

Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 56.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2885.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1860.

VOL. 3, NO. 25.

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 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 \$15 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 FERTILE 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, whose owners are variously engaged in planting and raising crops. Some have planted 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 services, and will enjoy an open winter, and delightful climate, where there is utter security known. 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 can be obtained at the mills at the rate of \$10 to \$15 per thousand. By the way, 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 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 is 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 not doubt, meet persons from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements and can judge the character of the population. If 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-PRICE TICKET FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR.

THE TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

In connection with the agricultural settlement, a new and thriving town has naturally arisen, which presents inducements for every 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—warrantee deeds given, clear of all incumbrance when money is paid. Route to the land: leave the street wharf, Philadelphia for Hammonton by Railroad, 7 1/2 A. M., or 1 1/2 P. M. Fare 90 cents. When there inquire for Mr. Byrnes. Boarding conveniences on hand. Parties had better stop with Mr. Byrnes, a principal until they have decided as to purchasing, then they will have 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. Coughlin, 202 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished.
Aug. 19, 1859-Gin.

Allegany 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. H. 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 | 2 50 |
| Book-keeping and Commercial calculations | 1 50 |

ORNAMENTAL.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Drawing | 2 50 |
| Colored crayon, and water colors, each | 3 00 |
| Oil painting | 5 00 |
| Hair and wax flowers, each | 3 00 |
| Pellis work | 3 50 |
| Embroidery | 1 50 |
| Piano music, with use of instrument | 10 00 |

Board \$1 75 per week including room rent, fuel, furniture &c. This is one of the best, and cheapest institutions in the country. The whole expense per 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.,
Rainburg, Bedford Co., April 22, 1859.

TIMELY NOTICE.

Terms as Published!

MY BOOKS will be ready for settlement on, or before the 1st of January, next. All interested will please take notice and square their accounts by CASH or NOTE. I am in debt for many of the goods sold. The debts must be paid, and though thankful to those who have allowed me to make a percentage of them, they will please prepare in time to help foot the city accounts of
WM. HARTLEY.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY H. F. MEYERS,
At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrears, 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.

Written for the Morning Pennsylvanian.
ODE,
TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE.

Sic te Diva potens Cypris,
Sic fratris Helena, Aevida sidera,
Ventorum regas poter,
Obstrictis alis, praeter Iapygia,
Navis, qute tibi creditum
Dales Vegetilium, Kalkos Atticus
Reddas vulcanum, praer;
Et servas animo duntaxat meo.

HONORIS, BOOK 1, ODE 3.
Best be the ship that bore you safe to shore,
Long fated with the winds and waves to wrestle,
As that of old, which Virgil proudly bore,
(My motto's not, you must yourself confess, ill) You never have been so much misused before.

You want you now upon another vessel—
The ship of State is drifting fast to leeward,
And needs thy master hand, oh matchless Seward!

I cannot tell, indeed, but we shall go
To Davy Jones with such a Palmarus,
There's been of late a "dreadful" heavy blow,
From blustering Auster and destructive Eurus;
And able seamanship alone, I know,
Against ever threatening peril, can secure us;

And sure am I we should have soon been undone,
Had you not happily come back from London.

But I forget—you came direct from France,
You've been a guest at Compeigne of the Empe-
ror;
Methinks I see you, lightest in the dance,
Like youthful innocence, (o si sic semper) or
Ogling with looks of tenderness askance,
The fair Eugenie, in the sweetest temper, or
Apart with Louis, with a cool effrontery,
Plotting the speedy downfall of your country.

You've made a pilgrimage, another "Childe,"
To Greece, where stood the ancient Athenaeum;
And roamed through "antres vast and deserts"
Wild,
And heard in minsters dim the loud *Tu Desm*;
In galleries strolle, in the Coliseum;
And seen the ruins, an admiring nation
To see the ruins of your reputation!

Enough—you're wanted in this country now,
For since you have lingered by the fane of Isis,
They've gone and made, O such a precious row
In Congress over the "Impeding Crisis";
By Hinton Helper, not by Dr. Howe—
Of which but fifty cents the present price is;
They print it cheap to make it more accessible,
The text-book of your "Conflict Irrepressible."

They've hung John Brown, the martyr and the saint,
To whom New England sings extravaganzas—
The devil himself would Wendell Phillips paint
Sky blue, and Lowell write him tuneful stanzas;
But spite of Black Republican complaint,
You'll hear no more of "bleeding Kansas";
Virginia stopped that terrible phlebotomy,
Last month, you know, in hanging Ossawatimie.

"O'berlied picture in the book of Time!"
Perhaps you'll say: 'Twas a stern sentence,
very,
But old Brown's rifle slew (confound the rhyme.)
Some worthy citizens at "Harper's Ferry";
Think of the tool and victim of your crimes,
And o'er his righteous fate at home make merry,
Or quicly seek North Elba, where they've laid him,
And there confess how vilely you have betrayed him.

We've heard about your knowledge of his schemes,
And how you said they never should have told
you,
But kept the guilty secret—did you deem
The Black Republicans had only "sold" you?
Oh no, you know 'twas not a hideous dream,
No doubt, no conscience twinges, e'er controlled
you—
For this and other true and pleasing stories,
Vide the brilliant speech of Mr. Voorhees.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"
Well may thy sons in happy groups assemble,
To welcome to his long-lost home again,
The man whose voice makes listening Senates
tremble,
As fashionable people thrill with pain
At *Lady Macbeth* read by Fanny Kemble,
And who atones at once for all his knavery,
By eloquently pitching into Slavery.

There is a prison in that pleasant town,
That should have offered you its hospitalities,
On landscapes peaceful its grim walls look down,
Quite near the Central Railway and Canal it is;
There you might witness the life of Captain Brown,
The quietest of undisturbed localities—
And there I trust that you may yet be resident,
Until the "colored gemmen" make you President!

On a person asking another if he be-
lieved in the appearance of spirits, he replied:
"No, but I believe in their disappearance,
for I have missed a bottle of gin since last night."

"There's a brandy smash," as the wag
said, "when a drunken man fell through a pane
of glass."
"I know," said Tipsy, "water is a fine
thing, but its so dreadful thin."

Christianity and Patriotism.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FULLER OF BALTIMORE.

[The Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, having expressed his approbation of the speech of Mr. Everett, that gentleman, in reply, requested some information from Dr. F., as to the general effect on the condition of the slaves, of the agitation of the subject of slavery, as it has been carried on for some years past. The subjoined answer to this enquiry addressed to Mr. E., was sent by Dr. Fuller through a common friend, who will melt of their bonds. Let the spirit of the New Testament triumph, and all wrath and anger and bitterness will cease. The South and the North will harmoniously consult as to the best interests of the Africans now in our midst; and masters will seek to promote the best welfare of those who have been committed to their care.

I think I speak accurately when I say, that hitherto every sacrifice for the emancipation of slaves has been made by Southern men; and many hundred thousand of dollars have been expended in such liberations. The North has wasted large sums for abolition books and lectures; for addresses calculated to inflame the imagination of women and children, and to mislead multitudes of men—most excellent and pious—but utterly ignorant as to the condition of things at the South. We now find, indeed, that money has been contributed even for the purchase of deadly weapons to be employed against the South, and to enlist the most ferocious passions in secret crusades, compared with which an open invasion by foreign enemies would be a blessing. I believe, however, that not one cent has yet been given to set on foot—or even to encourage when proposed—any plausible enterprise for the benefit of the slave.

In the providence of God some of these people have been placed under my care. My responsibilities have pressed heavily upon me; nor have I failed to seek from God, and from the wisdom of the wisest men, a knowledge of my duty to them. I am no politician, seeking to make capital out of this dangerous subject. I am a Christian, seeking to obey God in all things. And willing to make great sacrifices, to reduce myself and family to comparative poverty, to improve their condition. I have twice made overtures to men of influence and wealth at the North—once publicly, in a correspondence with Dr. Wayland, and once more privately—and I have, in all sincerity, invited one, or two, or fifty, to manifest a willingness to part with even a pittance of their wealth, and then to show me what could be done to promote the happiness and welfare of these slaves. But not a single response have I ever heard whispered. While writing the first of these propositions there was under my roof in Carolina a violent abolitionist from New England, a man of great wealth. I read the letter to him before it was sent, and he expressed his astonishment at my venturing on such a step, but neither he nor any other man has intimated a willingness to part with money, that the negro might be rescued from what they profess to regard as a deplorable abyss of misery.

Yet the South is denounced for not at once immolating four thousand millions of property guaranteed to them by the constitution; for not at once abandoning to weeds and brambles millions of fertile acres; for not breaking up their entire social system, and either driving their servants from their comfortable homes, to become vagabonds in other States, which will again drive them out of their borders—or else harboring in their midst hordes of discontented, indolent vagrants utterly unfit for freedom, who would certainly be exterminated, unless in mercy they were again reduced to servitude. Because they will not do all this; will not inflict this suicidal wrong upon themselves, and try this fatal experiment upon the servants they love—because they will not thus ruin their families, and desolate their hearths and homes, and all this in violation of their best convictions of duty, they are to be the objects of incessant calumny, to be pillaged and murdered in cold blood by their own fellow-citizens, who are heroes and martyrs for doing this butchery.

I do not believe that the guardianship of a kind master is, at this time, a great blessing to the African. If emancipation is ever to take place, it will be gradually, and under the mild, but irresistible influence of the Gospel. Whether slavery be an evil or not, we at the South did not bring these Africans here—we protested against their introduction. The true friend of the African is at the South, and thousands of hearts there are seeking to know what can be done for this race. There must be some limits to human responsibility, and a man in New England has no more right to interfere with the institutions of Virginia, than he has to interfere with those of England or France. All such interference will be repelled by the master, but it will prove injurious to the slave. Dr. Channing was regarded as a leading abolitionist in

which once could have been adopted most beneficially would now only expose master and servant to the baneful influence of fanatical intermeddling.

which once could have been adopted most beneficially would now only expose master and servant to the baneful influence of fanatical intermeddling.

which once could have been adopted most beneficially would now only expose master and servant to the baneful influence of fanatical intermeddling.

which once could have been adopted most beneficially would now only expose master and servant to the baneful influence of fanatical intermeddling.

his day; but could that noble man now rise up, he would stand aghast at the madness which is rife everywhere on this subject. "One great principle, which we should lay down as immovably true, is, that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlled, benevolent spirit of Christianity, then the time for doing it has not come." Such was his language, when opposing slavery. Were he now living, the delirious spirit of the day would denounce him, as it denounces Mr. Webster, and now denounces you and every true patriot. Nay, even Mr. Beecher is abused as not truculent enough.

Jesus saw slavery all around him. Did he seek to employ force? He said, "All power in heaven and earth is given unto me, therefore, go teach, go preach the Gospel."

No language can express my love for this Union. Others speak of the blessings it confers; I regard the Union itself as the greatest blessing; and other advantages chiefly to be prized because they corroborate and perpetuate the Union. Hitherto I have smiled at all croaking about disunion; now I feel that the Union is in imminent danger. The toxin of rebellion is heard from many quarters. It is written in the book of Genesis, that when Rebecca, in danger of expiring, cried to God to know the cause of the strange pangs by which her frame was convulsed, the angel replied, "Thou carriest two hostile nations in thy bosom." Unless Heaven interpose, this land must be rent and torn by two nations burning with the fiercest hostility, and engaged in a fratricidal and most horrible warfare. I rejoice that there are yet spared to us some men of the old revolutionary stamp; men with hearts like yours to love the Union; with eloquence like yours, to sound the alarm ere it is too late, and to rally to the cause of the Union all who are worthy to be citizens of this great and glorious Republic. With great esteem, my dear Sir,
I am sincerely yours,
RD. FULLER.

Baltimore, Dec. 19, 1859.

Border Adventures.

Extraordinary strength and activity, with the most daring courage, and a thorough knowledge of life in the woods, won for Joshua Fleehart, a high reputation among the first settlers of Western Virginia and Ohio. When the Ohio company founded its settlement at Marietta, in April, 1778, Fleehart was employed as a scout and a hunter. In this service he had no superior north of the Ohio. At periods of the greatest danger, when the Indians were known to be much incensed against the whites, he would start from the settlement with no companion but his dog, and ranging within about twenty miles of an Indian town, would build his cabin and trap and hunt during nearly the whole season. On one occasion this reckless contempt of danger almost cost the hunter's life. Having become tired of the sameness of garrison life, and panting for that freedom among the woods and hills to which he had always been accustomed, late in the fall of 1795 he took his canoe, rifle, traps, and blanket, with no one to accompany him, leaving even his faithful dog in the garrison with his family—for he was going into a dangerous neighborhood, and he was fearful lest his bark might betray him. With daring and intrepidity he pushed his canoe up the Scioto river a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, into the Indian country, amidst their best hunting grounds for the bear and the beaver, where no white man dared to venture. These two were the main objects of his pursuit, as the hills of Brush creek were said to abound in bear, and the small streams that fell into the Scioto were well suited to the habits of the beaver. The spot chosen for his winter residence was within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Indian town of Chillicothe, but as they seldom go far to hunt in the winter, he had little to fear from interruption. For ten or twelve weeks he trapped and hunted in this solitary region unmolested. His success had equalled his most sanguine expectations, and the winter passed away so quietly, and pleasantly, that he was hardly aware of its progress.

About the middle of February, he began to make up the peltry he had captured into packages, and to load his canoe with the proceeds of his winter's hunt, which for safety had been secreted in the willows, a few miles below the little bark hut in which he had lived. The day before that which he had fixed for his departure, as he was returning to his camp just at evening, Fleehart's acute ear caught the report of a rifle in the direction of the Indian towns, but at so remote a distance that none but a backwoodsman could have distinguished the sound. This hastened his preparations for decamping. Nevertheless he slept quietly, but rose the following morning before the dawn; cooked and ate his last meal in the little hut to which he had become quite attached. The sun had just risen, and he was sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, examining the priming and lock of his gun; casually casting a look up the river bank, he saw an Indian slowly approaching with his eyes intently fixed on the ground, carefully inspecting the track of his moose-horn left in the soft earth as he returned to his hut the evening before. He instantly cocked his gun, stepped behind a tree, and waited till the Indian came within a sure range of his shot. He then fired and the Indian fell. Rushing from the cover on his prostrate foe, he was about to apply the scalping knife; but seeing the shining silver brooches and broad bands on his arms, he fell to cutting them loose, and tucking

them into the bosom of his hunting shirt.—While busily occupied in securing the spoils, the sharp crack of a rifle and the passage of a ball through the bullet pouch at his side, caused him to look up, when he saw three Indians with in a hundred yards of him. They being too numerous for him to encounter, he seized his rifle and took to flight. The other two as he ran fired at him without effect. The chase was continued for several miles by two of the Indians, who were the swiftest runners. He often stopped and "treed," hoping to get a shot and kill or disable one of them, and then overcame the other at his leisure. His pursuers also "treed," and by flanking to the right and left forced him to uncover or stand the chance of a shot.

He finally concluded to leave the level grounds, on which the contest had thus far been held, and take to the high hills which lie back of the bottoms. His strong muscular limbs here gave him the advantage, as he could ascend the steep hill sides more rapidly than his pursuers. The Indians seeing they could not overtake him, as a last effort stopped and fired; one of the balls cut away the handle of his hunting knife, jutting it so violently against his side that for a moment he thought he was wounded. He immediately returned the fire, and with a yell of vexation they gave up the chase. Fleehart made a circuit among the hills and just at dark came on to the river, near where the canoe lay hid. Springing on board, he paddled down stream. Being greatly fatigued with the effort of the day, he lay down in the canoe, and when he awoke in the morning the boat was just entering the Ohio river. Crossing over to the southern shore, he, in a few days, pushed his canoe up to Farmer's Castle, without further adventure, where he showed the rich packages of peltry, as the proceeds of his winter's hunt, and displayed the brilliant silver ornaments as trophies of his victory, to the envy and admiration of his less venturesome companions.

Good advice from a slave.

A slave named Green was hung in St. Joseph, Mo., on the 23 inst., for the murder of his master, P. M. Wright. He was a fellow prisoner with the notorious Doy, and the day before the execution he made a confession of his crime. He said his master treated him kindly, and never spoke a cross word to him, and the only reason he could give for shooting his master was, that he was told to do so by white people. He also said:—"I had not listened to the advice of bad white men I would not now be confined in this jail. I would like to say a word to my black friends, and it is this—I had a good home, but listening to the advice of bad men I am now in this jail; and I would advise all who have good masters and mistresses, and even those who may have had ones, never to listen to any advice men may give them, advising them to run off, or to do injury to the property of their masters or misters. I took the advice of bad persons, and I am to suffer death for listening to them.

The following amusing anecdote is told of John Jacob Astor, in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic: Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was \$1,000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, M. Audubon of course called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to for his share of the letter-press and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, Mr. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds." At length, the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into his presence he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with the father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began, "Ah, Mr. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, Mr. Audubon, money very scarce." But just then catching an enquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, Mr. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, "supposing he was asked an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have \$22,000 in the Bank of New York, \$70,000 in the City Bank, \$90,000 in the Merchants', \$98,400 in the Mechanics', \$83,000—." "That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."—Commercial Bulletin.

A witty auctioneer was trying to sell an old hand organ. To that end he was bringing out the music, and the crowd in sport began to throw out pennies, when a dandy standing by said: "Sir, you ought to have a monkey."

"My good fellow," said the auctioneer, "so I have; step right up here."

The dandy vanished.

A man who won't take a paper because he can't borrow one, has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

A couple of wild girls have been arrested for indulging in the amusement of breaking their neighbor's windows. They no doubt thought with Pope—"A woman's part is ease man of his pains."