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POETRY.

ONE BY ONE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the mountains fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee from above,
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one these gifts shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If they set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours depend;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Tossing on the waves of wind.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven but one by one;
Take them lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done!

Political.

ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

The world has never yet beheld a perfect human government. The weakness and the vices, as well as the virtues, which constitute the characters of individual men, necessarily affect in a greater or less degree, all systems which human sagacity can originate. In the organization of a Republic, a vast number of agents must be employed to carry out the details of the government. All these must be endowed with more or less power. They are not controlled by an arbitrary and omnipotent head; there is no armed force to compel them to do their duty. Deriving their power from the people, their actions are chiefly controlled by public opinion. If they are by character and education, pure and honest, and act uprightly, their actions are approved; if corrupt and dishonest, their severest punishment is the indignation of the public.

In a vast system, employing such a multitude of agents as our government has grown to be, it is impossible that all should be upright and honest. The selfishness of human nature is, in some instances, more potent than the love of rectitude. It is not the fault of the system of government, that men are dishonest, nor is it justly attributable to those who are placed in the chief positions of power, that bad men sometimes get into positions of public responsibility. The character of men cannot always be correctly judged, until temptation is placed in their way. Through pride, angels have fallen, and men are lower than the angels. It is idle to look for perfection in anything.

At the present time, the opposition press all over the country, is filled with insinuations and direct charges of official dishonor against the President of the United States and his immediate advisers of the Cabinet. The object is apparent. A Presidential canvass is at hand, and ambitious politicians totally disregarding all principles of honor or of justice, are gathering materials for the campaign. Instead of making their own purity apparent, they are endeavoring by partial, unfair means to blacken the reputation of others. Statements filled with errors and insinuations, are spread broadcast over the land to operate upon public sentiment.

Knowing that the President is the head of the Democratic party, his opponents are pecu-

liarily ingenious in endeavoring to make it appear that he and his party are in fault, for every wrong which is committed in the conduct of public affairs. A committee of investigation discovers that the government has been cheated by some of its subordinate agents, and at once the cry of corruption is raised against the present administration and the Democratic party. Matters are laid to their charge for which they are in no wise responsible. True, the appointing power is one of great responsibility, but it cannot be denied that the present administration has exercised it with great sagacity, and a careful regard for the public welfare. All that human judgment and foresight—all that the most careful personal investigation of character could do in the matter of selecting men for positions of public responsibility, has been done by Mr. Buchanan. He has been peculiarly fortunate. During the two years that he has been at the head of affairs, there has been a most careful watch over the public servants, and few, very few, whom he has appointed have been found derelict in their duties.

But the game of the opposition must be played. It is the same system of tactics which has preceded past presidential elections without success. True or false, it must be made to appear that the party in power and its leaders are corrupt, otherwise there will be no chance of a successful opposition.

The President, as the head of the administration, is boldly charged with extravagance and corruption. The motives and considerations are obvious, but the public judgment will not be swayed by these partisan slanders. Assertions are easily made by those who have but a slight regard for truth, but facts are stubborn things and easily sweep away the morbid disposition which sometimes exists in the public mind, to give credence to wholesale statements.

In what has the present administration been extravagant? We freely admit that extravagance exists and reforms are needed in many of the departments of our government. Our consular system and our foreign policy generally, might be more economically conducted. The amount spent for display upon our public buildings is wrong. There are chronic abuses and the land system are chargeable with errors. Congress itself is too expensive a luxury. It is not likely that perfection exists, or can exist in any of the departments of government, in regard to economical expenditure of money. But these things have existed for years. They are great evils, and we rejoice at all efforts made to reform them. But why charge them upon the present administration? It did not create these evils. It cannot prevent them. It can only advise, as it has done. The President and the Cabinet have no control over the expenditure of money. Congress, the constitutional representatives of the people, alone have that power. The expenses of government, it is true, are enormous, but neither the Administration nor the Democratic party have made them so. It costs more to govern thirty-three than it did thirteen States, but the chiefs of departments under Mr. Buchanan's administration, have been guided and governed by rules of action and laws, which have existed for many years, and which they had no influence in enacting. The charge of extravagance is a partisan scheme—a political game of our opponents.

And as to corruption—what of that? The confidently asserted accusations made by the opposition press so freely against the President, of using his power other than in an honest and honorable manner for the public good, have quite as little foundation in fact as the charge of extravagance. The various committees of investigation which have been instituted during the recent session of Congress, have resulted in placing before the public some facts which are most disgraceful to the parties who have committed the wrong, but for which Mr. Buchanan and his party is in no wise responsible. He has done his duty. His administration has been an honest one, and no distorted statements, no erroneous insinuations can tarnish its history in the clear eye of truth.

The Superintendent of Public Printing, appointed under a former President, and replaced by Mr. Buchanan with an honest man, has failed in his honest duty. Is the present administration responsible for this? Is it not rather entitled to the credit of having been the cause of the discovery of Seaman's speculations, by appointing Mr. Bowman to his place?—Such is the case in reality.

Never, since he has been in office, has the President, by word or act, controlled or influenced, directly or indirectly, the giving out of any contract except to direct that it should be done in the proper manner and according to law.

Much has been said about the appointment of Dr. Hunter as agent for the purchase of coal

for the Navy. This appointment was made upon the strongest recommendations, and upon terms sanctioned by the previous practice of the department and the existing law. No one has charged that the commissions allowed were too high. But the agent employed sub-agents, and divided the commissions. This did not affect the government. The service was performed and the proper legal compensation paid.

The charge that the President had any thing to do with the live oak timber contract, is equally absurd with the rest, and extravagantly false. So with regard to other contracts. All papers concerning them have been invariably referred to the departments where they belonged, and disposed of according to law.

Every attempt to charge even the semblance of corruption, or official interference with department business, upon Mr. Buchanan, has signally failed. Yet the howlers of the opposition still keep up the cry of corruption, corruption, it will not serve them. Opprobrious epithets cannot suit a position of purity. In working the great machine of government, if the President has found here and there a bad wheel, it is not his fault. Mainly, his official appointments, have been of the true metal, and approved by the country. There is respect due to his position as the head of the government; the wise measures which he has proposed are entitled to the favor and support of the great National party of which he is the chief leader, and above all the people, even they who differ with him in political opinion, will give him credit for unswerving honesty of purpose and a sincere desire to build up and protect the great interest of his country.

The oft repeated charges of the opposition will defeat the end they aim at, for any cause admits its weakness when it seeks sustaining arguments outside of truth.

The whole personal history of Mr. Buchanan and those men, mature in years and in wisdom, who compose his cabinet, has been one of great moral purity and most unimpeachable honesty. The opposition have misjudged the people if they think they can mislead them by charges of corruption groundlessly made against such men.—Pittsburg Post.

[From the Lockport Advertiser.]

We have had related to us the following singular narrative of an event that recently transpired, which is almost too remarkable for credence. The chain of circumstances which led to the fortunate discovery savors of the romantic—it adds, however, another proof of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Some two weeks since a young man of gentlemanly address, and who, from appearance, bore evidence of having seen better days, arrived at Tonawanda, and calling at the house of Mr. Browning, of that place, begged for something to eat, and asked for a situation. He gave a history of his circumstances as follows: He said his father was wealthy, lived in France, and that he had left his home, in that country, on a pleasure trip to the United States, bringing with him \$63,000 for spending money and other purposes.

On landing in New York, and after sojourning in that city a short time, he deposited \$20,000 with a banker, who was a Jew. He was then led by some new made acquaintance into scenes of dissipation and gaming, where he lost the remainder of his money. To add to his misfortunes, the Jew banker also failed, and swindled him out of the money he had deposited with him. His father, he said, had a banker in New York, from whom he might have obtained assistance, but he determined, from motives of pride and chagrin, not to appeal in his extremity, by giving a statement of his condition. On receiving, with some doubts, of its truthfulness, the above statement, Mr. Browning took the young man into his employ for a few days, and set him to work "packing shingles." He afterwards went to Buffalo. Mrs. Browning, in the meantime, however, out of motives of curiosity, wrote a letter to the above mentioned banker, whom the young man had stated was doing business for his father, inquiring of him in regard to the truth of the matter.

The banker on receipt of Mrs. E's letter immediately repaired to Tonawanda, and confirmed the truth of the statement, and also related other facts in connection with the case more wonderful still. He stated that he had recently learned of the decease of the young man's father, who had died leaving the young man heir to \$2,000,000, and also that \$60,000 had already been remitted, and was in the hands of himself. The banker on receiving the news, and not finding the fortunate inheritor of this vast sum, advertised for him in the papers.—The banker then gave Mr. Browning \$25 to prosecute the search for him in Buffalo, where it was supposed he had repaired. After two days spent, the object of the visit was found in the Erie county work-house, where he had been committed a few days previous as a vagrant. He was very sick, and his disease was pronounced by the doctors to be incurable. He had two days longer to remain before the time for which he was committed would expire.

It may be readily conceived that the news of his good fortune, and the certainty not only of immediate relief but of restoration to the head of a wealthy estate, with all the surroundings of ease and luxury, incited the most powerful emotions in his breast. The few days he had yet to linger among the destitute, seem-

ed to him ages; but it was found impracticable to obtain a release, except through the interposition of the Governor. Accordingly it was arranged that the Count De— should remain until his time should expire without any further effort being made to obtain his release.—After his release from the work-house he was brought to the house of Mr. Browning at Tonawanda, his former place of abode, where he still remains very sick, under the medical attendance of Dr. Locke. The young Count has since had two more remittances from his banker, and his condition is as good under the circumstances as could be expected. Thus ends for the present the first chapter of this strange, eventful, but nevertheless true history."

STRANGE LEGEND.

In a note to a passage in Scott's beautiful but neglected poem of "Rokeby," the well known legend of Darrell of Littlecote is given, and there is added a similar one, which was current at Edinburg during the childhood of Sir Walter. A clergyman was suddenly summoned to pray with a person at the point of death. He obeyed, as in duty bound, the requisition, and was put in a sedan chair, and removed to a distant part of the city, where his bearers, under pain of death forced him to have his eyes bandaged. He was then carried to and fro for some time, and led up several flights of stairs. When his eyes were uncovered, he found himself beside a lady newly delivered of an infant. He was ordered to say such prayers as might be fitting for a person just about to die. He ventured to remonstrate—observing that the lady's appearance warranted hopes of recovery. He was sternly ordered to proceed, which he did. He was then hurried down stairs in the chair, blindfolded as before, but as he was descending, heard the report of a pistol. Upon reaching his home a purse of gold was forced upon him, with the warning that any disclosure or even allusion to this dark business would cost him his life. After much musing, he fell asleep, but was awakened by the news that a certain house in the Canongate had been totally consumed by fire, together with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the proprietor.—Fear seized the clergyman's lips, and it was not until a short period before his demise that he disclosed the circumstance to some of his brethren. He had been long dead, when a fire broke out in the building which had been erected in place of the original edifice, and when the flames were at their height, a beautiful female, in an antique night-dress, appeared in the midst of them, and uttered these words:—"Once learned, twice barded, the third I'll scarce you all," and then vanished. Strange as this story is, it is singular that a belief in its truth should exist. Mr. James, an attorney of reputation, who went to Edinburg, in 1743, and who was the granduncle of my informant, was in the habit of telling it as a thing that actually had occurred, and which was generally credited, at least as regards the murder part of it, and consequent fire. The apparition was probably a popular embellishment, but he remembered the exact position of the house; it was the second one above Leith Wynd. An inspection of the title deeds would at once give the names of the early possessors.

SKATING MISFORTUNES.—Mary had heard of skating, so of course, became insane, to try to slip 'twixt foot and lip. Oh! no, she'd never complain; if, from too frequent falls, she'd get concussion of the brain. So, father teased almost to death, five dollars went and squandered, and bought the skates, while Walter (he was Mary's beau—and fond of her) was awfully vexed and pondered. In vain in Mary's ear he pleaded, and as she laughed—he thundered. Well, off upon the skating ground the vixen Mary went, and with one knee upon the ice (her limb) she meant—kiss isn't nice) her graceful form she bent. To fasten on her charming feet, with straps and buckles fast, the little bits of skates—(to be to her two wicked fates) too little for to last. Well, finally they were fastened on, and Mary went to rise, but as the iron touched the ice, she found to her surprise, her feet were parting company—the rest we may surmise; she lost her balance, and her feet flew up before her eyes. My gracious how the darling blushed, she was not hurt a bit, the largest portion of her hoops were but severely hit.—A moment Mary lay, and then, while curious eyes around, stood far aloof and gazed, and gazed—at so much beauty in amaze—so much to glorify and praise—she tried to raise ah! then (oh! fatal fate!)—oh! destiny! oh! hateful, hateful men!) her ankles scarce were out of sight, when up they flew again. Now on her face supreme she lay—her nose had taken the shock, and precious blood was trickling down upon her skating frock—oh! wasn't it sad so sweet a girl should get so hard a knock. They gathered up this charming girl and placed her on a shutter, her pin-a-fore all stained with blood, where once 'twas bread and butter; her head was scarred—her nose was swelled—her heart all in a flutter. Alas! poor Mary, now at home, she views afar the fun—and every thought of skating now, puts by—yes, every one—the girl, who cannot keep her feet upon the ice, or in the street, should be with skating done.

"Dear girls, if on the ice you'd go to try your precious fates, like darling little Mary dear, upon a pair of skates—if you would keep your feet and skirts, in even decent state, don't goupon the ice, my dears, until you've learned to skate."

A GREEN ONE.—"Have you any onions?" said a gentleman, the other day, to a remarkably green-looking sucker.

"No," was the reply, and the gentleman passed on his way.

"I wonder," said the sucker, after scratching his head for some time, "if that tarnation fool didn't mean *ing-ens*?"

MAN'S SUPERIORITY.

There is an intolerant spirit in the breast of man, which ought to be rebuked. He is continually attracting, and, I almost would say—attempting to degrade her whom he pretends to elevate. She is made the subject of ridicule and jest in every place. Pick up the public journals, and their columns are filled with burlesque accounts of some unfortunate lady in hoops. Editors and writers have been gloating over this subject for the last year or two. Suppose ladies do wear hoops if it be their good pleasure, in what way does it concern man? It must truly be a morbid taste that can enjoy such silly nonsense, and yet we are told man is strong minded. If it is not hoops it is gossip, and if not gossip it is woman's rights or something else—and continually he amuses himself, quite forgetting his own faults.

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Did not the dignity of sex demand a rebuke, I should lay down my pen and keep silent; but when the manifest and gross injustice of the hateful Lord of Creation becomes so apparent, I think I should be untrue to my sex did I not resent his insolence.

Has man any superiority to boast of? If so, what is it? Is it when he struts along the street with a horse blanket thrown over his shoulders, thinking that he looks very effeminate? Or is it when he is indulging in the use of tobacco, making himself an object of disgust to all decent persons? He is unfit for the parlor, and even profanes the house of God with this filthy habit. Perhaps it is when drinking spirituous liquors, and reeling to and fro, or lying in the gutter in a state of beastly intoxication. Perhaps it is the tyranny which he displays toward our sex, forcing us to labor for half the remuneration that he would give to his own. If these are not his excellencies, then where is his boasted supremacy? Echo answers, where? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. I am not in favor of woman's rights as advocated by fanatics, but as good sense and modesty demand.

A LADY OF DIGNITY.

The following letter from the *National Intelligencer* of the 24th of February, by the subject of locusts, will be read with interest, by farmers and others.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton:—The locust will appear the following spring in seven different districts of the country, viz:

- 1st. In the whole valley of Virginia, from near the top of the Blue Ridge mountain on the east, the Potomac river on the north, to the west, probably including a considerable portion of both North Carolina and Tennessee, overlapping other districts.
- 2d. In North Carolina, from Raleigh to Petersburg, Virginia, and adjacent counties in both States.
- 3d. In St. Mary's county, Maryland, the southern part of the county, occupying about one-half the county.
- 4th. In North Carolina, Rowan, Davis, Cabarras, Iredell, and adjacent counties.
- N. B.—The above are all of the northern tribe, or seventeen years' locusts, and will commence emerging from about the 5th to the 15th of May.
- 5th. In Georgia, Gwinnet, DeKalb, Newton, and adjacent counties.
- 6th. In Tennessee, in the northern middle part.
- 7th. In Mississippi, in all the eastern portion of the State, from the ridge on "backbone," that runs north and south about forty-five miles from the Mississippi river to the eastern boundary of the State, and probably extending into the States on the east.

The three last districts belong to the southern tribe, or thirteen years' locusts. They will begin to emerge about the 20th of April in the extreme southern district in Mississippi, to the 5th of May in Georgia.

I ask the favor of the editors of papers in the districts mentioned, and wherever the locusts may appear, to notice this, and also to notice the fact when they do appear, and send me a copy of their papers containing the notice. I also ask the favor of gentlemen residing in the districts to inform me by letter of the fact of their appearance. If the locusts appear this spring in any other part of the country than those indicated, I should be glad to be informed by those residing there.

Respectfully,
GIBBON B. SMITH,
Baltimore, Md.

THE GIRLS OF 1776.—The following, it is said, has been rescued from a newspaper published at the time of the Revolution:—

"The following droll affair lately happened at Kinderhook, New York. A young fellow, an enemy to the liberties of America, going to a quilting frolic, where a number of young women were collected, and the only man in company, began his aspersions on Congress, as usual, and held forth some time on the subject, till the girls exasperated at his impudence, laid hold of him, stripped him naked—to the waist, and instead of tar, covered him with molasses, and for feathers took the downy tops of flags which grew in the meadow, and coated him well, and then let him go. He has prosecuted every one of them, and the matter has been tried before Justice Shoemaker. We have not as yet heard his worship's judgment. It is said that Parson Bull's daughter is concerned in the affair."

A speaker enlarging on the rascality of the devil is an old bar; for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie and cheat, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

PAYING FOR HIS PROVENDER BY PRAYING.

We have no intention, says the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, of making fun of serious matters in telling the following story—we merely relate a fact:

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding house but forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his boarding in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble—and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord—Will you pray, Mr. Mild?
Mild—No sir, I will not.
Landlord—Why not, Mr. Mild?
Mild—It don't pay s'r. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing, to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, *nary another prayer do you get out of me!*

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

DISTINGUISHED POTATOES.—In Gerard's time, 1597, Virginia potatoes, as they were then called, were just beginning to be known. A sweet potato had been previously known, which was used as a kind of condiment at the tables of the rich. Of these Gerard says:—"They are used to be eaten roasted in ashes; some, when they be so roasted, infuse them, and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes, and so eat them. And likewise others dress them (being first roasted), with oil, vinegar and salt, every man according to his own taste and liking; notwithstanding, however they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the body." These were sold by women, who stood about the Exchange with baskets.—The same writer says of the common potato, which, for a considerable time after its introduction, was a rarity, that it was likewise a food, as also a meat for pleasure, being either roasted in the embers or boiled and eaten with oil, vinegar, or dressed any other way by the hand of some cunning cookery." They were originally the size of walnuts.

HIT HIM AGAIN.—The following is a pretty good take off on the "sensation stories" the first chapter of which is frequently inserted in journals as an anecdote:

THE FIRST KISS.—"Am I really darling?" J whispered, and pressed my tongue no; but she returned my kiss. She did not say went from under my feet; my soul was earthy in my body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim!" The above is all of this deeply exciting story that we can publish. The remainder will be found in the *New York Blower* of April 1st, which has four million more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world! Korn Kob writes for it—Tad Pole writes for it, and it is sold every where in the world and out of it.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.—John Herschel in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate into space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light which travels with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our town; while the astronomer, who should record the aspect of mutations of such a star, would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. What is our earth in space almost infinite? and still more, what is man, that he should be the special object of regard to the Infinite Author of this system of worlds?

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—Ah! this beautiful world! I know not what to make of it!—Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and Heaven itself lies not far off—and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all, without and within, is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only wrapt in sadness.—*Longfellow.*

MUSIC.—To keep spring in your heart learn to sing. There is a great deal of merit in melody—more than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smooths his wax ends with Bonny Doon or Sweet Home, will do as much work in a day as a cordwainer, given to cursing and ill nature, will do in a week. Songs are like sunshine—they run too cheerfully, and so fill your bosom with buoyancy for the time being, that you feel like a yard of June, or an acre lot filled with violets and bobolinks. Try it on and see.

"Boy" said a pious deacon, "don't you know it is very wicked to fish on the Sabbath day?"

"Oh! deacon there is no harm done; I don't catch anything."

"When a man's heart ossifies or turns to bone, he dies at once; but if it petrifies, or in other words, turns to stone, he invariably lives too long for any useful purpose."

"Why is a minister like a locomotive?"

Ans.—We have to look out for him when the bell rings.