

# Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 58.

NEW SERIES.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

BY B. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:

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## Original Poetry.

### STANZAS.

Ye who tread the paths of joy,  
Amid the halls of worldly pleasure;  
Leave, oh! leave life's ev'ry toy—  
In heaven gain a richer treasure.

Ye who tread the paths of vice,  
Or wander on still blindly ever—  
Turn!—oh! make the sacrifice,  
Before your fate shall whisper, “Never!”

See the world (how deep its sins!)  
Still blindly turns from smiles of heaven—  
 Ere the reign of peace begins,  
The universe to War is given.

Ere the smiles of heaven shine,  
Their light—alas!—in gloom is shrouded—  
Ere we see the Light Divine,  
The Evil all our hope has clouded.

Ye who join the drinker's brawl,  
In hovels filled with fiends infernal,  
Turn, oh thoughtless Bacchanal,  
From hell and all its woes eternal.

Bid, oh! bid the earth farewell!  
And thus thy thoughts to themes of glory;  
Leave the charnel house of hell,  
And knowledge gain from sacred story.

Ye who tread false paths of joy,  
Amid the halls of worldly pleasure;  
Leave, oh! leave life's ev'ry toy—  
In heaven gain a richer treasure.

Bedford, Oct. 14th, 1861. HELEN.

### EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN ON THE WAR.

WEST CHESTER, PA., Oct. 4.—At a great Union meeting at Hayesville, Chester County, Pa., the following letter of Ex-President Buchanan was read:

WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, PA., } September 28.

DEAR SIR:—I have been honored by your kind invitation as chairman of the appropriate committee, to attend and address a Union meeting of the citizens of Chester and Lancaster counties, to be held at Hayesville, on the first of October. This I should gladly accept, proceeding as it does, from a much-valued portion of my old Congressional District, but advancing years and the present state of my health render it impossible.

You correctly estimate the deep interest which I feel, in common with the citizens who will there be assembled, in the present condition of our country. This is indeed serious; but our recent military reverses, so far from producing despondency in the minds of a loyal and powerful people, will only animate them to more mighty exertions in sustaining a war which has become inevitable, by the assault of the Confederate States upon Fort Sumter.

For this reason, were it possible for me to address you, waiving all other topics, I should confine myself to a solemn and earnest appeal to my countrymen, and especially those without families, to volunteer for the war, and join the many thousands of brave and patriotic volunteers who are already in the field.

This is the moment for action; for prompt, energetic and united action, and not for the discussion of peace propositions. These, we must know would be rejected by the States that have seceded, unless we should offer to recognize their independence, which is entirely out of the question.

Better councils may hereafter prevail, when these people shall be convinced that the war is conducted, not for their conquest or subjugation, but solely for the purpose of bringing them back to their original position in the Union, without impairing in the slightest degree any of their constitutional rights.

Whilst, therefore, we shall cordially hail their return under our common and glorious flag, and welcome them as brothers, yet, until that happy day shall arrive, it will be our duty to support the President with all the men and means at the command of the country, in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war.

Yours, very respectfully,

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE FIRST STEP.—An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led him to ruin. He answered: “The first step, was cheating the printer out of two years subscription. The devil held him after that.”

Every member of the human family has certainly a very large family connection.

### EXTRAORDINARY POLITICAL CONFESSIONS.

The New York papers are having an extraordinary time to themselves. Messrs. Weed and Greeley are very severe on each other, and the charges alleged, acknowledged, black with bribes, founded on recent legal disclosures, would consign any man in this latitude to everlasting infamy did he aid in anything half so vile, only serve as pastime for Gotham editors. Mr. Bennett comes to the rescue, and in his own slashing manner makes the application complete, and points out the way with the moral revealed as to hopeful results to the country from this quarrel. The annexed is the Herald's article on the subject:

The most singular political confessions, perhaps, ever made are those of Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley, just made by these politicians in their own journals. The one has been engaged for some forty years and the other twenty in the dirty work of party corruption, and both confess they have had a large share in it, though we cannot expect them to tell us all the truth. Weed has been in league with the Albany Regency in the railroad operations, both in the State and the city of New York. The Third Avenue Railroad stock is particularly referred to by Greeley as the richest of those placers in which Weed has mined, and Weed responds by admitting the fact and giving Greeley “a Roland for his Oliver.” “Obnoxious,” he says, “as the admission is to a just sense of right and to a better condition of political ethics, we stand so far impeached. We would have preferred not to disclose to public view the financial history of political life, nor should the Tribune have constrained such disclosures. Public men know much of what the rest of mankind are ignorant. If we have sinned in this way, Mr. Greeley ought not to ‘cast the first stone.’ He has not always been fastidious in the use of money at elections or in legislation. He knows how much it really cost, and out of whose pockets the money came, to elect a Speaker in Congress. He knows how he expected to be reimbursed; he knows for what purpose a thousand dollar check was handed to him.”

Thus does the pot call the kettle black, and the kettle returns the compliment, and both acknowledge the soft impeachment. Quoth Weed: “Painful as the confession is, we are bound in truth and from knowledge to say, that James Buchanan was elected President, and this great and then happy and glorious republic ruined, simply because Messrs. Wendell, Forney and Belmont raised \$50,000 more money to be expended in Pennsylvania than William A. Hall, Truman Smith and the writer of this article could procure for the same object.”

This is making a clean breast with a vengeance. Weed and Greeley, it seems, were excelled by Forney in corruption in 1856, and they consequently lost the election of President; but to compensate for that defeat they carried, by dint of money, the election of Speaker in Congress. Such are the shameless confessions made by these politicians in their criminations and recriminations. They are highly edifying, and illustrate the proverb that when rogues fall out the public gain by the quarrel.

There is a moral in these revelations for the study of every honest man; and we all ought to ask ourselves, how can we expect that the country should be in any other condition than the deplorable state in which we now find it, when men who stoop to such rascality, and blush not to confess it, have been permitted so long to control the political destinies of the nation?

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.—The following is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it to the captain.

The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him than picking up the dish, and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said—“This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool!” and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

“Is it possible?” said the mate, taking up the dish. “I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than that shilling.” And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.

“I'll tell you what, young one,” said the captain, “you've found me out; so we will just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.”

Everybody should take a newspaper.—

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2975.

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### FROST MUSIC.

I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solent silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. “For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off; but the tone was not sharp like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.

### THE ORIGIN OF MARSEILLES.

Some thousands of years ago, a Greek vessel, tempest-tossed by the south winds, took refuge in the most beautiful harbor of Provence. The captain, young and smiling as the gods of his own country, claimed the hospitality of the Gallic chieftain who reigned along the coast.

“Sup with us,” replied the long-bearded man; “to-morrow I marry my daughter, Marseille, and to-night, after the banquet, she will make her choice among the candidates for her hand.”

The Greek and his marines were present at the feast. The young Gauls declared the ardor of their love by emptying the jugs, swearing in their own patois, and striking the table with their fists. The Greek knew but little of the language of the country, but his eye spoke language which makes itself understood throughout the earth.

When the light of the torches began to pale before the light of day, the young Marseilles arose, took a cup of generous wine sprinkled with rose leaves, and walked slowly around the table with a smile on his face, the power of admiration by the young chief, who turned toward her stroking their red moustaches, and stopped before the stranger, who was no longer looking at her. She touched him on the shoulder and offered her cup, turning away her face, rosier than summer clouds at sunset.

The Gauls trembled with jealous anger, but the Greek headed them not. He took the cup with his left hand, resting his right on the hilt of his sword. The same day he married the chieftain's daughter, and he never returned to the Ionian shores where his mother awaited him at her spinningwheel. The arts of Greece flourished gloriously around him; and the spot on which he built a house for his bride is still called the town of Marseille.

A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

A fellow, named Donks, was lately tried at Yuba City for entering a miner's tent and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust, that on the night of October 19th he cut out a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jem Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

“I put for him at once,” continued the witness, but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterwards where he had thrown it.”

Counsel for the prisoner—How far did he get in when he took the dust?

Buller—Well, he was stooping over about half in, I should say.

Counsel—May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal.

The testimony is clear, that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling.

Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house, when only half of his body is in, and the other half out?

Judge—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and facts as proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of “guilty” as to one half of his body, from the waist up, and “not guilty” as to the other half.

The Judge sentenced the guilty half to two years imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him. A judgment worthy of Solomon.

PROTECTING ROSES IN WINTER.—I would like to communicate an experience I have made these last two years—that is how to keep tender roses through the winter safe and in a small place. I take my roses up in the fall, trim them considerably back, and heel them in a frame. I kept over a hundred roses under one sash and found them all alive and in good order, even though my ground is very wet. I found not only that they kept well, but they flowered very fine the whole of last summer. I found this idea stated in the Ohio Farmer some years ago, by Mr. Elliott. In speaking of it, he says: “I have yet to learn that it is not the best way to keep them.”

A MOTTO IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—At one of the recent balls at Saratoga, a stray Secessionist from the “sunny South” mingled in the voluptuous waltz, wearing a Secession flag on her breast, with the significant motto:—“Shall we not protect our cotton?” In this case the rebel right was admitted.

What a wretched old bachelor that must have been, who, in being asked concerning a row of hawks standing in the street, if there was a general reply, replied, with a shrug: “Worse; there's a marriage.”

“Pat, how is coal this morning?” asked one Irishman of another.

“As black as ever!” was the reply.

### AGRICULTURAL.

Potatoes are now to be gathered and stored away. Take them from the ground on a dry day, and take them all for they will be wanted. In storing them recollect that you must guard against three things, light, frost and moisture; exclude these effectually and you can keep your potatoes as long as you choose. Other root crops will demand your attention in succession. The above suggestions apply to them all.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the “young idea how to shoot,” are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of Bedford Gazette.

### SCHOOL ETHICS FOR PARENT AND CHILD.

No. 16.

Pupils should aid the teacher in his work. Whatever the opponents of the common school system may say against teachers as individuals, and as a class, yet their work is responsible.

The skeptical eyes of the community are ever eager to ridicule every trifling error that is committed. Mole hills are magnified to mountains. All this, too, on account of the few dollars of tax which are required from every one to support the school system.

The benefits resulting from the common schools of the county seem to be overlooked, and the few failures arising, not from the system itself, but from some other unavoidable circumstances, are always made to assume a more glaring deformity than is the reality.

Pupils very often contribute much to the comfort of your families, save you, and if you choose, make you many a dollar.

Do not omit to fix, at the same time, on spots

where you are to plant, some pears, peaches, cherries, currants, &c., and above all, some grape vines—a little ground, a little attention,

and a little, bestowed carefully, and with system, upon these things, will add greatly to the comfort of your families, save you, and if you choose, make you many a dollar.

Attention and labor—apply these to your farm, with the best knowledge, and the most carefully husbanded means you have, and it will soon begin to be farm, worth looking at, and worth owning.—Field and Fireside.

CLEARING LAND OF STONE.—Speaking of the effects of the entire removal of stone, from O. W. True in the New England Farmer.

“A man may clear a moist loamy, rich soil, lying upon a gravel plain almost impenetrable to water, but when the loose ones and those that the plow came in contact with, were dug out, the soil seemed entirely changed.

It was later in the spring, and the grass did not hold out but about half as long as before the stones were removed. Had it been underdrained, I am confident it would have been much improved, instead of being a week later than originally.”

The removal of “the natural attractors of heat,” and the loss of the mineral matters supplied by the wearing away of the stones, is his explanation of this difference.

THE SEA SERPENT EXPLAINED.—The experience of one of the editors of the Salem Gazette, will prove a “staggerer” to the believers in the existence of that mythic monster the sea serpent. He was one of a party becalmed in Salem harbor, and gives his journal of twenty-four hours from which we extract the following instructive leaf.

At an early hour in the morning one or two in the cabin were hastily summoned to the deck, to see a sea monster gliding swiftly through the water. On reaching the deck several of the party, including the captain and a schooner's hands were watching the animal, which was some three quarters of a mile distant. He was apparently eighty feet long. The head would rise slightly from the surface, creating a foam in its progress. The long body projected from the water at regular intervals in “humps” or coils. The motion was uniform, and both the head and projections from the body maintained their relative position to each other with such accuracy as to leave no doubt of the reality of the strange monster. Every one was convinced, and even the captain declared that in all his seafaring experience