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## NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT, TO ALL WANTING FARMS, A RARE OPPORTUNITY IN A DELIGHTFUL AND HEALTHY CLIMATE 25 MILES SOUTH- EAST OF PHILADELPHIA, ON THE CAM- DEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, NEW JERSEY.

An old estate consisting of several thousand of acres of productive soil has been divided into Farms of various sizes to suit the purchaser. A population of some Fifteen Hundred, from various parts of the middle States and New England have settled there the past year, improved their places, and raised excellent crops. The price of the land is at the low sum of from \$12 to \$20 per acre, the soil of the best quality for the production of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Potatoes, Grapes and Vegetables. IT IS CONSIDERED THE BEST FRUIT SOIL IN THE UNION. The place is perfectly secure from frosts—the destructive enemy of the farmer. Crops of grain, grass and fruit are now growing and can be seen. By examining the place itself, a correct judgment can be formed of the productiveness of the land. The terms are made easy to secure the rapid improvement of the land, which is only sold for actual improvement. The result has been, that within the past year, some three hundred houses have been erected, two mills, one steam, four stores, some forty vineyards and peach orchards, planted, and a large number of other improvements, making it a desirable and active place of business.

## THE MARKET, AS THE READER MAY PERCEIVE FROM ITS LOCATION, IS THE BEST IN THE UNION.

Products bringing double the price than in locations away from the city, and more than double the price in the West. It is known that the earliest and best fruits and vegetables in this latitude come from New Jersey, and are annually exported to the extent of millions.

In locating here, the settler has many advantages. He is within a few hours ride of the great cities of New England and Middle country where every improvement of comfort and civilization is at hand. He can buy every article he wants at the cheapest price, and sell his produce for the highest. (In the West this is reversed), he has schools for his children, divine service, and will enjoy an open winter, and delightful climate, where levers are utterly unknown. The result of the change upon those from the north, has generally been to restore them to an excellent state of health.

In the way of building and improving, lumber etc. is obtained at the mills at the rate of \$10 to \$15 per thousand. Bricks from the brick yard opened in the place, every article can be procured in the place; good carpenters are at hand, and there is no place in the Union where the buildings and improvements can be made cheaper.

The reader will at once be struck with the advantages here presented, and ask himself why the property has not been taken up before. The reason is, it was never thrown in the market; and unless these statements were correct, no one would be invited to examine the land before purchasing. This all are expected to do. They will sell land under cultivation, such is the extent of the settlement that they will no doubt, meet persons from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements they come with a view to settle, they should come prepared to stay a day or two and be ready to purchase, as locations cannot be held on refusal.

There are two daily trains to Philadelphia, and to all settlers who improve, THE RAILROAD COMPANY GIVES A FREE TICKET FOR SIX MONTHS AND A HALF-PENNY TICKET FOR THREE YEARS.

## THE TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

In connection with the agricultural settlement, a new and thriving town has naturally arisen, which presents inducements for any kind of business, particularly stores and manufactories. The shoe business could be carried on in this place and market to good advantage, also cotton business, and manufactories of agricultural implements or Foundries for casting small articles. The improvement has been so rapid as to insure a constant and permanent increase of business. Town lots of a good size, we do not sell small ones, as it would affect the improvement of the place can be had at from \$100 and upwards.

The Hammonton Farmer, a monthly literary and agricultural sheet, containing full information of Hammonton, can be obtained at 25 cents per annum.

Title indisputable—warranted deeds given, clear of all incumbrance when money is paid. Route to the land: leave Vine Street, Philadelphia for Hammonton by Railroad, 7 1/2 A. M., or 4 1/2 P. M. Boarding conveniences on hand. Parties had better stop with Mr. Byrnes, a principal until they have decided as to purchasing, as he will show them over the land in his carriage, free of expense. Letters and applications can be addressed to Landis & Byrnes, Hammonton, P. O., Atlantic Co., New Jersey, or S. B. Condit, 202 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished.

Aug. 19, 1859-6m.

## Allegheny Male and Female Seminary, RAINSBURG, Pa. FACULTY.

E. J. OSBORNE, A. B., Principal, Prof. of Languages and Philosophy.  
Wm. S. Smith, Prof. of Mathematics.  
Jas. B. Miller, Adjunct Prof. of Mathematics.  
Rev. B. F. Stevens, Lecturer on Moral Philosophy &c.  
Wm. A. Stephens, Prof. of English Grammar &c.  
Dr. J. Hughes, Lecturer on Anatomy &c.  
Mrs. E. V. Osborne, Preceptress, Teacher of Drawing, French, Botany &c.  
B. F. Drott, Prof. of Instrumental Music.

Price of Tuition for term of 11 weeks.

Common English Branches	\$3 25
Higher Branches, including common, each	80
Latin and Greek, each	2 00
German and French, each	3 00
Book-keeping and Commercial calculations	1 50

## ORNAMENTAL.

Drawing	2 30
Colored crayon, and water colors, each	5 00
Oil painting	5 00
Hair and wax flowers, each	3 00
Pellis work	3 00
Embroidery	10 00
Piano music, with use of instrument	10 00
Board \$1 75 per week including room rent, board and furniture &c. This is one of the best, and the best institutions in the country. The whole expenses—term need not be more than twenty-five dollars.	

Second Quarter of summer session commences August 4, 1859.

Teachers will be instructed free of charge in the Normal Department.

For particulars, address the Principal,  
E. J. OSBORNE, A. B.  
Rainsburg, Bedford co., April 22, 1859.

**THE HAMMONTON FARMER**—A new paper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth, full accounts of the new settlements of Hammonton, in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cents per annum.

Inclose postage stamps for the amount. Address to the Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, P. O. Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land of the best quality, in one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, and where crops are never cut down by frosts, the terrible scourge of the north, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY B. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:  
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.  
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.  
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No subscription taken for less than six months.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stopping of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.  
The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

## SELECT POETRY.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

### THE BETTER THOUGHT.

The Better Thought! how oft in days  
When youthful passion fired my breast,  
And drove me into devious ways,  
Didst thou my wandering step arrest,  
And whispering gently in my ear  
Thine angel message, fraught with love,  
Check for the time my mad career,  
And melt the heart naught else could move?

This was no stern and harsh rebuke;  
No "friend's advice," so true, so cold;  
No message wise, such as in book,  
Or by the teacher oft is told,  
Which like the pointless arrow falls,  
And rings perhaps with hollow sound,  
But ne'er the wanderer recalls,  
But ne'er inflicts the healing wound.

Thy voice was gentle, winning, mild;  
Thy words told thou wert from above,  
Like those with which the wayward child  
Is wooed by a fond mother's love;  
Or like a strain of music stealing  
Across the calm and moonlit seas,  
Which moves the heart of sternest feeling,  
And wakes its deepest harmonies.

Sweet was thy presence, welcome guest;  
And I, responsive to thy call,  
Arose, and felt within my breast,  
A power that made the letters fall  
From off my long enthralled soul,  
And wove, as with a magic spell,  
Griefs which yet owned the soft control  
Of hopes that all might yet be well.

But ah! thou wert an injured guest;  
How soon departed, soon forgot,  
Were all the hopes of coming rest,  
That clustered round the Better Thought—  
The tender griefs, the firm resolves,  
The yearnings after better days,  
Like transient sunlight which dissolves,  
And leaves no traces of its rays!

Yet I despair not—through the night  
That long has reigned with tyrant sway,  
E'en now I see the opening light:  
The harbinger of coming day:  
To heaven I now direct my prayer—  
O! God of love, forsake me not!  
Grant that my waywardness may ne'er  
Quench the returning Better Thought!

## SELECT TALES.

### A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green river, an old hunter by the name of Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age.

His elder children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of a severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was rapidly approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not a man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They presented themselves as travelers bound farther West, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however,

did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other, told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after a little while the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the older of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fear had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather the night had fairly set in, for there was moon two-thirds full shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these men?"  
"I am afraid they are bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"  
"Yes."  
"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scarecrows."

"We will watch 'em, but do not let them know it."  
The boys then held some further consultation, and going to the dog-house, they set the small dog back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak to their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed—we may want them. We are as good as men, with the rifles."  
Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pockets behind the great stove chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the stranger's rifles; and when their father and the strangers returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building, being the old man's sleeping room, and the other room in which the present company sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of the scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travelers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The boys thought not of sleep, or if they did it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and then they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat, by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown to the dogs, to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea flashed through Philip's mind of poison. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men on the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no more of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned upon the boys. Philip told him all that had transpired. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered, as he clasped them to his bosom, "God bless you for this!—Oh, I dreamed not that you had such hearts!"  
For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence, while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and

early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river, I beg they would take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro'. Ask your captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater and Brother, retired flour merchants." They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

A. B. C.

## Newspaper Collections.

WRITTEN FOR A SOUTHERN PAPER, BUT SUITED TO MOST MERIDIANS.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just returned from a tour throughout the State, and proceed to furnish you with an account of my labors and their success. I have been gone for three months, and assure you, in all sincerity, that I am fully satisfied. You furnished me with a list of one hundred and seventeen owing subscribers, as you will recollect. I have called upon one hundred and four of them, and have the honor of paying over to your order three dollars and twelve and a half cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list numbered 1 to 117, and now give the reply of each.

No. 1.—Is a minister. He says, in the first place, he never got one-half of the numbers, and in the next place your joker's column was too scurrilous. He can't think of aiding to sustain a paper that advertises horse races and gander pullings. Besides he knows from the tone of your editorials that you drink, and paying you would only be the means of your ending your days in the kennel. He wonders at your impudence in sending him his bill after publishing the account of the great prize fight.

No. 2.—Is in jail for debt. He has not seen a half dollar for one year. Says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness, if he only had the money, but he had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. If you send him any more papers, he hopes that you will see that the postage is paid.

No. 3.—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Wouldn't give a— for a cart load of them. Says you inserted an article reflecting upon the profession. Cuss'd your bill, and says you may collect it the best way you can.

No. 4.—Is an old maid. Says you are always making a fling at single ladies of an uncertain age. Wouldn't pay you if she was rolling in wealth, and you hadn't as much cash as would buy a crust of bread. Sent all the papers she had back a month ago, and says now that she sent them back she don't owe you anything. —Says she is even with you, and intends to keep so till the last day of her life.

No. 5.—Is a gambler—a sporting gentleman. Says he got completely cleaned out last week at the races. Couldn't accommodate his grandmother with a half dime if she was starving. Likes your paper tolerably—would like it better if you published more races, and would occasionally give an account of a chicken fight. Likes the description of the prize fight amazingly—It redeemed a multitude of your faults. He is after a rich young green horn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the pluckings.

No. 6.—Is an old drunkard. Hasn't got anything, and never expects to have. Gathered up all the papers that he had and sold them for a half-pint of rum to the doggerly to wrap groceries in. Wished you would send him a bill. Winked at me when I presented your bill and inquired if I wasn't a distant relation of the man that butted the bull off the bridge.

No. 7.—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a barefaced manner. Advised me to make tracks in a little less than no time, or he would get out a warrant against me as a common cheat, and have me sent to prison. Took his advice.

No. 8.—Is a politician. Meant to have told you a year ago to stop his paper, but forgot it. Tells you to do so now, and thinks you are getting off very cheaply in not losing any more by him. Believes you to be a rascal, and is too honorable to have anything to do with you, as it might compromise him and injure his prospects.

No. 9.—Paid up like a man! The only one likes your paper first-rate, and means to take it and pay for it as long as you publish it or he lives. Asked me to dinner, and treated me like a king. An oasis in the desert!

No. 10.—Is a merchant. Expects to oreak

shortly—must save all his small change. Offered me a pair of breeches and a cotton handkerchief for the debt.—Refused him with scorn. Threatened to break my head.

Nos. 11 to 117—Had no money—wouldn't pay—said didn't owe.

I have not succeeded a whit better with the patrons of the other publications for which I am agent. I have expended two hundred and ten dollars traveling, and my entire commissions amount to eighty-two dollars and twenty-five cents. The business don't exactly suit me.

Please accept my resignation from your list of agents. I admire your paper very much myself, but it would be a queer-looking sort of a concern that would come up to the requirements of everybody. One wants independence in an editor—another don't want anything. One wants all slang—another wouldn't touch a journal that contained an irrelevant line with a ten foot pole. One sentimental, lackadaisical miss, in pantalettes, wanted nothing but love poetry—another never read anything but the marriages.

All kinds of abuse I have to bear, too. I wouldn't mind it so much if they only cursed you and your paper, but they curse me, too! Swindler! rascal! blood-sucker!—these are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting for a while, and thrashed several patrons like blazes, but occasionally I got licked like thunder myself. Once I was put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breaking out.

Send me a receipt for the three dollars and twelve and a half cents, and believe me  
Yours in despair,  
ARON SWEATWELL.

## A Dilemma.

The following example of nicety of conscience is as good a jest as it is a model of truth:

Dr. Adam Clarke, the author of the celebrated "Commentaries on the Bible," on being admitted into full connection with his religious denomination, was asked, as usual, certain questions. Among other questions always asked at the time, was the following: "Are you in debt?" Though rather a whimsical inquiry, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and non-plussed Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning with another preacher, a poor man asked for a half penny. Mr. Clarke had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him.—The preacher happening to go out of town he could not see him during the day to pay him this small sum. When he stood up with the others, he knew not what to say when the question "Are you in debt?" should be proposed. He thought, "If am in debt, they will ask me how much? and when I say I owe one half penny, they will naturally suppose me to be a fool. If I say I am not in debt, this will be a lie: for I owe one half penny, and am astray under the obligation to pay as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that, I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say I am not in debt. He was now most completely within the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not; and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he resolved the difficulty in one moment by answering—"Not one penny."

## A Beautiful Sentiment.

The late eminent judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:—"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow.—We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is upon it—net a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts to the gospel.

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?"

"Sure, no one but the oldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek.

"Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?"

"Barney Octoolan, ma'am."

"Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?"

"Troth, ma'am," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

"Snow and hail fell to some extent, in portions of New York State, on Thursday of last week. The ground was frozen so as to form a hard crust upon it.