

# Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2902.

VOLUME 56.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1860.

VOL. 3, NO. 42.

NEW SERIES.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BY E. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:  
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.  
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.  
\$3.00 " " if not paid within the year.  
No subscription taken for less than six months.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. At has been decided by the United States Courts that the stoppage 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.

### SPRING.

BY J. W. THIRLWALL.

No more of frost, no more of snow,  
The streams have cast their chains and flow;  
The soft winds genial, breathe like a song  
The tender leaves and flowers among.  
The happy birds, no longer mute,  
Make music sweet as lovers' lute;  
And love itself pours sweeter strains  
Among blooming meads and lawns swains  
A theme more joyous none can sing,  
Than hail to thy sweet promise, Spring.

To those who've journey'd many years,  
Their joy may shine amid their tears;  
The bygone springs have left their trace—  
Left blanks that nothing can efface.  
The bright eyes quench'd, the warm hearts cold,  
The shepherd left without his fold;  
Departed, loving mate and young,  
No wonder, if his lute's unstrung.  
Yet, while that life is on the wing,  
With joy he still doth hail the Spring.

It seems awakening youth to all,  
Whatever storms their fate befall;  
For nature bursts her seeming tomb,  
All life and sunshine, joy and bloom.  
The skies like earthly brightness shine,  
Earth's tendrils blossoming entwine;  
Birds chirp and trill on every tree—  
What joyous, untaught minstrelsy!  
What time has brought, what time may bring,  
With joy we still must hail the Spring.

Suppose like thee, we winter cast,  
Leave freezing glances with the past,  
The biting word, the act unkind,  
The passions wild as winter wind;  
Forgiving injury with grace,  
Good-nature leveling every trace;  
And, casting off pride's iron mask,  
Forgiveness, too of others ask.  
If thou such genial feeling bring,  
Oh! how we ought to bless thee, Spring.

## Select Tale.

[From the Home Journal.]

### THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

"Will you love me even beyond the tomb?"  
The question came from the vermilion lips  
of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris, during  
the reign of Louis XV. She was a brilliant  
brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore  
the Spanish veil and mantilla, which she had  
assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of  
a daughter of Andalusia. Her interlocutor, a  
young viscount of twenty, arrayed as a page of  
Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet  
and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown  
all the evening with protestations of love and  
eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and  
unhesitating.

"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of  
you in the sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will  
welcome you if your foot but touch the grass  
over my head."

"And if I should die?" inquired the young  
girl in a sad tone.

"If you should die I will be as faithful to you  
dead as living; and if you should be permitted  
to visit me, I will kiss your cold hand with as  
much love as at this moment," and he pressed  
to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful  
Spaniard.

"Ah, well, I permit you to love me. We will  
see if you will be consistent. Farewell, we  
shall meet again."

"But where?—when?" demanded the viscount  
anxiously.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—  
but you will see me," and with a gesture  
which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared  
in the crowd.

Two years passed during which Viscount  
Ralph sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles, in  
every place of public resort, for his beautiful  
unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and  
like many of his countrymen, had entered the  
service of the king of France. But a court life  
did not comport very well with his slender  
figure, and he became, ere long, deeply involved  
in debt.

"You must find some rich heiress," said his  
sympathizing friends—it was the usual resource  
of embarrassed gentlemen of that day. But  
the viscount had not forgotten the bewitching  
Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search.  
He was spared the trouble, however. His  
uncle, who was archbishop in partibus of an  
Assyrian city destroyed by the Romans, informed  
him, one day, that it was time for him to marry,

and that he had found a wife for him.

"Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not  
ask if she is pretty—it is all the same to me."  
"Very rich, and very pretty."

The Viscount thought of his unknown and  
sighed; then thought of his creditors and  
consented. The uncle arranged everything, and  
when all was settled, he gave the nephew his  
benediction and two hundred pistoles and sent  
him off to Bargundy to pay his respects to the  
M<sup>lle</sup> de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in  
a fortnight.

A gloomy journey of several days' duration  
brought him at length to the ancient feudal  
manor house of Roche Noire, situated in the  
heart of a forest, on a lofty rock from which it  
derived its name. He was expected. The  
grand door of the mansion was open, and an  
aged servant met him at the threshold and  
conducted him into a large hall, at the extremity  
of which sat an old man and a young girl. The  
former, whom he divined at once to be the  
Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his entrance, and  
saluting him in the somewhat formal fashion of  
the day, presented him to his daughter, Her-  
mine. The latter had the delicate beauty of the  
flower which has unfolded under a northern  
sun. She was pale, with fair hair, and eyes of  
the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure  
was slight but graceful, her hands exquisitely  
shaped and transparent as alabaster. So much  
the viscount saw as he bent low before his  
betrothed, and in spite of his professed indiffer-  
ence, he inwardly congratulated himself on his  
good fortune.

The viscount and baron exchanged the usual  
reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph  
was accustomed to society, and understood well  
the art of making himself agreeable; the baron  
spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten  
how to be a courtier, and Hermine had the sim-  
ple grace, the dignity, the modesty, without  
prudery, of a young girl of high birth, religiously  
educated, but without any rigidity. The  
conversation soon became animated and spark-  
ling, while Ralph watched Hermine, and now  
and then murmured to himself, "She is charm-  
ing! blessings on my uncle for finding me a  
wife at once that is so pretty, and so very  
rich."

When supper was announced, he offered his  
hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a  
blush, while the baron led the way to the dining  
room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in  
the massive style of Louis XIV. and upon the  
walls were suspended ancient family portraits.  
As Ralph's eye glanced over these it was at-  
tracted by one whose freshness formed a strik-  
ing contrast to the smoky canvasses of the de-  
funct Barons of Roche Noire. It represented a  
young girl of dazzling, but foreign beauty, such  
as is only found under southern skies, a more  
brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the bolero  
in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra.  
The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon  
the canvass; the first glance had told him that  
it was the long lost unknown of the fancy-  
ball.

"Come my dear Viscount," said the baron,  
"let us be seated."

Ralph started and obeyed, then turned his  
eyes from the portrait to Hermine. In contrast  
with that glowing beauty, she appeared to him  
utterly insipid. He made some remark about  
the picture. The baron did not reply, but a  
cloud passed over his face, and Hermine turned  
pale, and sat silent with downcast eyes. A  
chill seemed to be thrown over these three per-  
sons, just now talking so joyously. Brief re-  
marks were made occasionally, in a constrained  
tone, and the supper ended almost in silence.  
At its close the viscount made the fatigue of his  
journey an excuse for retiring early. As the  
servant was conducting him to his apartment,  
they again passed through the large dining-  
hall.

"Whose portrait is this?" he asked, pointing  
to the picture of the lady.

The servant hesitated.

"Speak," said the viscount imperiously.

"It is the portrait of M<sup>lle</sup> Fulmen," said the  
old man trembling.

"And who is she?"

"The elder sister of M<sup>lle</sup> Hermine."

"But she is dressed in Spanish costume?"

"Yes, her mother was a Spanish lady."

"And Fulmen, where is she now?"

"She is dead," said the old man, solemnly.

"She lies at the left of the altar in the chapel  
of the chateau."

Fatigue had no power that night to bring  
sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that  
he extinguished the candles and buried his head  
under the blankets; the image of Fulmen still  
pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant  
with beauty, as she was represented in the pic-  
ture, as he had seen her at the fancy ball; a-  
gain, it was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended in  
her coffin under the pavement of the chapel.  
Then he remembered his oath, to love her as  
well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed  
his brow. At that moment a light at the op-  
posite extremity of the apartment attracted his at-  
tention; a door, whose existence he had not

suspected, turned noiselessly on its hinges; the  
candles relighted themselves spontaneously, and  
a figure, draped in a winding sheet, entered the  
room and approached his bed. It advanced  
slowly; the most acute ear could have detected  
no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the  
viscount trembled at the apparition. When the  
figure was within a few feet of the bed, the  
winding sheet was thrown back, and revealed  
a young girl dressed in Spanish costume.

"Fulmen!" he murmured; "the picture has  
descended from its frame!"

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was paint-  
ed, save that the lips were pale, the eye mourn-  
ful, the whole expression unpeppably sad.

"Fulmen!" repeated the viscount, with a tone  
of terror, in which was mingled a sort of fever-  
ish joy.

"It is I," she said, "do you remember  
your oath? They have told you that I am  
dead."

The teeth of Ralph chattered; but the voice  
was so pure, so melodious, that it aided him to  
shake off the torpor which was creeping over  
him.

"No you are not dead," he exclaimed, with  
an effort.

"I have been dead a year," replied Fulmen,  
sadly. "They buried me in the chapel. You  
can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the  
third from the high altar."

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this sin-  
gular creature, whose marvelous beauty con-  
trasted in some degree the terror which the  
apparition would otherwise have caused.

"Alas!" resumed the spectre—draping the  
shroud about her form with all the coquetry  
with which a living belle might wrap an opera  
cloak around her—"I am dead, really dead, at  
seventeen; when life was full of light, and per-  
fume, and music; when tears, even, were so  
sweet that they resembled smiles; when the  
present was so happy that the future was quite  
forgotten. And then I loved you. I trusted  
in your oath; but you did not care for me. You  
have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen," murmured Ralph, who felt a pang  
of remorse at his heart, "I have loved you; I  
love you still."

She shook her head.

"The dead are never loved."

Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in  
his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet Ful-  
men did not complain. She did not even over-  
whelm him with reproaches. She seemed re-  
signed. He saw her lean her head upon her  
hand; a tear shone in her eye, and a shiver  
passed through her frame.

"I am cold," she said, and rising from the  
chair in which she had seated herself, she ap-  
proached the fire-place, and bent as if to  
warm herself by the half extinguished brands.  
"The dead are always cold," she slowly mur-  
mured.

"Heavens," exclaimed Ralph, "You are not  
dead; but, dead or living, you are beautiful,  
more beautiful than any living woman, and I  
love you as on the day I first saw you."

"The dead are never loved," she repeated  
mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the  
dead are rigid; the flesh corrupt; they are in-  
sensible; they cannot walk; they cannot speak;  
you are not dead—it is impossible."

"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a tone of  
authority which admitted no question; "dead—  
and yet I suffer."

"Yes. Because I died with a guilty thought  
in my heart. I remembered the ball where I  
met you. It was earthly love, not penitence,  
that engrossed my last hours. Yet if you who  
are alive can love me still, God will perhaps  
pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."

"I do love you," cried Ralph, gazing at the  
young girl so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a  
secret voice said within him, "Ah! if she were  
only alive!"

A pale smile passed over the face of the phan-  
tom. It rose and advanced toward him.—  
Ralph involuntarily shrunk back at its ap-  
proach.

"You see," she said mournfully, "it is al-  
ways so. The living fear the dead."

"No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed of the  
momentary terror; "no, Fulmen, my beloved,  
come!"

She extended her hand, and took that of the  
young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand  
was pressed by the cold clammy fingers of a  
corpse. She let his hand fall.

"No," she repeated in a half suffocated  
voice, "you see it cannot be; I shall suffer al-  
ways!"

And she fled, while Ralph was so overwhelmed  
that he had not power to speak or move.—  
The candles went out suddenly; silence reigned  
again in the chamber; the phantom had van-  
ished.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful.  
The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear  
to notice the pallor and abstraction of his guest,

proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the  
open air; and if, amid the excitement of the  
chase, the viscount thought of the occurrences  
of the last night, they seemed to him only as a  
boisterous dream. But with the return of  
darkness, and especially at the sight of the pic-  
ture, the apparition again seemed to him a  
reality, and he determined to ascertain the  
truth. Pleading a headache, he retired to his  
room, and extinguishing the candles, he called  
softly:

"Fulmen! Fulmen!" There was no answer.

Again he called:

"Fulmen! I love you though dead."

Immediately the candles were re-lighted, and  
Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her  
winding sheet and seated herself in a chair by  
his side. Her face had the cadaverous paleness  
of the tomb; her eye was sad; her step slow  
and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted  
the same fascination over Ralph as when spark-  
ling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen, I love you!" he repeated, gazing  
at her with admiration.

"Yet if my hand should touch yours," she  
replied with a sad smile, "you would utter a  
cry as you did last night; the dead are always  
cold."

"Give me your hand, and you will see," said  
Ralph, extending resolutely his own. She took  
it, and again there came over him the same  
terrible sensation as before; but he had self-  
control enough to conquer, and again to re-  
peat:

"I love you!"

A bright smile illuminated the face of Ful-  
men.

"My poor friend," she said, "I would gladly  
believe you, but if your love would end my suf-  
ferings, it must be so profound, so ardent, that  
it can conquer even the desire to live. A tomb  
with me must have attractions for you. And  
you are but twenty-two, Ralph, at your age life  
is sweet."

The viscount shook his head.

"To live without you is death; to be united  
to you even in the tomb, would be life."

"Take care my friend."

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph,  
over whom the smile of the young girl seemed  
to exercise a magnetic fascination.

"Do you know," she said, "that if you utter  
such a wish, God may hear your prayer?"

"Ah, if he would! An eternity by your  
side would be infinite happiness."

"Ralph, my friend," interrupted Fulmen,  
while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face  
"take care you will die if you love me."

"I wish to die."

"But you are betrothed to my sister."

An exclamation of anger escaped him.

"I hate her!" said he, vehemently.

"Why?"

"Because she is alive, while you are dead.  
What has she done that she should enjoy the  
light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the  
melody of birds? Was she any younger or  
more beautiful?"

"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister has no  
control over her destiny or mine."

"You are right, perhaps; but I swear to you  
that I will never marry Hermine. I wish to  
be yours, and only yours, forever."

"You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept  
happiness at such a sacrifice."

She rose slowly.

"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry Hermine  
and pray for me."

"Fulmen! Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph, fall-  
ing on his knees at her feet, do not abandon  
me—I love you!"

"But your love is death."

"It is happiness. It is life."

"His tone was so earnest, so touching that the  
young girl hesitated.

"Let me live eternally with you," he persist-  
ed.

"Listen, my friend," she said at length, as if  
she could no longer resist his entreaties, "in  
this casket," pointing to a richly carved box  
which stood upon the table, "there is a phial  
containing a dark liquid."

"And this liquid?"

"It is death!"

"It is happiness," exclaimed Ralph, seizing  
the casket.

Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.

"Not yet," she said; "by-and-by—at mid-  
night—but first—reflect!"

Immediately the candles were extinguished,  
and he found himself in complete darkness.

If Viscount Ralph had been a Frenchman,  
as soon as Fulmen disappeared, he would have  
opened the window, and let the cool night air  
play upon his brow. Then, the fever fit being  
over, he would have said to himself:

"All this is folly. I am twenty-two years  
old, an officer in the king's service, and am a-  
bout to marry a young girl, blond as a Madon-  
na, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income  
of a hundred thousand livres. I have only to  
be quiet, and let things take their course."

After which he would have slept quietly, and

dreamed no more of Fulmen. But Ralph was  
a Scotchman, with an imagination as suscep-  
tible of exaltation as most of his countrymen  
of the land of mountain and mist. As soon as the  
phantom vanished, he relighted the candles by  
the aid of a half-extinguished firebrand, and o-  
pening the casket, he took out the phial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am com-  
ing!" he murmured, and swallowed the con-  
tents at a draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and  
inexplicable sensation; a coldness in the chest  
a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy,  
his eyes trembled, and extreme languor crept  
over him, and he sank upon the floor, still mur-  
muring faintly:

"Fulmen, wait for me—I love you."

When Ralph swallowed the contents of the  
phial he expected to awake in another world.—  
He was mistaken. The phial contained only a  
narcotic, and he was very much astonished on  
opening his eyes, to find himself in bed, and to  
see the sun shining through the curtained win-  
dows. A woman sat by the bedside. It was  
Fulmen! but no longer the pale, sad Fulmen,  
with livid lips, and form enveloped in a winding  
sheet; but Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in  
the same costume which she wore at the fancy  
ball.

The reader will understand the explanation  
of all this more readily than the young viscount,  
whose head was still somewhat confused from  
the effects of the narcotic.

The young girl had wished to put the sudden  
passion of her ballroom lover to the test; and  
with some difficulty she had persuaded her fond  
old father, and her cousin Hermine, to lend  
themselves to the mystification. A little inge-  
nuity, some invisible assistance, a transparent  
glove of serpent skin, aided by the native super-  
stition of the young Scotchman, were all that  
was necessary to the success of the scheme.

We need not say that the viscount, when he  
recovered his senses, was very glad to exchange  
his phantom bride for a living one.

## Miscellaneous.

The State of Indiana has recently lost by  
death one of its citizens—Mr. James Bangs.  
We find an obituary notice of him in a Hoosier  
paper:

*Missus Eldad:* Jem bangs, we are sorry to  
stait; das dusses. He departed this life last  
mundy. Jem was generally considered a gud  
feller. He died at the age of 23 years old. He  
went 4th without airy struggle; and such  
is life. Tu Da we are as peper grass—mity  
smart—to Morrer we are cut down like a cow-  
cumber of the ground. Jem kep a nice store,  
which his wife now wates on. His vurchews  
was numerous. Menny is things we bot at his  
grocery, and we are happy to state that he  
never cheated, speshully in the wate of mackrel,  
which was nice and smelt sweet and his sur-  
viving wife is the same wa. We never new  
him to bite a grane of colly into to make xact  
wate. And never new him to put sand in his  
sugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of  
his house; nor water in his Lickers, tho the  
oho run past his dore. Piece to his remains!"

*A Yankee Courtship.*—The story runs that  
a gentleman living at St. Joseph's Island, out  
West, was engaged to be married to a pretty  
French girl, and the banns were published in  
the Catholic Church on a certain Sunday. The  
next day a Yankee made a bet of \$100, with a  
friend, that he would marry the girl himself.  
The money was placed in the hand of a third  
party; the Yankee then called upon the young  
lady and made a proposition of marriage. She  
told him that her intended had already given  
her \$40 to buy clothes, but that she didn't like  
him very well. At this her new suitor handed  
her a like amount, and then placing forty dol-  
lars more with it, remarked: "There's his  
forty dollars, and I'll go forty better." The  
young lady could resist no longer, and taking  
the money, returned the amount given her by  
her first lover, and married his competitor with-  
in an hour, well satisfied with the bargain.  
The bet was won, and in the course of a month  
the St. Joseph Islander married the sister of his  
first fiancée.

A western Editor having had his last shirt  
stolen, vents his rage as follows: "We would  
say the rascal who stole the shirt off the line  
while we lay in bed waiting for it to dry, that  
we sincerely hope that the collar may cut his  
throat." To this a cotemporary adds: "Served  
him right; no business to have a shirt. A  
pretty editor thus indulging in such luxuries!  
We expect next to hear of the extravagant fel-  
low aspiring to wear stockings and beaver hat!  
Oh, the vanity, unreasonableness and extrava-  
gance of some folks!"

Pat was helping Mr. Blank to get a safe in  
his office one day, and not being acquainted  
with the article, inquired what it was for.

"To prevent papers and other things which  
are placed in it from being burned in case of  
fire," replied Mr. B.

"Are ye sure nothing will iver burn that is  
put in that thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, thn, yer honor, ye'd better be afther  
getting into that same when ye die."

Mr. Blank "wilted."

The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to  
fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle,  
one of the dogs went plump against the saw  
in rapid motion, which cut him in two instan-  
tly. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs  
continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

A Learned Negro.—Two Samboes were  
one day lying on the wood pile sunning them-  
selves, when one of them suddenly broke forth  
in the following manner:

"I say, Ike, does yer think dis world turns  
round on an axeltree?"

"Well, Sam, I doesn't know; what does you  
think?"

"Why, de world can't turn round on de ax-  
eltree, cause it would come in contact wid de  
chinery ob de globe, bust de engine, run de cars  
off de track, and squash all de passengers!"

"Sam, you is a larned nigger, you is!"

"John" said one boy to another, one day, as  
they were strolling by a duck pond, "do you  
know why a duck goes under water?"

"No," answered his companion; "let me ask  
you why?"

"For divers' (divers) reasons," said John,  
"Well, well," said the other, "can you tell me  
why he comes up again?"

"No," replied John, somewhat curiously.

"Then, John," said his companion, "you are  
caught this time. Of course the duck comes  
up for sundry (sun dry) purposes."

An old gentlemen of eighty-four having  
brought to the altar a young damsel of sixteen,  
the clergyman said to him,

"You will find the font at the opposite end  
of the church."

"What do I want with the font?" asked the  
old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit;  
I thought you had brought this child to be cristen-  
ed."

A country hawker being detected in the act  
of shooting a bird, was taken before a justice.

"So fellow," said Mitimus "you think fit to  
shoot without a license, do you?"

"O, no, your honor," cried the offender, "I have a li-  
cense for hawkng," so saying, he handed him  
his pedlar's license, and the bird shot proved a  
hawk, the man was discharged.

A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be  
dreadfully alarmed at cholera, took to the woods  
to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Be-  
ing asked why he went there, he said:

"To pray."

"But," said the overseer, "how was it that  
you went to sleep?"

"Don't know, massa. zactly, but I spec I  
must have overprayed myself."

*RATHER FOXY.*—"Dad, if I was to see a duck  
on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you  
lick me?"