

# Bedford Gazette.

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NEW SERIES.

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE,

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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.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Bedford Gazette.  
**RUN UP YOUR FLAG!**  
BY AN OLD LINE DEMOCRAT.

Run up your flag! unfurl to the breeze  
The standard of freedom, the hope of the crushed;  
Let it shadow our homes, let it float o'er the seas,  
Till the cries of despair from the trampled are hushed.  
Democracy speaks, and her beacons are glowing;  
Her strong men are gathering to arm for the fight;  
Down from our mountains, in torrents they're flowing,  
Prepared to do battle for freedom and right.

Already the squadrons engage in the strife!  
Their swords are all drawn, and their spears in the rest—  
They charge in the onset, for Union, for Liberty,  
And their war-cries resound from the East to the West.  
Now, see! in the van, the bright battle-axe shine!  
Conspicuous speaks, from her home in the North—  
And "Sweet Little Rhoda" wheels into line;  
And the great, and the brave, to the battle go forth.

A cloud, in the North, lets its ebon folds down;  
And lowers in wrath o'er our native old state;  
But the "Key-stone" ne'er shrinks when danger doth frown—  
She is true to her arch, as the handmaid of Fate.  
She's armed for the fight—her leader the best  
That e'er rolled Democracy's hosts on the foe—  
Far, far in their van rides "The Star of the West";  
And in triumph his beams in October shall glow.  
Then, rise in the valley! and rise on the hill!  
Let your trumpets be heard above the roar of the storm.  
Come forth from the furnace, the factory and mill;  
And hit in the purlieu, Freedom, thy foam!  
Run up your flag! and unfurl to the breeze,  
Democracy's standard, the stripes and the stars;  
Let it shadow your homes, let it float o'er the seas,  
And ever with honor return from the wars.  
BEDFORD, APRIL 25TH, 1860.

## Select Tale.

### A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Printers tell many queer, quaint, quizzical, and sometimes startling stories; and while they do a great deal in that way for the mere fun of the thing, it is not to be supposed that they are always joking—always jibbing it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh or creating wonder. In their numerous flirtations they mingle with many strange people, see many strange sights, and often encounter perils, which to many would appear incredible.

We will relate a little story which we heard from the lips of a poor young fellow now dead and gone.

In the year 18— we were assisting in the editorial department of a daily paper which was published in one of the small cities of New York. One night—or rather morning, for editors, reporters, and printers are compelled to keep all sorts of hours (after the forms were locked up, and everything was ready for a final adjournment to our respective boarding houses, a proposition was made to visit a restaurant near by, for the double purpose of having a smoke and refreshing the inner man with a little something good and pleasant to the palate—Accordingly we repaired to the eating saloon and while discussing the good things before us, we entertained each other by relating our adventures by sea and land.

"Did ever tell you of that adventure I had in New Orleans?" said Charley Rodman, a gay, dashing, good looking, and really gifted young man.

"Guess not," was the general response.

"Well, will you hear it now?"

"Certainly," fell from half-a-dozen lips.

"Well, then, I was working on a morning paper in New Orleans, during the winter of 18— and as I was going from the office to my boarding house, about twelve o'clock one night, I was suddenly startled by the abrupt and unexpected appearance of a female, who rushed before me and threw herself down in my path. I was just in the light of a street lamp at the time, and as she turned her face up to mine, I noticed that she was both young and beautiful.

"Save me, sir! save me!" she cried, clasping my legs frantically.

"Save you from what?" I demanded, as I raised her to her feet. "I do not see anything."

"Oh! sir, a brutal-looking man was pursuing

me, threatening my life and honor!" was the trembling, agitated reply. "My mother took sick, and I was forced to go out for medicine, and that's the way I came in the streets at so late an hour. It couldn't be helped, sir, though I never was out so late before without company."

"Where do you live?" I enquired, fairly fascinated by the girl's beautiful face, and soft voice.  
"Not far from here sir—only round the next street," said the girl; but I am so afraid I shall meet that man again. Oh, sir, if you will only see me safely home, I shall be deeply indebted to you."

"Certainly, I will," was the response; "but still there don't appear to be anybody in pursuit of you now."

At that moment I heard the clatter of feet down the street, and turning my face in that direction, I saw a man approaching the spot where we were standing, at a rapid run.

The girl looked in the same direction at the same time I did.  
"There he comes now," she exclaimed, in a deep, fearful whisper, at the same time tightly clutching me by the arm.

Suddenly turning away from me, the girl darted up the street.

"Stop, young lady!" I cried. "I will protect you—you need not fear."

That was rather a loud promise, under the circumstances, but I did not stop to consider what I said.

The girl did not heed me but dashed on, and involuntarily I followed in her steps. After running a couple of blocks, she stopped and looked back at me. In a few moments I reached her side, and by that time the man was not far behind me.

"You had better come into the house, sir," she said nervously; "for I am sure that man is very evil designing, and may do you some harm."

As she spoke she mounted the steps of a very ancient looking dwelling, and violently rang the bell. I followed her not exactly from prudence motives, but because I wanted to see more of her, and because I was fond of adventure of any kind.

Almost instantly the door was opened, when I followed the young girl inside. An old, hideous looking negro woman stood in the hall just beyond the door, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Why what's de matter, Caroline?" demanded the hag.  
"Shut the door quick! I've been waylaid by a ruffian!" responded she excitedly. "This way sir!" she added, addressing me, at the same time opening the parlor door, and pointing into the room.

I bowed and passed in; and at the same time I heard the front door closed and locked.  
"Excuse me for a moment, sir, while I speak to my mother," pursued the young girl. The next moment, and before I had time to reply, the door closed, and I was left alone.

I walked to a sofa—a light was burning in the room—and sat down. Then I took a survey of the apartment. The furniture had been good in its day, but was then much worn and battered.

A few minutes afterwards the satanic-looking negro opened the parlor door, and poked her hideous face into the room.  
"Miss Caroline 'quests the gentleman to walk upstairs."

I began to think the proceeding rather strange but still my reckless spirit induced me to follow the negro.

Up two flight of stairs, and to the door of a back apartment she led me. She knocked and the door opened.

"Walk in, sir, if you please," she said very deferentially.  
I stepped into an apartment that had no windows in it, and was confronted by a huge, burly negro man. At the same moment I heard the door closed and locked, and for the first time began to think seriously of danger.

"Fork ober, sar!" exclaimed the negro, abruptly and threateningly.  
I carried quite a valuable watch, and had a considerable amount of money about me, for that night I had been paid off at the office, and a really clever sum was standing to my account. I knew I had been drawn into a den of thieves, but I internally resolved not to lose my property without making an effort to save it, let the consequences be what they might.

"Do you mean to rob me?" I demanded resolutely.  
"Spect I do!" was the unmistakable reply.

"I warn you," said I, my blood boiling, "that I shall not submit to any such outrage."  
"Don't 'spect you will sar," responded the negro as he displayed a murderous looking knife; "but we never do anything by halves. We never lets any one that comes here go away again—cause they might tell tales."

"Would you murder me, you black thief!" I cried passionately.

"I joined the cut-throats, and don't mind it a bit." I was now fully alive to the fact that I was in a very dangerous situation, and to tell the truth I felt dreadful nervous about it. What I do I knew not. That the girl I had encountered was probably a quadroon, and certainly a deceiver, and that I had been led to the house to be plundered and perhaps murdered, I had every reason to believe.

"Come, sar, fork ober, an' den jump down dar!"  
The rascal must have touched a spring somewhere, for as he spoke, a trap door flew open in the centre of the floor.

I looked at the trap and then at the negro, in doubt as to whether I had heard aright.  
"If yer jump down, sar, yer'll save me de trouble o' frowin' yer down!" he added fiendishly.

"You bloody rascal!" I cried madly, "do you think I'll deprive myself of the just to gratify you?"  
"You won't do nuffin, hee!" cried the negro, springing at me like a wild beast; "den take dat!"

The villain made a slashing cut at me, but with a single bound I sprang clear to the other side of the trap and escaped the deadly blow.

Boiling over with diabolical rage, the cursed cut-throat again sprang at me, bounding across the pit with a spring of madness. As his feet touched the edge upon which I was standing, I involuntarily put out my hands toward him, and shoved him back. I hardly intended to throw him down the pit, but down he went, in a moment disappearing out of sight.

I did not stop to learn the villain's fate, for I judged that I should have more such work on my hands before I got out of the house, if indeed I ever succeeded in making my escape from that den of infamy.

Instantly after the fall of the negro, I ran around the pit, and sprang towards the door. Just as I reached the door however, and was taking hold of the knob, some one turned it on the other side. I sprang up against the wall, and in a way that would keep me out of sight of any one who might enter. The next moment the door opened, and a head was thrust into the room. Without waiting to see who it was, and taking it for granted that all in the house were arrayed against me, I doubled my fist, and with all my strength instantly dealt a blow at the head that brought the person at full length to the floor. The same moment showed me that it was the negro.

The hog was entirely insensible, and I forthwith dragged her into the room, and shut the door. At length my attentive ear caught the sound of light footsteps outside, and a moment afterwards the door was again opened. This time it was my beautiful deceiver who appeared. The first thing her eyes seemed to encounter was the prostrate form of the negro, and with an exclamation of astonishment she darted into the room.

Quick as lightning I placed my back against the door. The movement at once attracted the girl's attention to me.

"Now, my lady!" I bared out—for I was intensely excited—"you and I must have an understanding. You led me into this infernal den by your tricks, and you have got to show me the way out of it, or, by all my hopes, your black pit shall be your grave. Anyway I may lose my life; and I am as desperate as a man can be. You see that old hog cannot help you just now; I added, pointing to the still insensible negro; "and the villain who was here, and would have taken my life, lies at the bottom of the pit."

The girl looked bewildered and exclaimed: "I could not help it, sir. Indeed I am forced to do so."

"That matters not to me," I added, incredulously, "can you conduct me out of this house?"  
"Yes, sir, I can," was the reply.

"Will you do it?" I demanded indignantly.  
"I will sir," she responded earnestly.

"Then lead on," I added, pointing to the door. "But mark you, if I see a sign of treachery, or notice the least effort to create an alarm I'll tear you, limb from limb!"  
I was strong and wild, and meant what I said, and the girl saw it.

"There is no one else in the house, sir, I assure you," she responded.

"Lead the way," I said, hardly uttering the words.

She led me into the room, when I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and followed close behind her. No lights were visible anywhere, except in the room we had just left; but keeping the girl right before me, and within reach of my hands, I stepped along. In a few moments we reached the front door. The girl stopped a moment, and, I judge, got a key from some hiding place. The next instant,

she opened the door, and I sprang outside, shouting for my preservation.

Without a word, even without a look, I started away, hardly conscious of the direction I pursued. I found my way to my boarding house, however, and at the earliest hour practicable, laid the whole matter before the authorities. Finally I led a party of police to the house. Not being able to obtain admittance, in the usual manner, the doors were forced. Everything in the house remained undisturbed, but not a soul was to be found, high or low. The trap, however, was soon discovered, and it was found, upon examination, that there was a succession of traps which conducted to a deep muddy pit in the cellar. The house had evidently been the haunt of robbers for a long time.

At the bottom of the pit we found the mangled and mutilated remains of the negro, and a heap of fleshless bones. I shudder to think what might have been my fate, and congratulated myself on my fortunate escape. I had evidently been more favored than many others.—That is all gentlemen.

"A very good story, very well told," said I, "and well concluded."

"Man, whether you believe it or not!"

## Miscellaneous.

### READ! READ! READ!

The Republicans for Disunion and Insurrection.

"There is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority, over the domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it!"—William L. Seward.

"The time is fast approaching when the cry will become too overpowering to resist. Rather than tolerate national Slavery as it now exists, let the Union be dissolved at once, and then the sin of slavery will rest where it belongs."—A. Y. Triunant.

"I look forward to the day when there shall be a servile insurrection in the South; when the black man, armed with British bayonets, and led by British officers shall assert his freedom, and wage a war of extermination against his master. And though we may not mock at their clamor, nor laugh when their war cry comes, 'EUP! WE WILL HAILE IT AS THE DAWN OF A POLITICAL MILLENNIUM.'"—Joseph R. Giddings.

"I have no doubt but the free and slave states ought to be separated. The Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."—Horace Greely.

"The times demand and we must have an anti-slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery God!"—Jason P. Huntington.

"There is a merit in the Republican party. It is this: IT IS THE FIRST SECTIONAL PARTY EVER ORGANIZED IN THIS COUNTRY. IT IS NOT NATIONAL, IT IS SECTIONAL. IT IS THE NORTH ARRAYED AGAINST THE SOUTH."

"THE FIRST CRACK IN THE ICEBERG IS VISIBLE: YOU WILL YET HEAR IT GO WITH A CRACK THROUGH THE CENTRE."—Wendell Phillips.

"This Union is evil. The American Union is an imposture, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. We are for its overthrow! UP WITH THE FLAG OF DISUNION, that we may have a free and glorious Union of our own."—Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

"In the alternative being presented of the continuation of slavery or a dissolution of the Union, WE ARE FOR A DISSOLUTION, and we care not how quick it comes."—Rufus P. Spaulding.

"The fugitive slave act is filled with horrors—WE ARE FOR THE DISOBEY THIS ACT."—Geo. Sumner.

"No Law BUT 'BAYONETS' for the South.—I am elected Governor of Ohio—and I expect to be—I will not let any fugitive be returned to Kentucky, or any other slave State, and if I cannot prevent it in any other way, as commander-in-chief of the military of the State I will employ the bayonet—so help me God!"—Gov. Donelson, Republican Governor of Ohio.

"If we [meaning the Republicans] fail there [at the ballot box] what then? We will drive [slavery] back, sword in hand; and so help me God! believing that to be right, I am with them!"—Gen. Webb, of the N. Y. Cour. and Eng.

"The cure for slavery prescribed by Redpath is the only infallible remedy, and MEN MUST MOMENT INSURRECTION AMONG THE SLAVES, in order to cure the evils. It can never be done by concessions and compromises. It is a great evil, and must be extinguished by still greater ones. It is positive and impetuous in its approach, and must be overcome with equally positive forces.—You must commit an assault to arrest a burglar, and slavery is not arrested without a violation of law and the cry of fire!"—Independent Democrat, leading Republican paper in New Hampshire.

"THE GENIUS OF NAPOLEON IN A SERGEANT—Hear a Campaign Song, Samuel.—We have been many of a most remarkable instance of ingenuity and presence of mind in a sergeant of the army, which occurred a few days ago, by which he saved his own life and that of his party. A sergeant, with about twenty-five soldiers, had been sent out some miles from Fort Donelson, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were to be sent to graze, when, unexpectedly they found that the party was surrounded by about four hundred hostile Navajo Indians.

The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long-shooting rifles of his party, at first drove off the Indians, and then, rallied, and were preparing to storm the fort, when a deserter, by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a single dog which had accompanied the party, fastening to his collar a note written with a pencil informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which were confined with a piece of cloth over the top, fastened it with a string to the dog's tail, and started the dog, knowing that he would, in his fright, run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Donelson; the note was discovered and read. Straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party. This sergeant justly merits a commission, which we hope will be awarded him by the President.—Kentucky Flag.

## THE SANBORN REBELLION.

The Concord fanatics have threatened to tar and feather democratic residents. On one occasion they have already surrounded the houses of two of them, frightening the female inmates with their howlings, groans, tin horns, pans, &c. On Saturday night last, the barn of the postmaster, Mr. Davis, was burned to the ground. Such fellows as commit these John Brown outrages may reasonably be expected to go armed into our State courts. If any further proof is needed, the following from the same Traveller, Action Company, "brags" is to the point. The two British officers on the Davis, killed and that paper recommends that Col. Webb of the United States Senate Sergeant-at-Arms, be received in the same manner.

"It is asserted that the best arrangements have been made at Concord to give Mr. McNair and his flunkies a proper reception, modified on those which were made for the reception of Messrs. Smith, Putnam, & Co., in 1779. As the anniversary of the first little affair at Concord will occur five days hence, why don't Mr. Devotee the 19th to the work he has in hand! It would be just in time for our next 'Review,' if he should go to Concord next Thursday, and opening his mouth and shutting his eyes, see what fortune shall send him. We would do the right thing by him, if he should get hard—we would, positively. And some future Frothingham would immortalize him in historic amber."

Again, the same "Review" announces that the fanatics are arming their women thus:

"The reviewer presented to Miss Sanborn bears this inscription: 'Sic dare ad arma.' We hope she'll make the next lot of muskets who go a kidnapping at Concord in the night see all the stars in the skies from a ground view. The revolver will then be a guide to those heavenly bodies for creatures who come from Heaven's antipodes."

MANNERS IN THE FIRE'S PEAK COUNTRY.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Denver city on the 4th inst., details the following affair between a couple of bow-knife advocates:

Denver was again thrown into excitement last week by the announcement that a man had been killed.

On proceeding to the ground I found the victim to be Jack O'Neil a person long since noted for his crimes, which were still unpunished. It appears that a quarrel had arisen several days previous, which had been renewed on the day before, by very insulting and slanderous language used by O'Neil to Rooker, who committed the deed. In consequence of this challenge passed between them, O'Neil chose the place, knives as weapons, and a duel was fought. These Rooker, who was a man of great courage, would shoot on sight.

With this arrangement of the matter Rooker stationed himself in the door of the Western Saloon, armed with a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. O'Neil had occasion to pass by, and as he did so, when Rooker saw him he cried out with an oath, "I've got you now," and immediately shot him.

O'Neil, who had turned to go away, fell with his revolver cocked in his hand, simply uttering the words, "Rooker has killed me," and expired in 10 minutes.

Rooker fled, but soon after returned, and has since received a sham trial, at which he was acquitted.

It will be remembered that O'Neil fled from Kansas City in the night to escape being lynched by the people for committing a rape in connection with another person. He is reported to have killed several persons in Salt Lake of which deeds he has frequently boasted. He has been quite noted here as a pugilist.

His death was looked upon more in the light of the abatement of a nuisance than of anything else, and consequently but little attention was paid to the matter, and it was passed by without a thorough investigation.

Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I does and what's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready." "Go to—young man, you are too incurable, go to—" "Go to! If I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, such advice to a man just starting in life."

A Sabbath School teacher catechising his class, put the following to a little four year old:

"Sonny, who made you?"  
"After studying for a few moments, the youngster replied:  
"God made part of me, and I growed the rest."

Two Views of the Case.—Judge C., United States Senator, from Vermont, related to us a good anecdote, the other day, illustrative of Abolitionism. The morning he was leaving home to enter upon his duties in the whole South as a great pandemonium, came upon him and said:

"Now, Judge, I want you to do all in your power to abolish slavery."

"Well," said the Judge, "how shall I proceed?"

"Oh, I don't know; but you must abolish it. It is a damnable curse, and must be abolished. You know more about law than I do. The church is my stronghold; but you understand National matters, Judge, and can devise some plan, and I know it."

"The only way I see to abolish it," said the Judge, "is to buy all the slaves and set them free." "Yes, go in strong for that, Judge."

"Just as you say, in a moment, and I will agree to it expense. Here is Wood and my share of the dried inhabitants, and this is with three hundred or about six hundred the would be called I will urge it before the Senate—dollars—and the good deacon opened his eyes followed his tongue to escape, then corner of his face, scratched his head, and went impatiently on the floor with his head to the Judge was leaving the room the dead power of speech came to him, and he called on:

"Oh, say, Judge, I guess you'd better let slavery alone; the poor black devils are better off South than up here in this cold climate."

There are several just such deacons in this country.

COFFEE AS A MENTAL STIMULANT.—Schiller, during his hours of composition, kept at his side a bottle of champagne or Rhenish wine, or a cup of strong coffee. Horace Walpole wrote usually from 10 to 2 o'clock at night, always having strong coffee by him. Sir William Jones drank a great deal of coffee to support him in his nocturnal studies. Baron de Grimm states that Voltaire, a few days prior to his death, with his characteristic activity and enthusiasm, attended the rehearsal of the Academy, and insisted on the production of a new and important edition of their dictionary. To this project many objections were started, which he resolved to obviate in an elaborate discourse. To strengthen himself for the task; he swallowed a prodigious quantity of strong coffee, and then continued to work for upward of twelve hours without intermission. This independent effort brought on an inflammation of the bladder. For the purpose of relieving the pain he swallowed, with his usual impudence, a large quantity of laudanum. The consequence was that he fell into a lethargy from which he never entirely recovered.

A SHORT CENSURE.—Old Squire Jack—as he was familiarly called, was for many years a justice of the peace in —, and in addition to issuing warrants and executions, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony.

One bitter cold winter night, about 12 o'clock he was aroused from his sleep by a knock at the door. In no very amiable mood he jumped from his warm bed, and throwing up the window, called out:

"Who's there?"  
"Halloo, Squire," was the reply, "we want to get married."

"You're one I and now be off— you!" roared the Squire, "climbing down the window—dash! he hopped into bed again."

"They are living man and wife to this day," the Squire always added, when he told the story.

THE MOST GUARDED OF ANSWERS.—In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up and with much emphasis said:

"Your honor, he's gone."  
"Gone?" "gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?"  
"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative old gentleman; "but he is dead."

This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

Three or four times, a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the Rev. gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl burst into tears, and said she could not help it.

"And why, pray?"  
"Because, sir, he won't come when he's sober."

As we were walking along the street the other day, we noticed a crowd ofurchins around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy. "I say, Bill," said one of them, "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my mouth."

"You'll not get it," said the boy, "but I'll make it last night at the theatre."

First youth very deliberately eats the candy, (second youth watching the little fellow's ears), and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said, "If I haint forgot the rest, you may have my shirt for a dish-rag!"

It is stated that 20,000 Swedes and Norwegians are preparing to embark in the coming summer for the United States.