



BY DAVID OVER.

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**DAVID OVER.**

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Job Printing of all kinds executed neatly and promptly and on reasonable terms.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**ROSS FORWARD, O. H. GAITHER.**  
**Forward & Gaither,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
Bedford, Pa.

**ROSS FORWARD, O. H. GAITHER.**  
O. H. GAITHER, having located permanently in Bedford, will be assisted during every Court by the former. All business entrusted to them will be promptly and carefully attended to. Office on Juliana street, two doors south of the Inquirer office.  
Dec. 31, 1858.

**J. SELBY MOWER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Bedford, Pa.

**WILL** attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.  
Office on Pitt Street one door West of the "Union Hotel."  
June 10, 1859—td

**R. D. BARCLAY,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
BEDFORD, PA.

**WILL** attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care.  
Office on Juliana Street, in the building formerly occupied by S. M. Barclay, Esq., dec'd.  
March 26, 1858.

**W. H. C. LOGAN,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

**WILL** practice in the Courts of Fulton, Bedford and Franklin Counties. Office on Main Street, opposite Speer's Hotel.  
September 3, 1858.

**JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.**  
**LAW PARTNERSHIP.**—The undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.  
Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of Mengel's Office and opposite the residence of Maj. Tate.  
June 1, 1854, tf.

**D. S. RIDDLE,**  
Formerly of Bedford, Pa.  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
74, WALL ST. NEW YORK.  
All business promptly attended to.  
Dec. 3, 1858.

**J. W. LINGENFELTER,**  
**Attorney at Law and Land Surveyor,**  
WILL attend with promptness to all business entrusted to his care.  
Office one door West of the Union Hotel.  
Dec. 24, 1858.

**W. J. Mullin, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN**  
AND  
**DENTIST.**  
SCHELSBURG, PENNA.

OFFERS his services to the Public in the practice of Medicine. Will attend promptly to all cases entrusted to his care.  
He will also perform all operations on the teeth in a neat and scientific manner.  
Teeth plugged and inserted from a single tooth to an Entire Set.  
Mounted on gold or silver plate, on the latest and most approved principles.  
TERMS moderate, and all operations warranted.  
April 8, 1859—td.

**DR. J. S. ESHLEMAN,**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Pattonville and vicinity.  
Night calls promptly attended to.  
Pattonville, March 18, 1859—z

**DR. B. F. HARRY**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.  
Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hodius.  
Nov. 6, 1857.

**DR. F. C. Reamer,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. He may always be found (unless professionally engaged) at his Drug and Book Store, in Juliana St.  
Feb. 19, 1857.

**NOW** then for Bargains! selling off all kinds of Summer dress Goods at cost.  
Bedford, July 15, 1859. OSIER & CARN.

For the Hair-Jockey Club, and new mown hay, pomatoes, genuine ox marrow, at Dr. Harry's.

## Poetry.



### MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTER.

I mourn no more my vanished years;  
Beneath a tender rain,  
An April rain of smiles and tears,  
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run,  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare;  
The manna dropping from God's own hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay  
Aside the toiling oar;  
The angel sought so far away,  
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue eyed gentian look  
Through fringed lids to Heaven,  
And the pale aster in the book  
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
The South wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
Rebuke an age of wrong;  
The graven flowers that wreath the sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But sweating hands shall learn to heal,  
To build as to destroy;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track—  
That whoso'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense—  
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angels of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play;  
And all the winnows of my heart  
I open to the day.

Jones wore the new style of spectacles—not because he needed them, but because they were new. Reading at a hotel, they dropped down his nasal organ until they were in focus with his nose, he reading all the time intently. A wagish acquaintance of his approached him saying—

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear those gold bowed spectacles?"  
"Ah Mr. Smith; because I am very near sighted."

"Near-sighted?" exclaimed Smith; "near sighted! I thought from appearances you were near scented."

Jones looked confused for a moment, and then added:  
"I am far from being near scented, for I know you were in the room before I saw you."

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun."

"So God sits effulgent in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, 'My Father, thou art mine.'—Becher.

## THE SCALPED TRAPPER.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

When the fact became known that gold existed in fabulous quantities within the wilds of California, the greatest excitement probably that has ever taken place in modern times convulsed the world. Thousands from the remotest corners of the civilized world, hastened to the El Dorado to delve for the precious metal. The wild, romantic valleys of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Range, which had never been trodden by the foot of a white man, were now thronged with hundreds, eager and excited; the streams which had flowed undisturbed for ages were turned from their natural courses, and their beds analyzed, and the adumant ribs of the great mountains were forced asunder by the one impelling desire. The overland route was alive with human beings, and, for a time, it seemed that a new era had dawned upon the world.

Some months after the wild reports had been confirmed beyond a doubt, there entered the city of Independence two trappers who had just returned from their sojourn at the head waters of the tributaries of the Missouri. Snapper Jack, as he was termed, and Steve Hale, at first treated these rumors with indifference, and even contempt. Not even the affirmations of their own companions could convince them; and they started upon their next trapping journey, fully believing that the multitudes that had left the States were sadly deceived. When a few days distant from the Mississippi, they met a trapper, who was an old friend, and who, in the short time that he had been in California had made his "pile." This fact was a convincing argument, and did really convince Snapper Jack that there was a fortune to be made in that country. Hale, however, was immovable. Even the most earnest declarations had no effect, and he sneered at Jack's credulity.

The three trappers spent the night together, and the conversation that then took place fixed the determination of each. In the morning, they separated, each taking different directions. The trapper from the West continued his journey towards the States; Snapper Jack kept on towards California, and Hale started in a north west direction towards the "trapping grounds," leaving the former and the latter to themselves, we will follow the strange fortunes of Snapper Jack, as he proceeded hopefully and cheerfully on his way.

Jack, although he mentioned it to no one, had entertained a belief that gold existed in any quantity in the Wahsatch Mountains, and it was his determination to visit them alone, and satisfy himself in regard to it. For the purpose of greater safety, however, he joined a company of emigrants, and remained with them until they had nearly proceeded as far westward as Pike's Peak. While he was with these travelers, he was the means of saving the company from a wholesale slaughter by the Indians. As is generally the case, they placed too great a reliance upon their numbers, and paid no attention to the suspicious appearance of several savages hovering in the distance during the daytime. Jack announced to them the startling fact that they were watched by a large number of savages, who meditated an attack the coming night; and, as a consequence, they were fully prepared. The prediction was true, and the whites, about midnight, were set upon by an overwhelming number of Indians, who, after a short but terrible struggle, were repulsed and scattered by the deadly discharges of the rifles of the emigrants. This occurrence was a lesson to the company, and no night after that was spent upon the prairie without a sufficient guard.

Jack, as we said, accompanied them for some distance further, when bidding them adieu, he alone, with his horse, struck boldly southward toward the Wahsatch Mountains. He was a too experienced hunter to be heedless or careless of the danger which he knew he had incurred by this proceeding; and when he encountered upon the prairie, it was not until he was assured of his safety. More than once he spent the whole twenty-four hours without a moment's sleep, and proceeded cautiously and slowly through the day, watching anxiously, and avoiding the slightest appearance of danger. At length, however, he reached the mountains, one afternoon, and spent the night at the base. The grass here was rich and luxuriant, and choosing a secluded spot, he turned his horse to graze, intending to not disturb him again until he left the mountains. Then, taking his "traps and fixings," and marking the spot, he deposited them in a sort of half cave, where he judged there was no danger of their being disturbed by intermeddling Indians. Here, in this cave, he spent his first night in the Wahsatch Mountains.

At morn, he ascended the mountain, and was somewhat startled when he discovered that there had been Indians very recently in the vicinity. He was, however, confident that with due caution, he could avoid an encounter with them, and had really little to fear from an attack.

He was, however, disappointed. At noon, weary with wandering over the rugged wilds of the mountain, he stopped at a small, crystal stream to slake his thirst. While drinking, he noticed a quantity of yellow shining particles of sand, and he believed at once that he had discovered the gold. Delighted with his success, he gathered a few grains in his hand, and holding them between his thumb and finger, held them up to the light to survey them. As he did so, several rills cracked from behind the surrounding rocks and trees, and a bullet whizzed directly between his thumb and finger, scattering the grains to the winds. At the same instant, a score of yells reverberated through the forest, and as many dusky savages sprang exultingly toward him. The trapper

saw that but one was directly in his way, and taking a half aim, he sprang over his writhing body, and darted like a wounded animal toward the base of the mountain, the whole pack plunging after him.

He had gone but a short distance when he found that he had been wounded by the fire of the Indians, and would be unable to continue his flight for any length of time. He turned his head, and saw the blood trickling down his thigh, and at every step it seemed as if a knife were thrust in his flesh. Finding matters desperate, he gathered all his strength and made towards the point where he supposed his horse was grazing. Providence favored him, and he came directly upon him, without losing a moment in the search. Springing upon his back, he brandished his rifle over his head, and giving an exultant yell, galloped away.

"Now catch me, you cowardly devils," he shouted. "S'pose you'd like to lift ha'r, wouldn't you? How does that suit?"

In an incredibly short space of time he had reloaded his rifle, and as he uttered the last words, he covered the form of the foremost Indian and fired. The wounded savage returned the fire, as he limped forward, but the aim was wild, and the bullet sped wide of its mark.

"There's another of the same sort. How does that suit?"

The shot, however, owing to the difficulty of aiming while on horseback, but slightly wounded a savage, and the trapper, deeming it prudent to get beyond the reach of his pursuers as soon as possible, turned and struck his horse into a fast run.

The savages, fearful of losing their prey, fired together; yet, strangely enough, missed Jack, who returned a yell of defiance, as he again brandished his gun over his head. He was startled, however, to find that, although unhurt himself by the shots of his enemies, his horse was severely injured, and limped painfully. The savages seemed to be aware of this, for again giving vent to their yells of triumph, they plunged forward and continued the pursuit.

Luckily for Jack, the night was coming on, and he felt confident that, could he avoid his pursuers until then, he could elude them altogether. Still, his chances were desperate, indeed. As he reloaded his rifle, he urged his horse forward, and the animal seemed conscious of the danger hanging over his mastery, and strove manfully to carry him beyond the reach of it.

Jack turned to fire, and, as he did so, he saw that two of the foremost savages had halted and brought their pieces to their shoulders, and the next instant a red jet of flame sprang from before them. As quick as lightning he dropped upon his face, and the bullets whizzed over his head, passing clean through the neck of his horse. The noble animal vented forth a groan, seemingly as much of sorrow as of pain, staggered a moment, and as his rider leaped from his back, fell to the earth.

"Thunder, lightning, redskins, beavers and buffers, if Snapper Jack isn't in a tight place!" exclaimed the trapper, leaping away.

The shades of night were now settling, yet there was a faint moon; and it was necessary for the trapper to keep his pursuers at a considerable distance, in order to be beyond their sight. His pursuers numbered about a dozen, and as he turned he saw that two were gaining rapidly upon him—two rapidly, indeed, for comfort or assurance. His wound was becoming intensely painful, and he could hardly bear the weight of his body for an instant upon it. The savages, feeling confident that the trapper was within their reach, halted, and but two continued the pursuit. Jack discovered this, and took hope. Gathering his strength, he ran forward for a short distance, when from the great pain he sank to the ground.

The darkness had become so intense, that the savages were not in sight; but in a few moments the two appeared, and gave a simultaneous yell of triumph, as they beheld the prostrate form of the trapper. Jack's face was turned toward them; and waiting until he judged they were near enough, he rolled over toward them; and before it could be avoided shot one of the savages in the heart. The other, with a howl of fury, leaped toward the trapper, who fell back and faintly, for the first time in his life. The savage, thinking him dead, from his frightful appearance, jerked his cap from his head, seized the hair in his hand, and running the keen point of his knife around the crown, commenced scalping him. This new pain revived Jack, who, realizing his danger, plunged forward, and drove his knife to the hilt in the body of the savage. The Indian gave his death yell, and as he sprang aloft, his hand still clutched the hair of the trapper, and carried it with him, thus actually scalping him. The two beings closed around each other, in their death-struggle; and as the savage breathed out his life, Jack also became unconscious.

When the trapper came to himself, the sun was high in the heavens, and he was alone upon the great prairie. The blood from his wounded head had flowed down over his face, and, drying, had so closed his eyes that it was only with great difficulty that he opened them. His head seemed bursting with pain; and hardly conscious of what he was doing, he crawled a few rods to the left, where was a stream of water, and washed his wounds. This done he felt considerably relieved, and placing his cap upon his head, began really to think that it was not time for him to "go under." The wound in his thigh pained him little, but his scalpless head was terrible.

"Ugh! you thundering devil!" hissed he, as he surveyed the fallen savage, "you got enough of ha'r littin' that time, didn't yer—Whoop!"

As if some sudden hope had sprang up in the trapper's heart, his ghastly countenance twisted into a sickly smile.  
"S'pose we trade ha'r!"

As he said this, he stooped, and seizing the tuft upon the savage's head, tore it off by the roots, and then gave the body a contemptuous kick.

"That ar affair, I calc'late, is wot ha'in't never been done. Just think, a decent white man tradin' ha'r with a thiering, cowardly, all-fired copperskin! Wagh!"

Jack felt a strange feeling darting through his system. His pain seemed to cease, and the prairie appeared alive with Indians, all with horrid visages, hurrying towards him. Full of terror, he uttered a fierce yell, and darted away. He was delicious.

Late one afternoon, as a company of emigrants were slowly wending their way over the flat plains of the West, toward California, they espied a solitary hunter in the distance approaching. They watched him with interest until he came up, when they seemed at a loss to tell whether he was an inhabitant of this world or some strange phantom that their imagination had conjured up. His bloodshot eyes protruded from their sockets, and his sunken face was covered with grizzly hair, while hardly a fragment of his garments remained upon him. In reply to their questions, he gave a vacant stare, and seemed unconscious that any persons were near him. He permitted himself to be handled and examined, and was as docile as a child. When by accident his cap was removed, the spectators shrank back in horror. He seemed literally a walking corpse!

The good emigrants came to a halt for the day, and the poor trapper was committed to the care of a physician who accompanied them. Day after day they nursed him until they arrived in California, where he was still taken care of, and finally recovered—thus presenting the strange spectacle of a living man who had been scalped! He related his story to his friends; and thanking them as best he could, left them.

But what is probably as singular as anything that has been related, is the fact that Snapper Jack actually visited the Wahsatch Mountains again upon a horse. He affirmed that he came across the two wretched skeletons of the savages who caused him so much trouble; and in the whitened bones of one hand he beheld his own scalp, and carried it with him. But what affected him the most was, the remains of his faithful horse.

He remained a number of months in the mountains, without encountering an enemy; and finally returned to Independence, seemingly well pleased with his fortune. Whether he actually discovered gold is unknown, and will probably remain so until he chooses to tell.

## Dark Side of the Pike's Peak Picture.

A correspondent of the Rockford (Illinois) Register, writes from the Rocky Mountains the following discouraging facts:—

The miners, and in fact, every one here, with very few exceptions, are the greatest liars I ever saw. Greely was here and swallowed everything that was told him.

There are three kinds of diggings here, viz:—lead, gulch and bar. The leads are in the rocks on the mountains; they are found by the "Blossom Rock," as it is called, or burned stone on the surface, occasioned, it is supposed, by the internal heat or volcanic action of some earlier day, which opened the rock, forming a seam now full of dirt or rotten stone, in which the gold is found. Gregory's lead has only the four gold, and they are or were the richest found. These leads commence at foot of the mountain, and run a north-eastern and south-western direction. The dirt has to be washed, which requires considerable water, and all the water is produced of snow as it melts, and that is nearly used up. Besides this, for some cause, these leads have nearly ceased to be profitable, or as they say "lose the pay dirt."

Some dug eighteen to twenty feet in solid rock, and have not found the object of their search. Claims that once sold for \$20,000 can now be bought for \$1,000. A company from Cleveland, Ohio, camped near us and purchased one of these claims, paying down all they had, even to guns and most of their provisions.

They work it nearly four weeks without one cent of pay dirt, when one of their company was nearly killed by the unexpected explosion of a blast. What will become of them God only knows.

Wages here are only \$2.50 per day, and it costs at least \$1 per day for board, and work is very scarce at that. Gulch diggings are those located in sloughs at the foot of the mountains. They cannot be worked when the water is high, and when it is dry they have paid well when they could be worked.

The bar diggings are on the banks of creeks, and are nearly forsaken at present. It requires two or three months to open a lead, it may pay when opened, but no certainty of it. There are a great many sick in the mountains—five died yesterday, and four the day previous; in our vicinity, of the mountain fever. Our company have been sick, all of us, during the past two weeks.

At a fancy fair, a sailor was strolling past a stall presided over by a lovely woman. Jack stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a sovereign from his pocket, laid it on the table, and was passing on.

"My good friend," said the lady, "won't you take something for your money?"  
"I thank you, madam," replied the tar, with another look. "I've had more than my money's worth already."

## Seeking Information.

"Can you direct me to the Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet-bag, of a burly Hibernian, standing on the steps of the railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "it's jist I that kin do that same. You see you jist go up that strait till you come to Thaddy O'Mulligan's then."

"But I don't know where Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."

"O, faith, why didn't I think of that. Well, then, your honor, must kape on till you git to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of the brick church it is, and kape that on the right, and go on till ye's git to the sign of the big watch, and mind you don't fall down there away then you kape on a little farder till ye come to a big tree, and after that you turn to the right or left, but by the bones of St. Patrick, I don't know which."

The traveler turned in despair to a long lank Jonathan, who was standing whittling close by, and made the same inquiry.

"Maybe you're going to put up there?" queried Jonathan.

"Yes, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes—from Philadelphia," was the impatient reply; "but can you tell me where the—"

"Got any more baggage?" said the impetuous Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in rather a crumpled manner. "But I'm in a hurry, and would like to be directed."

"Wait a minute. I reckon your a married man, ain't you?"

"No, I am not; and now I won't answer anything more till you have answered me."

"Well, squire," said the Yankee, coolly, "I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is, I have never been here before myself."

Less than a minute, a carpet bag, with a man attached, was seen hurrying away from that vicinity.

## HOW FRANCE MANS HER NAVY.

The ways and means for manning the French navy have been reduced to an admirable system. The sources from which France derives her seamen are the maritime enrollment, voluntary enlistment, and the advancement of the "Mousses," (sons of petty officers, sailors and officials.) The entire sea-faring and sea-coast population of the country is enrolled, and levies are periodically made. All men on the muster-roll are liable to sea-service from the age of eighteen to fifty, though only two-thirds of the number are supposed to be available. The inscription list of 1855 included 162,000 men liable to seven years' sea service. The forces obtained from the inscription, voluntary enlistment, and the "Mousses," or boys, after being collected at the various depots, are organized into companies of steersmen, gunners, musketeers, engineers, stokers, &c., and from these divisions, which have been thoroughly instructed and drilled, crews are embarked according to the demand. Having been trained to exercise and work together, these men readily unite in the organization on shipboard. The internal economy of the service has also been determined by the government, so that there may be uniformity of rule, of detail, and of discipline throughout; so that whatever ship a man might be drafted into, he would find the same system prevailing, and at once fall into his proper place. The rolls for stations, quarters, or inspection, are always the same so that men and officers should always find a uniform mode prevailing, in which they had been instructed and trained. In the discipline there is the same uniformity—the crimes being all classed and the different punishments prescribed. The code is not severe.

QUEER EMPLOYMENT.—We heard a pretty good story the other day, which we think merits a wider circulation than it has got yet. The story runs that some honest faced Hoosier went into a fancy store in Cincinnati, in hunt of a situation.

The proprietor, or head clerk, was sitting in the counting room, with his feet elevated, contemplating human life through the softening influence of cigar smoke.

Our Hoosier friend addressed him modestly, as follows:  
"Do you want to hire a hand about your establishment?"

The clerk looked up indifferently, but seeing his customer, concluded to have a little fun out of him, so he answered very briskly, at the same time pulling out a large and costly handkerchief, and blowing his nose on it.

"Yes, sir; what sort of a situation do you want?"

"Well, I'm not particular. I'm out of work, and almost anything will do me for awhile."

"Yes, I can give you a situation if it will suit you."

"What is it? What's to be done, and what do you give?"

"Well I want hands to chew rags to make paper, and if you are willing to act in, you may gain at once."

"Good as wheat! Hand over your rag."

"Here, take this handkerchief and commence with it."

The Hoosier saw the "sell," and quietly putting the handkerchief into his pocket, remarked, as he turned to go out:

"When I get it chafed, stranger, I'll fetch it back."

When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the sows, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.