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Poetry.

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT.

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

All hail! Unfurled the stripes and stars! The banner of the free!

THE LOVER DISGUISED;

OR, Love Works Wonders.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom.

In about a 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; he had been leaning on some newly painted window-blinds.

"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."

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 will never know you."

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

"Your old friend, Mr. Murray; and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your 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—did not know anything about it."

"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 that real estate you know."

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

"Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love. Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will come and learn your success. So good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?" "Would you believe it? she did not recognize me."

"No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such a style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia, as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it? the little witch did not know me. I think I should 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, rich enough, but an incorrigible slob."

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

A JAPANESE TOWN.

The new town of Simoda was being rebuilt when we were there, says a traveller. The ruins of a Japanese city are by no means imposing; wood, thatch, and a small modicum of bricks constituting the materials generally employed in a country where a man may naturally expect to rebuild his house more than once in a lifetime.

It is a pretty saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility.

A FALSE ALARM.

A Washington paper gives the following account of a domestic "what-d'ye-call it," which occurred in that city the other day.

"The lady herself, sir, makes the charge," promptly rejoined the husband.

"With your permission, sir, I would be pleased to face my accuser, and hear her make the charge in my presence," mildly remarked the imperturbable Mr. B.

"You shall be gratified, sir; walk with me," added the still exasperated husband, at the same time returning his six-shooter to his pocket.

On a recent occasion, Louis Napoleon, while reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars, noticed some disorder at a distant part of the field.

Restless and annoyed, instead of dispatching an officer, he suddenly started off at full gallop to the scene of difficulty.

The lady and gentleman were compelled to pass. A knight of old would probably have thrown down his mantle, over which the fair lady might have walked; but our hero having no such appendage, proposed a spring, by which his companion, with the assistance of his hand, cleared the mud at a single bound.

Without further annoyance, they reached the lady's residence in safety.

The excited husband now ushered Mr. B. into his parlor, and rang for his insulted wife, who promptly reported herself. Mr. B. looking the lady full in the face, asked:

"Madam, have I ever, in word, look or deed, wronged you in any particular?"

A breathless pause followed. The lady, after some hesitation, falteringly answered: "I thought you squeezed my hand slightly, in helping me over the mud-hole last night."

The revolver dropped, and after due apology to Mr. B., the mortified husband turned to his romantic spouse and administered a rebuke, to avoid the witnessing of which Mr. B. hastily left the house and returned to his office, ruminating on the character of female women, with the sage conclusion, that at the present age of the world, it was not entirely "safe to bear other men's wives."

SWALLOWING A BULLET.

A Highland shepherd, while mulling a small bullet between his teeth, unfortunately got it into the windpipe. He coughed incessantly for two hours, after which he had slight inconvenience, beyond a little occasional dry cough, till the middle of the following day, when he was attacked with shivering, headache, and deep pain in the right side of the chest.

On the evening of the third day he was seen by Dr. Macfar, who being satisfied of the lodgment of the bullet, directed the man to be strapped securely to a common chair, that he might be easily suspended from the rafters of the roof with his head downward, in order that the chest might be conveniently shaken by a rapid succession of sudden smart jerks, and that the weight of the bullet might favor its escape from its seat in the lungs.

He was kept suspended as long as he could endure such an uncomfortable position, and then placed in the horizontal position for a few minutes to rest. When sufficiently recruited he was hung up again. Upon being taken down the first time, he described the pain in his breast as moving nearer to the top of his chest, and during the third suspension he joyfully exclaimed—"Thank-a, thank!"

It has come, it has come!" in the Gaelic language, immediately after a smart shaking and a few convulsive, retching coughs, he spat the little bullet from his mouth.

FIGHT ON EQUAL TERMS.

In Georgia, Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Colonel D. was asked if he was ready. "No," he replied—"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second—"Why, sir," said Colonel D. "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gun to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg." The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight.

Some one was telling an Irishman that some body had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head.

"So you don't believe it?" "Yes, I saw your card on the piano."

MONEY VS HUSBANDS.

A correspondent of a Worcester paper relates this incident: Just as the train was about starting for Greenfield, Friday morning, on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, a sprightly little woman with a child, took a seat in the car near where I was sitting.

The speed of the car increased and the woman looked more anxious. The husband now appears and commences to run. He gains on the car at first, but they are too far ahead of him, and soon leave him behind, although he did run well for a season. It is now the wife's turn to try what she can do. In agony she implores the conductor that her husband is left, but he can't help that. "I am starting on a journey and can't get along without my husband."

"Then let him attend to his business next time," was the cold answer.

"But," said the woman, "I have no money with me."

The brakes were applied, and the cars brought to a stand still, and the panting husband enters the car to the delight of all the passengers, especially of his wife.

A BOLD LEAP.

On a recent occasion, Louis Napoleon, while reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars, noticed some disorder at a distant part of the field. Restless and annoyed, instead of dispatching an officer, he suddenly started off at full gallop to the scene of difficulty.

KNOW NOTHING CONSISTENCY.

Democratic ranks, the Know-Nothing of this city could find no language sufficiently foul to express their abhorrence of his want of principle. At the time Col. Forney was a candidate for the Clerkship of the House of Representatives, no effort was spared to blacken his character, and hold him up in the most odious light.

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at a village squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental.

"Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?"

"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

Mrs. B.—desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written, adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else.

ROLLING OFF A LOG.—An editor out West, being deserted by his printers, who were "on a strike," was compelled to turn into the office himself. In his next week's paper appeared a graphic account of the circumstance, composed by the editors "We far jangleRs" concluding with the words—"Talk of the sublime art of printing! bleSs our soul! it, as aSAs as roll-ing off a log."

A New Orleans District School Board has resolved that "the act of marriage on the part of a school-mistress shall be virtually considered a resignation of position as a teacher." This would seem to destroy a teacher's qualification for how, as madriens, can they increase and multiply?"

A Lady called on a witty friend who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it slattern. The next day they met and the lady said, "I called on you yesterday."

Some one was telling an Irishman that some body had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head.

With a shrewd nod, Pat answered, "I believe in the crane, but not in the saucers."

MYNHEER Drinken of makes a distinction thus: "Too much whiskey is too much, but too much lager is shoot right."

CONFESSION OF MARION CROP.

We have procured a pamphlet, says the Philadelphia Argus, purporting to be the confession of Marion Crop, who was recently hung in Baltimore, for the murder of Officer Rigdon. This pamphlet is written by a Reverend gentleman who was the spiritual adviser of the condemned man, and is avouched for by him as being correct under oath.

Question by me: Who killed Officer Rigdon? He wrote: I did it, it was me that fired the pistol.

Who fired the pistol? Me.

Is Corrie innocent or guilty? He is as guilty as I am.

Have you seen Corrie lately? Yes; and he is very cunning, and wants me to say he is innocent; but I won't do it, I won't tell a lie—he was with me.

Who planned the murder? It was settled by us. What is done can't be helped.

Do you think the Governor will pardon you? I don't expect it. He then added, some want me to die because I know their secrets.

Who are they? — is one; he says I ought to be hanged; but he is ungrateful; he has done nothing to save me.

What do you mean the present —, — Yes; he is a bad man. I and the boys live down much to place him in office, and in my troubles he turns from me. He is possessed of power to save me. If he would see Governor Hicks, I would be saved.

Do you really know him? Yes, I do, as I believe there is a God.

After I had read all the answers to my questions, particularly concerning the —, a man whom I long respected, I became alarmed, and read with him, and after prayers, took my leave; before I was able to do so, he, Crop, wrote, "Don't talk any while I live, or I will be very angry, and the clubs will get at it, and you will be killed, because you will find many of our clubs all about every where."

Q Who is the head of all this sad affair? A One —, who keeps a tavern on Holiday street, near Fayette. He is a constable, and a friend of —.

Q How do you know he is a bad man? A Sir, he ought to be hanged; he has killed and caused to be murdered, a half dozen men.

Q For what cause? A Because they wouldn't vote his ticket.— He has killed several—I can swear to it.

Q Will you name one? A I will not name more than one. His name was Archibald McAleese, a Democrat, a native.

Q Are you sure, or did you hear so? A I can prove it. I loaded the horse pistol for the purpose.

Q When, and with what did you load it? A — hated McAleese, and we agreed to kill him. I loaded the horse pistol with eight balls of this size, (he marked with his pencil), and at one o'clock at night I saw — fire at McAleese through a window. He, —, pretended that the poor man was forcing his way through. The shots took effect in Mac's forehead.

Q Did — tell you for what purpose you loaded the pistol? A Yes, it was settled upon by us. I was the only one present. He and the — are friends, and think by hanging me their secrets will die, but God will pay them.

Q How will I know —? A You must not ask one word about him, for if he gets it he will be suspicious, and will kill you. He then turned his chin, and pointed out a scar, telling me to notice it, as I would see a larger one near —'s mouth.

I have since found the scar to be correct, having had an opportunity of seeing Mr. —. Q Do you think — knows for what — killed McAleese. A I am sure of it; nothing happens among the boys but he gets it the next morning. If you speak ill of —, look out. Q Are you not afraid of the oaths of the Clubs? A Don't talk about their oaths; they have done nothing for me. I am sorry I ever knew any of them.

my petition to the Governor. Q Is Corrie a Rip Rap? A No, sir, he is a Plug Ugly, and so is Gambrell.

Q What do you profess to be? A I may be set down as a Rip Rap. Q How long have you followed those clubs? A For years. I am sorry for it. But I can be hanged and no more.

Q What is the number of men attending at the clubs? A About fifty or sixty at each. Q How do they get their living? A Not more than one third are regularly employed, they game, and live as they can.— Some have families who support them.

Q Have you been concerned in any other murder besides those of Rigdon and McAleese? A I have been; but must not tell you any more; no good can be done to me. My father tells me to tell no one anything, to confess to God.

Q How would — murder me should he know you have told me so much? A He is a great coward, and would not come before your face to kill you, but when your back is turned, men of the club would get together, and as you pass one would fire over another's shoulder. They would bind themselves by oaths of their clubs. They are awful men, and don't care about man or God. They care nothing about being hanged.

THE BLACK MAN IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston Courier, in lecturing Carl Shurz, the Wisconsin German Republican, who went to Boston to set the Yankee Republicans right on political questions, thus enumerates the privileges of the negro in the State of Massachusetts:

—Here the colored man votes; here colored children and white children go to the same school; here the races are allowed to inter-marry, and, as we have seen, they do not fail to avail themselves of their privilege. And there is nothing in the laws of the State to prevent a colored man's serving on a jury, if the subordinate functionaries on whom the duty of selecting jurors is devolved choose to put him there.

The white man, if he be born in a foreign land, if Republicanism can have its way, cannot vote for two years after he is declared to be a citizen; he cannot serve on the jury, but if his adopted country demands his help, he must shoulder his musket the day he is naturalized, and peril his life and shed his blood in her defence.—Cleveland Democrat.

The members of the Executive Committee are the same as those appointed by the Cincinnati Convention, a member for each State. It will be recommended to the Democracy of the States admitted into the Union since 1856, to appoint members of the Executive Committee.

It may be mentioned that the meeting of Messrs. Smalley and Vallandigham in Washington, which took place on Wednesday last, was accidental, and they agreed after a brief personal interview, on what they had purposed to effect by correspondence.

This is the first official movement on behalf of the Executive Committee since the adjournment of the Cincinnati Convention.

A preacher out West, while endeavoring to impress the gospel upon his hearers, pointed to a corner in which an Editor was quietly taking a nap, and remarked:—"There is one in the corner who sheds the Gospel just as a goose sheds rind."

A man from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off the feather bed, was in search of them; not that he cared anything about the wife, "but the feathers," said he, "them's worth forty-eight cents a pound."

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows.

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "but if you have no objections, I'd rather see the show a little longer!"

The Windham (Conn.) County Telegraph, says:—"A few days since fifty-four black snakes, varying from two to five feet in length—making about a bushel—were dug from a hole in the ground, a mile and a half from Brooklyn village."

Much snake, that. "Miss, may I see you home?" said a young man to a flirt.

"No, sir," was the short reply. "Oh, I don't mean now, but some rainy night when I can't go anywhere else."

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been endeavoring to spin a mountain top.

Most interesting companions.—Girls in their giggles, and boys in their boobyhood.

The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educate thy child well.

The heart—the pendulum that ticks the hours of life.

A Yes, many of them; some have signed