## Beoford Inquirer and Chromicle.

BY DAVID OVER
BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE $13,1856$.

| \% hemist man. | dacotah's Captive |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| c Cresms, fated of of il: |  |  |
|  | or the Iowa Lead mines. | butt of his rifle, and then sped on his |
|  |  | Luar hor, th his horror, be saw |
|  | he Spanisis eolonits ravaged the |  |
| s not the aoblest work of aless-an honest man. |  | to the |
|  | of salf groernment on tho eastern cosst, tho | win |
| Se solemon of oid; | French were but the agents of |  |
| lesenilig, he's |  | and lis mifes perious sitation. |
|  | joymeat of |  |
| st this worla began |  |  |
| -an homet man. |  | ment where there were a large whitse |
| 1 cape notit to sulareing | strepid La Salle. |  |
| s the homeless an |  | - |
|  | lien Dubuque was the fir | men and true, were ready to him aross the river They care |
| them all he can, | Indians soenlect the or | $\lim _{\text {for }}$ |
| not the noblest work less-an hunest man. |  |  |
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|  | mit of a ligh, cliff overloskiog the |  |
|  | ing the mouth | of ashes. His belored wife had evidently |
|  | Ther tee ter hio |  |
|  | lings and erased every trace of divilizod | some |
| What be wiop pices ecci man lis diee | ded hirs ettlemenst, exsept tha | were |
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|  | of D |  |
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|  | Years passed dinay. The white flag of | now |
| an hoo |  | their |
|  |  |  |
| a chishoom | tion, erossed the river in quest of the lead |  |
| a. p. menstos. |  |  |
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|  | Eer teky, leat by toe |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | thene |
|  | ty, able to wield an axe with any of bis |  |
|  |  | at last a party of the |
| Thers are mam |  |  |
| That cing around the pas | New Orieans. Sesecting a good loealiy on | wilh thou, and wio ras so competen |
|  | The very store of the Misassippi, old Joe | head the party as that ssorn enemy |
| In the happy days now gone, | by a stockade to keep off the Dacotahs.- | d |
|  | Thes then surounded a clearing with a | trai |
|  | deasened the |  |
| Who semuts so tomed tor | their coro was well above ground | and about midnight |
|  | and free from weeds, they began | stam |
|  | is far they bad seen no Indians, and |  |
|  | began to fitter theuselves that the red |  |
|  | stins had leet the cunatry to their peaie ful |  |
| Whusa smiles were like th | possession, but the wily coustant wateh upon |  |
|  | Perraps, had they confined tin |  |
|  | agrieulural labers, the intruders migit |  |
| , | have gone unmolested, especially as the |  |
|  |  | bre |
|  | ch |  |
|  |  | Trank |
|  |  | their |
|  |  |  |
| hit all reo beentifal | him a eabin about five hundred yards from |  |
|  | hend quarters, despite the warnings of odd Joe. Frank, howere, bad of eara of Indi- |  |
|  | ans, and lived with bis wife and their babe |  |
|  | in great happiness, until ono sunmer's night $\mid$ | On the outslirss were |
| thee perisb wiere they rest. | when te was amakened by the lood barking |  |
| And cin we but think of thes | ed through an opering in the lo | their lot. T straight strip |
| ctrem | to his horror, at least fift Dacot | *ient orer birches, which gently daneed |
|  | wiy to force an | the |
| Lis cold and tormy nes- | Arosing his wife, her | wi |
| the glorious beauty round us bleming but to die? |  | centre of the village, before the torert |
|  |  | teot of the clief, sat the braves, smoki |
|  |  | Their white men loo |
| Oteans Picayme e of |  | The wile men |
| moed, by a perso? wiol has one haur- | d | betreen their teeth and with a deafening |
| aid dollars and no Leir | smill sellar, he elosed the mulur | Sell rusied down trough the frigitened |
| birth, a cliid. It must be of |  |  |
| arents and fran one hour to |  |  |
|  | Suin, puling up the ladieer ater linim. |  |
| it a good home and a fortune; or | at more, and the door ws fo |  |
| y lady about to become a nother and Hing to part with her child, can have a | for their prey. But Bates did not ren |  |
| unpectable phjsician to attend her and no | to whiteh their movements, for lasting | death, but all in rain. |
| one unks or answered. Applieati |  | B |
| be mude in ton days. Address $\cdot \mathrm{A}, \mathrm{\prime}$ |  | one time was nearly a viotim to a staluar |
| Post Offies, or the Pieayune | that no Indians were ground, rifle in hand. | marrior. But on Frank reoogized, |
|  | Sre he had traversed his little garde |  |
|  |  | bis lest wifo. This |
| and slines manafactured i | of the war whopp, and a rolley of arrows | to his body, and |
|  | tined arand the fugtire. Happiy onis | ${ }_{\text {fars, }}^{\text {arm, }}$ |
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| him off. So I stepped up round back of the ingine, whar the lieker war, an' I topk a an' hantin' fond my hat. It was rigit new one-none of your Kosstoot or wool hats, |  |
| :---: | :---: |
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| and dono like apar of new blak boots so |  |
|  |  |
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| falt jestready for action, The dance was |  |
| through, and seated on a few seats in front |  |
|  |  |
| soft things and the wider ras a lookii' |  |
| tickeled to pieces, when 1 made my appear ence on the stage |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| "I works to'rd the widder, an' when I got atween her an' Buffer, sez I, 'A-low me |  |
|  |  |
| come over that I hardly feel abul to dance agin ? |  |
|  |  |
| 'Now,' sez I to myself, old felier spread |  |
| yourself or die' and I jest swings my hatround for'd an' jest as 1 said, you'd <br> san 'ree?' you'll get over it daucin' h held |  |
|  |  |
| that ar' hat in one hand ( just as Buffer did |  |
| his) an' with 'other han lick, that the living jumped right through and bust the eend clean oat.' |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { I think I mout have done it. Tuar wos my } \\ & \text { hat, all knocked to infernal pieces, no big- } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| ger than bits, the rim all bangin' loose, the sides smashed in, the lining ranaing out |  |
| sides smashed in, the lining ramaing out and the top off. 'Boat that time. I turned |  |
| my ceye, and thar steod Buffer holdin' bis hat-jest as good as nev, znd all in shape |  |
| sir : I leoked at it twice-bo mistake it was whole. |  |
|  |  |
| Sez he, 'you ought to get a spring hatshappoh mechanic, as the French call 'em. |  |
| Twe one hore", An' then te ups and stows |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| like if be had a stove pipe cbuck full of diamonds, the widder specially patternized |  |
|  |  |
| Liem, teck him wider ber wing, an' fire we |  |
| her: l'm tired of La-Fooshe, an' am grin baek to the hills, whar thyr ar' no more widders that fellers can cotton down with spring bats. |  |
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| How do you know but she slaped him in the face?-Delta |  |
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|  |  |
| have been so in $J$ acobs case-ber, hold your tongues; the caus |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| he had not kissed Rachel before-Age. Greet, verdant, oll of se. The fellow |  |
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