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JOSEPH W. TATE,
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Will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims.
Has for sale Town lots in Tatesville, and St. Joseph's, on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unimproved land, from one acre to 350 acres to suit purchasers.
Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Reed & Schell.
April 1, 1865-17

EDWARD P. KERR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will punctually and carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Soldiers' claims for bounty, back pay, &c., speedily collected. Office with St. Nicholas, Esq., on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
April 7, 1865.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care. Will give special attention to claims against the Government.
Office on Juliana Street, formerly occupied by Hon. A. King. March 31, 1865.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully offers his professional services to the public.
Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House," Bedford, Dec. 9, 1864.

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.
Having also been regularly licensed to prosecute claims against the Government, particular attention will be given to the collection of Military claims of all kinds: pensions, back pay, bounty, &c., &c.
April 1, 1864.

ESPV M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected.
Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House. Jan. 22, '64.

F. M. KIMMEL, I. 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."

G. H. SPANG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. May 13, 1864.

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.
Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana Street, (nearly 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 6, 1861.

F. C. DOYLE, M. D.,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office next door to the Hotel of John C. Black. June 10, 1864.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

F. M. MARBOURG, M. D.,
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Tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office immediately opposite the store of John E. Colver, in the room formerly occupied by J. Henry Schell. July 1, 1864.

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.

J. ALSIP & SON,
Auctioneers & Commission Merchants,
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Bedford, January 6, 1865.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME GO. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3106. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1865. VOL. 8, NO. 38.

LOYAL. A Story of the Present Day.

BY MISS CARRIE CARL.

A young man stood upon the steps of a recruiting office in a little town of one of the Western States. A boy, we might rather say, for the hardless face, its shadow of golden hair, its blue, earnest eyes, and delicate, almost girlish features, could not have been more than fifteen summers. He stood with one hand upon the door-knob, the other was pressed in a perplexed, irresolute way over his forehead—for a moment, he stood thus, as if debating with himself, then he opened the door and entered.

A number of men sat around the stove: one on a high stool behind a desk wore the uniform and straps of a Lieutenant. "Ah!" said the officer blandly, while the man around the stove chuckled and winked among themselves. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Bradshaw, just come this way; I thought you'd conclude to enlist under the honest old flag and fight for the stripes and stars.

"I don't know as I am doing right—God forgive me if I am doing wrong. You know I told you, Lieutenant, I have a little sister who my dying mother left to my charge; with her last breath she bade me take care of little orphaned Nellie, and she hasn't a soul to care for her but me. I hope some one will befriend her and watch over her, and that the God of battles will—"

Charlie Bradshaw's voice grew trembling and indistinct.

"Never you fear; she'll be taken care of, old boy," said the Lieutenant. "The good loyal people of this village never would see a soldier's sister come to want or distress; do you think so, Mr. Simmonds?"

Hugh Simmonds, a dark eyed, black whiskered young fellow, only laughed as he squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice upon the stove.

"I'd undertake to look after Miss Nellie myself," he said, poking his next neighbor in the ribs, "if she wasn't such a little copperhead."

The Bradshaw blood was up, the blue eyes grew dark with passion; the delicate temples were purple with rage.

"What do you mean?" he said, turning fiercely upon the speaker. "Keep your epithets to yourself; and such care as yours for my sister is not needed. By the way, Hugh Simmonds, why ain't you enlisting? You with your loud-mouthed patriotism!"

"They wouldn't take Mr. Simmonds," spoke up the recruiting officer, "he has cosmopolitan views of the arruclerul vertertrial antiscerarin. Mr. Simmonds has enlisted twice and been rejected both times for disability."

"I'm sure he is stouter and heartier than I," said Charlie Bradshaw. "And as for abuse of me and my sister, soldier or civilian, I've heard the last of it. I will—mark my words."

Every village or community, we doubt not, has its Hugh Simmonds—somehow dissimilar from the gentleman of whom we write, perhaps, so far as the *personae* is concerned, but boasting the same character. A very intensely loyal young man, who denominated Mr. Lincoln as the Government, and had a perfect contempt and intolerance in regard to those who differed with him in opinion. If a man or woman either, said "Constitution," that individual was a "copperhead"—if any one hinted that this war should be carried on for the restoration of the Union, "without an if," that person was "a scesch and ought to be hung." He was unconditionally Union, of course, but not for the Union unless slavery was pulled up root and branch first, instead of making the abolition of slavery a consequent of the war; his theory was that putting down the rebellion was a secondary consideration. "Slavery must be abolished if the Union went to hades."

But Mr. Simmonds was, as we said, intensely loyal, one of the first to head subscriptions for volunteer families—for effect, never being paid)—his name flourished on handbills as chairman of Union Committees, the right-hand man of all recruiting officers, etc. The first to get up dinners in honor of the soldiers home on furlough—though he never paid a cent himself, but his grocery was patronized, of course, in the getting up thereof—as he sold oysters, peaches, etc. etc., at cost—said cost being the usual retail price at other stores. At all *Union Balls*, he was the biggest fish in the pond—getting up banners and transparencies, emblems and flags—and always marshal of the day, chief speaker, committee on toasts, etc., etc.

Mr. Simmonds also was extremely loyal, for he believed in negro equality, saying that only by a commingling of the black and white races could the highest human perfection be secured. He was a great friend of the negro, though he never gave a cent to clothe, feed, or free one in his whole life. But the gentleman's biggest gun was that he was a Democrat, a life-long Democrat, but not a "copperhead"; he was a Jackson Democrat, a Douglas Democrat—though in '60 he cursed that great and good man, and sneered at his adherents as "Union-savers," when the "old slave Union wasn't worth a cuss, no how." This was the life-long Democrat (?) who cried "copperhead" to every true Democrat—and so loyal!

But to go on with our story. After Charlie Bradshaw went to war, this perfection of loyalty continued to flourish like a young bay tree. The State quota had been filled and the fear of the draft being over, the youth settled down quietly to read the Tribune and wait on his customers. As for the pretty, spirited Nellie Bradshaw, she had apprenticed herself to the milliners, the Misses Clark, and tried to think she was happy reading Charlie's letters, and writing to him, and busying herself with her needle.

The Misses Clark, two spinsters of uncertain age, however, made peace and happiness a

AN IDIOT SOLDIER BOY SEOT.

In the Army of the Potomac there is a stockade of logs, twenty feet high, and sharpened at the tops, and known as the "Bull pen," in which captured deserters are confined before execution. In it there are about sixty wretched men, awaiting their fate. Henry Clay Trumbull, Chaplain of the Connecticut 10th, thus writes of

A VERY SAD CASE.

But the saddest case was the latest. A boy not yet sixteen, born and brought up in the upper part of New York city, was met in the street by a hellish broker, and enticed away to Connecticut to be sold as a substitute. He was far from being a bright boy, seemingly not full witted, but his childish ways were touchingly attractive. He said—and probably with truth—that until the broker led him off he had never passed a night away from his parents.—Like a tired, homesick school boy determined to play truant, he started to run home. Being arrested, he again slipped off, but was once more caught, as he exercised no shrewdness in his flight. Being tried and sentenced to death, he was put into the condemned cell in the evening to be shot the following morning. His boyish grief, when told he was to die, was heart rending.

With unaffected naturalness he sobbed out his lament over his own hard lot, and for the dear ones at home. "Me, so young, to go out side the breastworks and see the coffin and grave there, and then be shot? I don't want to be killed. Won't the general parole me?" On being assured that his execution was a certainty, he urged the chaplain not to let his friends know how he died, "for they'd feel so bad about it," he said. "I suppose it would fill my father's heart for some reason his father seemed closer to his heart than his mother." "I suppose it would kill 'em all. They'd be thinking of it at nights. Don't tell 'em about it."

Once convinced that it was too late to obtain a reprieve—no official short of the department commander having the power to grant it, and there being no time to obtain it from him, and having cried his cry out—he quieted like a weary child, and inquired to the chaplain could say to aid in preparing him for the eternal future. Kneeling on the soaked, swampy ground, under the dripping roof of that gloomy cabin, in the dark and stormy night, he folded his fettered hands, and meekly said his little evening prayer, and committed himself in seeming confidence to his Heavenly Father's care.—He could not read, but he had been taught in one of the blessed mission schools of New York, and seemed to have a simple, childlike faith in God. Probably he had not been addicted to vicious habits. He said, when asked about the way he spent his evenings that he "always worked in the factory dymtimes, and when evening came was tired, and went to bed early." His father and mother prayed with him, and taught him to do right. "If your life should be spared," asked the chaplain, "would you love God and try to serve him?" "Why yes," he answered, "I always did love him," as though, in its childlike trust, he had no cause of enmity with the Father to whom he had been drawn in grateful confidence. After his first hearty cry the thought of death did not seem to oppress him.

He was too much of a child to fully realize it. Just before he went out to be shot he turned to the chaplain and asked, as in boyish curiosity. "If I die to-day, will my soul go to heaven to-day?" Arriving at the field of execution he was not at all disturbed by the terrific preparations. He walked up to his open grave and looked inquiringly into it without a shudder and then he turned to gaze at the firing party as though he saw kindhearted comrades there. He knelt again to pray as calmly as if he were to lie down in his own little crib at home. Just as his arms were being bound a bird flew by, and he twisted his head around to follow with his gaze the bird in its flight as though he should like to chase it; then he looked back again at the bright muskets with soft and steady eye as before. "Let me kneel on the ground and rest on the coffin," he said, as they fixed him in position. "No, kneel on the coffin," was the order. So kneeling there he settled himself down into a weary, crouching posture as though he were to wait thus a long and tiresome time. He had hardly taken this place before he fell back dead, with every bullet of the firing platoon directly through his chest—three through his heart. He uttered never a groan nor did his frame quiver.

Even such boys as that are here shot if they desert. But are they guilty above those who send them here?

H. C. T.

Can any one read the above shocking narrative without tears in his eyes? God of our fathers, what are we coming to? A poor little "not full witted" boy—perhaps an idiot—a mere helpless child—who had been enticed and sold into the army by some burly brute, attempts to run home to his parents, and for this his young quivering heart is blown to atoms, and his soul sent to eternity! This simple child had no more idea of responsibility than a sucking babe.—He was half-witted, and had never in his short life passed a single night away from his parents. He wanted to go home, and "like a tired homesick school boy, determined to play truant."—For this tender body of the idiot boy was torn to pieces by the bullets from a dozen muskets.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

THE CAPTURED CITIES.

DETAILS AND INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

Executive Mansion of Jeff Davis, }
Richmond, Va., April 3, 1865. }

I have the national honor and pride to announce the fall of the Confederate capital, and the unconditional surrender to the gallant Major-General Weitzel, and the forces under his command, at 7 o'clock this morning.

About 3 o'clock this morning, Gen. Shepley, chief of staff to Maj. Gen. Weitzel, felt convinced, from the statement of the large number of deserters coming within our lines, confirmed by despatches from Gen. Harstuff's lines on the Bermuda front, that all the rebel works around Richmond were being evacuated, and that Lee and his army, and Jeff. Davis and his government, had already taken up the only available line of retreat to the North Carolina boundary, and that the way was clear for the occupancy of the rebel capital by the forces of the United States. Gen. Weitzel telegraphed these conclusions to Lieut. Gen. Grant, who replied instantly, saying that he had no doubt that General Weitzel could occupy the city without the slightest difficulty.

On the 21st inst. Gen. Weitzel, so clear was his mind upon the subject, despatched Maj. A. H. Stevens, of the 4th Massachusetts cavalry, and Major E. E. Graves, of his staff, with 40 cavalry, to investigate the condition of affairs on the roads leading to the rebel works and thence to Richmond. This party had not proceeded far within the rebel lines when they espied a stately carriage approaching, the driver waving a white flag. Approaching this vehicle, it was found to contain Mayor Mayo, the head of the Richmond city government; Judge Meredith, of the Supreme Court of Richmond; Judge Lyon, and several other worthies of the rebel persuasion, who announced that they had come out to surrender the city to the competent authorities. This took place within a distance of two miles of the city, after the Majors had found their way through several lines of torpedoes, and was marked by the following conversation:

Maj. Stevens.—Who is in command of this flag of truce?

Judge Meredith.—It is Mr. Mayo, Mayor of the city of Richmond.

The Judge at the same time introducing the Mayor and all of his associates to Majors Stevens and Graves.

Mayor Mayo then handed Major Stevens a small slip of paper upon which was written the following:

"It is proposed to formally surrender to the Federal authorities the city of Richmond, hitherto capital of the Confederate States of America, and the defenses protecting it up to this time."

The document was approved of, and Major Stevens accepting it in behalf of his commanding General, it was at once transmitted to Maj. Gen. Weitzel, who had already sent out his skirmish line, and upon the receipt of Mayor Mayo's surrender instantly moved his column upon the evacuated city and took possession.

The Mayor then took charge of the rebel flag of truce party, and advanced upon the city—two capable, efficient and popular officers of the stout old Army of the James thus being the first, with their escort, to enter the fallen and capitalizing capital of rebellion.

Ewell set the city on fire, and all the business portion of the main street to the river was destroyed. The bridges across the river were also destroyed. Many families remain. Mrs. Lee remains. At Petersburg the public stores were burned, and a few houses caught fire, but not much damage was done to the city. The bridges here were also destroyed. Will report fully from Richmond. Cannot get a clear idea of our loss. The only one General killed is Winthrop. Potter is dangerously wounded in the groin.

All the commercial part of the city was found to be in flames, Gen. Early having ordered the destruction of the public buildings, which order General Breckinridge, rebel Secretary of War, strove earnestly to have countermanded, but without avail.

Gen. Weitzel finds much suffering and poverty among the population. The rich as well as the poor are destitute of food. He is about to issue supplies to all who take the oath. The inhabitants now number about twenty thousand, about one-half of them of African descent.

It is not true that Jeff. Davis sold his furniture before leaving. It is still in his house where I am now writing. He left at 7 P. M., by the Danville Railroad.

All the members of Congress have escaped. Gen. Weitzel took here one thousand prisoners besides wounded. These number five thousand in nine hospitals.

We captured cannon numbering at least 500 pieces. Five thousand muskets have been found in one lot. Thirty locomotives and three hundred cars are found here. The Petersburg Railroad bridge is totally destroyed; that of the Danville Road partially, so that connection with Petersburg can be easily made in that way. All the rebel vessels are destroyed, except an unfinished ram, which has her machinery in her pier.

The Tredegar Iron Works are unharmed, and the machinery is running here to-day under Weitzel's orders. Libby Prison and Castle Thunder have also escaped the fire, and are filled with prisoners of war.

Davis left this city last night, at 8 o'clock by rail for Danville, his family having been sent out five days ago. On the train he had horses and carriages embarked, in case the road was interrupted, in order to easily make his way by these means. He was very much depressed in spirits, and bore the appearance of an exceedingly haggard and care-worn man, his countenance clearly betraying the loss of his cause. He expressed himself as being yet determined not to give up, but to put forth another effort to redeem his hopeless and smitten fortunes. I

Rates of Advertising.

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One column, 3 months.	8 00
One column, 6 months.	12 00
One column, 1 year.	20 00

Administrators and Executors' notices, \$3.00.
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A MILITARY NECESSITY.

"Why, Pompey, is that you dressed up in sojor clothes so smart?"

"Yes, Pete, I've enlisted."

"Well, den, Pomp, I wants to ax you jes one ting befur you go. Wut's dis I hear bout military necessity? Wut's it mean?"

"I'll spain it to you right off, Gim'e your knife fust."

"Dar it is."

"Bery well. Now, am you a loyal man, Pete?"

"I spec I is."

"Lucky for you. Now law am one ting and military necessity am another. I se a sojer.—War times now wid me. I got your knife because it am a military necessity. I want it.—The law can't touch me for taking it. You touch me and you am opposed to military necessity, and you go to Fort La Faughy."

"Why, dat's my knife?"

"No. It am confiscated by military necessity. In time ob war de Army and Government takes all they want—property, slaves and all rings—bekase dey want it to help to kerry on de war. In peace der is no such military necessity, and dey couldn't do it; but now if dey oppose, dese who oppose am Rebels, bekase dey oppose de interest of de whole kentry. I am in dat interest, being a sojer. I keep your knife for military necessity; you object and you're a Cessionist at once. So be kerful. Wut say?"

"I say take de knife, and be dam! I don't want to go to Fort La Faughy."

"Den you sufficiently understand bout military necessity?"

"I does now, dat's a fact."

"Well dar! I ollers tought you was loyal; so good bye, Pete; de General wants to see me."

"Good bye, Pomp, but when de war is ober bring back my knife."

THE SUCCESSFUL MECHANIC.

Many years ago, a young man, a housepainter by trade, went to Savannah to start in business for himself. He took a shop, hung out his sign, and looked for customers; but none came. There appeared to be painters enough in the place already, and his prospects looked dark. What should he do? Give it up, return to the North, and work as a journeyman again? He was not that kind of a man. If customers would not come to him he would go to them. Early one morning, with overalls on and paint-pot and brush in hand, all ready for work, he started out and walked briskly through the principal streets as though in haste to commence a day's work, which, indeed, he was. Presently a gentleman stopped him him with—

"I see you are a painter."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you do business on your own account?"

"Yes, sir."

"When can you do some work for me?"

Most men would have answered "right away," but our friend was more shrewd, and replied—

"Probably in a week or so."

"But I want it done immediately."

"I would like to accommodate you, and will try to; I will send a man by day after to-morrow, or I will come myself."

Of course he went himself and found a long and profitable job on the gentleman's plantation, which he completed so well that others noticed it, and were glad to employ him; and in a short time he was at the head of the largest business of the kind in Savannah. He has since changed his business, and were we permitted to name him, he would be at once recognized as the principal of one of the most important manufacturing establishments in this country. Remember, boys, that he owed his success to *perseverance, shrewdness* (not cunning, but careful thought), and *faithfulness*.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"O yes," said the sick man.

"I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying your bill."

A Texan paper tells of a Judge who has three hands. We know a few, not many, fore-handled.