

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 59. Bedford, Pa., Friday Morning, May 20, 1864. WHOLE NUMBER, 1048. VOL. 7, NO 42.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, three weeks or less	15
One Square, each additional insertion less than three months	20
One Square, 3 MONTHS	50
One Square, 6 MONTHS	75
One Square, 1 YEAR	100
Two Squares, 3 MONTHS	25
Two Squares, 6 MONTHS	35
Two Squares, 1 YEAR	45
Three Squares, 3 MONTHS	35
Three Squares, 6 MONTHS	50
Three Squares, 1 YEAR	65
Four Squares, 3 MONTHS	45
Four Squares, 6 MONTHS	65
Four Squares, 1 YEAR	85
One Column, 3 MONTHS	10
One Column, 6 MONTHS	15
One Column, 1 YEAR	20

Administrators and Executors notices \$2.50, Auditors notices \$1.50, if under 10 lines. \$2.00 if more than a square and less than 20 lines. Lawyers, \$1.25, if but one head is advertised, 25 cents for every additional head.

The space occupied by ten lines of this size of type counts one square. All fractions of a square under five lines will be measured as a half square and all over five lines as a full square. All legal advertisements will be charged to the person hand ing them in.

At the following terms, to wit:
\$1 75 per annum, if paid strictly in advance.
\$2.00 if paid within 6 months; \$2.50 if not paid within 6 months.

Professional Cards.
JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care, in Bedford and adjoining counties.

J. R. DURBORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Office one door south of the "Mengel House."
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

U. H. AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bedford, Pa.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Military claims, especially collected.

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.

JOHN PALMER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Juliana street, (nearly opposite the Mengel House.)

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

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.
Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

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

J. ALSIP & SON,
Auctioneers & Commission Merchants, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully solicit consignments of Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, and all kinds of Merchandise for AUCTION and PRIVATE Sale.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,
(SUCCESSORS TO MICHAEL WARTMAN & CO.)
Tabacco Snuff and Hogg
MANUFACTORY,
No. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET,
Second door below Wood,
PHILADELPHIA.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 25, 1864.

Select Poetry.

THE WHITE SLAVE'S PETITION.

By RICHARD ROCKDALE.
How long must the reign of Mammon
Oppress the world with woe?
How long must Justice, blinded,
Be led by the wicked foe?
How long must we sit in the shadow
Of the world's great sorrow and wrong?
How long must we dwell in bondage—
How long, dear Father, how long?

With patience have we waited
The hour of freedom's birth—
Of peace, and love, and justice,
Through all the ends of earth;
But the night is growing darker,
And hope hath ceased her song.
How long ere the morning breaketh—
How long, dear Father, how long?

Our hearts are sad and weary,
Our souls are sick with fear;
Awake, and we quickly perish,
With all our loved ones here;
The world is lost in darkness,
Where fearful phantoms throng;
How long must we wait his coming—
How long, dear Father, how long?

Except these days be shortened,
No human flesh can live;
The help that now is needed,
Thou, only Thou, canst give;
The wicked are in our councils,
And work the ends of wrong;
How long must we live and suffer—
How long, dear Father, how long?

We pray in the name of Justice,
We pray in the name of Right,
For the sake of Love and Mercy,
We ask for the boon of light;
The fangs of Mammon are fastened
Alike on the weak and strong;
And we sink in Death and Darkness—
How long, dear Father, how long?

THE TRUTH TOLD.

From the New York Nation.
Lincoln's Honesty and Capacity.
A Terrible Platitude against Lincoln, by a Fremont Organ.

We all recollect that worthy citizen of Athens who banished Aristides solely because it annoyed him to hear the epithet "the Just," constantly coupled with his name. We have all been struck by this strange specimen of political liberty, and by the lack of judgment in the application. It was not because this undue notoriety given to the name of a citizen of the republic.

Now, we are annoyed and irritated at hearing the words Abraham Lincoln and honesty always coupled together; but being more generous than the excellent Athenian citizen afore-said, we propose, before ostracizing honest Abe from the White House, to consider his right to the surname of "Honest." To call one man honest out of a population of thirty millions, is not so much of a compliment to him as a sarcasm upon all the rest. Let us look into his honesty and capability. After three years of patient service we have a right, and it is more over our duty, Mr. Lincoln, to examine your acts and show them to the nation. You commenced by confiding the fate of our cause, the honor of our arms, and the lives of our sons to a man having no higher claim to such trust than a host of voters at their command—whose support you coveted—in order to advance the welfare of the nation.

We have allowed you to further your political and personal interests, and to transform into heroes men whose inefficiency have swallowed up thousands of lives and millions of treasure, so that you might be able to dazzle the eyes of the people with victories far more than real. We have permitted you to sacrifice tried patriots, whose popularity alarmed you and whose energy disappointed your calculations.

We have allowed you to deceive the people; we have let you transform disgraced defeats into victories; and even we made no outcry when you were reduced to beg exonerations for acts which have eternally disgraced the honor of our arms. You have been unable to foresee or forestall anything. What has become of the nation's enthusiasm? What have you done with the immense resources, unprecedented in history, that the nation has lavishly given you?

You are now appealing to conscription, and we will not enter into a discussion of the principle itself, but we will tell you that you should have foreseen that the day must come when you would need these men, and that you were to blame in not calling for them when the people's enthusiasm was first aroused, when they certainly would not have been refused you. You are to blame, inasmuch as through your incapacity and personal schemes, the necessity for such an appeal has become a question of public safety. You are to blame for depriving us of the services of men whose popularity stimulated that enthusiasm.

You have told the country that both the rebellion and slavery were dead; you have told the people that the forces of the rebels were reduced by desertions, and that they could not be recruited, fed, nor clothed; and yet you are forced to act upon the defensive, being threatened at all points.

base, masterly retreats, and reconnoissances have succeeded each other with a rapidity the greatest showman of modern times. To immense variety of circumstances is only equaled by the identity of the results. We have Sherman's reconnoissance. Smith's reconnoissance. Thomas's reconnoissance. Kilpatrick's reconnoissance. Custer's reconnoissance. Seymour's reconnoissance. Gilmore's Charleston reconnoissance.

The result is everywhere the same, ridiculous and disastrous. The sole concession we can make to your honesty is, that you have improved upon the change of base in 1862; you destroyed fewer soldiers and burned less of the nation's property.

How is it, that after three years of inconceivable victories, according to Halleck's facetious expression, "unprecedented in the military history of nations," you are still pondering how to preserve the national Capital and your base of operations?

Is it a reward for such success, for the achievement of such results, that you now ask the nation to pass a vote of confidence and re-elected you for another, and perhaps another term?

In your inaugural address you gave a very striking illustration of your peculiar honesty by pledging yourself, in accordance with the well known principles of the party which had elected you, not to serve another term; you said this in a manner which none of your supporters then understood; but your words were evidently designed to bear a double meaning, so that, if you should find the sweets of office more enticing than you possibly anticipated, you might change your purpose without seeming to violate your promise. Candid people will see in this a good deal more evidence of cunning than of honesty.

The whole truth is this: you are leading the nation quietly to its destruction by deceiving the people as to the dangers which threaten it. In the first part of the campaign of 1862 you gained advantages which you were unable to utilize or even retain in 1863.

You sacrificed the entire West for the capture of Vicksburg, and then you proclaim to the four winds that the Mississippi is free, while not a single steamboat can navigate it without being attacked or perhaps burned, and without every passenger having the fear of death or captivity before his eyes.

To serve the ends of your cause, you have made a hero out of a man upon whom you have lavished everything, who had every obstacle removed from his path, and who was promptly furnished with reinforcements and supplies, while at his command, the ground which his predecessor gained in spite of you by his own talents.

You have offered us the distressing spectacle of the sacrifice of merit to caprice and political interests, and this in a republic, in the name and under the plea of popular sovereignty.

HIGH GROUND OF THE DEMOCRACY!

THE RING OF THE TRUE METAL.

Hear Hon. Samuel S. Cox.

In the course of a running debate in the House, the other day, on the "conduct of the war," Mr. Cox gave utterance to the following well-timed, and manly sentiments, which the Democracy of the whole country will applaud. We take pleasure in presenting it to our readers:

Mr. Cox—Now, Mr. Chairman, I have said all that I intended to say of a personal character. I have said it with good temper. I have not lost my good humor by the slang that has been hurled against me since I spoke before. I dislike personal controversy, and do not indulge in it except when attacked. There are more important matters for our debates. I am more anxious to hold these gentlemen to account for their Abolitionism and its destructive tendencies. It is growing worse and worse daily. Where will it end? We should hold that side of the House to an account for the slanders heaped upon the Democratic party—a proud party, of history and of patriotism—a party which has for seventy years kept the country together prosperously and peacefully. Their slanders against that party in this House and elsewhere are producing a reign of terror throughout the country and especially in the Northwest. Do gentlemen know the effect of their speeches against Democrats? Are they aware of the fact that the partisan libels here uttered are circulated so as to produce the same ill-will in the North, between members of the two parties, which they produced between the sections? If it go on will it not have the same bloody catastrophe? Do gentlemen observe the signs at home? Whenever our farunged soldiers come home they are filled with your slanders against the Democrats, and under the prompting of malignant crows, they hunt Democrats to their homes, drag them, as they have in my district, through the streets, and compel them to take an oath whose sanction they have never sought to dishonor. True and loyal men have been thus treated through the West. Under the reign of lawless mobs, printing offices are rifled and destroyed, our people shot, our meetings broken up, our property burned, and every personal and political right outraged. Thus hounded on by your infamous slanders upon the Democratic party, for self-protection, Democrats are forced to threaten reprisals and retaliation as their only safety. What else can they do, when the law and its officers are indifferent or powerless to ward them from insult and degradation? Be shall be held responsible for all the consequences.

The reaction will come by and by. Indeed it has begun already. In the little town of Rock Island, the other day, after a mob had torn down a Democratic newspaper office there, an election was held in which a Democratic gain of one hundred and ninety votes was perceptible. A straw, but it shows which way the tempest will blow.

I have been promptly and perhaps properly called to order for my personality in debate to day. But why not the rule be applied to others, on the other side? We are charged directly and indirectly, day by day, with disloyalty and treason, but no Chairman calls to order for that. The crime which includes all other crimes can be hurled upon us and we must sit serenely placid to receive it! How unlike a scene in the French Chamber of Deputies, but a few weeks ago, where the opposition only numbered some twenty or thirty, but where a minority compelled decency and decorum to ward itself and from its adversaries. M. Rouland, the Minister of State, in reply to M. Jules Favre, had charged the latter with "disloyalty," as arrogant members frequently charge it here. The moment the word was uttered the whole opposition rose to their feet and protested against it as unparliamentary. The Minister was forced to retract. That small opposition felt, as M. Jules Favre said, "We are but a few numbers in this inclosure, but we have behind us all France!"

We, upon this side, may yet be taught to emulate the courageous opposition in the French Chambers, and thus save ourselves from indignity, and our friends at home from insult. Day by day here we have insults like those of the French Minister, with the permission of the Speaker, and without a suggestion that it is violation of parliamentary law. Week after week the foulest imputations are heaped upon the Democratic members, charging them with disloyalty and treason, and we have no recourse except to hurl the slanders back from whence they came. We had it to-day from the gentleman on the other side. I need not say that such charges applied to the Democratic party and its Representatives are false, through and through false. The members upon the other side know it. It is not only in violation of fair side and order, but to make such charges, but it is leprous with mendacity from top to toe. I seem to defend the patriotism of our constituents in any country. They love, as no word of mine can express it, the Government as made by our fathers; they have never failed in genuine and generous devotion to the whole country, and to all its institutions, local and Federal; they number to-day a million and a half of men. At least that number voted the Democratic ticket, even in the late elections in the Northern States, when, too, we failed to achieve success, and failed, sir, because of these very slanders proclaimed in this House and elsewhere, for which, I repeat, you shall be held responsible. They are a people who love law and order; but if these fail, they will protect their persons, homes, property, and lives at all hazards. It makes my blood boil to read the accounts we have from the West; such outrages as those committed in Greenville, Ohio, but the

THE ELECTION FARCE IN LOUISIANA.

Gen. James M. Ashley, of Ohio, is a member of Congress who is very apt to say what he thinks. He is an uncompromising Republican; but this circumstance does not prevent him from having a most contemptuous opinion of Mr. Lincoln, and his demagogical trick for getting votes for his own re-election, by the farce of holding elections in rebel States, where we have only the most precarious footing for our armies, and where, the instant that they are withdrawn, the whole community are a unit in expressing their attachment to the rebel cause. Recently, in a speech delivered in Congress, Gen. Ashley made the following statement with reference to the late elections in Louisiana. He said:

"The farce of an election was gone through with, and of course the men representing an organization whose loyalty never was questioned were defeated. It could not well have been otherwise. A military commander who announces that 'martial law is the fundamental law of the State,' and that all must vote, would not find it difficult to elect any one he may designate, especially when the aggregate vote did not exceed ten or eleven thousand, with three candidates in the field. Hahn's whole vote in the State, as claimed by his friends, is only 6,171—less than one fourth of my congressional district.

"There are fifty-four parishes in the State, only twelve of which are under our control.—Of the number who voted for Hahn, I have been credibly informed that over 1,000 were employed in the quartermaster's department; about 550 are policemen in the City of New Orleans; city laborers 1,100, and other city officers 100; some 1,600 were soldiers, claiming to be citizens of Louisiana. The acting mayor of New Orleans was removed by Gen. Banks, and one appointed who could and would control the votes and influence of the 550 policemen, city laborers and city officers. With all the military power of the department to support Hahn, the votes of all the Government employees, the Louisiana soldiers and policemen, his entire vote in the twelve parishes is but 6,171, and yet this insignificant vote is paraded before the country, and unobscuredly called the voice of the entire State of Louisiana, which, in 1850, gave a vote of over 50,000. Hahn had hardly as many votes in the entire State as Mrs. General Beauregard had sympathizing rebel mourners in attendance upon her funeral in this city of New Orleans a day or two after this election."

LABOR PAYS THE TAXES.

It is truly said that the people of this country have not yet begun to feel the effects of the taxation that is in store for them. The value of the real and personal estate in the United States in 1860 was \$17,000,000,000. This amount embraced the whole Union, North, South, East and West. It must be admitted that the amount at this time is much less. Upon what there is left is to fall the enormous debt of \$4,000,000,000. Therefore, so much of the capital of the country is sunk—is worse than destroyed, because it is a burden, a dead weight upon what there is left for all time to come.

The bonds issued by the United States are to draw interest, but they are exempt from taxation. The effect of this is that the farmer and mechanic must pay, while the capitalist who has ready cash to invest escapes taxation by investing his money in United States bonds.

In this way this immense debt of \$4,000,000,000 is withdrawn from the productive capital of the country, and becomes a burden upon the remainder. The question naturally arises, as to how far it is safe to carry such a system, and have we not reached the limit already? The farmer and the mechanic pay the taxes, while the rich man, who has invested his capital in bonds, is exempt, and not obliged to pay a cent. The rich are to grow richer, and the poor poorer, under such laboring men of the country.—Labor is taxed, while capital becomes privileged and escapes. It is therefore, for the interest of every farmer, every mechanic, every laboring man of small means, that the debt shall not be increased.

Already the Government Mortgage upon every farm and every house and lot, is enormous, and every day's continuance of this reckless Administration increases it. So long as the Republican party continue in power, we have no reason to expect to see an end to this struggle.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

The Working Classes.

The wrongs of the working classes are closely hidden under a veil of spurious prosperity. Because working men receive generally a little higher wages than formerly, it is said they are prosperous and happy. But this is not so.—Look at it in its true light. Under the reign of Shoddy, a man may receive fifty per cent, or let him answer:

"I now pay three times more than formerly for nearly every article of clothing for my family, and double, or more, for coffee, tea, sugar, and all the other necessities of life.—I find it growing every day more difficult to make my income square off my outgoes, to say nothing of the impossibility of laying up anything against a rainy day.

Such is that Abolition and Shoddy "prosperity" which is rung in the ears of our Working-men when their votes are wanted to help shoddies to fat contracts and demagogues to fat offices. The seeming prosperity is hollow; it is a lie upon its face. It raises the wages of labor for a time, and at the same time increases, to a much greater extent, the price of every article the laborer must buy for himself and family. In the meantime Shoddy gets well paid for its investments; Abolition parasites get rich offices and plenty of public plunder, and are merry and jubilant over the ruin of their country and the poverty and misery that have come and are coming upon its tens of millions.

The new Lincoln campaign pamphlet entitled Miscegenation, pays the following very handsome compliment to our Yankee cousins: "The white race which settles in New England will be unable to maintain its vitality as a blonde people. They need the intermingling of the rich tropic temperament of the negro to give warmth and fullness to their natures. They feel the yearning and do not know how to interpret it."

The following touching lines were lately found in a barn within the lines of the army under General Butler; they are supposed to have been addressed to the General by some gifted Ethiopian poetess:

When lovely Dinah lets the white folks
Tell their fondest tales of love,
She finds, alas! too soon they leave her,
And cede to sweet Dinah love.

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