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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.



OH LOOK UPWARD.

BY MISS ALLIE DIXON.

Brother, has thy heart grown weary,
Battling with the ills of life?
Does thy spirit, sad and dreary,
Almost sink beneath the strife?
Oh look upward, light is shining,
It will pierce thy soul's dark night,
And the cloud reveals a living,
That will make the world look bright.

Sister, has the music of thy heart,
Sadly changed to sorrows' wail?
Has affliction with'ring darts,
Snatched the flowers of Hope away?
Oh look upward, and soft music
Thou shalt hear in accents low,
Flowers that will never wither,
Bloom where rude winds never blow.

Stranger, exile from thy home,
Why that tear drop in thine eye?
Though in far off lands thou roam,
Why that deep-drawn, heartfelt sigh?
Oh look upward, friends are near,
Bitter words are never spoken;
And the angels, bright smiles wear,
Friendship's hand is firm, unbroken.

And to exile, sister, brother,
All who sail on life's rough sea,
Kindly help ye one another,
Let the tide of love flow free,
And thy bark shall then bound lightly,
O'er this sea, for many a day,
Hope's own star will shine out brightly,
Till the heaven thy path shall gain.

Look above, for there are beauties,
That will cheer thee on thy way,
Struggle on with life's stern duties,
There shall dawn a clearer day,
Angels whisper with low voices,
Ye have gained our blissful shore,
And the spirit fond rejoices,
Crowned with glory evermore.

NEVER COURT BUT ONE.

I have finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour, and forever,
He is nothing more to me,
And my heart feels lighter gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting,
He should never court but one.

Everybody in the village,
Knew he'd been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding,
With that smug Anna Lee,
They say she smiled upon her,
As he entered by her side,
And I'll warrant you he promised
To make her soon his bride.

But I have finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wishes her,
If he loves her more than me,
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirtings,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening,
That he said he'd visit me,
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there, too, for me,
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll act as if we never
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can't he see 'tis a figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now, I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
For, perhaps, 't was but a story,
That he rode with Anna Lee,
There, he is coming through the gate-way,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

SOMEWHAT STINGY.—Old Pincham had the reputation of being a most miserly man. One day coming out of his stable with three small rabbits of corn in his hand, his cow, an attenuated burlesque on the bovine genus, approached and made it evident that the provender would be highly agreeable to her palate. Pincham gave her one of the rubbings, which seemed only to inflame her hunger, so she followed him bellowing for more. With a sigh of regret, he gave her another, but just as he was about to enter his door the cow intercepted him, and seemed inclined to contest the passage for the remaining rubbin. Thoroughly enraged, the old reprobate flung the last bits to the animal and exclaimed, "There, you damned fool, take it and founder!"

Love and Death—A Terrible Tragedy in Illinois.

The Aurora Beacon publishes the following particulars of the late lamentable affair at Monmouth, Warren county, Illinois. They were communicated to the Beacon by a gentleman who was in Monmouth at the time of their occurrence:

Mr. Wm. Crozier, a very respectable young man of Monmouth, a man of good character, good morals, and a member of one of the churches, became deeply attached to a daughter of Mr. Wm. Fleming, of the same place, which attachment was as strongly reciprocated. But alas for the young man, although possessed of an excellent character, he was poor. This was sufficient to annoy the father, who was reputed to be wealthy, and the sons, against him. They all bitterly opposed his aspirations for the hand and heart of the young lady, and sought every opportunity to show their feelings and express their contempt for their poor young man. It is reported that he had been accosted by the old man Fleming even in the streets, and taunted with his want of wealth.

"Ah, young man, you are getting up in the world; you would like to marry old Fleming's daughter, and get some of old Fleming's money, wouldn't you?" The young man, though stung to the very quick of his sensitive soul, would put up, in silence, with the graceless insults, and not taunt back again, restrained by the deep affection for the daughter. To stifle, if possible, the love of the young lady, her father determined to send her away to Pennsylvania, so that by absence and distance he might estrange her acknowledged affection for the young man. In accordance with this resolution she was sent, but on taking the cars, she was heard to express her intention yet to marry Mr. Crozier, in spite of the unkind efforts of her friends to prevent it. After the young lady had been gone some time, there were some movements on the part of Crozier, which led the Flemings to suspect that he intended to follow her to the seclusion they had provided for her. This led to the horrible tragedy.

On Thursday morning, Dec. 11, Mr. Wm. Fleming, with his two sons, Henry and John, with a lawyer who was employed by them for the occasion, proceeded to the Baldwin House, in Monmouth, where young Crozier boarded, and between the hours of 8 and 9 in the forenoon, requested an interview with him at his room. He went with them, as requested, and when he had entered the room, the elder Fleming locked the door. There they remained, our informant said, from about 9 o'clock, A. M., to 2 P. M. locked in. During the time they were thus locked in, every effort was made by the Flemings, both father and son, and by the lawyer, to induce Crozier to sign such a writing as they should dictate, renouncing the young lady in question forever. This he resolutely refused to do, in spite of threats and persuasions, which were freely used. A sort of compromise writing was finally agreed upon and signed, which was satisfactory to the father, but not to the sons. They declared they would have revenge by lashing him with a whip they brought for the purpose, which they proceeded to execute.

After they had struck six or seven blows Crozier determined to resist with all his might. A desperate scuffle ensued. One of the Flemings drew a pistol and fired at Crozier with intent to kill. Just as he fired, however, the lawyer struck the hand which held the pistol up, and the charge lodged in the ceiling instead of the head of the young man. Crozier then assailed the assassin with a jack knife, stabbed him, and instantly killed him. Meantime, the report of the pistol alarmed the house, and the brother of Crozier being there, rushed to the rescue. Finding the door locked on the inside, he burst it open, and with one blow knocked down the elder Fleming, who opposed his passage. As soon as the door was burst open, the brother who was last wounded passed down into the bar room, fell and expired. The blow which felled the elder Fleming left him for a time senseless.

Thus in attempting by force to compel young Crozier to accede to their tyrannical demands, two brothers were slain by the person assailed, and the third person roughly handled.

When the deed was done, Crozier voluntarily surrendered himself to the proper officers for examination, and was, we understand, acquitted on the ground of a justifiable homicide in self defence.

BE KIND TO YOUR WIFE.

Be kind to your wife. Think how, in the first blush of maiden beauty, she turned aside from the haunts of pleasure and the caress of fond parents and brothers and sisters, to follow your fortunes through the world. Think with what blended hope and agony you followed her from place to place, watching her every look, and pondering the meaning of her most careless tones until, won by your importunity, she placed her hand all trustfully in yours and said, "I am all your own." Think of the cares, and anxieties, and physical suffering she has incurred for you, and do not desert her now, when her cheek is faded, her step has lost its elasticity, and she sits an uncomplaining wretched over your least interests—a self-incarcerated prisoner in her own home.

Merrily the music sounds, young feet trip lightly in the merry dance, and joyous laughter along the walls—but she is not there; the curtain rises and the far famed artistic comes forth to charm the listening crowd with her melodious song—but she is not there. The orator arises before his wrapt audience, his rich, deep tones of eloquence floating away along the crowded passages and curling upward as a voiced incense to the vaulted roof, but she is not there. Art opens her new stores and displays her wonderful creations on the glowing canvas, and in the speaking bust; your wife is a lover of the chaste and beautiful, but she is not there. Literature presents new leaves, fresh from the fascinating pens of genius—the wife and mother has but little time to read.

No; there she lingers at home, a God-commissioned watcher over helpless children; singing the babe to sleep, bending to catch the lisping voice of those dear ones who have a thousand imaginary wants, encouraging the quiet and soothing the fretful. She is weary, but does not complain, her temples throb, but she does not heed their throbbing, as ever and anon she turns a wishful glance towards the door, for she expects her husband.

She expects you; and her whole world of happiness will be there when you arrive.

Will you enter that room with cold indifference? Will you utter a hasty word in her presence? Will you sit down with that frown on your countenance, or complain of the burdens you are called to bear? Will you thoughtlessly remind her of her faded beauty, or manifest surprise at her ignorance of many things now passing in the great world from which she has been excluded by peculiar duties? Will you suffer the recollection of any more youthful, or more beautiful to haunt you in home's hallowed precincts, or cross the white leaf of conjugal felicity with one unwholesome thought? Oh! remember your early love, your early promises; think how faithfully she has kept hers; love her as you ought, and she is still beautiful—beautiful in her pure, motherly affections, her self-sacrificing devotion to you. Realize that she is all your own; that throughout the wide world you are sure of but one heart whose every cord is linked invisibly to a counterpane in yours; realize that upon her bosom alone you may weep out your sorrows in the day of trial, without the fear of being mock-

Husband, love your wife! Gather her to your heart of hearts, as if in her were all your hopes of happiness combined, bless her daily for her patience and truth; stand up like a man between her and the rude world, and teach your children to honor her, that God may honor you. In all the relations of life there comes a parting hour, and we beseech you so to live that, if it should be your lot to kiss her clay cold lips and lay her away in the grave forever, you may lay your hand honestly upon your widowed heart and say—I have never wronged you.—Ez.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.—Sheriff Ansel Wright, of Northampton, is something of a way, as is known pretty extensively in that region. A few days ago a seamy looking stranger presented him with a paper, earnestly begging him for money.—Believing him to be an impostor, Mr. W. handed back the paper, saying: "I presume you wouldn't have asked me if you had known my situation, for whether you believe it or not, every bit of property I have in the world is in the hands of the Sheriff. The astonished and compassionate state of the fellow's eyes at that moment was a sight to see.

Did you present your account to the defendant? inquired a lawyer of his clerk "I did, sir." "What did he say, sir?" He told me to go to the devil, sir. Well, and what did you do after that? Why, then I came to you.

TO UNMARRIED LADIES.—The following items of advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness are extracts from the manuscript of an old dowager.

If you have blue eyes, languish! If black eyes, affect spirit. If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.

If you are the least doubtful as to that point, wear them long. If you have had ones, you must only slumber.

While you are young sit with your face to the light. When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.

If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone. If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a high tone.

If you dance well, dance seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all. If you sing well, make no puerile excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please. If in conversation, you think a person wrong rather than a difference of opinion, rather than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be petish or incontinent, it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog, or your cat, or servant, than on your friend.

If you would preserve beauty rise early.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

HORRID MURDER.—A SELL.—On Sunday before last our quiet borough was thrown into a high state of excitement, in consequence of the discovery of a newly made grave near the College, which from indications evidently contained the remains of an infant, and all doubts that a foul murder had been committed, were removed when it was announced that the "smell" was very strong. Our worthy friend, the coroner, was summoned to the spot to ascertain "how and by what means the person lying here dead came to his or her death." All being in readiness to view the body, the work of disinterment commenced, a highly excited crowd standing around discussing the probabilities as to who was the murderer, all agreeing that the victim was some illegitimate offspring. After considerable labor the person who was digging came upon a box which contained the object of the search. By this time, it is said, (for we were not present,) the stench became so offensive to some of the by-standers that they were compelled to cover their noses with their handkerchiefs. The box was however removed from the grave and opened with great care, and the remains, which were well wrapped in cloths, taken out.—The excitement had now become intense, and the spectators were each struggling to see the corpse uncovered. This work was at last accomplished, but instead of the person present discovering the body of a human being, the search brought forth a book, the property of one of the Professors of the College, for the study of which some of the students had no particular liking, which they had purloined from the Professor's room, and very carefully buried outside the campus. The *idol* was complete, and those present who had been caught in the trap slipped away as quick as possible.—*Carlisle Democrat.*

CONVERSIONS TO PROTESTANTISM.—A London paper of November 29th says: "The movement towards Protestantism in Bohemia, and Austrian Silesia, is becoming daily more immense and overwhelming; whole families, in all their branches simultaneously embracing the Lutheran creed, and leading others in the same route, to the consternation of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are striving by every possible means to stop the current. It appears that the recent concordat with the Pope, which disgraces the more intelligent inhabitants of these good countries, is the dominant cause of this movement."

PRACTICAL PREACHING.—Dropping into an African meeting house in the outskirts of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument:

Brother, when I was in Virginia, one day de old woman's kitchen table get broke, an' I was sent into de woods to cut a tree to make a leaf for it, so I took ax on de shoulder, and I wander in de deep ob de forest. All nature was as beautiful as a lady going to a wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple trees like new quarter dollars in de missionary box, de sun shone as brilliant, and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de old sheep's neck tinkled softly and musically in de distance. I spotted a tree suitable for de purpose, and raise de ax to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree, and de branches reach to de four corners of de earth, and raise up high to de air above, and de squirrels hop about like little angels flopping dere wings in de kingdom ob heben. Dat tree was full ob promise, my friends, and just like a good many ob you.

De ax cut into de trunk, and de chips fly like de mighty scythes dropping from Paul's eyes. Two-three cuts I give dat tree, and alas! it was hollow in de butt.

Dat tree was much like you, my friends: full ob promise outside, but hollow in de butt!

The groans from the amen corner of the room, were truly comic and affecting, but we must venture a small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city, on that day at least.

A MISDEAL IN LOVE.—The *Kookuk Gate City* relates the following:

E. H. paid his addresses to Rosa, the daughter of a Dr. P. of that city, but his suit was not favored by her parents, and she was driven to make clandestine appointments with her darling Ed. One of these eventuated fatally. Ed. was to come to the house and wait outside till the lights were turned off, and then she would quietly let him in. The evening came, and Rosa thought her parents would never retire. But after a while the Dr. sought his night-cap, and Rosa slipped on into the back parlor and sat down in the dark. Her mother, thinking all others had gone to bed, lighted a lamp, turned off the gas, and went up stairs to bed.—But while she was standing in the hall at the head of the stairs, she heard a gentle rap at the door. Fearing that the wind would blow out her only light, she thoughtfully sat it down in the hall, and descended to the door by its uncertain light. As she threw open the door in rushed Ed., and seeing her in his arms, began such a siege of kissing as prevented her crying out for aid. Poor Ed. did not discover his error until he had called her his darling Rosa about ninety times, and received on his face a blow in exchange for each kiss. But hearing himself called an impudent villain, he incontinently fled the house, as greatly disgraced as Mrs. P. was angry.

Whether his dereliction or persistency won the mother to his favor, is not stated, but Ed. and Rosa were shortly married, with the full consent of the parents. It proved with Ed.'s love making as it often does in cards, a misdeal changes the luck.

A MISS IN PANTS.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following.

As an officer was last night standing in the confectionery at the corner of Third and Race streets, two gentlemen entered; one of them approached the store and placed his foot upon the ledge to warn it. The officer observed that it was a small and pretty foot, but it was covered with a lady's bootie! This led to an inspection of the face, also very pretty, but without sign of beard, present or to come—in short the gentleman was a lady in pants. With her friend she was conveyed, weeping, to the station house.

The male gentleman left a splendid gold watch as security for the future appearance of the female gentleman. He said his companion was a lady of good reputation, that she resided in Covington, and had donned her masculine attire for a merry trip across the ice to the Cincinnati and back.—He was so gallant as to press her to take some refreshment, and her arrest was the consequence.

A "tough" subscriber to a country paper was struck from his mail list, because he wouldn't pay up. The delinquent's wife insisted wrathfully that "she knew what was newspaper law—that she did—the proprietor was bound to send the paper until all arrearages were paid."

HOLDING THE BEAR.

A good many years ago, two men, neighbors, in Maine, had been in the woods during the day, and returning towards evening, when within a mile of their homes observed a large bear making directly for one of them, and, to avoid his grasp, he dodged behind a sizeable tree. The bear sprang and clasped his fore paws around the tree and the man immediately seized and held them fast. After a consultation how they should despatch the bear, it was agreed that the man who was at liberty, should proceed home, obtain an axe and return home immediately, for the purpose of killing him. The man arrived home, related the situation of their neighbor to his wife, and his plan for killing the bear: but not being much in a hurry, directed his wife to prepare supper, and he would take some before he started, which was accordingly done.

After supper was over, and he had taken several turns from the fire to the door, and from the door to the fire, and lounging while he concluded he would go to bed early and be stirring by times in the morning, and release his friend. Morning arrived, and the axe was got in readiness.—He then told his wife he believed he would have his breakfast before he went. Breakfast being over, and several small jobs done about the house, he leisurely shouldered his axe, and shortly found his neighbor in the same position, very patiently holding the bear, and awaiting his return. On his approaching near the spot, and just as he was raising his axe to give the fatal blow, his friend said, "Stop! I have suffered enough holding the bear—you come and take my place, and let me have the satisfaction of killing him." This was readily assented to; and the man, after being released, and seeing his neighbor in the situation that he had been, shouldered the axe and walked off, leaving the latter in full possession of the bear in his turn.

The groans from the amen corner of the room, were truly comic and affecting, but we must venture a small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city, on that day at least.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Presbyterian General Assemblies have been disputing for a long time concerning the propriety of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister. The legality of a nearer and more delicate relationship being established by marriage, has just been decided by our Court of Appeals. It is altogether proper, so says that learned tribunal, the highest authority in the State, for a man to marry his mother in law. The quartette of Judges came to this decision after this fashion, and upon the following case:

Eliza Bill married Samuel Bell, her son in law. Mr. B. died, leaving the interesting widow, and also several children by his first wife, whose grand mother was at the same time their step mother. These children refused to grant the old lady her dower, and hence the suit.

The case was brought before Judge Pryor, the late learned and estimable Judge of the adjoining circuit. He decided that the marriage was void, as the parties were within the degree of relationship fixed by the statute of 1793.

An appeal was taken, and the adjudication of the lower Court reversed. The Court of Appeals decided that there was no prohibitions to such a marriage by the statute of 1793—that marriages within the Levitical degree are not void, though voidable.

Accordingly, if any man desires to marry his mother in law, he can go ahead. The law is on his side.—*Louisville Journal.*

VAIN GLORY.—Among the peace illuminations, one of the most popular devices was combination of the initials of the Queen Prince Albert, Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. The result of this arrangement was a display of the letters V. A. N. E., which suggested to the philosophic mind a connection between popularity and the weathercock.—*Punch.*

The age of a cultivated mind is often more complacent, is even more luxurious than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves, and its branches shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter.

There are many who waste affection by a careless neglect. It is not a plant to grow unurtured, the rude touch may destroy its delicate texture forever; the subtle chords of love are chilled and snapped asunder by neglect.

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the West, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs, and place a hen on the bung-hole.

THE AMERICAN CLOCK BUSINESS.

An article on the manufacture of clocks, which we find in the last number of the Merchants' Magazine, contains some very interesting facts:

There were 31 manufactures; it seems, 10 years ago, since then, however, nine have stopped from failure, and four from destruction by fire, while five have suspended their manufactures on account of small profits. There are now only 13 factories, six of which are only running a portion of the time. These 13 will probably produce, the present year, 143,000 clocks.

In 1833-54, the Jerome Company— which swamped Barham—produced 444,000 clocks, or an average of more than one per minute. During 1851-52, the factory of J. C. Brown turned out from 80,000 to 100,000 clocks, so that this concern and Jerome's during the period specified, of two years, got out about 500,000 clocks each year. The thirteen companies now running will make hardly one fourth of what was produced by three factories now standing still. There is a large amount of fancy clocks on hand, but the wooden frame "Ogee" and "Sharp Top Gothic" are getting very scarce. They cannot be made at prices for which they have been sold; indeed, it is estimated that nearly half a million of dollars have been lost within the past three years by selling clocks under cost.

It seems, according to the same authority from which we gather the above facts, that clocks, for exportation, have amounted to hard upon one million of dollars annually, and that thus exchanges with the old country have been aided. An instance is cited of one house that imported shawls, linen, collars and lace goods from Scotland, and made its exchange in clocks. If they had sent a bill of exchange it would have cost them from 7 to 8 per cent; but sending out clocks at 5 per cent profit or more, it made them at least 13 per cent on the clocks, which is a paying business.

The business must slumber for awhile; it is doubtful whether, indeed, it will ever again be carried on so largely as it has been.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—A young man who presented himself at the polls in the 1st Ward, Philadelphia, at the recent election, had his right to vote challenged by one of the better citizens, who had come from old Ireland. This aroused the American blood, and the challenged party after having proved his right to vote, threw down the Locofoco ticket, exclaiming "I can't stand this. I was born in this country," and handed to the Inspector a full American ticket.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—The mathematical proposition, which for a number of years has bothered the most obscure mathematicians, has at last been definitely solved, and that, too, in a manner to accommodate itself to the most simple understanding.—It is simply to settle up your wife's bill for hoops at the dry goods store or milliner's.

UNHEALTHY.—To fall in love with another man's wife. In Arkansas, this kind of thing usually "terminates in death" the first year. But in this country, we have known it to go further.

A woman has been held to bail at Richmond, Va., for giving her husband a treacherous thrashing, and threatening to send him on a hot southern tour, where fire and brimstone is plenty.

Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." We are in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he answered:— "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving them, and become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful ornamental members of society."

A lady of wealth put her daughter who had been pampered by indolence, under a governess. Upon calling to inquire how her daughter progressed in her studies she was told, "Not very well." "Why, what is the reason?" "She wants expence." "Well, you know, I don't regard expence, purchase one immediately."

THREE FACTS.—The public debt of Pennsylvania is just about forty million dollars.

The coal produced and sold from the mines of Pennsylvania, last year, amounted to just about forty million dollars.

The yield of the gold mines of California last year was just about forty million dollars.

There are forty reasons why Pennsylvania will be the richest State in the Union, and will have the largest population inside the last of forty years.—*Pittsburg Post.*

There will be a quarterly meeting commencing in the M. B. Church of Bedford, on next Saturday one week; the Rev. Mr. COLLINS, is exposed.