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From the New York Tribune.

Among the lies of the day most persistently and widely reiterated is that which charges the Republicans with prolonging, or seeking to continue, the existing troubles in Kansas for the sake or in the hope of making political capital therefrom. Let us confront this falsehood with recorded, undeniable facts.

The Republicans in the last Congress, by the help of some Members of other parties who dared not vote against so manifestly just a proposition, originated and carried the Kansas Investigation. Had their antagonists wished the facts evolved and authentically set forth, yet feared that the House Investigating Committee would not present them fairly, they might readily have sent out another Investigating Committee from the Senate, to present their side of the question. They did nothing of the kind, because they knew that the material facts, if fairly set forth, would make an impression on the community favorable to the Free-State cause. They strenuously resisted investigation, because they knew that its general result must tell against their side.

The investigation having been made and its results submitted, the Republicans in the House unanimously urged and voted for the admission of Kansas into the Union under her Free State Constitution. Did this look like prolonging the agitation? Had Congress done what the Republicans thus proposed, the National agitation respecting Kansas would have ceased with the abuse of Federal power which caused it. And so just and pacifying was this proposition that, though the Republicans were a minority of the House, it finally prevailed in that body. All the Republicans present voted for it, with some Members of other parties. Of course, it was defeated in the Senate, because Slavery controls that body, but it received all the Republican votes there. We defy any man to give a reason for rejecting this proposition not founded in devotion or subserviency to Slavery. Who can doubt that, if Slavery had not been involved, such men as Douglas and Cass would have said, "Let Kansas be admitted as a State, and let her People settle among themselves any questions which may remain or may hereafter arise. Here is a frame-work of State Government; it secures all power to the People; let them settle under it their own quarrels." At all events, it is no fault of the Republicans that this early opportunity to settle the Kansas question out of the arena of National politics was rejected.

If there being no longer a hope of such admission, the Republicans in the House proceeded at the last session to frame a new bill for the settlement of the Kansas troubles. This bill ignored the Free-State Government on the one hand, and superseded the bogus Legislature on the other, ordering a new Territorial Election under careful precautions and safeguards against illegal voting and thus reunited all the questions in dispute to a direct and free vote of the People of Kansas. So manifestly fair and conciliatory was this proposition that many other than Republicans were constrained to vote for it, and it went through the House by nearly twenty majority. If the Senate concurred, Mr. Buchanan and his subservients honestly executed the measure, all further agitation respecting Kansas outside her own borders would have been obviated. But the Slave Power dared not trust a vote of the people of Kansas; so the Senate again rejected the House proposition. Can Republicans be blamed for this? Can they be accused of wishing to prolong the agitation which they have done their best to preclude?

III. But Mr. E. Buchanan was inaugurated, and in his inaugural declared it the duty of the Federal Government to secure to every inhabitant of Kansas a fair vote on the grave question involved in their definitive organization as a State. Gov. Walker was dispatched to Kansas, and there issued an elaborate Address, reiterating Mr. Buchanan's pledge. He afterward made speech after speech, amplifying and making definite the pledge of a fair and free election. "Very well," say the Free-State men of Kansas, "we take you at your word. We will leave our State Government in abeyance and vote at the next Territorial Election." But a storm is being raised at the South, for it is notorious that a free and fair election will elect the Border-Ruffian ascendancy. Walker is stigmatized from State to State as a traitor to the South, though it is notorious that he has merely repeated Mr. Buchanan's pledge, and professed his intention to fulfill it. This Southern revolt has paralyzed the Administration and completely transformed Walker. Not a word is now heard from him in favor of having all the inhabitants of Kansas vote at the October election. He pretends to have just discovered an important mistake in his Topeka speech as printed weeks ago. He has permitted the Border Ruffian presiding officers of the two branches of the bogus Legislature

to make a most infamous Apportionment for the October Election, though the act devolved the duty on him, and only in case of his failure, on them. His pretense of ignorance of any such act or responsibility, till too late, adds insult to injury. Federal Judge Cato decides that no one can vote in October who has not paid a tax to support the bogus authorities, though that is directly in the teeth of the bogus act of last Winter, modifying the former Election laws. On every side we see preparations to deprive the Free-State men of any real voice in the ensuing Territorial Election, and nobody imagines the Pro-Slavery Convention will give them a chance to vote at the Constitutional Election which is to follow. Meaning, fifteen hundred troops have been concentrated in Kansas, the pretense of an expedition to Utah is laid aside for the season, a military despotism backs the bogus authority in all things; arresting Free-State men on all manner of trumped up charges and sending them for trial before packed Pro-Slavery juries at Leavenworth. Every body knows that this rule is atrocious; and Mr. Buchanan's immediate organ, *The Union*, now declares that there is no prospect of Kansas becoming a Free State. The gamp evidently is to sow dissensions among the Free-State men, by the unpurported with Government favors and break the spirit of the residue by dragging and harassing them into object humiliation or into leaving the Territory. And, while this drama of villainy is being coolly played out, more than half the journals in the land are defaming the Free-State men as willfully prolonging the troubles, in the hope that Republican capital may thereby be created! Could the audacity even of a Douglas go farther?

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XV, of France, assassinations were in high estimation, and public eyes were often given, at immense cost, on court days and other occasions of rejoicing. To these latter, persons of all ranks, who could afford to purchase the ticket, were admitted, and accordingly reconnoisseurs frequently took place at them; and exhibitions, almost as curious in the way of disguise as in the assumption of character.

On one occasion a niece of the Duke of Nemours, Madame La Valliere, a woman of high rank and fashion, being accidentally separated from her party upon a very crowded staircase, was opportunely assisted by a stranger of remarkable activity and address. He was masked and cloaked to the teeth, but he possessed a handsome figure and a gentlemanly bearing; and, after extricating the lady by main strength from a situation of considerable difficulty, she somewhat surprised her by addressing her by name.

"Ah! you know me then?" said Madame La Valliere, starting.

The stranger readily assented.

"But, perhaps, it is the name only," continued the lady.

That was not exactly the case; for the stranger, though he persisted in refusing to unmask, alluded at once to details which could scarcely come within the knowledge even of an ordinary reconnoisseur.

"This is truly astonishing!" exclaimed the lady. "Will you really not tell me to whom I am so deeply indebted?"

"Instantly, if your ladyship commands it; though should I have been so fortunate as to be useful to you, grant me the favor not to ask. But see, Madame, you are already missed—your party is approaching in search of you."

"At least, sir," said Madame La Valliere, whose curiosity as well as gratitude was now strongly aroused, promise me that I shall see you to-morrow at my house to dinner. I have only a small party of five friends who will dine with me."

"You are relatives?"

"You are right, they are so—but I shall be glad, nevertheless, to introduce you. Will you promise?"

"I not only promise, Madame," replied the stranger, turning to a haughty, to attend you with the utmost pleasure, but that I will present you with a glass of the same kind of wine to-morrow at your own table, as this which I now offer, on condition that you will drink it with me."

The lady instantly assented, with great gaiety, and, according to the French custom, pledged the stranger by touching the lips of his glass with that of her own. Her friends now drew near; and the stranger, bowing profoundly, was soon lost in the giddy multitude.

Madame La Valliere slept not a wink that night; the next morning found her in a state of the most feverish curiosity. Surprising! that she was not even able to guess who he was, nor which of all her acquaintances it could be. But the dinner hour was approaching—the servants had orders to

admit any stranger who might present himself. A few hours more, and the mystery would be ended.

The dinner hour at length came, but no stranger had made his appearance. The lady had previously announced to her friends that she expected a visitor who was unknown to them. The enraged *chef de cuisine* had already intimated that his delicately seasoned dishes would all be spoiled, that his patience was now exhausted; and that his responsibility must cease. Still the expected visitor did not appear.

"Are you certain, Louis," said the lady to her servant in waiting, "that no gentleman has called?"

"It was impossible," he said; "but he could have called without Louis having seen him."

Dinner at length commenced, and Madame La Valliere was silent and fretful. The first course, however, was got through, and she called, according to her custom, for a glass of wine.

The valet who was in attendance immediately presented her with a glass of Saint Remy.

"How stupid you are!" cried the peevish lady. "Don't you know that it is Bordeaux—the other wine—that I always take?"

"O, your ladyship's pardon!" submissively replied Louis, adding in a low voice, "but it was this sort which your ladyship last night permitted that I should present you?"

A VERITABLE TASK.

The Defender, as he is always called, was the son-in-law of Mahomet Ali, and the realization of all the stories of Turkish brutality and tyranny. His palace is in front of the Ezbehkiah, but since his death has passed into other hands.

It was who heard the complaint of a poor woman that a man had drunk milk from her measure and then refused to pay her.

The man denied it entirely.

"When was it?" demanded the Defender.

"Well now, woman—listen—I will rip this man open. If I find the milk in him it is well—you shall be paid. If not, I will rip you open in the same way."

It was done instantly on the floor of his room by his men, he and the woman looking on complacently. The milk was found in the man's stomach, and the Defender ordered the value of the milk, ten paras, or about one cent, to be taken from the dead man's gown and paid to the woman.

In another instance, a tax collector had levied on a poor man's cow, his sole possession, for one of the atrocious taxes of Mahomet Ali. The cow was worth two hundred piasters. The tax was forty. The collector took the cow, sent for a butcher, and then killed the cow and cut it into ten pieces, and then sent for ten men and forced them to take and pay for the pieces six piasters each. It was cheap meat, but they would never have touched it "except under force."

The man complained to the Defender that his cow, worth two hundred, had been in this manner sold for sixty, and by the oppression of the collector he was left destitute. The Defender sent a boat to the village, and brought all the parties and witnesses to his palace.

It was a clear case of oppression.

"How dared you kill this man's cow?" said he to the butcher.

"I was afraid of the collector. He made me do it."

"Do, then, what I tell you. Kill that man, the collector, and cut him into ten pieces."

It was done on the spot, and every man who had had the beef at six piasters, was made to buy a piece of the collector at twenty, and so the poor man had the value of his cow.

These instances are both on the side of justice; but others, countless stories of his cruelties are told, which are perfectly reliable.

His horse was lately shot, so that a nail pricked his foot, not an uncommon occurrence with the best of blacksmiths. But he went to the shop, and had a hot shoe nailed on the foot of the smith. These and other similar accounts may be relied on.

Every one in Cairo knows a hundred such.

Prime's Boat Life in Egypt.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.—Forty-three respectable citizens of Connecticut, being considerably dissatisfied with the manner in which Governor Walker is at present managing matters in Kansas, thought proper to write a letter, expressive of their views and feelings, to President Buchanan. This letter they addressed to Mr. Horatio King, of the Post Office Department, who kindly kept it in his pocket while the President was relaxing himself from the cares of office at the Springs, and, upon the return of the Chief Magistrate to the Union to Washington, handed it to him for his august perusal.

Mr. Buchanan received the document, read it, reflected upon it, and thereupon answered it, and at considerable length. If he had been a Presidential candidate only, he could not have been more complimentary, though he might, perhaps, in that case have been less explicit than he has proved himself in this correspondence to be.

The whole transaction strikes us as superfluous and undignified. The letter of Mr. Buchanan, while it announces nothing which had not before been patent to the country in the policy of the Administration, deals with grave questions of State in the spirit rather of a politician than of a statesman, and is just as unsatisfactory as it was uncalculated. If a public demonstration on the part of the National Government can be provoked by any club of forty professors which may be organized in any part of the country, and can find a friendly agent among the Departmental clerks at Washington, the press will certainly be inundated with memorials and replies.

If Mr. Silliman and his forty friends thought that the President was aiding and abetting Gov. Walker in violating the laws of the land—if they conceived it to be their duty to cry aloud upon the occasion and spare not; and if they had made up their minds to flump the unrighteous involvement of the chair of Washington with potent prayers—they might very properly have published their protest in the newspapers.

He chose in his private capacity to notice the oversight, might just as properly have taken Professor Silliman to task in a private letter of reply. But why the whole country should be called in to witness this exchange of views between the friends of Mr. Horatio King on the one side, and the Hon. James Buchanan on the other, we confess that we do not see.

We therefore abstain from any comments upon a correspondence which is only a very uncomfortable indication that the relations which should exist between the people and the Government of the country are sadly misunderstood in quarters where we might have supposed that we had a right to look for intelligent patriotism.—*N. Y. Times.*

Horrible Atrocities in India.

The English paper gives numerous accounts of the atrocious perpetrated on Europeans in Hindia. A letter from Bangalore says:

"We have had an awful time of it, I can assure you, though ourselves have been mercifully kept from arm and danger. No words can express the feeling of horror which pervades society in India, we hear so many private accounts of the tragedy, which are too sickening to post.

The cruelties committed by the wretches exceed all belief. They took forty-eight females, most of them girls of from ten to fourteen, many delicately nurtured ladies—violated them, and let them for the base purposes of the head the immolation for a whole week. At the end of that time they made them strip themselves, and give them up to the lowest of the people, to abuse in broad daylight in the streets of Delhi. They then commenced work of torturing them to death, cutting off their breasts, fingers, and noses, aneaving them to die. Our lady was three days dying. They dyed the face of another and made her walk naked through the street. Poor Mrs. —, the wife of a member of the regiment, at Meerat, was upon expecting her confinement. They watched her, then tipped her up, and tambe the unborn child, cast it and her into the times. No European man, woman or child has had the slightest mercy shown. I do not believe that the world witnessed more hellish torments than have been inflicted on our poor fellow-countrymen. At Allahabad they have rivetted the iron spikes of Delhi. I really cannot say the fearful cruelties they demonstrate been guilty of cutting off the fingers, toes of little children, joint by joint, right of their parents, who were reserved for similar treatment afterwards.

Which are the two vilest insects mentioned in the Script? The widow's mite and the wicked e.

SETTING TIMOTHY FIELDS.

The following sensible and practical directions for setting timothy fields we find in the American Farmer, and as the information is just now seasonable, we transfer it to our columns with our full endorsement:

"If you desire setting a timothy meadow we wish to assure you of this truth, it is a waste of time, labor and money, to attempt to grow it on any but a fertile soil, without heavily manuring." This your own good sense will tell you is the only rational view of the subject. A meadow set in timothy is destined to remain in that grass, for five years at least. It is said to be a seven years grass, but as meadows are treated in our country they never last that long. If, however, they were, every second year, top dressed and harrowed, they would not only last during the longest period named, but continue to afford profitable crops of grass. But, if manured by such biennial treatment, as all its annual products, are carried off, and each abstracts from the earth large portions of its organic and inorganic constituents, the soil becomes deteriorated, unable to sustain a heavy growth of vegetation, and as a consequence, the great body of the plants, for want of food, die out.

As to the Soil.—A moist clay loam is best adapted to any culture of timothy; it will grow on any fertile loamy soil where there is lime and potash. On porous, gravelly, or sandy soils, the plant does not thrive well. On a stiff, dry, red clay we have had it to grow well and produce luxuriant crops, but we took especial pains in manuring and preparing the soil for the reception of the seed, and in dressing afterwards.

Preparation of the Soil.—The land intended for a timothy meadow, unless it be naturally very fertile should be generously manured; plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized by rolling and harrowing, and again rolled.

Quantity of Seed per Acre.—Less than one peck per acre should never be sown; and we're setting a timothy meadow, we should sow three bushels.

Sowing.—The seed must be equally distributed by a careful hand, or a machine. We prefer the latter mode. As the seed is sown, harrow them in with a light garden or seed harrow, and then roll.

Time of Sowing.—From 20th of August till the 10th of September.

LIFE OF A FARMER.—The Louisville Courier pays the following tribute to the occupation of the farmer. "If a young man wants to engage in business that will insure him, in middle life, the greatest amount of leisure time, there is nothing more sure than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind, let him be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation, let him till the soil. In short, if he can keep within his means, to shun the lawyer, be temperate, to avoid the doctor, be honest, that he may have a clear conscience; improve the soil, so as to leave the world better than he found it, and then, if he cannot live happily and die content, there is no hope for him."

A FERTILE STATE.—Persons from Illinois speak rapturously of the present appearance of that section of the country. Fertility is almost fabulous, and overabundant the beholder with astonishment. A thousand acres of wheat in one field, and fifty machine reapers, and two hundred men and women cutting and binding, make the scene of real grandeur, well calculated to force upon the observer, thoughts of the mighty resources of the grain-fields of the West. As a State of fertile land, Illinois may challenge the Union.

Dr. Francis, of Iowa, was killed on the 29th of April, in Ecuador, S. A., in a duel with Prof. Moore, also of Iowa, and both connected with the Western Exploring Expedition. The latter, charged the former with deceiving him as to the extent of his scientific attainments, which led to the duel. They fought with double barreled fowling pieces loaded with buckshot, at only 27 yards distance. On the first fire Dr. Francis was killed—Prof. Moore being grazed.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave the following:

A man in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any Grand Jury that may examine his case and face will have to report 'no bill found.'

IDEAS OF LUCK.

We notice in many of our exchanges the curious application of the word "luck" and "chuck," which to the thinker must be one and the same, by such ridiculous application, food for merriment. Examples of the following kind have recently drawn our attention to this subject.

In New Orleans a man fell from the mast of a vessel into the river, was drowned, and carried home, when his widow exclaimed: "Oh, wasn't he lucky in not breaking his neck, and making an ugly corpse of himself?"

We see in another paper that Mr. White, living in Venice, Pa., was recently murdered in his own bed, by some who wished to get his money. The editor adds, that "luckily, Mr. White deposited his money in the bank the day before," so Mr. White was lucky in losing nothing but his life.

In Ohio a horse was not long ago set fire to, and Mrs. Roberts consumed among the ruins while asleep. Mr. Roberts was away from home that night, and the reporter says very naively, "luckily for Mr. R. he did not sleep at home that night, for then he might have perished by the burning of the stable."

We find another instance of a negro who while taking home his fashionable mistress's new bonnet, gets run over and killed. The bonnet is uninjured, and the lady exclaims, "it is lucky he started up new bonnet."

The bonnet was worth about \$20, and the negro who was killed was worth perhaps \$800.

HOW THE DEVIL LOST.

The following is too good to be lost:

We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line.

A young man who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity, if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was consummated—the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away—the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely—lost and gave away his fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his pile of gold. He became a filibuster, and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil would wring his when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedition after another failed—the devil counted the time only two years, but he must wait for the soul, and checked the efforts of the departing man. One mortal was resolved upon, the man started a newspaper. The devil granted at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was a savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, dead broke, at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

Consistency.

When Judge Wilnot challenged a speaker to meet him in discussion, the Democratic State Committee advised him to decline on two grounds—first, that such a discussion would revive the agitation of the Slavery question, which was "settled"; and second, that it was wrong for candidates for executive offices to appear before the people to solicit their votes. Gen. Packer adopted these reasons and declined the challenge.

But scarcely was this course resolved on when Gen. Packer was announced to speak at democratic meetings throughout the State. He did speak at York, and will speak elsewhere and this in which he condescended, that it was wrong for persons in his position to do so. And not only so; for he said that in his speech at York the burden of it was the Slavery question. He tells Judge Wilnot, through the committee, that the Slavery question is settled, and that he declines to meet him on the stump for fear of reviving it; and in the same breath goes before the people to revive the discussion and agitation he professes to hate!

Having thus shown, by his own subsequent conduct, that the two reasons he gave for declining Judge Wilnot's challenge were hollow and insincere, the only conclusion left is, that he was afraid to meet Wilnot on the stump, and merely wished to hide his face as a temporary shield behind which to hide.

He that has spent much of his time in his study, will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk much in company.

THE MECHANIC.

If the dignity of things may be measured by their importance to mankind, there is nothing, perhaps, which can rank above the mechanic arts. In fact they may be called the lever, the fulcrum, and the power which impels the world. They do not wait the whimper to stand; as did Aristotle, they have a sufficient foundation of themselves.

What gives to civilized nations their superiority over the savage? It is chiefly the mechanic arts. By them the beautiful and convenient material is substituted for the rude and uncomfortable log, and turpentine and fine lined supply the wardrobe in place of the skins of wild animals. They are the foundation of nearly all the improvement and comforts of life, and further, we may say the glory and grandeur of the world. It is them the farmers plough the land, and then the mariner ploughs the ocean—the monarch is adorned with his crown and his peasant's clad in comfortable garments—the table is spread, the bed is decorated, the armor is furnished. To them the poet owes the perpetuation of his fame; Homer sings and Caesar triumphs in ages. Through them we admire the jewelry of Aristides and the heroism of Legon.

We have noticed a scurrilous statement concerning Mr. B. why going the rounds of the papers copied from the Erie Democrat. Mr. Brayley has long been known as a prominent politician, and there is room for doubting the truth of the story, inasmuch as it appears in a paper hostile to Mr. Brayley—whose previous irreproachable character should have shielded him in old age from the vituperations pen of the for of the Erie Democrat.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Post thinks there is a fair chance of the truth of a certain story now going the rounds in reference to the late appointment of the Administration, for it must be known that Mr. Porter Brayley is appointed 6th Auditor of the Treasury. Don't the Post know that the little "Leak," a little "scurrilous statement" has come in it a judicial investigation as a side issue. Does not the Post know that the New York Times whose view was one of the parties in a deprecatory affair, knocked Brayley down, kicked him in the pannel, and was just giving him a mellowing with a chair when he was interfered with? Does not the Post know that Brayley bit one of the fingers of his New York councillor nearly off? Don't try to cover up the characters of our public servants. Let us have a full introduction to the friends of our President.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

RESIGNATION OF JUDGE CURTIS.—The Boston Traveller announces the resignation of Hon. B. R. CURTIS, an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. As he was one of the minority on that Bench protesting against the decision of the Chief Justice in the Dred Scott case, and spoke in many terms of condemnation of the course of his pro-slavery colleagues, he has probably in consequence been subjected to many petty annoyances which have provoked him to this step. We regret to hear of his withdrawal, as some displacement will get his place. It will be all one, however, when the people shall be wipre the court out of existence, if they choose for later will do.

MONSIEUR VERNON.—It is stated that the Hon. Edward Everett has received, from the delivery of his eloquent lecture on the Life and Character of Washington, the handsome sum of thirty-five thousand dollars, the whole of which he has generously given to the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon.

A few days since, in Philadelphia, a young man lost a small coat which had been sent to him from Paris. He advertised his loss, and for two days was besieged with boys having black and white coats.

Mr. Bristol, grandson of the late John Jacob Astor, is said to have recently purchased a beautiful villa at Baden, and is astonishing "the natives" with his fleet racing horses.

The editor of the Dubuque (Iowa) Tribune says that a man who ain't afraid of women in these hard times, especially unwilling and unacquainted, is dancing enough for a New-Yorkian filibuster.

Why cannot a deal with be legally conducted for murder? Because the law says no man can be convicted without a hearing.

GRANT PESTRIAN PRAT.—Lambert, the pedestrian, has accomplished the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours. He lost seventeen pounds in weight, but won the \$1000 pending on the accomplishment of his task.

Mrs. Cunningham has been admitted to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars.