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Select Poetry.

A LESSON OF THE WAR.

Captain Stone, of a Massachusetts company, being wounded in an engagement, lay for three days upon the battle field, and was saved from starvation only by a wounded rebel, who shared his rations with him.

Fiercely raged the tide of battle, Stridely rang the wild hurrah, Strains of martial music blending With the clashing sound of war.

Fals and wan with fearful agonies, Breathing forth one earnest prayer, Drinking in the golden glory, Hovering over earth and air.

PRODUCE OF AN ACRE.

The following product of a single acre of ground, the truth of which is vouched for, will give an idea of the capacity of land in the hands of one who thoroughly understands how to bring it forth.

"On one acre, within sight of Trinity Church steeple, New York, but in Jersey, lives a man I will call John Smith. John's neat cottage and acre cost him, eight years ago, \$3,000, now worth \$6,000.

GENERAL JACKSON'S MOTTO.

"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto.

A jockey furnishes some hints as how to sell your horse: "I tell you it's all by comparison—have the fitter for sale long side of a scrub—ain't one in fifty but what'll get fooled.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 60.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 3114

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1865.

VOL. 8, NO. 46.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: Rate, One square, one insertion; One square, three insertions; One square, each additional insertion; One square, 3 months; One square, 6 months; One square, 1 year.

A wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

When a belle is married, does she not receive a ring?

A brave man—one who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

As the good man saith, so may we; but as good women saith, so it must be.

All are good ladies; but where comes the ill wives frae?

Some fellows deposit all their money inside their vests in the form of victuals and drink, and call that investing.

Every household has its pet names. Mr. Jones enchants his helpmate by calling her "his idol." Jones, however, privately spells it i-d-l-e.

A poor fellow having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brain was visible, when he remarked, "Do write to father, for he always says that I had none."

A chap in Saint Joseph knows how to keep a hotel. He keeps a lot of pretty girls in his house, and gets his male boarders in love, and then he says "they don't eat anything."

A lady wished for a sent in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair. "You are a jewel!" said she. "Oh, no, I am a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

"I say, printer, do you take government money? No. What's the reason—ain't it good? Yes—best in circulation.—Why don't you take it, then? Because we can't get it."

"Yes, Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor to her hostess, "dear little Emma has your features, but I think she has her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said little Emma, "it is because I have papa's hair that he wears a wig."

"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your dresser to me long enough. It is time you made known your conditions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

A clergyman recently traveling in the oil regions, saw a child stumble and fall. He kindly picked her up, saying, "poor little dear, are you hurt?" when she cried out: "I ain't poor. Dad has struck it."

"See here, Mr. — the chambermaid found a hair pin in your bed, this morning, and it will not answer."

"Well," replied the boarder, "I found a hair in the butter this morning, but it did not prove you had a woman in it."

The two men looked at each other for about ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering on the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence.

Three bits a pound is now the price of honey. We know a party who has "a little honey" that he wouldn't sell for \$20,000 a pound. She weighs 97 pounds and 7 ounces.—Spectator.

Just so. We knew a man once who owned just such a chunk of honey, it weighed about 120 pounds, who sold the whole of it for brandy toddy. That's the difference in the ideas of men.—Appeal.

Two men were conversing about the ill-humor of their wives. "Ah," said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a Tartar." "Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than that; mine is the cream of Tartar."

There is a man out West who claims to cure disease by laying on hands. That is nothing marvellous. We have ourselves seen the Langor Whig, when young, being cured of moral obliquities by the laying on of the paternal hand—severely.

A clergyman, catechizing the youth of his church, put the first question from the catechism to a bright young girl: "What is your consolation in life and death?" The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted. "Well, then," said she, "since I must tell it, it is a young printer."

An old dutch tavern keeper had his third wife, and being asked his views of matrimony, replied, "Well, den, you see, de first time, I marries for love—dat wash good; den I marries for beauty—dat wash good, too; about as good as de first; but dis time I marries for monish—and dis is petter as both."

Washington Irving must have been an awful "copperhead" when he got off the following on "religion and politics":

"A cunning politician is often found skulking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion and an inside all political rancor. Things spiritual and things temporal are strangely jammed together, like poison and antidotes on an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devout sermon the church-going people have a political pamphlet thrust down their throats, labeled with a pious text from Scripture."

Newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of man's honesty. If a man is dishonest, he will cheat the printer in some way—say that he has paid when he has not, and send the money which was lost by mail, or will take the paper and not pay for it, or on the plea that he did not subscribe for it, or more oft leaving it to come to the office he left. Thousands of professed christians are dishonest, and the printer's book will tell fearfully on the final settlement of the judgment day. How many who read this paragraph will be guiltless of the offense charged!—Wash. Express.

FOILING A RIVAL.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakspeare always said it did—rather roughly.

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the "lay of the land" in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was with the old folks and their daughter in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be when the door opened and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"It is there ye are, Mister Cornelius!" she screamed, addressing the astonished Gusset.—"Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the praste, ye haythen nagur? Runnin' away from me and the children, forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and runnin' after the Yankee gals, ye infidel!"

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door opened again, and a little black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"He asks who I an. O, ladies! O, you ver respectable old gentlemen! hear vat he ask? Who I an, peffide! Oh! I'm your wife!" "I never saw you 'Fore—s' help me Bob!" cried Gusset, energetically.

"But Deacon hear me." "I don't want to hear ye, ye serpin!" cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands.

"I say—you," said Jonathan, grinning.

"That ere city fellar's turned out a pooty pup, ain't he?" "It's dreadful, if it's true!" replied the young lady.

"You had a narrer escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he warn't never of no account, any how. What do the old folks think about it?" "They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forgot that night I rode you home from singing school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off. "No I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said, confidentially: "May as well tell you now, Sake, for I hain't no secrets from you, that Gusset never seen them women afore the day they came stompin' into your house and blowed him up."

Mobbing A Woman in Iowa.

For a few days, Indiana has been the scene of Amazonian warfare. A disgraceful mob, composed of women, has given the town a notoriety which its well-disposed and orderly citizens must be heartily ashamed of.

She protested that she had not uttered a word of exultation at the death of the President, and implored to confront her with the witness; but her protestations were answered by the insulting reply that she was lying.

What lower depth of degradation can we reach, than the existence and encouragement of a public sentiment which transforms females, in the midst of schools and churches, and surrounded by what ought to be Christian influences, into the worst type of men.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AS A POLITICAL ISSUE.

There is a pronounced tendency toward the re-organization of parties on this issue. The negro-philia which has so long been in the ascendant has steadily gained strength during the war, and is still a sentiment of so much depth, vigor, and diffusion as to constitute a political force of great momentum.

Chief-Justice CHASE, CHARLES SUMNER, HORACE GREELEY, and men like these, who would belong to a past generation if the question to which they owe their reputations were taken out of politics, are declaring themselves in favor of negro suffrage, and hatching a party which will soon burst the shell in full-fledged opposition to the administration of President JOHNSON.

If President Johnson were a mere politician, and not, as we suppose him, a man of integrity and principle, he could easily circumvent this new party by adroitly mounting his hobby. Had he proclaimed himself in favor of negro suffrage as a basis of reconstruction, the particular opposition which is now developing against him would have not an inch of ground to stand upon.

It is idle to discuss the skill with which the new issue has been chosen by the opposition leaders. There can be no skill where there is no choice. Men who have been lifted into prominence solely by their championship of the negro, and must be stranded whenever this tide ebbs, do not select their part by wisdom; they are thrust on them by necessity.

The foremost of these drawbacks is in the Constitution. If there is any one thing in the Constitution not open to doubt, it is that the regulation of the suffrage belongs to the states. The President has planted himself firmly upon this principle; he can be dislodged from it only by the subversion of the Constitution.

Another disadvantage of this political issue is the fact that although nearly all the state governments of the North are under Republican control, a great majority of them do not admit the negro to political equality. It is a brazen and preposterous assumption which attempts to force upon others, having equal rights a measure which they reject yourselves.

A third stumbling-block to this political issue, and one which will increase in the period which intervenes before the presidential election, will be the conduct of the negroes themselves, which will demonstrate their unfitness for the suffrage without some preparatory training as freemen. It will be the misfortune of the opposition to be advocating negro suffrage at the precise period when the negro character will be exhibiting itself in the worst light.

A paper is in circulation for signers among the business circles of New York, all the subscribers to which agree to give at least one disabled, honorably discharged soldier or sailor employment as general messenger in some light capacity, where the work has heretofore been performed by able-bodied men.

THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS QUESTION

The Negro Vote Against the Catholics.

[From the Observer (Presbyterian).]

"When the fact stares us in the face, that the votes of a religious body are controlled by its priests, and these votes are so used as to give to that religious body a preponderating influence in the political affairs of a city, State or country, it is the duty of patriotic citizens to be on their guard against such encroachment.

"And the more zealously must that body be watched, if its principles and practice are known to be hostile to civil and religious liberty. Romanism and Freedom are enemies always and everywhere, and eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Even Italy is shaking off the domination that is now silently but steadily fastening itself on our backs. It is wise for us to be awake to the danger."

"I have just asserted that the negro vote, when it shall become a vote, will be Protestant. The religious history of the negro race has a deep meaning. Romanism has never been able to do anything with the negro race. The efforts of Rome to establish itself in Africa stand out as perhaps the most glaring and disastrous failure, and that under the very best circumstances for success, that the history of religious missions presents. God has so ordered it that a like total failure should characterize her efforts in this country. If she made none, it was because there has been no room for even the attempt. With some inconsiderable exceptions in Maryland and Louisiana—so small in number that we need not take them into the account—the whole negro population is Protestant, fixed and unalterably Protestant."

[From the Freeman's Journal (Roman Catholic).] The Presbyterians are very uneasy. They exhibit enlargement of the pupils of the eyes, and itching of the nose. They have been making what they call "deliverances," but they are such deliverances as the inspired prophet spoke of—they have brought forth wind only!

There are, however, two bodies, each claiming to be the Presbyterian Church, in these States. One claims to be the genuine Jacobs; the other to be the original Jacobs. They split and blundered each others' eyes, in a quarrel, nearly thirty years ago on some notions none of them knew anything about. The gist of it was, that one party held it was in the eternal decrees of God to damn some men eternally, and it was foolish in these to try and save their souls. The other "Church," we believe, held that some people ought to wish to be damned eternally!

These "played out" Presbyterian ministers think they can get up a persecution of Catholics! Poor fools! That persecution is fast coming on, in the land, but Presbyterians, or any other sect professing the name of Christians, will not be as the dust in the balance toward promoting it! The time is not just yet. We recommend to these feeble folks of Presbyterianism, to put blankets round them, put their feet to the fire, and to take Fahrenheit's remedy. If it don't do good, it can't do hurt, and they are in a bad way!

The Question of Negro Suffrage. In the proceedings of the New School Presbyterian Conference, which is now being held in New York, we find the following: "THE NEGRO TO OBTAIN THE IRISH VOTE." The consideration of the memorial was the next business in order, and was discussed by Dr. Spear, C. H. Thompson, (colored), Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Pittsburg, and others. The principal theme of the discussion was negro suffrage. The last speaker, whose name was not announced, stated that it became at this time, an absolute necessity to give the negro the ballot, to counterbalance the Irish vote and to keep out of Congress and the Senate, men from the South. The time has come, when such influences as Irish and Southern politicians should be held in check. The motion on the adoption of the memorial was put and carried.