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## Poetry.

### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

BY ALICE GARY.

Honor him whose hands are sowing  
Seeds for harvest in their time—  
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing  
Up to the ultimate sublime.

All the progress of the ages  
May be traced back to their hands—  
All the illumined pages  
Of the books, into their plans.

Every worm beside you creeping,  
Every insect flying well,  
Every pebble in earth's keeping,  
Has a history to tell.

The small, homely flower that's lying  
In your pathway, may contain  
Some elixir, which the dying  
Generations sought in vain.

In the stone that waits the turning  
Of some curious hand, from sight,  
Fiery atoms may be burning,  
That would fill the world with light.

Let us then, in reverence bowing,  
Honor most of all mankind,  
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing  
Deepest in the field of mind.

### NOBODY'S DONE.

[Swift never wrote anything better in verse than the following lines from an unknown correspondent.]

I.  
I'm thinking just now of Nobody,  
And all that Nobody's done,  
For I've a passion for Nobody,  
That Nobody else would own;  
I hear the name of Nobody,  
For from Nobody I sprung;  
And I sing the praise of Nobody,  
As Nobody, mine has sung.

II.  
In life's young morning Nobody  
To me was tender and dear;  
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,  
And Nobody was ever near;  
I was petted and praised by Nobody,  
And Nobody brought me up,  
And when I was hungry, Nobody  
Gave me to dine or to sup.

III.  
I went to school to Nobody,  
And Nobody taught me to read;  
I played in the street with Nobody,  
And to Nobody ever gave heed;  
I recounted my tale to Nobody,  
And Nobody was willing to hear;  
And my heart it clung to Nobody,  
And Nobody shed a tear.

IV.  
And when I grew older, Nobody,  
Gave me a helping turn;  
And by the good aid of Nobody  
I began my living to earn;  
And hence I courted Nobody,  
And said Nobody's I'd be,  
And asked to marry Nobody,  
And Nobody married me.

V.  
Thus I struggle along with Nobody,  
And Nobody cheers my life,  
And I have a love for Nobody,  
Which Nobody has for a wife;  
So here's a health to Nobody,  
For Nobody's now "in town,"  
And I've a passion for Nobody,  
That Nobody else would own.

The phrase "down in the mouth," is said to have been originated by Jonah about the time the whale swallowed him.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another: "They won't weigh much if he did," said the antagonist, coolly.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied the wit, "but if you go over you'll be told."

ANECDOTE FOR A HOLIDAY.—A recent traveler, who made the tour of the United States, mentions a very singular custom, which, he says, prevails in Philadelphia. We give his own words: "Every time an engine in Philadelphia gets a new hub or a fresh coat of paint, five hundred men feel it incumbent on them to lose a day's work and get up a parade."

## EVERETT ON THE UNION.

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT BOSTON, JULY 5th, 1858.

We give place, at the present time, to this masterpiece of eloquence, not only because of its oratorical merit, but because of its pure and Union loving sentiments and especially because of its glorious tribute to the lamented Choate, the great master of American oratory. Read it, every one.—Ed.

As Mr Everett rose he was greeted with tremendous cheering, long continued, when he proceeded to speak as follows:

Sir—I am greatly indebted to you and the company for this most flattering reception.—My attendance of late has seldom been given on occasions of this kind, and could not with consistency have been given at this banquet, had not your obliging invitation contained the assurance that you proposed to celebrate the Fourth of July "in a national spirit, excluding everything of a political or partisan character." As long as I was in public life I was a member, as you know, Sir, of that old Whig party to which you have referred—the national Whig party—a political association, Sir, I am sure you will grant, of which no one need be ashamed. The prostration of my health compelled me, four years ago, to resign the honorable post which I then filled in the public service. Since that period new parties have been organized: the old have either retired for a while, at least, from the field, or have been forced in some degree on new issues; and if I felt the slightest inclination (which I do not), with the partial restoration of my health, to return to public life, I should be deterred from it by the fact, that between the extremes of opinion which distract and threaten to convulse the country, I find no middle path of practical usefulness which a friend of moderate counsels is permitted to pursue. Statesmanship, as it was understood in my younger days—that is, the study of the foreign relations of the country, its defenses, naval and military, its currency and finances, its internal improvements, its great industrial interests, and the relations of the Government to the Indian tribes, has almost become an obsolete idea, and our political life has assumed almost exclusively the form of sectional agitation. Into that dreary and profitless agitation I have no heart to enter.

Justified by the character of your celebration, I have yielded without scruple to the wish—rather I have found myself as little able as desirous to resist the all-powerful temptation of listening to the great living master of American oratory, (I am glad on one account that he has retired from the table, as I can speak with greater freedom what I think and feel), on an occasion and upon a theme not unworthy the energies of his intellect nor below the flight of his eloquence. And, Sir, I will say, if the pure and exalted principles of nationality which he has this day unfolded and illustrated, under your auspices, are a faithful exposition of democratic doctrine, then I must be permitted to share the satisfaction of the worthy gentlemen in Moliere's play, at finding greatly to his astonishment and delight, that he had been speaking prose all his life. The great founder of the Democratic party, Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address on the 4th of March, 1801, said "we have called by different names brethren of one principle; we are all federalists, we are all republicans."—If the orator of the day to whom we have all listened with such admiration, has truly expounded the principles of your Association and your party, I think we must say with still stronger emphasis, "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle; we are all Democrats."

For myself, sir, standing aloof from public life and from all the existing party organizations, I can truly say, that I have never listened to an exposition of political principle with higher satisfaction. I heard the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, the venerable banker poet of London, more than once relate that he was present on the 10th of December, 1790, when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered the last of his discourses before the Royal Academy of Art. Edmund Burke was also one of the audience; and at the close of the lecture, Mr. Rogers saw him go up to Sir Joshua, and heard him say, in the fullness of his delight, in the words of Milton,

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed  
To hear.

When our friend concluded his superb oration this morning, I was ready, like Mr. Cruger, of New York, (who stood with Burke for the representation of Bristol) "to say ditto to Mr. Burke." I was unwilling to believe that the noble strain, by turns persuasive, melting and sublime, had ended. The music of the words still dwelt upon my ears; the lofty train of thought elevated and braced my understanding;

the generous sentiments thrilled my bosom with delight, as the peal of a magnificent organ, touched by the master's hand, thrills the nerves with rapture and causes even the vaulted roof to vibrate in unison. The charmed silence seemed for a while to prolong the charming strain; and it was some moments before I was willing to admit that the stops were closed and the keys hushed.

You have done, sir, a real service to the community—to the whole country—in this day's work, in the measures taken by you to celebrate the day "in a national spirit, excluding everything of a political or partisan tendency." Would to heaven that we could all carry this spirit, not merely to the patriotic celebration of this day, but to the discharge of all our civil and public duties, and especially of the duties which pertain to the organization of the government, and the political life and action of the State. Would that the spirit of a pure nationality, such as has this day been described to us, embracing the whole country in the arms of a living and loving patriotism, might take the place of the intense local feelings which so extensively prevail and lead the citizens of the different sections of the country to regard each other with distrust, jealousy and hatred!

These are the feelings against which we are so emphatically warned in the farewell address of Washington. No topic is more warmly pressed in that immortal state paper. Its author, reluctantly admitting that parties may form a useful office at least under monarchical governments, as checks upon the administration, and in keeping up the spirit of liberty, yet declares that, under elective and representative governments, this spirit is not to be encouraged.—"From the natural tendency of such governments, there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effect ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting out in a flame, lest instead of warning it should be a snare to the people."—

With this opinion of party spirit in general, of all the forms which it can assume, of all the directions which it can take, that against which Washington most especially warns us is the sectional. "In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union," says he, "it occurs as matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection."

"The North in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and materials of manufacturing industry. The South in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels, the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated, and while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted."

For these and other considerations, urged with a warmth and energy proportioned to his deep conviction of their importance, the Father of his Country says to his fellow-citizens, that "it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of our National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it as the palladium of political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Sir, I linger, but you I am sure will not think too long, on the solemn and affectionate appeals, which seem after a lapse of two generations, to come sounding to us like an oracle of wisdom and love from the sacred shades of Mount Vernon. It has ceased to be a popular strain; but I willingly accept the unpopularity. I know that "Union-saving," as it is derisively called, is treated in some quarters with real or affected contempt. I am content to share

in the ridicule which attaches to an anxiety for the preservation of the Union, which prompted one-sixth part of Washington's Farewell Address. Would to Heaven that his sadly earnest counsels on this subject might spread peace and brotherly love throughout the land, as if the sainted hero himself could burst his ceremonies, and proclaim them in visible presence before his fellow citizens. They would be worth to us, merely in reference to national strength, more than armies or navies, or "walls along the steep." I speak literally, Sir, it were better for the safety of the country against a foreign foe that the union of the States should be preserved, than that we should wield the army of Napoleon and the navy of England, while hovering on the verge of separation. It would be less dangerous that the combined fleets of Europe should thunder in our seaports, than that one-half of the country should be arrayed against the other.

Sir, about fifteen minutes before I left my door to go to the Tremont Temple, I received from a friend in Virginia an extract from the public records of that State, which, if I mistake not, you will deem well worthy of your notice. It is in the following terms:

At a treaty held at Lancaster, Pa., July, 1774, between the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, the Commissioners of Virginia and Maryland, on the one part, and the Indians of the Six Nations on the other, Conestoga, the head Chief, spoke as follows to the colonial representatives:

"We have one thing further to say, and that is, we heartily recommend union and a good agreement between you and your brethren.—Never disagree, but preserve strict friendship for one another, and thereby both you as well as we will become the stronger.

"Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the five nations. This has made us formidable; this has given us great wealth and authority with our neighboring nations.—We are a powerful confederacy, and by your observing the same methods as our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire great strength."—

My friend adds:—"What makes this wise and excellent admonition more impressive is the fact that it was given on the Fourth of July."

As I showed this paper a few moments ago to your President and the orator of the day (who has just left the table) Mr. Choate remarked, "and the moral of that piece of advice, the circumstances which have caused the annihilation of the Six Nations within 84 years, are if possible, more significant than the counsel itself." Mr. Choate had not time to unfold the significance of this remark, but I think I understand it. The Six Nations were indeed a powerful confederacy. They occupied the central portion of the North American continent, on this side of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Their influence extended from Lake Ontario to the Chesapeake Bay, from the Mohawk to the James River, perhaps farther. At one time they transacted business with the colonial government at Albany; another at Lancaster; and at another at the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela. But their confederacy never extended beyond the Six Nations: they were successively at war with the Algonquins of the North and East; the Cherokees and Creeks of the South and West; and the powerful tribes of various names beyond the Ohio. The red man has ever been the red man's deadliest foe. Had all the native tribes of the North American continent been bound together in a grand confederacy, such as was projected by Pontiac in the last century, and by Tecumseh in our day, I do not say that they would have eventually stood their ground against the swelling numbers of the white race crowding upon them with the arts and weapons of civilization, but most assuredly they would have long wielded a power eminently formidable to the rising States, and would have greatly postponed their own disappearance from the face of the earth. What the United States would be, if, instead of this Imperial Union, which concentrates into one irresistible power the resources of thirty-two States, and covers with its agis the vast territory which extends from Texas to Maine and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they were broken up into as many minor confederacies and separate independent tribes as our red brethren, let the disappearance not merely of the Five Nations, but of so many other warlike confederacies and tribes, partly teach us.

I must not, however, forget, sir, that you bid me speak of the day we celebrate; but how can I do so in worthy terms, unless indeed I could borrow the breathing thoughts, the burning words to which we have already listened with delight. Surely a day without a parallel in the history of nations—for where in the annals of mankind, in ancient or modern times, can we

find a day like that, in which, after centuries of conscious and unconscious preparation—upon the illustrious theatre of a vast continent, hidden for thousands of years from the rest of man, and a group of feeble colonial dependencies by one authentic and solemn act, proclaimed themselves to the world an independent confederacy of sovereign States?

I repeat, sir, that on the Fourth of July, eighty-two years ago, a deed, which not France nor England, nor Rome nor Greece, can match in all their annals, was done at Philadelphia, in Independence Hall. Let Philadelphia guard that Hall as the apple of her eye. Let time respect and violence spare it. Let every stone and every brick and every plank and every bolt, from the foundation to the pinnacle, be sacred. Let the rains of heaven fall gently on the roof and the winds of winter beat gently at the door. Let it stand to the end of time, second only to Mount Vernon, as the sanctuary of American patriotism. Let generation on generation of those who taste the blessing of the great declaration pay their homage at the shrine, and deem it no irreverence, as they kneel in gratitude to the Providence which guided and inspired the men who assembled therein, to call its walls salvation and its gate a praise!

Yes, sir, the men by whom the deed was performed, and to go no further, than the Committee who drafted the Declaration, (for time would fail me to run down the long and honored roll of the entire body,) what names, what memories! Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston; Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania. Three of them natives of Massachusetts, two of them Presidents of the United States. Franklin, the most illustrious philosopher and skillful negotiator of the last century; Sherman, who raised himself from the humblest walks of manual labor to be the guide of Senates; Livingston, the head of the tribunals of his great State—joint negotiator of the treaty which added half the North American Continent, under the name of Louisiana, to the Union; the confidential friend and partner of Fulton in the creation of steam navigation.

The stupendous magnitude of the point itself, then inaugurated. Oh, that with a comprehensive grasp of the impending future, we could reverently ascend the Mount of Vision, and behold in the kindling promise of the dawn, the brightness of the coming glories. The meridian splendors of that coming day I attempt not to sketch; but let us endeavor at least to form some conception of the country, to which this morning's sun proclaimed a patriotic holiday; so vast, so widely, though so recently settled—East, West, North and South—the differences of local position—maritime and inland, alluvial plains, hills propped with eternal buttresses of iron and granite, central prairie with its inexhaustible depths of vegetable mould, lakes that rival oceans, rivers that stretch from the polar circle to the tropics, every growth that clothes the soil, every metal concealed in its bosom—the endless variety of occupation and pursuit clustering round so many centres of local power, recognized and organized by the curious adjustments of our political system—but throughout this vast extent and above the attractions and repulsions, the affinities and antagonisms of the day, this morning's sun proclaimed a holiday of peace and love. And as the local memories of this day revive throughout the Union, let the all-absorbing interest of the great Declaration mould them into patriotic unity; so that all cherished traditions of every part of the country may be woven and twisted into a bright cord of mutual good will, to which every honored name, and every sacred spot, and every memorable deed shall add its golden and silver thread; and Jamestown, and Plymouth, and Bunker Hill, and King's Mountain, and Warren and Washington, with all the other precious memories of ancient and modern times, and all of either sex who have meekly suffered or bravely dared, in whatever part of our Common Country, shall this day be gratefully enshrined in the American heart of hearts.

Sir, I have lately seen much of this noble country, and I have learned, as I have seen it more, to love it better; the enterprising, ingenious and indomitable North; the substantial and magnificent Central States, the great balance-wheel of the system; the youthful, rapidly expanding and almost boundless West; the ardent, genial and hospitable South—I have traversed them all. I leave to others, at home or abroad, to vilify them in whole or in part. I shall not follow the example. They have all their faults, for they are inhabited not by angels but by human beings; but it would be well, in the language of President Kirkland, for those who rebuke their brethren for the faults of men, not to display, themselves, the passions of demons." For myself, I have found an every part of the country generous traits of character, vast and well understood capacities of progress, and hopeful auguries of good; and taken in the aggregate, they are the abode of a population as intelligent, as prosperous, as moral and as religious as any to be found on the globe. There is one little corner of each I should like to annihilate: if I could wield a magician's wand, I would sink it to the centre. Its name is Buncombe; not the respectable county of that name in North Carolina, against which I have nothing to say, but a pestilent, little, political electioneering Buncombe in every State and every district, which is the prolific source of most of our troubles. If we could get rid, sir, of Buncombe, and if we could bring back the harmony which reigned on the day which we celebrate and the

days which preceded and followed it—when Massachusetts summoned Washington to lead the armies of New England; when Virginia and Carolina sent their supplies of corn and of rice to feed their famished brethren in Boston; when Jefferson and Adams joined hands to draft the great Declaration—if I could live to see that happy day, I would upon my honor, sir, go to my grave as cheerfully as the tired and contented laborer goes to his nightly rest. I shall, in the course of nature, go to it before long, at any rate, and I wish no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through an evil report and through good report, he loved his whole country."

## THE STOLEN SECRET.

The main distinction between iron and steel is that one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of carbon is trivial, and is imparted by heating bars for a long period together, surrounded by powdered broken charcoal in a box. Having regard then, to this operation, it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more completely "steelfied" (if I may be allowed to coin an expressive word), than the internal portions. Now steel of this sort, though perfectly good for many purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example: it is by no means good for the manufacturer of watch springs; nevertheless before the invention of cast steel to which the readers attention is to be directed, watch springs had to be made of it.

There lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, about the year 1760, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch springs were made in his day, and he set himself the task of thinking out the cause of inferiority. Mr. Huntsman correctly inferred that the imperfection of such watch springs as came in his way, was referable to the fact of the irregular "steelfication" of the metal of their manufacture. "I," thought he, "can melt a piece of steel and cast it into ingots, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." He tried, he succeeded. The fame of Huntsman's steel became widely known by the name of cast steel, under which, it is familiarly known. That was his secret.

About the year 1770, a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapt in secrecy by every means which the inventor could command.—None but workmen of credit and character were engaged, and they were forbidden to disclose the secrets of the manufactory by a stringent formal oath. At last Huntsman's secret was stolen in the following manner: One night in midwinter, as the tall chimney of Attercliffe steel works belched forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire, which might indicate good lodging; a man knocked at the door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter night; the snow fell fast, the wind howled across the moor; nothing then could have been more natural than the tired wayfayer should seek a warm corner where he might lay his head. He knocked, and the door was opened. A workman presented himself, whom the wayfayer addressing, humbly begged admission.

"No admission here, except on business." The reader may well fancy how this intimation fell upon the traveler's ear on such an inclement night. But the workman, scanning the traveler over, and discovering nothing suspicious about him, granted the request and let him in.

Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfayer sank upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone to sleep. To go to sleep however, was far from the intention; the traveler closed his eyes all but two little chinks. Through these little chinks he saw all that he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits, then place into crucibles, and enormous tongs pour their liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. This was the secret of cast steel.—London Leisure Hours.

A man in Philadelphia, the other morning, found a lively little eel in his milk picher. The milkman had not strained his water.

A man came into a printing office to borrow a newspaper: "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

ACTING ON THE DEFENSIVE.—"Be jabbers," says Pat, "the devil a show has a man who waits till he is kilt before he acts on the defensive."

When Charles V. read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily replied, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to "give the prison a puff."