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For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

"Is he a Greek or Roman?"

Mr. Editor:—It might have been supposed, with a good degree of certainty, that we were done with the late celebration at Schellsburg: we refer to it again only briefly, in an incidental way. In politics, much may be looked upon, while a campaign is in progress, as fair and legitimate, that after the contest has been decided, might be considered filthy, low bred, and anything else but magnanimous. Thus before an election, for the furthering of the interests of a party, or its particular candidates, personal caricaturing may do; but when that election is over, and nothing is to be gained in these respects, we naturally look for a motive for this sort of work; then we believe that when Gen. Bowman, and five or six men in Schellsburg got up this late affair, overleaping the bounds of that which mainly decency and custom has stamped as legitimate jubilation—illuminations, bonfires, &c.

In a notice of that precious affair—that feast—the spirit manifested received special attention from these facts, though the general features received some attention. In regard to the substantial part, in the field, many there, a little superstitious no doubt, believed that the Lord was angry with them, for it rained terribly at the most unpropitious moment.

These political sinners, like the sinners around Noah's Ark, were light hearted for a while, but it became serious. They trembled and shivered like the cowards at Belshazzar's feast, not with fear so much however, (except those a little superstitious) as with pure cold from the drenching qualities of the rain falling about that time, the temperature being decidedly far from pleasant. We are nearly done with this ex-rosae. As was stated before, they were ashamed of the whole concern themselves.

Our present purpose is more particularly to show that the present self-styled democracy, or that General Bowman—who is the party—in this county—the same that Louis Napoleon is in France—or at least what the General will no doubt himself admit, the exponent of the party. It being agreed then, that the General is the embodiment of the party in this county, we will speak of him and to him instead of the party.—We propose to show that in as few words as we can, G. W. Bowman, in politics, is allied with Border Ruffianism, and that he is a Border Ruffian—desiring the extension of slavery into territory now free, in preference to the institutions under which he or I have to be reared. Let the people of this county note that the editor of the Gazette in this moment allied with such men as Stringfellow, Buford, Reed, Atchison, Gov. Shannon, Brooks and Gov. Adams of South Carolina. The policy of these politicians, have been avowed; some of them by the most base means have made an unflinching effort to enslave Kansas and crush out free immigration—a spasmodic attempt to throw themselves before the current of enlightened civilization,—the power being in their own hands, the federal Territorial officers and executive of the country being all of the same beautiful stripe, they were succeeding finely, the code of laws enacted by these fellows look well in the direction of freedom. Did General Bowman set his face and influence against these things?—He might have done so with all honesty, for there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States either guaranteeing or encouraging them. General, you were on the same platform with these fellows—voted the same ticket.

Let the people of this county note that Gen Bowman is a sectional disunionist, because all the fire eaters of the South are such, openly declaring that if their institution is in any way restricted, or its limits defined, they wish to, and will separate this confederacy,—let the opinion and feeling of the whole civilized world be what it may. General, you are in the same coop with these fellows. Brooks and you were on the same platform. While Charles Sumner was smitten down, bruised and bleeding in the very centre—the very temple of enlightened civilization for legitimate debate, where were you denouncing these outrageous acts? Had you been in Congress you would have voted against expul-sion, in obedience to party dictation. Show your hands. If such a thing were attempted, and the party to which you belong were dominant, that party would decree it, that is to re-establish slavery in Pennsylvania—would you say ought against it? A systematic effort to bind the institution on Kansas against the wishes of a known majority, is precisely the same in principle, and your voice was not for the right.

Let the people take notice that General Bowman is on the same platform with Gov. Adams of South Carolina, who is at this time receding the reopening of the slave trade, and the inference as conclu-

sive that the Gazette favors it; else, why this silence? Look at the history of the past four years, and the people will see; taking the stand point from which Gen. Bowman's position and creed have been viewed, that he is a disunion sectionalist—fire eating nullifier,—slave trade revivalist, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

THE HERO WOMAN.  
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

In the shades of the Wissahickon woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone and encircled by a palisade wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn, perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores, as a block-house, intended as a defence against the Indians.

THE MISERIES AND EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county, Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject:—"And yet its march of ruin is onward still. It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circles, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It confounds law, spurns order and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the ally of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight ruffian. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemous. It violates obligations, reverence, fraud and honors infamy. It defames honor, denounces love, scorning virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parrioidal axe. It turns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the states-

man and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin."

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And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate; it stood in the midst of the wood, with agave trees encircling its veteran outlines on every side.

From the western window you could obtain a glance of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy days which look upon the dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half clasped hands. Well might she gaze earnestly to the south and listen intently for the slightest sound. Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim veteran—the stout six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders in many a desperate encounter, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of some brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom.—Eyes as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mid face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense to the shouts of the combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough ruffians that enclosed her and that round face, the lips parted, the hazel eyes dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture—a young girl leaning from an old mansion, with her hair waving in glossy masses around her face.

Suddenly the shouts of the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from a deep hollow, there came an old man running at full speed, yet every few paces turning to fire his rifle, which he loaded as he ran.—He was pursued by ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike the victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer to the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window. He reaches the block-house gate; look! He is surrounded, their muskets are leveled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again. He dashes his foe aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now, look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands the old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave each from his wrinkled and blood-daubed face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight—a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle.

Death struggle! Yes, for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers; tricked, felled, and cheated them too often, to escape

now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined, to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off those rascals," said he with a grim smile, turning to his child.—"Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another and so on, until the whole shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few minutes at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there, and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British soldier falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads.

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, the young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below.—The British braves are somewhat loath to try that wall when a stout old 'Rebel' rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! There is a pause—low, deep murmurs, they are holding a council!

A moment is gone and heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots—there are three men groveling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, the rifles." And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots, one after the other—three more soldiers fall back, like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eyes fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired; the old man stands there in that second story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who had in their coats and trousers, and with one bound are leaping from the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!" And look there even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes—the brave girl, for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a "Hero Woman"—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another. Wasn't that a beautiful sight!—A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down on the wall again! The refugees are climbing over its summit; again a horrible cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there; a fire blazing up around the wall, they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial. While his brave daughter loads, he continued to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh, horror he falls, with a musket ball driven into his breast! The daughter's outstretched arms received the father, as with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture. That old man writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him the light from the windows streaming over her father's gray hairs while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim background to the scene.

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses! "We have the old rebel at last!" The old man raises his head at that sound—makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls again, his eyes gazing as the force pan of that wound quivered through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests the barrel against the head of that powder-keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stand over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers came thundering from the stairs.—Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments; they are in possession of the old block-house; they are rushing toward the old chamber with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes. Had the old man had a thousand lives, they were not a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl, grown suddenly white as the hakerchief round her neck, stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands; grim faces stained with blood, glare into the chamber.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye gleaming with deadly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!" No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold. Inubed as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to those men in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the keg of powder.

They stood as if spell-bound, on the threshold of that old chamber.

At last one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast:

"Stand back, or by—, I will fire!" Still the girl is firm. The bravo advances a step and then starts back. The sharp click of the rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we fooled the Britishers. Come, daughter, kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am cold—(Oh, dark and cold.)"

Look—As those accents fall from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle, already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for the father is mastering the heroism of the moment.—Look, she is about to spring into his arms. But now she sees her danger. Again she clutches the rifle; again, although her father's accents are in her ears, stands there, prepared to scatter the house in ruins, if a single rough hand assail that form.

There are a few brief, terrible moments down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echoes of a rifle shot, and the light of rifle blaze, then these ruffians in the door fall crushed before the strong arms of the Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that "Hero Woman"—with one bound springs forward into her brother's arms, and nestles there, while her dead father, his form yet warm, lies with fixed eye-balls upon the floor.

A CONTRADICTION COUPLE.

Married life is happy or unhappy, just as people make it; and if there be one thing more than another which turns Elysium into Tophet, it is mutual contradiction.—The wife likes to live in town, and the husband in the country; she likes the thermometer at seventy degrees, and he at forty two. She likes music, which he hates, and hates dancing, which he loves—and so a very cat and dog life they lead. Here is a sketch of a nice couple imminently told.

"I do believe," says he, taking the spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoins the lady.

"Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner time—oh no, not you," replies the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," says the lady.

"Oh, you did—you admit that," cries the gentleman.

"If you call that contradiction, I do," answers the lady; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave."

"Now, by all that is impossible and aggravating to bear, clenching his hand, and looking upwards in agony, "she is going to insist that Morgan is Jenkins!"

"Do you take me for a perfect fool? Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know the man in the blue coat was Jenkins?" says the lady.

"Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a grin; "a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!"

"Do you dare to charge me with an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, madam," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction—a monster of aggravation—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! Why should I thus be doomed to hear such statements?"

SOMEBODY IN MY BED.

Yarn after yarn had been spun, and the hour for retiring had arrived; the landlord was dozing behind his bar, and the spirit of conversation was beginning to flag, when the Doctor whispered to me that if I would pay attention he would "top off" with a good one.

"I believe, Captain," said the Doctor, "I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures."

"No, let's have it," replied the individual addressed, who was a short flabby, fat man, of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament and a very red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females but the landlady and an old colored cook—"

Here the Doctor made a slight pause; and the Captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said—

"Well, I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labor of deep study, and dispel the ennui to which I was subject—"

"Well," said the Captain, "I once among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all—"

"One evening, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy and dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings."

"Well," said the Captain, "I went into the hall, took a large lamp and went directly to my room, it being after one o'clock—"

"Well," said the Captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought that I never witnessed anything more beautiful.—From underneath a little night-cap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulder of alabaster."

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

A gentleman residing a few miles out of town recently carried home a small electrical machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negro, as usual, flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among those darkeys that had evinced a strong disposition to move things when they wanted no moving, or, in other words, to piffer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," said his master, "look here—this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," says the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this," and no sooner had he received a slight shock than he fell on his knees and howled out—

"Oh master, I did steal your segars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please to forgive me."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes—

"Master," said he, "it ain't best to know too much. Dar's many a soul gits to be damned by knowing too much, an' its my opinion that the debil made dat masheen just to ketch yer soul afoul somehow, an' I reckon you had best just take an burn it up, an' have it done gone."

AN OBSTINATE CUSTOMER.—"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir, I've been married a week."

"I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?"

"No, I belong to the Order of Married Men."

"No, I'm a carpenter."

"Worse and worse. Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Confound you, no. I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."

The querist went his way.

"What are you staring at, sir, may I ask?" said an imperious, mustached 'blood' to a 'Hoosier' on a Mississippi steambot, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.