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Original Campaign Songs.

Written for the Bedford Gazette.
SHOUT FOR DOUGLAS, SHOUT!
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "DRUM SONG."
AIR—DEAREST MAY.

From every hill and valley comes the voice for Douglas strong;
Like the heaving waves of ocean swells the Democratic song;
His name is heard in every State, from centre to the shore—
It mingles with the mountain winds, and drowns the oceans' roar.

CHORUS:
Then shout for Douglas, shout,
For all his foes he'll rout—
He'll beat the Black Republicans,
And drive the traitors out.

Upon the Constitution's rock, undaunted still he stands,
To drive the black disunionists back to their native strands;
He met them in the field, and on the Senate floor—
Before him there his foes gave way—they soon will rise no more.

His star is blazing in the West above the mountain's height;
His light is spreading in the East, till all the sky grows bright;
Then rally round your country's flag, ye gallant men, and true,
By standing for a candidate, whose course you'll never rue.

Shout for Douglas, &c.
Once more your country calls you forth, to save her from her foes;
Then rise on every mountain side, where patriotisms glow;
And kindle there your beacon lights, for freedom and the right,
And, though your foes in storms assail, yet God will give you might.

Then shout for Douglas, shout,
For all his foes he'll rout—
He'll beat the Black Republicans,
And drive the traitors out.

Written for the Bedford Gazette.
BOBBIN' ABE.
BY HOODIE.

O, there lives a man in the Sacker State,
Bobbin' round, round and round;
He's an ugly cuss and of statute great,
As he goes bobbin' round.
This man wants to be President,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
But to Washington he won't be sent,
But must go bobbin' round.

Now this his party much bewails,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
For they say he's good at splitting rails,
And good at bobbin' round.
He's split enough all dried and fine,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
To fence off Masson and Dixon's line,
And keep him bobbin' round.

He'll get no votes on the other side,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
For on a rail they will him ride,
And send him bobbin' round.
Old Lincoln has a motley crew,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
And Seward, Greeley, they'll just do
To keep him bobbin' round.

There is a man called STEPHEN A.,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
And he will surely win the day,
As he goes bobbin' round.
That the "Giant of the West" will be,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
Our President—now all agree,
As they go bobbin' round.

And the Lincolns will go up stream,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
Since helped along by HELPER'S team,
To keep them bobbin' round.
And there they'll live on frogs and snails,
Bobbin' round, round and round,
And "Honest Abe" will split more rails,
As he goes bobbin' round.

Hark! the bells are ringing,
And the breeze is bringing,
Sounds of Lincoln's rails are breaking,
And the Brecks a noise are making
Of their candidate.
Do the shout that drowns them all,
And comes from the mighty thrall,
That will rend Disunion's wall,
And will make all Yanceys fall,
For Steve the GREAT.
Hark! the chorus roars the sky,
And is sounded low and high,
DOUGLAS, JOHNSON, is the cry,
That's heard from every State.

GEN. JACKSON AND JUDGE DOUGLAS. AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

In December, 1843, Judge Douglas made his first appearance in Congress. For several years preceding, there had been a struggle over a bill proposing to refund to Gen. Jackson the fine of \$1,000 imposed upon him by Judge Hall at New Orleans, during the defence of that city.—Some of the best minds in Congress had considered the question and it had been, as was thought, thoroughly discussed. The bill had never become a law. It was contended by the old Hero's enemies that his declaration of martial law was a violation of the Constitution; his friends whilst not denying this, excused it on the ground of necessity. The friends of the bill supported it as a measure of gratitude—a boon due by a grateful country to her patriotic and successful defender. On this ground it was mainly supported. On the 7th of January, Judge Douglas obtained the floor. He was then unknown to Congress. His was a new face and his was a strange voice in those halls. He did not follow the beaten path in his advocacy of the bill. He at once took high and strong ground in defence of Gen. Jackson's conduct. He denied the legality of Judge Hall's judgment. This position was a bold one; the speaker attracted attention; and as he warmed with his subject, he soon obtained the ear of the house. His speech was a success. It established his character as a lawyer and as a debater. From that time to the present day he has never been compelled to address empty benches or an impatient, inattentive audience. The bill passed the House and subsequently the Senate. After the adjournment of Congress, Messrs. Polk and Clay having been nominated for the Presidency, a Democratic Convention was held at Nashville, Tennessee, to which delegations and distinguished men from all the western States, were invited. A large delegation from Illinois, including Mr. Douglas, went to Nashville. The attendance was immense. The accounts described it as a monster gathering; forty acres were covered by the vast assemblage of men and women. Some of the most brilliant orators of the day were there and for several days addressed the multitude. Not only did they attend the Convention, but also to see that great man, who had for so long a period so prominently occupied the hearts of his countrymen. They could not leave, without the long wished for pleasure of seeing Andrew Jackson. The moment the speaking had closed the immense throng turned their steps towards the Hermitage. A witness says, "I remember well the appearance of the vast procession—the countless multitude, as it came pouring down the main road leading to the home of Jackson. As the people entered the avenue leading from the high road, to the plain but copious dwelling, the old patriot, though feeble from age, roused himself once more to receive the sincere and unbought homage of his grateful and confiding countrymen. He took a seat on a sofa in a large hall opposite to the porch and entrance. The multitude filled every standing point in front of the mansion. Affectionate friends surrounded him; the throng asked but the privilege of seeing and taking him by the hand once more.—They approached in files, shook hands with him and then passed on through the hall. Thousands passed thus before the old hero—at last our friend Judge Douglas, of Illinois, approached. I remember well how pale he looked, and how small and plain he seemed beside the hundreds of robust and gallant specimens of Tennessee manhood. Governor Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, a Senator of the United States, had been for some time acting as the medium of introduction to strangers. The scene that ensued was one never to be forgotten.

One of the Illinois delegation who accompanied Judge Douglas, was Wm. Walters, Esq., editor of the *Illinois State Register*, the most influential as well as the ablest conducted paper in the state. Mr. Walters was with Judge Douglas, at the moment of his introduction to Gen. Jackson, and on his return to Springfield, a few days thereafter, he published the following description of what took place:
"Everything that relates to Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New Orleans and the friend of his country, is of deep interest to the American people; and although the incident we are about to relate is in itself of no great interest, it becomes so to us, in consequence of those connections with it. At the Nashville Convention, in August last, we visited the Hermitage, only twelve miles distant, in company with Judge Douglas and some others of our fellow-citizens. The Hermitage was crowded with people from almost every State, who had been invited thither by the venerable patriot on the day succeeding the Convention. Gov. Clay of Alabama, was near General Jackson, who was himself sitting on a sofa in the hall, and as each person entered, the Governor introduced him to the hero and he passed along. When Judge Douglas was thus introduced, General Jackson raised his still brilliant eyes and gazed for a moment on the countenance of the Judge, still retaining his hand."

"Are you the Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, who delivered a speech last session, on the subject of the fine imposed on me, for declaring martial law, at New Orleans?" asked General Jackson.
"I have delivered a speech in the house of Representatives, upon that subject," was the modest reply of our friend.
"Then stop," said General Jackson; "sit down here beside me. I desire to return my thanks for that speech. You are the first man that has ever relieved my mind on a subject that has rested upon it for thirty years. My enemies have always charged me with violating the Constitution of my country, by declaring martial law at New Orleans, and my friends have always admitted the violation, but contended the circumstances justified me in that violation. I never could understand how it was, that the performance of a solemn duty to my country—a duty, which if I had neglected, would have made me a traitor in the sight of God and man, could properly be pronounced a violation of the Constitution. I felt convinced in my own mind that I was not guilty of such a heinous offence; but I could never make out a legal justification of my course, nor has it ever been done, sir, until you, on the floor of Congress, at the late session, established it beyond a possibility of a cavil or doubt. I thank you, sir, for that speech.—It has relieved my mind from the only circumstance that rested painfully upon it. Throughout my whole life I never performed an official act which I viewed as a violation of the Constitution of my country, and I can now go down to the grave in peace, with the perfect consciousness, that I have not broken, at any period of my life, the Constitution or laws of my country."

Thus spoke the old hero, his countenance brightened by emotions which it is impossible for us to describe. We turned to look at Douglas—he was speechless. He could not reply, and he rose and left the hall. Certainly, General Jackson had paid him the highest compliment he could have bestowed on any individual.
It has been publicly stated, and we know of no reason for questioning the statement, that General Jackson, at his death, bequeathed all his papers to Francis P. Blair, the editor of the *Washington Globe*, and that among them was found the pamphlet copy of Judge Douglas's speech, with an endorsement in Jackson's own handwriting signed by him, in these words—"This speech constitutes my defence; I lay it aside as an inheritance for my grandchildren."
It is doubtful whether, in the long and eventful public life of Judge Douglas, there has ever been a moment when words of applause and approbation have ever sounded so pleasantly in his ears, as those thrilling sentences of the venerable hero, General Jackson.
OUR CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
It is certainly a gratifying fact that amidst the differences of opinion among Democrats upon the Presidential question, and the difficulties surrounding it, all interests in the party unite heartily in support of H. D. Foster our nominee for Governor. His nomination was made without effort on his part; in fact, he was not a candidate for the office. It was a free-will offering of his party—a tribute to the character and integrity of the man. At the very mention of his name the voice of faction, as well as of personal interests and ambition, was hushed, and then like the storm that succeeds the calm, with one universal shout he was proclaimed the nominee.

Mr. Foster is a good man. By his industry, his unbending integrity—his devotion to the duties of an honorable profession and entire freedom from anything like the trade of politics—his manly adherence to the principles of his party because of conviction and not for the purpose of official position, as evidenced by the conduct of his whole life, he has gathered to himself the confidence of the people; a confidence as solid and unwavering as his own character is spotless and deserving.
It cannot be disguised, for public sentiment, upon the gubernatorial question has become patent all over the State, that to-day the hopes rest not merely of his own party, but of the sober, intelligent, conservative people of Pennsylvania, are centred on Mr. Foster as the proper man for the Executive Chair in preference to his opponent, Mr. Curtin. All, or nearly all of that class which Daniel Webster denominated "the solid men of Boston,"—those men interested in, and who control the great commercial and monetary interests of the Commonwealth and who more generally in the past have voted with the opposition, infinitely prefer Mr. Foster, and are ready to give him their votes. The reason of this we have given in describing the character of the man, to wit, that he is not an office-seeker, or a mere politician,

but a man who has built up that solid character that imparts confidence in his integrity and conservatism. These great interests always desire stability in the government—they dread change, innovation and experiments—and hence they naturally dread the accession of a mere politician to executive position. This whole interest is for Foster, and will be felt in the election as a tremendous power. Indeed, it may likely decide the contest, if the Democratic party as a partizan organization, does its duty, and polls a full party vote.

Mr. Curtin is a very different man from Mr. Foster. He was pitch-forked into public notoriety, like many others of his class of men, by the Know Nothing organization of 1854, and became the Secretary of the Commonwealth under the administration of Governor Pollock,—an administration that is remembered in Pennsylvania only for its imbecility and corruption. Mr. Curtin was the banker of that administration,—offices were bought and sold, votes were in market at stipulated prices, or a favorable consideration of bills purchased in accordance with the proportions of the scheme and the abilities of the parties to pay. So shamelessly was this carried on that it became a subject of public notoriety at Harrisburg—so common indeed, as finally to attract little remark. Mr. Curtin is a man of considerable polish of address—pleasant and insinuating in social intercourse, ambitious of political preferment and unscrupulous in its attainment. As a Know Nothing, he was at the very head of the order and learnedly skilled in its mysteries and secrets; but as that became unpopular, he gradually slid from his position, coming out first as an open American, throwing off the disguise of secrecy,—then a member of "the people's party," an amalgamation of Americans and Republicans, and finally turned up at Chicago, when Lincoln was nominated, as the advocate of a plank in the platform repudiating the whole doctrine of the Know Nothing or American party. As banker of Pollock's administration, he became rich. As a lawyer, he is unknown to fame in his profession; and as a politician, he is a severe mental discipline that laborious study, the ardent devotion to this profession always imparts. He is essentially a politician, thrown upon the surface, as a prominent man, by mere accident, and sustaining himself in his position by the usual resorts and appliances of a mere politician of the present. This is all there is of Mr. Curtin, and independent of the character of Mr. Foster, is of itself a reason why the commercial interests of the State look upon him with distrust, and why the conservative element of the opposition will not support him at the polls.

This being the position of the contest, and we believe it to be so, it behooves every Democrat to go to work at once, and ardently. Mr. Foster can be elected,—the character of the State may be maintained,—the recurrence of Pollock's administration may be averted, and this a sufficient reason—should be a sufficient incentive, for us all to labor with untiring zeal and unflagging energy, till Henry D. Foster shall be declared the Governor of Pennsylvania by the votes of her people.—*Wilkesbarre Union*.

HENRY D. FOSTER.
In the midst of all our political troubles we are rejoiced to find a determination on the part of the Democracy to achieve at least one great victory this year. The masses of the people all over the State are becoming fully impressed with the excellences of the gubernatorial standard bearer of the Democracy, Henry D. Foster, and are gathering enthusiastically to his support. Mr. CURTIN, the candidate of the opposition, has been congratulating himself for some time past that in the coming contest he will have everything his own way—indeed that his election is an inevitable and certain event. In this assumed security he will find himself egregiously mistaken. The people of Pennsylvania recognize in HENRY D. FOSTER one of the most eminent and useful public men within her boundaries. A man of unimpeachable integrity, a high toned generous nature, and the possessor of high intellectual gifts amply qualifying him for the most honorable public position to which the people can elevate him. Mr. FOSTER, unlike "Merry Andrew" can produce an untarnished public record. Suspicion even, conscious of its weakness, finds no word against the purity of his character, and the high controlling integrity which marks each and every act of his political life. Such a man as HENRY D. FOSTER the people should, and will, delight to honor. In the hands of such a man the duties of the gubernatorial chair will be administered fearfully and faithfully. He will call no venal and corrupt politicians as his counselors; nor will he attach his name to an act of legislation which does not bear unmistakable marks of protection and advancement of the great interests of the whole people.
Let us therefore prepare earnestly and effectively for the great contest. In every county in the State the Democracy are uniting with unparalalled enthusiasm, determined to bury

animosities and divisions, and to give General Foster an old fashioned victory. A united Democracy and success is certain. To this end let harmonious action prevail throughout the State. Divisions and dissensions we all know are productive of defeat. Now it is for us to accept of wise counsels, to exercise forbearance, and to unite not for the sake of men, but of principles and victory.—*Valley Spirit*.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT TO MR. DOUGLAS.
In a late speech at Louisville, the Hon. John J. Crittenden, the patriotic and eminent Opposition Senator from Kentucky, paid the following high compliment to Mr. Douglas:
"I know Mr. Douglas very well ladies and gentlemen. From Mr. Douglas, personally, I should apprehend no danger. I have never been a Democrat, as you all know. [Applause.] A frank, fair, honest opponent of the Democratic party, I have ever been found acting upon Whig principles from the first to the last. [Increased applause.] But I have known Mr. Douglas in the public councils, and have acted with him. Although generally opposed and especially upon party questions, we have at times acted together, and particularly upon one momentous occasion, when we acted together in opposition to that infamous Leecompton Constitution. [Dreaning applause.] Mr. Douglas was there making a great sacrifice to his sense of duty. [Applause.] He was sacrificing his connection, on that occasion, with many old political friends; he was breaking up the relations of a long political life; he was sacrificing as flattering prospects for the highest office of the Government as any man in the country had. I fully believe he did what he conceived to be his duty; and, in defiance of all opposition, the rack of the President, offended friends, and open foes, he acted like a man. [Tremendous cheering.] He might have been mistaken in what he did, but that little diminished the value of the act. He thought he was right, and he knew he was making a sacrifice, and he was capable of making it when he believed the interests of his country demanded it. [Cheers.] I can have no quarrel with him; he is a Union man. [Cheers.] And a Union man I can always trust, when I believe him to be sincere and in earnest, as I believe Douglas to be. [Continued applause.]

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

A SURVIVOR OF THE STEAMSHIP ARCTIC.
The New Orleans Courier has the following story: A gentleman of the Second District of this city was on board of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, when she was lost on the 27th of September, 1854. The sad news reached here that he was among the missing, and cast a gloom in his household, for he had a family—a young and pretty wife and a child. He was well-to-do in the world, and left property sufficient for their maintenance. The young widow mourned her lost husband sincerely, doubtless, but sorrow is not everlasting, and as the long years rolled past, the mourning weeds disappeared, the roses on her cheeks bloomed again, and smiles played on her rosy lips. She was young and pretty, and suitors were not wanting. She married again. Several years of quiet bliss have passed since the day she took a new companion in life, and now suddenly the electric spark of the telegraph, flying with the speed of lightning, has struck the edifice of her happiness—struck at its base, so as to make it totter and crumble. A dispatch from New York, received day before yesterday, announced the arrival of the long lost first husband. Clinging to some piece of the wreck, he had floated to distant shores, where for six long years he lived with the hope of meeting once more the beloved one he had left at home, but unable to find a homeward bound vessel. We hope to obtain some particulars concerning his Cruise life, and of the many hardships he must have suffered—all of which dwindle into mere nothingness at the thought of the disappointment that awaits him on his arrival home. The feelings of the twice wedded wife may be better imagined than described.
[From the N. O. Bee, Aug. 9th.]

We understand on reliable authority that the survivor of the Arctic disaster, of whom we spoke on Tuesday, will be in this city this evening. The person is Mr. Fleury, who was well known as having kept the grocery at the corner of Orleans and Robertson streets, where his wife now resides. She married Mr. Fleury's chief clerk, Mr. Weber, and had three children by him. Her two children by Mr. Fleury—a daughter of seventeen and a son of fifteen—are now living with her.
Last Saturday she received the first intimation of the startling news of her husband's return, after an absence of five years and a half, in a letter from him, dated at New York. A lady friend, to whom she showed the letter, reports the substance of it, to be that Fleury, with five other survivors of the Arctic, were picked up from the fragments of the wreck by a whaler, which kept on her long voyage.—This ship was subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those aboard saved themselves upon the island from which they were taken by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

From the Washington Review.
DOUGLAS AND REFORM.
AIR—WE'RE A BAND OF FREEMEN.
Come ye men of every station,
Join with us for reformation,
And for the Union and the nation,
We're for Douglas and reform.
CHORUS—We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're for Douglas and reform.

On the sacred side forever,
We'll sustain "Secession" never,
We'll fight for the Union ever,
We're for Douglas and reform.
CHORUS—We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're for Douglas and reform.

We'll dry up disunion screechers,
Drive out the slave code teachers,
And the abolition preachers,
We're for Douglas and reform.
CHORUS—We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're for Douglas and reform.

The "Little Giant" goes before us,
And the flag of Freedom's o'er us,
We will shout the sounding chorus,
We're for Douglas and reform.
CHORUS—We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're for Douglas and reform.

THE QUAKER AND THE BULLY.—

A genuine bully, called upon a "Friend," avowedly to thrash him.
"Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking aside his visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou take some dinner?"
The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfil his original errand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" And he supplied abundance of punch.
"Thrash his entertainer; but, quoth the Quaker—
"Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?"
This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the door and pulling him towards it, thus addressed him:
"Friend, thou camest here not to be pacified. I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink-offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt-offering, neither did that suffice; now I will try thee with a heave-offering."

And with that he tossed him out of doors.—
That sufficed him.
"If I catch yees near my house again, I'll break your neck, ye rascal," said one Irishman to another.
"But you asked me yourself?"
"But I didn't ask yees to make love to my wife, you scoundrel!"
"I haven't made love to your wife; you are laboring under some mistake."
"Don't tell me that now; didn't I see you wd my own eyes, trying to come the blarney over her?"
"But I tell you I didn't do any such a thing; I don't care that for your wife," giving his fingers a snap at the words, "nor that."
"Yeess don't care for her, hey? She's as good a woman as you are, any day, ye dirty blackguard, and if yees speak disrespectful of her, I'll be after tadin' ye better manners."

Some time since a Baltimore ship-owner in getting away a vessel had considerable trouble with one of his men, by the name of Cain or Kane, who got too heavy on the advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn for settlement.
"What name?" asked the merchant.
"Cain, sir," was the reply.
"What?" rejoined the merchant; "are you the man who slew his brother?"
"No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, giving his trousers a hitch, "I'm the man what got slewed!"
An old lady who was not much accustomed to attend church, finally went one Sunday. During prayer time, while she stood on her knees, her old cat which had followed her unnoticed, came purring around her, when she broke out—"Why, pussy—did you come ter meetin' tu!—Why—e—e! I spoke out in meetin'! Why—e—e! I spoke agin! Why—e—e luddy-goddy! I keep a spokin all the time!"
The Montgomery Mail learns that Mr. Slaughter, whose name has become familiar to the public as the recipient of Mr. Yancey's "Scarlet Letter," committed suicide on Thursday last. The particulars are not known.