession of the Fort by stratagem, they commenced an attack in the night, firing under cover of the river bank. A constant fire, for many days, was poured upon the Fort, and it was often on fire from their arrows. The Indians lay so closely along the bank, that they could not be wounded from the garrison, and any one who appeared on the rampart was sure to be a mark for an arrow or a bullet. The garrison of Fort Pitt consisted of three hundred and thirty men, besides more than two hundred women and children who had taken refuge therein. The supply of provisions was too small to hold out long against the terrible siege, and Col. Boquet, at Philadelphia was ordered to march to its relief. He collected a small force, of about five hundred men, and entered upon his most perilous undertaking, and with the most painful forebodings of the people.—The route lay through an unbroken forest, for two hundred miles, infested with savages far more numerous and more determined than those which destroyed the fated army of Brodbeck. Col. Boquet pursued the route opened by Gen. Forbes five years before, and on the march they relieved Forts Bedford and Ligonier, both beleaguered by the Indians. Less than a day's march west of Ligonier by the dangerous defile of Turtle creek, Boquet determined to march to Bushy run, rest until night, and pass Turtle creek under cover of darkness. When within half a mile of Bushy run, the army was attacked in the front and rear, and a determined battle ensued. Again and again were the Indians driven back, and again was the attack renewed.—The troops were exposed the fire of an almost invisible foe, and there the contest raged for seven hours, until darkness suspended hostilities. They lay upon their arms all night and at daybreak the attack upon them was re-

newed with great fury, and continued without intermission until noon. By a skillful manoeuvre, which completely deceived the Indians, Col. Boquet finally succeeded in pouring a volley on them in flank, and then charged them with the bayonet which caused them to flee in dismay—and the rout was complete. About sixty Indians were killed, and a great number wounded. After the battle, the army marched without interruption, twenty-five miles to Fort Pitt, relieved the garrison, supplied them with arms, provisions and ammunition, and thus secured it against the dangers of another siege.

It is said that the works of Fort Pitt cost the British crown £60,000, and it may be so since it was pronounced "a most formidable fortification, such a one as would to the latest posterity, secure the British empire on the Ohio." The "British empire on the Ohio" was destined soon to be overthrown, notwithstanding the "formidable fort," and fifteen years later it was abandoned by order of the British government.—Nothing now remains of the fort, excepting the "old redoubt" built in seventeen hundred and sixty-four, by Col. Boquet. It still stands, the only remaining memorial of the British possessions in the Mississippi valley.

Support your mechanics.

There is no truth more undeniable than that it is the bounden duty of every community to support its mechanics. They are a worthy and indispensable class of men, and we find no town or village flourishing without their aid. Indeed their absence is always a true index of the condition of the place—whether it is advancing in wealth and importance, or sinking into decay. Wherever we pass through a village, and here the carpenter's hammer, the clink of the blacksmith's anvil—that village, we say to ourselves, is prospering. It cannot be otherwise, for the producers are actively employed, and outnumber, the consumers.—Whenever this is the case, the people are growing wealthy, and at the same time training the rising generation to habits of industry and morality. If a city or village pursue the opposite of this course—neglect its mechanics and support those of some other place, those who are left, and compelled by force of circumstances to remain, will become idle and profligate; they will cease to produce, and become consumers; in a few years they become beggars, and their children become ignorant and vicious. It is our duty, as a nation, to give the preference to domestic manufacturers, the fact is equally true with regard to the community, and both are sustained by the same argument.

If a merchant would have around him substantial customers, let him by every means in his power, support the mechanics in his village, and as they become more wealthy, their custom will increase, especially in those articles on which he makes the greatest profit; for it is undeniable, that as men become more wealthy, they also become more luxurious, and no merchant will deny that articles of luxury always afford the greatest profit. The habit of importing large quantities of cheap foreign articles, in competition with our village merchants, is short sighted and wrong, both as regards the mechanic and consumer; if the merchant will look further into the operation of things, he would find that he had crossed the path of his own interest by doing so. Let the merchant bring the case to his own door, and he, perhaps, may better understand it.

Suppose that every individual who possesses means, and who uses in his family four or five hundred dollars worth of goods per annum, should, instead of buying of him at retail, go to some city wholesale establishment and purchase his years' supply, would he not in bitterness condemn such an illiberal course, would he not say to him, in truth, that he was warring against his own interest, by destroying the business of his own town, and giving it to another; and that his littleness would react upon him in double fold by decrease of his property and business? So in the same to the merchant. We say then all classes support each other, and by mutual exchanges, keep that wealth at home which necessarily expended abroad, tends to destroy the business of our neighbors, and which in turn destroys your own.—*Spirit of the Age.*

AN INSTANCE OF REMARKABLE COOLNESS.—The Knickerbocker Magazine picks up a good many good things. In the December number we find a story which runs thus: Judge B. of New Haven, is a talented lawyer and great wit. He has a son, Sam, a graceful wight, witty, and like his father, fond of mint juleps, and other palatable "fluids." The father and son were on a visit to Niagara Falls. Each was anxious to "take a nip" but (one for example, and the other in dread of hurting the old man's feelings) equally unwilling to drink in the presence of the other. "Sam," said the Judge, "I'll take a short walk—be back shortly." "All right," replied Sam, and after seeing the old gentleman around the corner, he walked out quickly, and ordered a julep at a bar-room. While in concocting, the Judge entered, and Sam while being back of a newspaper, and consequently viewing, though viewless, ordered a julep. The second was compounded and the Judge was just adjusting his tube for a cooling draught, when Sam stepped up, and taking up his glass, requested the bartender to take his pay for both juleps from the bill the old gentleman had handed out to him. The surprise of the Judge was only equalled by his admiration for his son's coolness; and he exclaimed, "Sam! Sam! you need no julep to cool you!" Sam "allowed" that he didn't.

"You seem to walk more than usual my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

THE CHEVALIER FORNEY IN TROUBLE.

The Chevalier Forney, in these unhappy times for Democratic rebels, finds himself in a world of trouble at Washington. In casting about for relief he flies, in a late letter to his own paper, against the administration and "Bennett of the New York Herald." He says we are "the right arm of the strength of the administration," that "Bennett is, par excellence, the prime favorite of the White House," that "Bennett bullied" the administration "into allowing him to send a correspondent on the great submarine telegraph expedition, in the good ship Niagara;" that "he forced another of his agents into the diplomatic service in Mexico;" that "he got Fleuret, the friend of his family, sent as Consul to Bordeaux;" and "then Chevalier Wikoff, the most intimate associate of Bennett, was sent abroad on the secret service fund, as a roving diplomat." Next we are told by this ungrateful fellow Forney, that "Bennett has a longing for society," and then, that although "Mr. Crittenden is not invited to dine at the Presidential mahogany," "Bennett is sent for, and escorted to the fire side of the President, and honored almost on bended knee."

Such are the complaints of poor Forney. The ungrateful vagabond! Has he forgotten the time—not very long ago—when he sent Wikoff as "roving diplomat" to "Bennett" in behalf of this same Chevalier Forney?—that Wikoff fulfilled his mission, and that, for "sweet charity's sake," we did all we could in behalf of Forney's first for a place in the Cabinet, and then for a consulate, &c. Very true our good offices availed not, because Mr. Buchanan understood his man, and knew his weakness much better than "Bennett." But surely, Forney cannot have forgotten how he sought our society at the Everett house, and personally thanked us for our good endeavors. We accepted his acknowledgments as from a man in his right mind. If he was not so, how are we to discriminate between Forney drunk and Forney sober? Poor Forney!

As for that dinner at the White House it is hardly necessary to say that it was marked by that hospitality, politeness and courtesy, which on all occasions may be found in the society of Mr. Buchanan. But if he will drop in at Fort Washington on any day in the year, and bring Forney along, reformed, repentant and sober, they shall have a dinner far superior to the dinners of the White House, or any other house in Washington. We pity Chevalier Forney. On the basis of his repentance and reformation we should cheerfully give him a good dinner. Poor Forney! Will any body take "the pledge" to Forney?—N. Y. Herald.

MR. DALLAS AS A JOCKEYMAN.

The London correspondent of the New York Times, gives the following lively account of a late achievement of Mr. Dallas:

"You may not know that Mr. Dallas is a capital shot, and wields the Manton as cleverly as the pen. No accomplishment can possibly come amiss to a diplomatist, although our good people in general seem to think even good manners and a decent knowledge of their own language superfluous ornaments, unworthy the envy of a Republican State—and Mr. Dallas' skill as a marksman served him very prettily the other day in an extemporized match with a certain veteran Viscount who is trying to console himself in the turnip fields for his defeat upon the floor of St. Stephens, and pops away at partridges with a surer aim than at Jones.—Our Minister was the Viscount's guest at the charming country seat immortalized by that most modest of chroniclers, Mr. Henry Wykeff, and was enjoying the morning air, when his host emerged from the mansion, gay with that inexhaustible gaiety which fifty years of London life and government have not abated, and arrayed for the field in the inevitable gaiters appropriate to the murder of birds."

"He was apologizing for leaving his guest without suspicion that an American diplomatist could think of meddling with so peculiarly British a sport as shooting at partridges in the turnip fields, involving as it does, six or seven hours of pretty hard walking, with no slight pull upon the whole system, muscular and nervous, when our Envoy most politely insisted upon setting off, as he was, rather for the drawing room than for the open country, and trying his hand at the business. The Viscount of course assented, no doubt with such a private chuckle over the coming misfortunes of his diplomatic friend as Rochefoucauld would have delighted to witness, and the illustrious gentlemen marched off together with their small array of dogs and gamekeepers. The first American volley was delivered from both barrels, 'right and left,' and brought down as many birds. Fancy the Viscount's amazement. This, however, might be a piece of luck. But what could be said when every whirr and rise in the field was followed by the same prompt and precise results, till the hour of luncheon found the unprepared game-bag of the western representative rather more than twice as heavy as that of his distinguished companion? Only I fear that we are often more fortunate than wise—for I have known some of our ambassadorial corps whom I should have been sorry to pit together on point of skill, strength, endurance, good humor, good manners, or good sense, against the veteran ex-leader of English liberals, and I should be glad indeed to think that the half of our young men of education and position could come as creditably out of such a chance encounter as an actual Minister at the Court of St. James. Meanwhile you may safely enroll Mr. Dallas with Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Gen. Scott, and other vigorous worthies to whom we once appealed against the notion that our American breed of men carries less weight and will stand less wear and tear than the ancestral British stock. We are our own worst enemies, certainly, and need only take honest thought of our own bodies and

what they require in the way of play and work alike, to hold our own with our cousins or with all the world. But of this honest thought we have sorest need, and I trust that every young Yankee who on reading this feels inwardly "convicted" that he should have been unequal to the silent challenge of the British statesman, will forth with shoulder his gun and hunt the fields until he has brought himself up to the mark."

STEEPLE'S BATTLE FIELD.—We find in the Oregonian, of Oct. 9th, the following touching record of a visit to Steptoe's battle field, a spot now hallowed in history:

"Colonel Wright, after reaching his camp on the Lahtoo or Nedwuald creek, detached Maj. Grier with three companies of dragoons to visit Col. Steptoe's battle ground, to recover the two 12-pounder howitzers there lost, and to gather the remains of the officers and men that fell in a conflict long to be remembered. Lieut. Mullen, with his party, was sent to determine the position of, and make a map of the battlefield, and Lieut. White, third artillery, to bring back the long-lost guns. Lieut. Gregg and Dr. Randolph, who had both been present in Steptoe's engagement, and Lieuts. Peaire and Howard, were also sent to pay the last respects to the remains of men so ruthlessly butchered, while acting as the pioneers for a people who will never remember to mention with praise the names of Taylor and Gaston when the fame of many shall have grown dim.

"At 12, M., they reached the battle-field, which was now marked by a scene of sad desolation. The bones of men lay scattered, bleaching over the prairie hills far miles around; for during the heat of battle the bodies of all could not be recovered, and, as the retreat was made at dark of night, no time was had to give sepulture to many who had fallen, and hence the fields showed that both wolves and savages had not been absent from this desolate picture. In silence and sadness they gathered the bones and remains of all, in order to give them, a suitable burial and as Lieut. Gregg and Dr. Randolph would point to this and that spot as bearing witness to the brave acts of brave men, many a bronzed cheek was bedewed with the silent tear, dropped for men that had fallen in so unequal a contest. And taking a pair of shafts of one of the guns, the only thing remaining of all that was left on the battlefield, they fashioned and framed them with a rude cross, which they erected on the ground—not only as a Christian sign, but as a token to mark for all future travelers, the spot where brave men met so terrible a fate, and in mournful silence the command retraced their steps after so sad a mission. Mr. Kolbeck and Mr. Sobon, the two civil engineers who were present, made fine sketches of the battle ground and the monument."

Fighting a Squatter.

About thirty years ago, when in the now flourishing city of Hannibal, on the Mississippi river, there were but a few huts belonging to some hardy "squatter" and such a thing as a steambot was considered quite a sight, the following incident occurred:

A tall burly woodsman stood leaning against a tree which stood upon the bank of the river, looking at some approaching object, which our reader would have readily discovered to have been a steambot.

Now, among the many passengers on this boat, both male and female, was a spruce young dandy, with a killing moustache, &c., who seemed bent on making an impression on the hearts of the young ladies on board, and, to that end, he must perform some heroic deed. Observing our squatter friend, he imagined this to be a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice—so, stepping into the cabin, he said:

"Ladies, if you want to enjoy a good laugh, step out on the guards. I intend to frighten that gentleman into fits, who stands on the bank!"

The ladies complied with the request, and our dandy drew from his bosom a formidable bow-knife and thrust it into his belt; then taking a large horse-pistol in each hand, he seemed satisfied that all was right. Thus equipped, he strode on with an air which seemed to say: "the hopes of a nation depend upon me!"

Marching up to the woodsman, he exclaimed: "Found you at last, have I? You are the man I've been looking for these three weeks. Say your prayers!" he continued, presenting his pistols, "you'll make a capital barn-door, and I'll drill the key-hole, myself!"

The squatter calmly surveyed him a moment, then drawing back a step, he planted his fist directly between the eyes of his antagonist, who in a moment was floundering in the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Every passenger, by this time, had collected on the guards, and the shout that now went up from the crowd, speedily restored the crest-fallen hero to his senses, and as he was sneaking off toward the boat, he was accosted by his conqueror:

"Say, you, next time you come around drillin' key-holes, don't forget your acquaintances!"

The ladies unanimously voted the knife and pistols to the victor.

A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B., not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood and set a watch. As was expected, it proved to be a near neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully pulling out all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood, and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming, "There, you must burn green wood part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

Never judge others, but attribute a good motive when you can.