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BY DAVID OVER.

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## An Englishman in America.

His Opinion of War Between England and the United States.

The following article appears in the London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette: Sir: I have now made the tour of the States of North America, and think it probable I can give your readers some useful information. I landed at New York city ten months ago, and have spent my time in studying the character and customs of those people, and must confess that if I remained ten years the result would be the same; and I know very little about them. But upon one point—national pride—men, women and children are all alike, and the idea of any nation of Europe, or the whole of them put together, conquering this country is perfectly absurd to them. Every body reads the papers, and a good-humored urchin of twelve years used to rate me soundly at Philadelphia for our failures at Sebastopol. The best version of American sympathy was given me a few days since. When the war commenced the Turks were the weaker power, and our sympathies were with her. After the alliance it was three against one, and our sympathies went for Russia, but should France join Russia to-morrow against England, our government could not prevent its citizens from not only sympathizing with England, but assisting her with material aid. This I heard from a very intelligent man, who I do not think suspected my nationality; and I firmly believe it. In the South I spent some time upon the plantations, and many times held long conversation with the slaves, and always with the same result. They are much better satisfied than I suspected, and when I spoke of the probability of a war, I was answered that "white folks wouldn't let bigga fight." "But," said I, "the blacks from the West Indies will come here and help you to gain your freedom." "What! black senger come here; let 'em cum, den, massa let's fight de bigga, I know, and Gar Almighty we give 'em gosh!" If not expressed in the same language the same feeling was ever expressed.

I have visited all their national armories, and although the country is at peace, the greatest activity prevails; all the old arms are condemned and by next spring nearly 1,500,000 Minie rifles will be ready for distribution, besides Colt's Clark's and others. A Mr. Alger, at Boston is now engaged on a new kind of gun for the navy. The range, with solid shot, is nearly five miles; with shell, somewhat shorter, and the explosion of the shell, renders conflagration certain to a great distance. These are called, by those at work on them, the secret gun. But what the secret is could not ascertain. Since the war rumors I have been observant of all and every thing that could give me a clue to the feeling of the people. This is not difficult to come at, for the feeling is general and their confidence is so great in their own strength that the most diffident speak only of the consequences and the result. In company with a party of merchants, most of whom were engaged in trade with England, I broached the war subject, and was astonished to find them so indifferent about the circumstances. One of them, largely interested in the clipper ship, in answer to a remark of mine, that he would have to lay up his clipper—"Not a bit of it," said he, "they will make capital privateers; the government will furnish guns of long range; no British man-of-war catch them except a steamer, and they cannot in a good breeze, so we must take chances." "But where will you get your men?" "Where? We have 84,000 enrolled fishermen who will flood our sea-ports, and I will tell you candidly that less than six months after war is declared there will be 500 of the fastest vessels in the world about as privateers, and an English merchantman will not be able to show herself at sea. What if we lose a few, we will make it up in the end. Two steamers were launched a few days since, each about 4,000 tons, built in eight months, and it is just as easy to build 60 in the same time or less." "But your coasts are not defended?" "Remember you have no Sebastopol nor Cronstadt." "Nor do we want any. We have a few very pretty forts, but should any nation attempt an invasion, he will meet them with hands and hearts equal to any, superior to most; and we can concentrate 500,000 men at any point on our coast in a few days. Let the alarm be sounded at this moment, and in a few hours near 50,000 men will make their appearance armed and equipped." This sounds like bragging, but it is a fact. This city (New York) has near that number enrolled and equipped; every man keeps his rifle at home or in the private armory of the company to which he belongs, and I find it the same throughout the country. I have frequently met with boys 12 and 14, with guns and game-bags, starting at early dawn for where they can shoot game wherever found.

War is argued against by every body as something to be avoided, but the idea of backing out to avoid it does not appear to enter the mind of anybody. Some of the papers speak of the President's message disparagingly, but the people are with him, and I candidly believe he would be elected if the election came off to day. And I regret I cannot defend my country at this time as I would wish. The Bulwer-Clayton treaty is plain and explicit, and these people don't and won't understand double meanings in treaties. They say the man with the white hat does not refer to the individual in the white cap, and my Lord John Russell acknowledges the American interpretation. There are thousands of men here that the Americans would be glad to get clear of, but that does not justify England in breaking their laws by enlisting them; and my Lord Palmerston's instructions were something like telling a man to stab his neighbor but not to hurt him.

If the treaty (Clayton and Bulwer) is adhered to, we have the States pledged never to occupy it (Central America), for, say what we will, they will stick to the treaty and it will never be annexed; abrogate it, and in less than ten years it will be one of the States of the Union. The Canadians are a very royal set and think they could take possession of the States at a moment's warning. They have caught the habit of bragging from their neighbors without having the wherewith to brag on. A trip up the lakes is the most convincing proof we can have of the difference in the two people. In the American are well-finished cities and towns, saw mills, railroads running in every direction—in fact, you seldom lose sight of the locomotive—and there are innumerable steamers at every landing. On the Canadian, where there are settlements, you see the well-kept, comfortable dwellings, the smooth-sheared lawn, and every thing wears an air of comfort; but little or no business with the exception of the great railroad. However they are rapidly improving; but should there be war, the largest and best portions of Canada are lost to us. Quebec, Halifax, and other points would be lost to them. But to sum up my own observations after every opportunity that one man could have afforded him, the result would be as follows: Mexico, Cuba, and the whole of Central America would be annexed in the South and I have little doubt of Canada, in the North; millions of treasure and thousands of valuable lives lost to England for ever; our commerce crippled in every sea, and some fighting that will gladden the hearts of our tried soldiery.

Now, what can we gain? A foot of territory? We don't want it; and if we did, six feet for the majority of our brave fellows, I fear, would be the extent. Naval or military glory we don't want, and as for the sand beach of the Mosquito king it is a decided humbug. What would be the result to this country? It would put her back in prosperity for half a century; it would ruin thousands who are now in affluence, but would enrich thousands who are now poor. But the great advantage the Americans have is that they can produce and manufacture every thing they want; the different climate affords this. They would get accustomed to their own goods and discard ours for ever. But the greatest injury to all parties and I may say to the world would be the making of this nation of 25,000,000 a warlike people, and once instilled with the love of war, the propagandists of Europe would have a fearful ally. The last year's crop of wheat is officially given at 170,000,000 of bushels, and every thing else in proportion, so that we cannot starve them out; and, from my own observation, I would rather see England contending with the whole of Europe than against this country, I am no croaker, nor have I any doubt of the power and wealth of my beloved country, and, if need be could again handle a musket for her honor and glory; but the day that war is declared between these two mighty rivals a contest will be commenced that will bring more horrors in its train than the world ever yet witnessed.

There is another item which I am like to forget. Many of my countrymen place great dependence on the abolitionists, or friends of freedom in this country; but I assure you their greatest protection here is their insignificance. They flourish as long as thought harmless, but the slightest suspicion of their collusion with a foreign foe and they would be annihilated; in fact, I have proved to my entire satisfaction that those terrible and exciting questions are only intended for political effect; but attach any importance to them affecting the interests of the country, and they are gone. You would, no doubt, be astonished to hear that many children of foreigners, and, in fact, foreigners themselves, are know-nothings, started to proscribe them; but such is the

fact. I have extended my remarks further than I intended, but they have one desirable feature—that is, truth. Should they prove acceptable, I may again intrude on you.

I remain, yours,  
JAMES B. WARREN.  
Buffalo, New York, Jan. 12, 1855.

From Household Words.

## The Legend of Argis.

One of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of Argis. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince of Niagoe, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that if victorious, he would build on that very spot the most splendid temple that ever sought the rays of the sun. Consequently it is supposed that, his victory was complete. The Ottomans were dispersed; and he, had nothing to do but accomplish his promise. Princes are usually faithful in these kind of undertakings. Niagoe had much wealth at his command, and knew of an able architect named Manoli. To him he entrusted the task of constructing the temple—bidding him collect the best Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open; and the bears that looked in while passing down the long glades on the ruins became convinced that their occupation in that part of the world was gone forever.

Manoli set about his task with enthusiasm. There were day gangs and night gangs, so that the walls rose as if by magic. Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveler over the surrounding trees, when suddenly the edifice sunk into the ground, and spread upon it in ruin. Manoli attributes this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste with which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But no sooner had the building reached its former elevation, than down it came again. Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether; but Niagoe had become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expense of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least half. To effect the second, the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His vow was costing him dear, but he dared not break it. The simpler course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be decapitated, and all the workmen hanged if the church was not finished by a given time.

Under these circumstances, Manoli went to consult the aged anchorite who had witnessed Prince Niagoe's vow, and asked him what was to be done. "Build again," was the reply, "and when the last stone is about to be laid, come to me, by that time I may have found an expedient." Manoli accordingly, for the third time brought the church near completion. Then he paused and went to the anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, hurriedly interrupted his pious salutation, and said in a strange unearthly voice, "Watch to-morrow from the pinnacle, and the first woman thou beholdest approaching from the east, cause her to be taken, when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and walled up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts."

Manoli was a humane man, and his heart shrank within him on hearing this order. But his own life and that of many others was at stake, and he went away from the cell, sadly determined to obey what he conceived to be a divine command. He was awakened next morning by the singing of his workmen, and climbed up immediately to the appointed place; when, shading his eyes from the low sun with his hand, he anxiously looked forth. Some time passed and no female form appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down the grade, in the midst of a slight mist kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun. Manoli was about to rejoice, when suddenly he recognized in his devoted victim, his young wife Uca—his wife of two summers, only, the mother of the boy whose smiles and even whose cries gladdened his heart when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed with streaming eyes that something might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded when a huge dog rushed out from a thicket, overturned the basket of provisions which Uca was bringing to her husband, and forced her to go back and prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look towards the silent and motionless east. Suddenly the form of a woman again appeared. He strained his eyes beneath his broad, hard hand, leaning forward so that he nearly toppled over, and, to his dismay, saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned home, replenished her basket, and was now not walking, but running, lest her husband should suffer from the delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more although he believed it was almost impious thus to strive with fate. This time a gaunt wolf stalked forth from beneath the trees, and Uca again fled back toward her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy, and remained the whole day still looking anxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath a long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into dim shadow; the course of the stream could no longer be traced; the flocks on the hill sides faded from sight, though their monotonous bleating and the shouts of shepherds could still be heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was never destined to be finished, and resolved to share in its destruction. Suddenly, near at hand, quite among the workmen, he beheld the indomitable Uca, with a third basket of provisions on one arm, and her babe upon the other. She looked around for her husband, eager to explain the cause of her delay, and justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the workmen's torches, which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not shed many tears, for he believed he was obeying the thrice expressed will of heaven. He kissed his wife tenderly, putting aside the hands of the little child which endeavored to clasp his neck—for how could he have resisted that caress?—and then, in a loud husky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the centre pillar of the great aisle. They wondered and murmured, but they obeyed; and the shrieks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of hammers and chisels, and pick-axes. Manoli looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared, and he then went apart, and throwing himself on the ground, spent the night in despair which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards the church was finished, and all the country around came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy and some say injured affections were on the watch. The most probable story is that the father of Uca, a master workman, silently excited the workmen against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower, to see that all was right; they drew away the ladder, and called to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unhappy man shrieked aloud and tried to justify himself.

He had obeyed the orders of Heaven, given the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human form. His despair became overwhelming. But love of life is strong. He was a great mechanic and endeavor, they say, to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he could fly down from the immense height. He dared not to implore the succor of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly around him during the terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow, and they say that the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since, at the hour of midnight, a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

## SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
  2. Taking a newspaper and refusing to pay for it.
  3. Not getting married.
  4. Getting married without sending any of the wedding cake.
  5. Making the printing office a loafing place.
  6. Reading the manuscript in the compositor's hand.
  7. Sending abusive letters to the editor.
- For the first and second offences no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable. The fifth is death by the law. For the balance, dispensation can be received by especial agreement.
- A judge in New York, finding the parties in a suit disputing about the trifling sum of two dollars, paid it himself and told the clerk to call the next case.
- Let the wittiest thing be said in society, there is sure to be some fool present, who for the life of him, cannot see it.

## The Runaway Match.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair haired lasses were not so plenty in New England as they now are, there dwelt in the town of P——, a pretty village, distant then, some five and twenty miles from Mardet town, a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars; at that period a very handsome fortune, indeed.

The sparkling eyes and winning manner of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous, but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, "Joe;"—Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had intrusted Joe with the management of his large place two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager, was this plain and unassuming but good looking Joe Walker. He was young too, only twenty three; and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances, and attentions between them which excited his early suspicions. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to the future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem, and so he put his wits at once to work.

By agreement an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other, and the father saw (as he believed) with satisfaction that his previous suspicion and fears had all been premature. Then by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening, and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bed time. This was some thing unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a mans daughter, who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for several months the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital. Just what the old man desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would have Joe get married, and to stop all further trouble or suspicion at once. So he said: "Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?" "Yes—yes," said Joe. "I'm not much of a judge myself." "And you like her?" "Yes, sir, yes." "Then marry her!" said Danforth. "But I can't, the father objects." "Pooh! what should you care! Run away with her!" "Elope?" "Yes, certainly; off with you at once. If the gal will join, all right. Marry her, bring her here, you shall have the little cottage at the foot of the lane. I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be raised, and the old man may like it or not." "But—" "But no buts Joe. Do as I bid you, go about it at once, and—" "You will stand by me?" "Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe; you're a good workman, and will make any body a good son or a husband." "The old fellow will be so mad though." "Who cares, I say. Go quickly, but quietly." "To-morrow then, then," said Joe. "Yes," said Danforth. "I'll hire Culver's horses—" "No you shan't." "No!" "I say no. Take my horse, the best one, young Morgan, he'll take you off in fine style in the new phaeton." "Exactly." "And so soon as you are spliced, come

right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."

"Her father will kill me." "Bah! he's an old fool, whoever he is; he don't know your qualities, Joe, so well as I do, don't be afraid; faint heart, you know, never won a fair woman." "The old man will be astonished." "Never mind, go on; we'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Joe. "You shall," said Danforth, and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a nice new black suit really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to the new phaeton, and leading the spunky animal himself into the road, away went Joe Walker in search of his bride.

A few rods distant from the house he found her as per previous engagement, and repairing to the next village, the parson very soon made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P——, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.

"Is it done?" cried the old man.

"Yes—" answered Joe.

"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow, in a high glee, "never mind compliments, no matter about the dark entry; here Joe, to the light in the best parlor; we'll have a good time now, sure!" and the anxious farmer rushed away for lights returning almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.

"Yes, yes—"

"And this is my wife," he added as he passed up his beautiful bride—the bewitching and loving Minnie Danforth!

"What, roared the old fellow; what did you say, Joe—you villain, you scamp, you audacious cheat, you, you—"

"It is the truth, sir, we are lawfully married. You advised me to this course, you assisted me in this course, you planned the whole affair, you lent me your horse, you thought me last night worthy of any man's child, you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the foot of the hill, you—"

"I didn't. I deny it. You can't prove it; you're a—"

"Calmly now, sir," said Joe. And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union.

The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be finally to attempt spoil it.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a joyful one, and the original assertion of Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and a faithful husband and lived many a year to enjoy the happiness which followed upon his runaway match. While the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot the mark.

## Personal Appearance of John Hancock.

One who seen Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by desecence. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentle wigs were worn abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap; within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue demask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small cloths, white stockings and red morocco slippers.

It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler standing on the hearth a full tankard, and drank first him, self and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver, lace and other decorations fashion-

able among men of fortune in that period—and he rode, especially on public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related Dr. Nathan Inoques, the famous predestinator of West Newbury, that he passed all the way from that place to Boston in one day to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

## Dr. Lydia Sayer on Heavy Petticoats.

Dr. Lydia Sayer is a fine, dashing girl, fresh as her own Orange county butter, and as beautiful as the scenery of her own Orange county home. But fresh and fair though she is not a speaking ornament to a lecture-room. With a less masculine ambition, she might adorn the kitchen, the parlor, and the bedside, and enhance the beauty and respectability of an audience of which she formed a part; but with aspirations which are not comely in woman, and a boldness incompatible with refined sensibility, she neutralizes the good she is formed for doing, by aiming at what she is not fitted to accomplish. A construction of sentences in accordance with the rules laid down by Lindly Murray, and correct pronunciation, absolutely necessary to the success of any lecturer who presumes to improve and refine the tastes of the public. Lydia, with all her beauty is lamentably deficient in both. Her ambition o'erleaps Lindley, and her affectionate nature centres with all its power upon the last syllable of all the words she uses. There are many words worthy of esteem, but to place one's affections upon a monosyllable, and that always the last, is unworthy of a female. Lydia might easily find an object more deserving of her highest regard.

When speaking she seems possessed of the idea that, however much sentences may vary in length, they must all be finished within the same number of seconds. Her endeavor to carry this strange notion into effect offends the ear of her audience, and forces her to a flippancy which attains its object on warring days only. Her objections to "fashion morally and physically considered," are precisely the same as have obtained in all ages, and as are preached by the devotees of fashion to-day. Every body knows and believes that heavy-quilted petticoats, fastened as they usually are, and corsets laced as is the custom, are injurious. If Lydia would have a change for the better, let her no longer waste her time in the preparation of maudlin lectures, but retire from the forum to the back parlor, and there, with scissors and needle, fashion garments which shall be becoming, convenient and healthful.

If she succeeds in making such garments attractive, she will have accomplished more than is good than all the strong minded woman who exhibit themselves where men only should stand, will ever attain.—N. Y. Times.

A GOOD EXCUSE.—A Juror's name was called by the clerk. The man advanced to the judge's desk and said:

"Judge, I should like to be excused."

"It is impossible," said the judge decidedly.

"But, judge, if you knew my reasons."

"Well, sir, what are they?"

"Why, the fact is"—and the man paused.

"Well, sir, proceed," continued the judge.

"Well, judge, if I must say it, I've got the itch!"

The judge, who was a very sober man, solemnly and impressively exclaimed—"Clerk scratch that man out!"

"I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?"

"Why, it's daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Don't yer know? Why, Uncle Peter Jones."

"So you're the son of your uncle?"

"Why, yes, calculate I am. You see dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle!"

The scarcity of barrels is accounted for by the fact that the ladies have monopolized the hoops.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

"What's the reason you're the wrong side of your stocking turned out?" said Jim to Pat the other day.

"The reason—the reason is it!" said Pat. "It's because there's a hole t'other side of it."