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SELECT POETRY.

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If wit in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,—
If more relied
On love to guide,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands
And more in deeds and bonds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men store up Love's oil and wine,
And on braided human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,—
The world would be the better for it.

If more would set the play of Life
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till Good becomes more universal;
If Custom, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore,—
If talent shone
In truth alone
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings,
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and reform it,
If Right, made Might
In every fight,—
The world would be the better for it.

A THRILLING SEA-TALE. THE MAGIC TUG; OR, PHEEBE THE PHICKLE.

An Exciting Romance of Land and Water.

CHAPTER I.

If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.—BILL PENTON.

Reader, have you ever stood on the beach-side of the Ohio Canal, on one of those mild January evenings peculiar to the early autumn, and watched the sun rise from his gorgeous couch athwart the Western sky, and listened to catch the warble of distant cool heavens, mingled with the cries of a ragged canal driver encouraging a pair of attenuated calico mules? (If you don't remember at once whether you have or not, take time to consider, and inform us through the post-office, including a stamp.) It was at such a time and on such a spot that two solitary youths might have been seen walking arm in arm in that vicinity about that time. Need we tell you the one was the daughter of a poor but wealthy parents, and the other was her lover?

After considerable time passed in reflection, it appears rather necessary that we should, because you wouldn't know it if we didn't. The young man had seen nine-teen springs, yet did not urge his suit with the passion and ardor of one who has attained the ripe age of four score years and ten, and notwithstanding his weight did not exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he couldn't have pled more earnestly had he weighed a ton. The maiden was fair. Toothbrush handles could not compare with her teeth in whiteness, and the raven's wing had no more beauty by the side of her glossy curls than a stovebrush. Can we wonder that the young man swore that he would cheerfully catch the measles for her sake, and expressed a willingness to have the scarlet fever the second time to prove his devotion?

Alas! the perversity of women. Although loving him devotedly, she replied to his ardent declaration by sitting down on a stone boat and writing him a letter of introduction to the minister, to whom she recommended him to repeat that narrative. Driven to frenzy, Caleb turned a red in the face he tore all the buttons off his vest, and frothed at the mouth to such an extent that he split a bran new vest down the back. Then casting upon her a look of unutterable anguish, through a pocket telescope, he cried—"Farewell! farewell! farewell!" threw a double handspan, and disappeared behind a high board fence. Pheebie Ann panted.

CHAPTER II.
"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?"
She said,
"Oh! where are you going?"
Said she,
"I'm going, my lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."—FAXON'S QUOD.

We left Pheebie Ann in a swoon, or rather Caleb did. As soon as consciousness came Pheebie Ann came too, and then she remembered with a pang that she had driven Caleb away. She called aloud—"Ca—leb! Ca—leb!" but no Caleb answered. However well other Calebs might answer for others, none but her Caleb could answer for her, and he couldn't, because he wasn't within hearing. Then she recalled his love for the "brave deep" which induced him, when a mere lad, to run away from home and drive on the canal. Afterwards his father humoring his passions for riding on the mountain wave and climbing towering masts, procured for him, through his influence with the President of the United States, the appointment of third assistant log tender. What more natural, thought Pheebie, than for him to follow his youthful passions and go for a sailor! After deep reflection her face brightened up, and she hurried away to execute a suddenly formed design. What was it? We shall see.

CHAPTER III.
One for the money, two for the show,
Three to make ready, and four to go.—WATTS.
WHAT!!!!

Before explaining the meaning of this thrilling ejaculation, let us take a review of things at the period of our story. Old Bourbon, who is now in Kentucky engaged in the whiskey business, swayed the sceptre of France. Gin ruled Holland, and Sweden was governed a good deal by the price of Swede's iron. Wales was just beginning to be celebrated for her prints, now generally known in this country as the "Prints of Wales," and Spain was getting up excursions to Put-in-Bay. Glancing at the New World, Jerry Baily was weighing candles on Staten Island and had not then dreamed of driving the Pope into "Rome Swamp" in the name of the Continental Congress; and Christopher Columbus, having completed his labors by discovering Sandusky, had retired to the Hermitage at the North Bend of Asbland on Mount Vernon, and was writing for the *New York Ledger*.

CHAPTER IV.
Now comes the tug.—JACK SMITH.

When Caleb left the phickle Pheebie, it was with a determination never to see her again.—He would be a wanderer. He would land on other lands and climb foreign climes; he would go and be an ancient mariner. Filled with this desperate resolve he sought his boarding-house, put a clean shirt and collar in a cotton valve, and started for the river. A gentleman lay at the table in the boarding-house, and requested to see the captain. A sailor, whose voice was deeply bronzed by exposure to the Tropic of Barbary, appeared at the top mizen gangway, and informed him that the captain was engaged in the cabin. He was being presented with a bosom pin and a gold-headed cane by a ferryman who was about to retire from office. The presentation was wholly unexpected.

After considerable delay Caleb was invited to descend. When he entered the cabin, he was struck with the youthful and delicate appearance of the captain. He was about to tell him he had come to ship before the—well, smoke-stack, when the supposed captain raised his cap, and a shower of cork-screw curls fell upon his shoulders.

"What!" exclaimed the lover in amazement, "Pheebie Ann?"

"Caleb!"

They rushed into each other's arms. After an embrace which caused the thermometer in the cabin to rise to ninety-nine degrees in the shade, mutual explanations followed. She had divined his purpose to go for a sailor, and resolved to thwart it. The captain of the tug, being an aunt of hers, had allowed her to be captain for that day, and chance had done the rest.—Pheebie Ann was penitent, Caleb forgiving, and that very day they agreed before a minister to share the tug of life together.

But little more remains to be told. Caleb couldn't be persuaded to give up his passion for the raging main, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, and so she compromised the matter by allowing him to tend a saw mill, and he still follows that daring and perilous profession.—Budget of Fun.

WHAT HE DIED OF.—We overheard once the following dialogue between an old man and an Irish shoptender:—

"What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor?—Fath sir he's gone dead."

"Ah, pray what did he die of?"

"Die yer honor, he died of a Friday."

"Don't mean what day of the week but what complaint?"

"Oh! what complaint yer honor; faith an't it himself that did get time to complain."

"Oh, he died suddenly."

"Rather that way yer honor?"

"Did he fall in a fit?" No answer.

"He fell down in a fit perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor, why no, not exactly that. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it."

"Ay, and broke his neck."

"No, not quite that yer honor."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of string or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

THE EFFECT OF A CURSE.

The effect of imagination as shown in the case of hydrophobia on the West side recalls to our mind a remarkable circumstance, which occurred many years ago, and in which an excited imagination brought about a miserable life and a terrible death. The affair occurred near the place of our nativity, and partly during our boyhood, and as we do not remember ever seeing it in print, we will give it in the way it is impressed on our memory.

A young man named Comyn had for some time paid attention to a girl who was the belle of the village, and they were at length formally engaged. Elizabeth was of an ardent temperament, loving comyn with her whole heart, and sensitive to the slightest appearance of coldness or neglect.

A lover's quarrel sprang up for some slight cause. There was a coldness for a day or two, and on Sunday afternoon Comyn escorted another young woman to church. Elizabeth saw them pass her window, and the coldness of dispar chills took her. Recovering from the shock, she took down her prayer book, and turning down a leaf, sent it to Comyn's house. That done, she went to a neighboring wood and hung herself.

On returning from church, her lover had a presentiment of evil and went to her house.— She had not been seen for two or three hours. A terrible conviction flashed upon his mind, and he exclaimed:—"Good heaven! she has destroyed herself!" He was told that a book had been sent to his house, and on turning thither he found the prayer book, with the leaf turned down on the 108th Psalm, and the following passage marked:—
"Let his days be few; and let another take his office."

Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.
Let his children be yagbonds and beg their bread; let their seek't in desolating places. Let the extortioner consume all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labor.
Let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion on his fatherless children. Let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be clean put out."

While reading this terrible malediction, ward was brought him of the discovery of Elizabeth's body and of her death. Comyn rushed from the house, saying that he was ruined forever and ever; and for days and nights he wandered about the neighborhood, half crazed with remorse and fear.

Years passed away, but brought no alleviation of his mental torture. He was afraid to enter a church, and would not read a word from the Bible or pray book, for the sight of a bible or prayer book would drive him from the house. Disasters and misfortunes of various kinds befel him, all owing, he claimed, to the curse which hung over him. His nights were disturbed by frightful dreams. The dead girl appeared to him in his sleep, with her features distorted by strangulation, and her finger pointing to a prayer book open at the terrible curse. At such times he frequently shrieked in agony—"O, Betsy, my dear Betsy, shut the book!"

His friends persuaded him to marry, hoping thus to break the spell that weighed him down. At length he assented, and offered his hand to a young girl. She turned from him with horror, asking if he wished to bring down the curse of the dead girl on her head. Two others were refused in the same manner, but at last the chance of a good settlement overweighed superstitious fears, and a woman was found to accept his offer.

The wedding was described to us by an eyewitness. They were married in the church, and the way to it lay across an open track.— When about midway, a sudden and violent storm sprang up. Crashing thunders, incessant flashes of sheeted lightning, and howling winds, daunted even the least superstitious with other ill omens. Comyn threw himself to the ground on his face, and groveled in convulsive agony, shrieking to be protected from the dead girl, who, he said, had come with thunder and lightning to destroy him. He was led helpless to the church, and passed through the marriage ceremony in a stunned and bewildered manner.

For two years after the marriage of Comyn, he dragged out a miserable existence, body and mind rapidly wearing away together. He became the father of two children, both of whom died shortly after birth. At length he died, his end being embittered by terrible visions, the horror of which threw him into terrible convulsions. To the last vision of the prayer book, open at 108th psalm, seemed to seize his eyeballs, and he died shrieking for his attendants to "make her shut that book!"

The singular coincidence that had terrified him during life, did not cease at his death. He was buried on a Sunday afternoon, and according to the custom of that neighborhood, the coffin was placed in the aisle during the reading of the regular afternoon service. It was the 22d day of the month, and the 108th psalm formed one of the psalms regularly appointed for that afternoon. As the villagers looked at each other in astonishment at this coincidence, the church clock struck four—the very hour at which Elizabeth Lampen had gone out to destroy herself.

Singular as the above story is, we can vouch for its entire truth, and there are several others now living who can confirm it in every word. It is but another proof that truth is stranger than fiction.—Cleveland Herald.

An officer who was on intimate terms with the Prince of Orange, one day asked him the purpose of an extraordinary march they were making. "Will you keep the secret?" asked the Prince. The officer hastened to assure his master that he was incapable of abusing his confidence. "I believe you," replied the prince; "but if you possess the gift of keeping a secret, the same blessing has also been conferred on me."

NAPOLEON AND HIS MEN.

It takes a great man to know the importance of little things. The attention bestowed by Napoleon on the smallest details of military organization, has always seemed to us an evidence of his talent scarcely inferior to Austerlitz or Marengo. No general knew better than Napoleon that the efficiency of a soldier depends, first on his being in perfect health and splendid condition. He tried to bring up his troops to the condition of pugilists when they fight for the championship. To this end several things were essential, the chief of which are, regular and wholesome food, regular sleep dry and warm bed, and no powerful stimulants. Napoleon always insisted upon every soldier having two pairs of good shoes, and a good blanket. Everything else could be extemporized or dispensed with, but these—the shoes for the march and the blanket for the bivouac—could neither be extemporized or dispensed with. When the occasion occurred, Napoleon demanded of his troops the most tremendous exertions; but the admirable health resulting from his system enabled the soldiers to endure fatigues which would have killed ordinary men. It is also to be observed, that this consummate general was careful to give his troops a rest proportionate to their exertions, the very instant it was safe to do so.

There was nothing in which Napoleon showed more forethought and good sense than in the management of recruits. He knew that young fellows, accustomed to the shop, the field or the desk, cannot change their habits to those of the soldier without great risk. Consequently, he was as careful and tender in managing his new recruits as mothers are of their young children. He insured them to the hardships of war by degrees. Their first marches were only ten or twelve miles a day, with frequent days of rest. The officers who led them from their native provinces to the distant scene of war; were charged to make the march a pleasant series of lessons in the military art. Sometimes, when the quarters were good, when the exigency was not pressing, they would halt for ten days, and undergo a daily drill of eight hours. The consequence was, that men who were raw recruits, when they left home, arrived at camp rested and hardened soldiers.

A single week of careless handling, irregular sleep and food, damp lodgings, wet feet, or over fatigue, will half spoil and demoralize a regiment of new troops. But let them be cautiously and wisely cared for at first, and they soon become hardened and efficient.

Each individual in these knowledge is not quite complete, but has been sick, and on recovery was told by his doctor that he might have a little animal food.
"No sir, I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

SCHOOL ETHICS FOR PARENT AND CHILD.

No. 4.

We now consider the duties of the Parent to the Teacher. Great as the duty which the parents owe to the school affairs, there is yet another class of duties no less important. The teacher with propriety requires much from the parent.

The parent should make the teacher's situation comfortable. Much may be done by furnishing the proper kind of school-house and apartments. It is soon time that the old rickety buildings in some parts of the country be dispensed with, and that newer, as well as more useful structures, be made to occupy their places. The children of our land have been riding rails and slabs in the schoolroom quite long enough. In many parts of the country the school-houses are better adapted for stables than to the purpose for which they are used.— Very often we find old desks unfit for any thing occupying our school-rooms, when, for but a little extra amount of money, more neat and comfortable ones could be obtained. But there is more required than good looks in school furniture. Care must also be consulted. Who has not seen seats in our schoolrooms without resting places for the backs of the pupils, or so high that the legs of the little urchins did not reach the floor by six or eight inches? In truth, we cannot always call the rails and slabs that are used, comfortable seats, for their is more punishment in them than comfort.

The principal and, in fact, the only argument apparently advanced in favor of the old dilapidated structures, sometimes called school-houses, is, that they (the parents) got their learning in them, and consequently, they are good enough for their children. How ungenerous! Since they were compelled thirty or forty years ago to ride rails and slabs in an uncomfortable building, they must now for their own gratification cause their children, "flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone," to pass through the same ordeal. Because they were compelled to freeze their toes in some corner of the old log school house, they would have their children experience the same torture. But this is not quite the whole reason. To build a new and comfortable school house, and to put the newest, as well as most substantial furniture into it, would cost a little money, and they are not willing to pay that for the sake of having the immortal minds of their children well trained.
KAPPA.

THE TEACHER'S REWARD.

We have often been led to observe that the greatest benefactors and the most ardent laborers for the public weal, are, in general poorly remunerated for their toils. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful; and the greatest statesmen and purest patriots are but indifferently appreciated, while they are zealously laboring for their country's welfare; while those who are well skilled in the intrigue and political knavery of the day often carry off the palm and win the loudest applause. While this is the case in matters of state it applies with equal force to the teacher's vocation. In a free and enlightened country like this, where the government is wholly based on public opinion, and the rulers are created by the governed, it behooves all to see that that opinion has the proper training and is conducted into the proper channel; otherwise, by a mis-education it may overthrow that which it is designed to build up. No one contributes more, or even so much, to the formation of a good and wholesome public opinion as the teacher, and yet few are so illy provided for as he. On no shoulders rests there a greater weight or lies there a greater responsibility, but no one bears those burdens with more meekness and firmness than the true teacher.— He is a self-sacrificing being. When he engages to "teach the young idea how to shoot," he must make up his mind to undergo many privations; to sacrifice many opinions and predilections for the good of those placed to his charge. If he does this in the right spirit he will be a true public benefactor.

But should he not be, or is he, rewarded for his labor? He is destined to eke out his existence in the narrow sphere of his oft miscalled school room; to waste his energies and shipwreck his health, and the small pittance he receives is but a mere mockery, by way of remunerating him for his labors. We have said that the teacher is but poorly rewarded for his toils. Pecuniarily speaking this is so. And were he to engage in his arduous profession merely for the luxuries it affords, he would certainly fall short of his mark. But he has nobler rewards than mere pelf. His is a high and noble vocation; and in proportion as his calling is high and holy, so are his true rewards of a higher and more permanent nature. He can afford to be contented with the "unfading, artificial inventions of society," for he can not clothe himself with imagination, nor will intellectual aliment satiate his appetite and keep alive his animal nature. But beyond this his worldly prospects are written in very narrow lines. And, let not.

"Fancy her magical pinions spread wide" and picture to him sweet hours of repose, of luxury and ease. 'Twould be but "building castles in the air;" bubbles that would soon explode; a phantom that would never be realized, though he were to grow as gray as winter, in his profession. But the teacher has a reward in knowing that he is engaged in one of the most useful vocations that "mortals here below" can follow. The fruits of his labors are growing around him every day. While others are making impressions on matter, which will wear away with time, those which he makes on mind shall live forever! While others are rearing fabrics that will be effaced by Time's rude hand he is training something that will expand while Eternity rolls on.

The artist may slowly, to a gaping world, the beauties of his pencil; the sculptor may imitate nature itself; and both may have encomiums showered upon them while the teacher is laboring in obscurity; but the Prometheus and the Venus de Medici, with all their perfections, will have been cast into oblivion and swallowed up in eternity, when the benefit of the teacher's labors are being realized. These reflections are some of his true rewards. And if he has been true to his calling; if he has trained the mind in the way of usefulness, he shall have many bright pearls to shine in the fair diadem that shall crown his labors.

SIMON SYNTAX.

When young Hodge first came up to town, his father told him it would be polite when being helped to dinner, to say to the host, "Hall that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited, a sucking pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well Mr. Hodge, will you have this our favorite dish, or a haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his lesson, he replied, "Hall that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

A boy got his grandmother's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire. He, however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out: "Lay still, granny, there are five more charges to go off yet!"

EPITAPH.

The following was found inscribed on the back of a small portrait of Washington at Mount Vernon. It is said to have been written by a member of the Philadelphia bar, named John Smith.

WASHINGTON.
The defender of his country—the Founder of Liberty;
The friend of man.
History and tradition are explored in vain,
For a parallel to his character,
In the annals of modern greatness,
He stands alone.

And the noblest homes of antiquity,
Lose their luster in his presence.
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the qualities necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.
Called by his country to the defence of her Liberties.

He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity.
And on the Pillars of National Independence
Laid the foundation of a great Republic.
Twice invested with supreme magistracy,
By the unanimous voice of a free people,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The glories of the Field.

And voluntarily resigning the sceptre and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life.
A spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest admiration,
And the name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.

Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death.
His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind;
His noblest victory, the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

He LIVED—the ornament of the 18th century
He DIED—regretted by a mourning world.
The following is ever one of the longest passed in conversation ever known. An old gentleman, who was very sparing with his speech, was riding with his servant over Putney Bridge, when suddenly turning round to his groom, he said, "John, do you like eggs?"
"Yes, sir, was the reply." Here the conversation stopped. Some time afterwards, happening to ride over the same bridge, he resumed the conversation by saying, "How?"
"Poached, sir," was the reply. Here the conversation terminated.

"Pappy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the canomile fight the rhinoceros cow?"
"Sartin, my son—but don't get you; trussers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history, isn't it? No longer than yesterday he had eight pair of tom cats hanging by their tails from the clothes line."

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be a rather rough one, decided on putting the shoes under his arm and walking home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle. "How lucky," he exclaimed: "What a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoes?"

"Our dear brother of the Bath Times," says the Baggar (Maine) Democrat," complains of a frequent rush of blood to the head, and wants to know the cause. We can explain it on a philosophical principle. Nature abhors a vacuum."

"When the English Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking on one of the new pieces, read this on the one side: 'God be with us,' on the other, 'The Commonwealth of England.'" "I see," he said, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

The editor of a county paper apologized to his readers on account of "an absence of nearly a week from sickness." We should like to be absent from sickness forever, and would't think of apologising to anybody.

"A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked: 'Who is the master of this house?'" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

A young lady down East advertised for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says, if he will come to their town he can do better.

An exchange says, that the best cure for the palpitation of the heart is, to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. We say if that is the only remedy, "let her palpitate."

A negro was once asked if his master was achristain. "No, sir, he's a member of Congress," was the reply.

An editor down South apologises for delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to during the week.

If a man cheats you once, blame him; if a second time, blame yourself.

The height of politeness is, in passing around on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

Of what nation are all stocking-menders?—Darnation.

A Little Mixed.—War News.