



Huntingdon & Broad Top Rail Road. DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Mail train, northward, leaves Mt. Dallas station at 3.40 p. m., arrives at Huntingdon at 6.58 p. m.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Coming—the Circus. Frosty—the last few nights. On the rampage—Republican candidates for Associate Judge.

Another Harangue From the Pulpit. Another cook from the Abolition Kitchen on the rostrum!

The essence of a sermon, in the absence of the regular minister, in the Lutheran Church, on last Sunday, was as follows: "Our beloved President!"

For the Gazette. Ritchey Run. O fons Bandusia, splendoris vitro.—Horace.

Ritchey Run, the dividing stream between Venango and Clarion counties, Pa., is one of the wildest, rampart, leaping, jumping brooks in the whole State.

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Eightful Disaster on the Mississippi River. The Most Terrible Steamboat Accident on Record.

1,500 LIVES LOST! Returning Soldiers Meeting a Horrid Death in Sight of their Homes.

A PECULIARLY PAINFUL CALAMITY. The steamer Saltana, it appears, left New Orleans on the 21st, and took on board 2,000 paroled national prisoners.

Whereabouts of Jeff Davis. New York, April 30.—The Herald's Newbern correspondence says the last positive information of Jeff Davis' movements, was that he passed through Charlotte, on his way southward.

The Great State of Alabama Conquered by Six or Eight Thousand Yankees. Thus is the great State of Alabama abandoned to the mercy of six or eight thousand Yankees.

IMPORTANT ORDER.

Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C., April 28.

Ordered: First—That the chiefs of the respective bureaus of this department proceed immediately to reduce the expenses of their respective departments.

Second—That the Quartermaster-General discharge all ocean transports not required to bring home troops in remote departments.

Third—That the Commissary-General of Subsistence discontinue the purchase of supplies in his department.

Fourth—That the Chief of Ordnance stop all purchases of arms and ammunition and materials therefor.

Fifth—That the Chief of Engineers stop work on all field fortifications and other works, except those for which specific appropriations have been made.

Sixth—That all soldiers in the hospitals, who require no further medical treatment, be honorably discharged from service.

Seventh—The Adjutant-General of the army will cause immediate returns to be made by all commanders in the field.

Eighth—The Quartermaster-General, Subsistence, Engineer, and Provost Marshal-General's Departments will reduce the number of clerks and employees.

Ninth—The chiefs of the respective bureaus will immediately cause proper returns to be made of the public property in their charge.

Tenth—The commissary of prisoners will have rolls made out of the name, residence, time and place of capture.

By order of the Sec'y of War. W. A. NICOLS, Assistant Adjutant-Gen.

T. W. VINCENT, A. A. G.

Eighty Thousand Bales of Cotton Burned in Montgomery—Details of the Evacuation.

A large number of refugees have arrived in Columbia from Montgomery.

A dispatch from Talladega, dated April 7, states that a division of Yankees from Elyton are at Montevilla.

It is stated that there were about eighty thousand bales of cotton in Montgomery in the warehouses.

That portion of the city in the neighborhood of the different warehouses must have suffered, and it is hardly possible that the buildings adjacent could pass unscathed.

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The Forces Included in Johnson's Surrender. New York, April 30.—The Herald's Newbern correspondence of April 27th says: The terms granted Johnston, embrace in the surrender four armies of the Military Division of the West.

Among the Generals surrendered is Beauregard. Principal among the Lieutenant Generals is Hardee.

Hampton refused to be surrendered and is reported to have been shot by Johnston in an altercation, but a more trustworthy report is that he fled in company with Davis.

Actually surrendered is 27,400, although more names are given. All the militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States are included.

General Grant returned to Washington on Saturday.

Capture and Death of Booth.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The Star says: To Col. L. C. Baker, Special Detective of the War Department, and his admirably trained detective force, and to the New York Cavalry, the active participants in the seizure, the country owes a debt of gratitude for this timely service.

It seems that a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry, numbering about twenty-five men, which was dispatched from this city on Monday, under the direction of the War Department, in command of Lieut. Dougherty, accompanied by some of Col. Baker's officers, captured and killed Booth, and captured Harold, one of his accomplices, alive.

The cavalry, after leaving here, landed at Belle Plain in the night, and immediately started out in pursuit of Booth and Harold, having previously learned from a colored man that they had crossed the river into Virginia.

Proceeding on towards Bowling Green, some three miles from Port Royal, Lieut. Dougherty, who was in command of the cavalry, discovered that Booth and Harold were secreted in a large barn owned by a man named Garrett, and were well armed.

The cavalry then surrounded the barn and summoned Booth and his accomplice to surrender. Harold was inclined at first to accede to the request, but Booth accused him of cowardice, and both peremptorily refused to surrender.

In order to take the conspirators alive the barn was fired, and the flames getting too hot for Harold, he approached the door of the barn and signified his willingness to be taken prisoner.

The door was then opened sufficiently to allow Harold to put his arm through that he might be handcuffed, and as the officer was about placing the irons upon Harold's wrists, Booth fired upon the party from the barn, which was returned by Sergeant Boston Corbett, of the 16th N. York Cavalry, the ball striking Booth in the neck, from the effects of which he died in about four hours.

Booth, before breathing his last, was asked if he had anything to say, when he replied, "Tell my mother that I died for my country."

Harold and the body of Booth were brought into Belle Plain, at eight o'clock last night, and reached the Navy Yard here at one o'clock this morning, on board of the steamer John S. Idee, Captain Henry Wilson.

The statement heretofore published that Booth had injured one of his legs by the falling of his horse has proven to be correct.

After he was shot, it was discovered that one of his legs was badly injured, and that he was compelled to wear an old shoe and use crutches, which he had with him in the barn.

Booth was shot about 4 o'clock in the morning and died about 7 o'clock.

Booth had upon his person some bills of exchange, but only \$175 in Treasury notes.

It appears that Booth and Harold left Washington together on the night of the murder of President Lincoln, and passed through Loomantown, Md., concealing themselves in the vicinity until an opportunity was afforded them to cross the river at Swan Point, which they did, as above stated.

The man who hired Booth and his accomplice, we understand, but afterwards made his escape.

Harold has been lodged in a secure place.

Bowling Green, near which place Booth was killed, is a post village, the capital of Caroline county, Virginia, on the road from Richmond to Fredericksburg, 45 miles north of the former place, and is situated in a fertile and healthy region.

Port Royal is a post village in Caroline county, Virginia, on the right bank of the Rappahannock river, twenty-two miles below Fredericksburg. It has a population of 600, and there is a good steamboat landing near the place.

The Rebels Under Lee, Fought In Front by Grant, and Fed in the Rear Through Butler's Department.

The New York Express says: The report of the testimony taken by Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, chairman of the Congressional Committee, is now published, and this testimony discloses in substance that while General Grant, with his army, was fighting Gen. Lee in front, knaves in Gen. Butler's Norfolk and North Carolina department were permitted to feed him in the rear.

It seems that a military commission, instituted by Gen. Grant, also establishes the same facts, parts of which, given or taken by Gen. Gordon, are published in Mr. Washburne's report.

From the testimony it appears that one G. W. Lane, by recommendation of Gen. Butler, obtained from Mr. Risely, Treasury Agent in Washington, permits to trade with the rebels, which permits he used to supply the rebels with pork, beans, clothes of all kinds, sugar, tea, medicines—in short, everything but arms (may even percussion caps, it is said)—to pay for which rebel wagons, loaded with cotton, approached his (Lane's) trading boats, and unloaded the cotton therein!

A brother-in-law of Gen. Butler was in this concern. Lane had the protection of Butler's military. A million of dollars, or more, it is believed, was made by the parties concerned in this traitorous traffic, and this treason was one cause why Gen. Grant removed Gen. Butler from command.

The report of Mr. Washburne, a leading Republican of the House from Illinois, discloses most of these facts in the testimony taken, and this testimony is now published.

We see in it where Gen. Lee got his resources in the rear, while Gen. Grant and his army were fighting him in front.

The Forces Included in Johnson's Surrender.

New York, April 30.—The Herald's Newbern correspondence of April 27th says: The terms granted Johnston, embrace in the surrender four armies of the Military Division of the West, but excludes the fifth, that of Dick Taylor, lying west of the Chattanooga river.

Among the Generals surrendered is Beauregard. Principal among the Lieutenant Generals is Hardee, Bragg having lately been relieved of his command and not surrendered.

Wade Hampton refused to be surrendered and is reported to have been shot by Johnston in an altercation, but a more trustworthy report is that he fled in company with Davis.

Actually surrendered is 27,400, although more names are given. All the militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States are included.

General Grant returned to Washington on Saturday.

Tribute of Respect.

At a regular communication of Bedford Lodge No. 320 A. Y. M., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, It has pleased Almighty God, the Supreme Architect of the universe, in manifestation of his divine will, to remove from the scene of his earthly trial and this Lodge, our late Treasurer, Brother Samuel Davis.

And whereas, The event is the second known in the history of this Lodge, and is, therefore, the more striking and impressive, requiring solemn notice in our Temple, as it is a lesson powerfully teaching the mutability of human life, and the uncertain tenure of worldly honors.

Resolved, That we submit with deep humility to this efflicting and trying dispensation of Providence, and sincerely deplore the loss of our departed Brother and Treasurer, so suddenly called away from temporal masonic labor and usefulness, and we humbly hope, to spiritual rest and refreshment in that Lodge not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.

Resolved, That the devotion of our lamented Brother, to the true principles of the order, his interesting zeal in the practical exercise of charities, the fraternal love and kindness, which ever marked his intercourse with those of the mystic tie, and his courteous and social bearing to all men, will long be cherished and remembered, and cause many a heart to turn with affection and regret to the green sod, beneath which his earthly remains are now quietly reposing.

Resolved, That although our Brother has passed away from this transitory existence, he bidden us the last farewell and we have resigned his body to the silence of the grave, we shall ever bear in mind and strive to imitate his worth and goodness, and, in the language of Masonry, "will hold his memory precious, record his name and write it on our hearts, where it shall live in the memory of his virtues and be green forevermore."

Resolved, That as in this Lodge, the place which has known him, shall know him no more, in testimony of our deep grief for his loss and in reverence for his memory, the Treasurer's Chair shall be covered with crape and the Lodge with habiliments of mourning.

Resolved, That we respectfully and tenderly sympathize with the family of our deceased friend, companion and brother, and pray they may find solace and comfort in their sorrows, and that Power Who alone can alleviate sorrow and give resignation when death removes these we love.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to the widow and family of the deceased.

Rev. N. E. GILDS, Committee. JAMES RAWLINS, JOHN ALBIE.

The War Clergy.

The regret and indignation of Democrats at the brutal and cowardly assassination of the late President, was profound and sincere.

If there was rejoicing anywhere in this land, it was, not among Democrats, but among the traitors, who had been offended by a wise and decent show of moderation.

These were the men who rejoiced, if any such there were anywhere—these, and the fanatical war clergy, who, ever ready with canting phrases and quotations of Holy Writ, twisted out of all recognizable shape, professed to see the hand of God in the most fiendish and diabolical murder which has ever blackened the pages of history.

If this was the work of God, will some of these canting and hypocritical expounders of modern Puritanical religious belief be good enough to tell us what we should expect the works of the devil to be like? Nay, if this were the work of God, was not the assassin a sacred minister of deity, rather than a fiendish criminal? Will the bloodthirsty reverend gentleman, to whose defense the editor of the Express comes so promptly, be good enough to enlighten us on this point? If this doctrine be true, and God directed the doing of the infernal deed, will the editor of the Express, who, we believe, professes great piety, be good enough to inform us how either the INTELLIGENCE, or any other human agency, can be held responsible in the slightest degree for the act. Is there not a thousand fold greater condemnation of the late President in the blasphemous supposition that God himself designed and decreed his death by the assassin's hand than can possibly be found in any thing ever uttered by any newspaper, either in the North or the South? We do not believe any such doctrine. It is alike absurd and criminal; but it is of a piece with much of the religious teachings of our day.

It is its groans beneath religion's iron age, Our priests date babe of a God of peace, Even whilst their hands are red with human blood;

Murdering the while, uprooting every germ, Of truth exterminating, spoiling all, Making the earth a slaughter house.

They now hideous praises to a Demon God; Such men are they who teach us that the God Of nature and benevolence has given A special sanction to the trade of blood.

They could laugh to hear the bitter cry Of millions butchered in sweet confidence And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds Of safety, fast confirmed by worthy oaths, Sworn in His dreadful name, ring through the land,

Whilst innocent babes writhed on the stabbars apart.

They could still laugh to hear the mother's shriek Of mantic gladness, as the butchered steel Feels cold in her torn vitals.

For the true minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; for him who is pure in his life, and without guile on his lips; for him, who, following his Divine Master, preaches peace on earth and good will toward men, we have the highest reverence and the most profound respect and regard.

When such a one stands upon the house of God, and rebukes us for our sins, we feel that we are rebuked indeed. But, for the canting hypocrite, who comes down from his high and holy position, to bedraggle his robes that should be sacred, in the filth and mire of partisan politics, and condescends to honeyfuge round with post-humous politicians to see who shall be elected to office—for such a man we feel that we can never sufficiently express our scorn and contempt.

But when besides being willing tools in the hands of designing politicians, professing ministers of the Gospel of the God of Peace become more bloody in thought and expression than were the priests of any barbaric faith this world ever saw, we cannot help wishing for a whip of scorpions with which to lash the hypocritical scoundrels naked through a scolding world until pilloried at last they should stand as a fit object for the slow, unmoving flinger of scorn, to be forever pointed at. Whilst

Partizan Bitterness.

A political meeting was held at the Court House, on Tuesday evening last, the proceedings of which were characterized by unusual partizan hatred and rancor. We are informed that at this meeting Mr. John Cessa eclipsed all his former efforts at abuse of his old political friends. He is said to have raved and squealed and bellowed, till one outside of the Court House would have imagined that Van Amburgh's Menagerie had arrived and that some of the ferocious animals were about making a meal off a couple of pigs and oxen thrown alive into their cage.

Of course it was mere *brutum fulmen*, "all sound and fury signifying nothing." But the animus of the man, the infernal spirit which moves him to stir up the bitter waters of politics, deserves some notice at our hands. For the sake of those with whom Mr. Cessa is connected by the ties of family, whose feelings we respect and whose fidelity to principle has passed unscathed through the fires of civil war, we had determined to pass him over, without further notice of his apostasy. But he permits no occasion to pass, without striking his dastard blows at the party which nursed him into political life and to whose kind favor he owes every thing he has in the world. If, then, war he will have and nothing else can satisfy him, he shall have it, and that to the knife and the knife to the hilt.

If he is determined to revise the partizan bitterness of the past two years, and which has subsided to so great a degree, be it so, but upon him be the responsibility for the consequences. Let him call Democrats "traitors and scoundrels," let him denounce and rebuke, but if he be told in return that he is a miserable ingrate, stabbing his old mother Democracy in the back, that he is a poor, low, despicable hypocrite whose tricks are known to those at whose crib he once fed, that he is a base coward and dares not attempt to vindicate himself against the charge, publicly made last fall, that he tried to bribe one of the Democratic conferees in the conference which nominated W. J. Baer, Esq., for State Senator, let him not do as he did once before, whine like a whipped dog, about being "abused" by those whom he has assaulted without provocation. The spirit in which the next campaign in this county, is to be conducted, will depend very much upon the manner in which our political opponents treat the conduct of Mr. Cessa. If they choose to endorse his violence and to adopt his personalities, very well. If they repudiate him and manifest an intention to fight us honorably and decently, well again. We are ready to deliver battle upon any field on which they may choose to meet us. But let the people of the county understand, that if the coming campaign is to involve partizan bitterness, as well as personal acrimony, John Cessa is the man who threw the first stone. He may thank his stars if he is the one to throw the last.

Another Compromise.

The army of Gen. Johnston has surrendered to Gen. Sherman, upon the same terms as those granted to the army under Gen. Lee, viz: the officers to retain their side-arms and horses, and, with the rank and file, to be undisturbed by the Federal authorities so long as they submit to the laws of the United States. This is a compromise with rebels in arms, and proves only what history teaches, that so all great national disputes, the arbitrament of war is not, of itself, sufficient to decide, but that diplomacy and negotiation must finally conclude what sword and cannon began. The Jacobin party which but lately cried out so vehemently against all compromise and against any concession to "rebels in arms," are at last compelled to eat their own words and to acknowledge that the policy which they denounced had eventually to be resorted to for the settlement of the war. Nay they had even to submit to an armistice agreed upon between Generals Sherman and Johnston.

Now, it will be remembered that the Democratic plan was first an armistice and then negotiation. Gen. Sherman acted upon this plan, and though the Jacobin haters of the Union were greatly chagrined and incensed at his course, it resulted in disarming all the rebel forces from the Roanoke to the Chattahoochee. This is a glorious consummation. Peace seems at last about to dawn upon our war-battered and desolate land. May its gentle sunbeams quickly burst upon us and warm into renewed and undying life, the frozen love which once bound the people of all sections of our country in a union of unparalleled greatness and glory.

Another Harangue From the Pulpit.

Another cook from the Abolition Kitchen on the rostrum!—The essence of a sermon, in the absence of the regular minister, in the Lutheran Church, on last Sunday, was as follows:

"Our beloved President!" "J. Wilkes Booth!" "Jefferson Davis!" "In conclusion!" "Amen!"

The last two divisions of the discourse were very refreshing because they ended it. How the memory of Webster and other statesmen, pales before the pulpit logicians of our day! Because every good man deplores murder and assassination, therefore, he is bound to idolize the memory of the victim! So it seems the teaching of these expounders of constitutional obligation and morals. The man must be "written down an ass," who, pretending to be a preacher and a teacher, knows no better how to appreciate a set state of morals than this, or who knows so little about the remedies for such an evil. To preach the gospel of peace, and quiet the passions of men, does not appear to be the mission of the ministry, judging from the conduct of some preachers in our midst.

It is to be regretted that the Fourth of July is not closer at hand for some of them. The young lawyers and orators, generally "fixed up" for such occasions, had better look to their laurels.

To be serious, we advise these orators if they intend to write any more sermons to read in church, that before doing so, they carefully consult the 34th chapter of Ezekiel for some Bible direction. A HEARER.

Bedford, May 2, 1865.

For the Gazette.] Ritchey Run.

O fons Bandusia, splendoris vitro.—Horace. Ritchey Run, the dividing stream between Venango and Clarion counties, Pa., is one of the wildest, rampart, leaping, jumping brooks in the whole State.

It is a tributary of the Allegheny river, and at a distance of one and a half miles from its mouth, it commences leaping and dancing through one of the grandest gorges in nature, forming cascades and natural showers, rattling, roaring and rushing for rods in places, over inclined planes of solid rock. The tall dark hemlock, the white majestic pine and the beautiful tall laurel, with the displaced rocks carpeted a foot thick with moss, add to the surpassing grandeur of the scenery, whilst the great strain of oak rocks, upheaved and broken, forming a complete artificial arch, not surpassed by the noted upheavals of West Virginia, finish the picture as one of the grandest, wildest and most picturesque in all nature.

We wonder that long ago some lover of the sublime in nature, did not select this spot as a summer resort, for surely all that is wanted to make it celebrated, is the buildings. But alas! for this thought, the obnoxious indications along the moss covered banks of this beautiful stream, seem to tell that its pure waters will soon be filled with the sickening smell of Petroleum, and the delightful odor of the wild flowers lost amid the fumes and gases of dirty oil wells.

Already, at the mouth of this stream, a well is being bored, and an oil vein has been struck, and from this and the fact that a large number of the laborers of these oil-seekers will not be in vein. On account of the many salt springs along this stream, and the geological character of the rocks, together with the fact of its close proximity to East Sandy and Oil Creek, already have the lands been eagerly bought up by the "live, active oil-seekers, and at seemingly enormous prices; as high as two thousand dollars per acre having been paid for the land at the mouth. The old "Prolific Meadows," the great hunting ground of the Com Planter Indians, lie on Ritchey Run. Deer and great numbers once frequented those meadows, drawn higher by the many salt springs that abound. These meadows have already been divided into small parcels, and the time is coming, we doubt not, when instead of the many hay stacks will be seen the lattice derricks, and the puffing of many engines be heard, when once the snorting of the red deer and the whin of the Indian hunter alone broke the stillness of the forest.

Mr. Editor: In the Bedford Inquirer, of April 21st, there is another article in regard to the Poor House Report, in which the author seems to take delight in pouring his venom upon me in trying to prejudice the public mind against me. All I have to say in reply is simply this: My character for truth and honesty, is sufficiently known to the citizens of this county and I do not care for the slang that a poor, insignificant creature like him could use against me. I find him beneath the notice of a gentleman and he need not expect me to reply to any more of his impertinence. For the information of his readers and the citizens of the county, I would say that the books and papers of the Poor House are open for inspection at any time.

T. R. GETTYS.

Eightful Disaster on the Mississippi River.

The Most Terrible Steamboat Accident on Record.

1,500 LIVES LOST!

Returning Soldiers Meeting a Horrid Death in Sight of their Homes.

A PECULIARLY PAINFUL CALAMITY.

The steamer Saltana, it appears, left New Orleans on the 21st, and took on board 2,000 paroled national prisoners, at Vicksburg, on the 24th, who had been recently released from prison at Cahaba, Ala. When seven miles have Memphis, on the morning of the 27th, it blew up, sinking at once more than half of its human freight into eternity, and leaving the remainder scalded, maimed, or struggling vainly in the perilous eddies of the current.

Of more than twenty-one hundred persons on board, it is estimated that five hundred have been saved, and these in a precarious condition. It is doubtful if so pitiable, so tragical, or so fatal an accident ever befel a single vessel. If reader the circumstances more painful, this sacrifice was of men who had undergone the privations of camp, the ordeal of battle, and the horrors of the southern prisons, who were just permitted to taste the sweets of liberty and bear the tidings of a victorious peace—dearer to them than to others—when within two or three days of their long-lost homes. No such ruin and wreck of life and hopes it has seldom been permitted the negligence or ignorance of one person to accomplish.