

BY E. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit: \$2.00 per annum, if paid within the year. \$2.50 " " if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for less than six months. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stopping of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and as a criminal offence. The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

Children are much of their Sickness to Colds.—No matter where the disease may appear to be seated, its origin may be traced to suppressed perspiration or a Cold. Croup and Lung Complaints are direct products of Colds. In short Colds are the harbinger of half the diseases that afflict humanity, and as they are caused by checked perspiration, and as five eighths of the waste matter of the body escapes through the pores, if these pores are closed, that portion of disease necessarily follows. Keep clear, therefore, of Colds and Coughs, the great precursors of disease, or if contracted, break them up immediately, by a timely use of *Monsieur's Poudre*, *Contraire Balsam*. Sold by all Druggists, at 13 cents and 25 cents per bottle. Jan. 25, 1863.—1y.

NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE.—Also GARDEN OR FRUIT FARMS. Suitable for grapes, Peaches, Pears, Raspberries, Strawberries, Currants, etc. of 1, 2, 6, 10 or 20 acres each, at the following prices for the present, viz: 20 acres for \$200, 10 acres for \$100, 5 acres for \$60, 2 1/2 acres for \$30, 1 acre for \$20. Payable by one dollar a week. The good Cranberry lands, and village lots in CITY OF NEW YORK, 25 by 100 feet, at \$10 each, payable by one dollar a week. The above land and farms are situated at Chestnut, Washington township, Burlington county, New Jersey. For further information, apply, with a O. Stamp, for a circular, to B. FRANKLIN CLARK, No. 80, Cedar street, New York, N. Y. Jan. 16, 1863.—1y.

Professional Cards.

New Banking House. Rupp, Shannon & Co., have opened a Bank of Discount and Deposit, in Bedford, Pa. Money lent and taken on deposit, and collections made on moderate terms. They also have opened a branch in Lancaster, Wisconsin and Nebraska, for sale or trade. Bedford, Oct. 20, 1862.—1y.

U. H. AKERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bedford, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Military claims speedily collected. Office on Juliana street, opposite the post office. Bedford, September 11, 1862.

F. M. KIMMEL, J. W. LINGENFELTER, KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the Public. Office second door North of the Mengel House Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Juliana Street, (near by opposite the Mengel House.) Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

A. H. COFFROTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will hereafter practice regularly in the several Courts of Bedford county. Business entrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to. December 9, 1861.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford, where he may at all times be found by persons wishing to see him, unless absent upon business pertaining to his office. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JACOB REED, J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN. A. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, CORNER OF WOOD AND THIRD STREETS, HARRY SHIRLS PROPRIETOR, April 12 1861.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST. Will attend punctually and carefully to all operations entrusted to his care. NATURAL TEETH filled, regulated, polished, &c., in the best manner, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted from one to an entire set. Office in the Bank Building, on Juliana street, Bedford.

CASH TERMS will be strictly adhered to. In addition to the improvements in the mounting of ARTIFICIAL TEETH on Gold and Silver Plate, I am now using as a base for Artificial Teeth, a new and beautiful article, (Vulcanite or Vulcanized India Rubber) stronger, closer fitting, more comfortable and more natural than either Gold or Silver, and 20 per cent. cheaper than silver. Call and see. C. N. HICKOK. Bedford, January 16, 1863.

SOULBARKS. Forty Bushels prime Shellbark for sale at Nov. 20. CRAMER & CO.

# Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 39. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3056. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1863. VOL. 7, NO. 19.

Philadelphia Advertisements. Lower & Rank, WHOLESALE TOBACCO SNUFF & SEGARS, WAREHOUSE, No 146 North Third Street, Between Cherry and Race, West Side, PHILADELPHIA. Country custom respectfully solicited. Our stock is large and will always be as low in price as any in the market. March 6, 1863.—1y. VAN CAMP BUSH. W. M. WESLEY KURTZ.

BUSH & KURTZ, (Formerly BUSH, RAIGUEL & Co.) IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN Fancy Dry Goods, No. 137 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Silks and Dress Goods, Linens and White Goods, Lace and Embroideries, Shawls, Ribbons and Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves and Notions. Also—Bleached Shirtings, Colored Cambrics, Flannels, Jennis, Gingham, &c. March 6, 1863.—1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Diseases of the Nervous System, Spasmodic or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, and other affections of the Sexual Organs, Physical Debility and Premature Decay—new and reliable treatment, in reports of the Howard Association, sent by mail in sealed letters one box, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOWARD, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. March 6, 1863.—1y.

GILLETTE & SCOTT, AUCTIONEERS AND Commission Merchants, Jayne's Marble Building, 616 Chestnut St., & 616 Jayne St. PHILADELPHIA. Jno. E. Gillette. B. Scott, Jr. Apr. 17, 1863.—1y.

C. D. MOILES & CO. Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, BROGANS, AND INDIA RUBBER SHOES, NO 133 NORTH THIRD STREET OPPOSITE CHERRY ST., PHILADELPHIA. Apr. 17, 1863.—1y.

DR. TAYLOR, WM. C. HEMPHILL, Taylor & Hemphill, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, 220 Market Street, South side, between 21 and 23, PHILADELPHIA. March 6, 1863.—1y.

COOPER, PARKMAN & WORK, MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF HATS, CAPS, FURS AND STRAW GOODS, No. 51 North Third Street, BETWEEN MARKET AND ARCH, PHILADELPHIA. March 6, 1863.—1y.

MARTIN BUEHLER, { GEO. BOWENHART, { H. H. HOWARD, { C. P. CRESSBROTT, BUEHLER, HOWARD & CO. Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, No. 411 Market St., below Fifth, PHILADELPHIA. March 6, 1863.—1y.

NEWLAN, FERNLEY & CO. HARDWARE JOBBERS AND IMPORTING MERCHANTS, No. 377 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. Dealers in Butcher's Edge Tools and Files, together with a general Stock of English and American Hardware. March 6, 1863.—1y.

MICHAEL WARTMAN & CO. TOBACCO, SNUFF AND SEGAR MANUFACTORY, No. 313 North Third Street, Second floor below Wood, PHILADELPHIA. M. WARTMAN. H. P. ENGELMAN. March 6, 1863.—1y.

A. A. SHUMWAY & CO. Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Boots & Shoes, No. 221 Market Street, and 210 Church Alley, PHILADELPHIA. March 7, 1863.—1y.

## Letters from Major Jack Downing.

SECOND SERIES—NO. III. WASHINGTON, Nov. 19, 1863. To the Editors of the Dabcock:

Sirs:—If I ain't been bizzy since I writ you last, then never a man was. Besides, I've had a considerable twinge of my old enemy, the rheumatiz. This ere Washington atmosphere is terrible on the constitution. The Kernel, too, was nigh about down sick one day; but we both took a good old-fashioned wiskeyling, of the very best. Old Rye, and went to bed on it. The next mornin we both felt first rate. The Kernel keeps as good wiskey as I ever got anywhere. We have been very hard at work on the message, and such a time as we have had of it you never did see. Stanton don't know how many sojers he has got in the field, nor how many have been killed or wounded. Grandfather Welles can't tell how many gunbores he's got, an as for Chase, he don't purtend to even guess for a certainty, how many greenbacks there are afloat or how big the public debt is. The Kernel sed he couldn't even lay the foundashin timber of his debt to begin on! So I told him I would go over an see Chase and have a talk with him. I tuk my slate under my arm an started. Soon as I went in Chase tuk me by the hand an sed he was raise down rite glad to see me. I telled him what I wanted, an he sed he would soon have it ready for me, but jest then he asked me to go up stairs an see the machinery an printing presses, and so on, that he had got to make money. He sed the worst of it was that the machines was constantly getting out of order, and he wanted to know if I understood any thing about such affairs. I telled him there want nothing from squiral traps to dog chains and thrashing machines that I didn't know from stem to stern.—Then he sed I was jest the chap he wanted. So I went with him, and I was perfectly thunderstruck when I saw all the rignin and fixins, and belts, and shafts, and pulleys and machines all a rumm and whizzin, and buzzin, as fast as they could go. Ses the Sackin, "this here machine runs to pay off General Grant's troops. This one runs to pay off General Meade's troops.—These one runs for General Banks. This one is now bizzy for General Burnside, and here is this ere one completely broken down. It is General Gilmore's machine!" "Wal," ses I, "Mr. Secretary, do you have a machine for every General and every army?" "Yey," ses he, "about that." "Wal," ses I, "what do you do about the contractors?" "Oh," ses he, "I ain't showed you them yet. That's in another room." Ses he, "come along with me." So I follered, and we went off into another room. It was nigh about ten times as big as the first one, and there were hundreds of presses running as fast as they could go. "There," ses he, "if these here machines were to stop one day, it would set all Wall street into a panic. Sometimes, when the belts give out or the bolts break, or the coal gits short, or paper don't git in in time, there is a good deal of trouble, but I've got it so fixed now, that I keep 'em putty well supplied." Ses I, "Mr. Secretary, who is your engineer?" "Wal," ses he, "he's a good trusty man." "But," ses I, "suppose he should bust your bilers, what would Wall street do then?" "Wal," ses he, "I never thought of that, but I guess there ain't any danger." "Wal," ses I, "steam is mighty osartin. Old Aunt Keziah Wiggleton up in Maine, used to say that the only safe way to run a steamboat was to take the bilers out, and my opinion is, that a government run by steam will bust up one of these days." Chase didn't seem to like this last remark much, but he didn't say anything. We cum down stairs putty soon after, and a feller with a brown linen coat on, nigh about all over ink, brought a hull lot of papers covered over with figgers, and sed that Mr. Linkin could find out all he wanted to from them. I looked 'em over, but I couldn't make head nor tail to them. "Wal," ses I, "perhaps a chap who understands dubble and twisted entry bookkeepin' can understand this ere figgerin, but I'll be hangd if I kin." Ses I, "here's seven thirty's, and five twenty's, and six percent, and five percent, and bonds and stocks and certificates, and '63s, and '78s, and '96s, and 153s, and Lord knows how many more '8s, until it gets all mixed up so that you can't tell anything more about the debt than Stanton kin tell how many sojers have been killed and wounded. Now," ses I, "the people don't care a straw anything about your six twenty's, or your five twenty's. All they want to know is just how much money this ere war has cost, and that is what I'm tryin' to figger out for 'em.—When old General Jackson wanted me to go into Squire Balle's Bank and offer out how matters stood I soon did it, but that wasn't any more comparin to this here affair, than the bunch of elder bushes in Deacon Jenkin's meadow is to the Dismal Swamp. I tuk the papers, however, over to Linkin, for it was the best I could do. Wen I handed them to the Kernel, ses he, "Major, does

## THE DEAD WIFE.

Yes the wife you loved so fondly, cherished so tenderly is dead. She lies in the shady room she loved so well; but she heeds not now where they place her. You go in and look on the calm and sweet face—marble like in its repose—no smile beams there on your approach. The warm blood mounts no longer to the soft cheek. You press your lips wildly to hers, that for the first time give back no answering pressure.—You take the little pale hand in yours, but the slender fingers clasp around yours no longer. You breathe the name that has ever been the dearest to you in the wide world, but she hears your voice no more; she is dead! They robe her in a snowy shroud and lay her in a narrow coffin. Oh! can you live while she is 'personed there, you wildly ask. The minister of God says a few solemn words—weeping friends gather round to take a last farewell, and when turned away you stand by her but for the last time. Can it be you must part with her forever: that you look for the last time on that dear face,—press the last kiss to her cold lips; but no tears come to your relief, and friends draw you away but you watch the undertaker as he folds the mummy over that face, and turns the coffin lid closely down. You feel as if you would suffocate. He does not heed, but puts the screws in quickly, tightly and you follow her to the grave that yawns to receive the form clasped so many times to your heart. You see them lower her in, and hear the clods with a dull hollow sound upon her coffin. Oh! methinks there is no sound on earth that brings such feelings to the heart, as the sound of earth as it falls, covering the forms of those we love. You seek your darkened home, but no white arms are clasped round your neck; no sweet voice bids you welcome; no blue eyes look into yours speaking the love lips do not always utter.

Here is where she used to sit close by your side; here the book she read; there her piano stands open with your favorite song spread out; but she will sit by your side, read for you, play for you, no more forever. You stand by the window and look out in the garden; the flowers she planted are blossoming as brightly as if her hand had trained them up this very morning, but off beyond the garden you see the quaint church spire, and there, close by, she slumbers. You turn away and sit down with all this agony at your heart, and memory takes you back to the long ago, to the first hour of your acquaintance with her, and you feel you loved her then and love her now better than you can love any one on earth. And you are right; she will ever be nearest and dearest. You remember talking with her long ago of death, and she would say she would wish to go first, for she could never part with you on earth and live, and she has gone first; but can you live without her? You read the letters she penned to you in your absence—you look on a tress of sunny hair severed after death, with a grief at your heart which will not be hushed.

Years pass on, and another may brighten your home, but as you listen to her merry words and joyous laugh, when the dark eyes look in your own, when her hand is warmly closed in yours, the memory of the early loved and lost will sweep over your own heart until you forget the loving one by your side. Sometimes you see a face or form that resembles hers, or hear a voice loud and soft as hers used to be, and you find the young heart mouling in the grave is as dear to you as ever, though another fills her place by your side, and you thought for a time you had given her up. But no, she comes often to you as you sit by your cheerful fireside; you feel the arms circling round your neck, the soft lips pressed to your brow; see the eyes so mild and loving, looking down through yours into your soul; you hear the low tones telling you again how dear you are, but you start up nervously and look around on those gathered about you, trying to shake off the illusion as you remember how long she has been sleeping. Ah, the first true love of the heart never will, never can die out. It may be silent for a time, but it will rise up like a ghost to haunt the hours that might otherwise be happy. The heart, thank God, is locked away from all human eyes.

The Party of Purity. A new revolution has just come to light.—The party that stole more in the first year of their reign, than was expended during the whole of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, seem to be keeping up their reputation. The city has been full of strange rumors for a few days past, in relation to Mr. Deputy Collector Henry B. Stanton, one of the attaches of the Tribune.—Mr. Stanton is well known as a prominent Abolition politician, and a Deputy Collectorship was created especially for him. The duties pertaining to it were the business of shipping goods to Matamoras and ports in the southern States. Of course, it was necessary to have a "very loyal" man in this position, or else the "rebels" might be greatly benefited thereby.—The Sunday Atlas says:—"Persons who wish to ship merchandise South are obliged to give heavy bonds that the goods shall not run to the blockade, and that they are not intended to be sold in any manner to the rebels. It was Mr. Stanton's business to examine the surcises, accept the bonds when properly executed, and cancel them when sufficient evidence was produced that the goods had reached their legal destination. It seems that Mr. Stanton has been suspended or removed, the Solicitor of the Treasury having come out to make an investigation. The charges against Mr. Stanton, it is said, relate to the cancelling of the bonds above referred to. Recently some of these bonds have been abstracted. Mr. Stanton's friends declare that it was done by a clerk in the Custom-House. At all events, it appears they are gone. Whether the matter is to be fully investigated, or hushed up, like other affairs, under this "model Administration," remains to be seen. Mr. Stanton is a model of a "loyalist," and ought to be sustained, if any one.—N. Y. Daily.

ROMANTIC STORY. Upwards of 30 years ago a marriage took place in this neighborhood (Liverpool) the man and wife being in humble circumstances. After living together till after the birth of a child, the husband went to Australia to seek his fortune. His wife never heard from him after he left her, and supposing he was dead, on the lapse of seven years she married a widower with three children. To this number in her second married life she added five, making her whole family, including the child by her first husband, nine in all. Some time since the second husband died, and she was left to struggle with her large family. To her great surprise, at the beginning of the present year her first husband made his appearance at Liverpool. During his thirty years' absence he had prospered in Australia, and was a large land proprietor there.—He had heard of his wife's second marriage but as the fault was his he never thought of returning to England until he heard of the death of the second husband. To make amends for his former neglect of his wife—notwithstanding her second marriage she was still his wife—he behaved in the most handsome manner to all her children, gave them costly outfits, has taken them and the wife of his early affections out with him to the land of his adoption. The wife, who has thus, after an absence of more than 30 years, been restored to her position, is now about 70 years of age.—Liverpool Mercury.

## HOW LEFORT GOT HIS WIFE.

Lefort was a man some forty years old, with an income of fifteen thousand francs, fond of pictures, and painting landscapes himself in a very remarkable manner. He lived in Rue de Provence, in an apartment in the third story, where he was often visited by his friend Decamps, the distinguished painter who has recently died in Paris, who was very fond of Lefort and of sitting to talk in his rooms. They passed long evenings in chatting and smoking together before an open window which overlooked the vast gardens of the Hotel Latite and the Hotel Rothschild. One day, Lefort arrived at the cafe with a long face and an air of great dissatisfaction.—"What is the matter?" said Decamps. "The matter is, that I am wretched at having to move from our apartment." "Are you going to leave it?" "Yes, my landlord wanted to raise my rent.—I resisted—he insisted. I grew angry and gave up the rooms. I am wretched now." "You were so fond of those rooms." "Ah well, take back your lease." "You are right, I will take it back." The next day Lefort had still the long face and the grievous air of the previous day. He had wished to resume his lease but it was too late. The apartment was let for a term of nine years. Lefort must move by the last of October.—His landlord informed him, however, in an obliging manner, that the person who was to succeed him would not arrive from the country till the middle of November, and that he had all that time to seek an apartment to suit him; only Lefort must leave empty a part of the suite of rooms to store the furniture of his successor. Lefort consented to this joyful, and the furniture of the new tenant was brought in. Meantime Decamps, who saw him still so sorrowful at having to quit his rooms, said to him one day:—"There is, perhaps, some way to arrange with years new successor."

"I do not know him, and don't wish to try to make a bargain." "Show me his furniture," said Decamps and I can guess what sort of a man he is." Lefort conducted Decamps into the room where the furniture of the new tenant was placed. "Hum, hum," said Decamps, on casting his eyes over the articles, all this is simple, comfortable, in good taste—furniture for an income of twenty thousand francs, lately removed.—It is the right sort of a man, or rather it is a woman; here is a woman's furniture—this toilet, this wash table, this book stand of inlaid work."

"But the husband?" "I don't see any husband in the matter, no masculine furniture, a single bed, no bureau; we only want to know if she is a widow, a young girl, or an old maid." "How shall we find out that?" He opened the toilette table. There was a shell comb, to which was attached two magnificent hairs of golden blond. "Good! this hair does not belong to an old woman; let us look farther." He perceived a portrait turned against the wall.—He turned the canvass. It was the portrait of a woman—blond, very pretty, painted in 1825 by Horace.

"It is the portrait of the lady," said Decamps. "It is the portrait of a married woman; the dress indicates it. This woman was about twenty when it was painted.—She must be still very pretty. She is an intelligent woman—loving art, I judge, by the selection of books in this library, by the music on the piano. My friend, you will not quit your apartment."

"I must ask this lady to give it up to me, then." "No, you must ask her to share it with you; you must marry her." "You are mad; you are laughing at me." "I speak very seriously. Your furniture seems made to go with that of the lady. The suite of rooms is too large for one of you alone; it is exactly what is wanted for you two." "But I don't wish to marry." "You are wrong. You are forty years old; this lady suits you in every respect.—She pleases me, this woman, and I wish you to marry her. Let me manage." Lefort gave him leave. When the lady came from the country, she was surprised to find her rooms occupied and her furniture doubled.—Decamps awaited her. He showed the lady the rooms arranged by himself, and the portrait of Lefort hung opposite her own.

"See, madam," said he, "what wonderful harmony between those articles of furniture.—See how well the portrait matches your own.—It is certainly the portrait of the man who should be your husband." The lady was sensible and kind. She was not angry, and laughed heartily; and as he was a sensible man, *distingue*, a very good fellow with a suitable fortune, he was accepted. He married the widow and did not leave the rooms. He never left them till last year, at the death of his wife, whom he adored and whom he rendered happy till the last moment. Decamps remained his friend, and both, whenever they saw him, thanked him for having made the marriage of their furniture.

"A WHOLE NAGER"—At a recent negro celebration, an Irishman stood listening to Fred. Douglas, who was expatiating upon Government and Freedom, and as the orator came to a period from the highest political heights, the Irishman said:—"Bodad, he speaks well for a nager." "Don't you know," said one, "that he isn't a negro? He is only half negro." "Only a half negro, is he? Well, if a half nager can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nager might beat the prophet Jeremiah, if any one.—N. Y. Daily.