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Select Poetry.

WELCOME HOME.

O, the men who fought and bled, O, the glad and gallant tread, And the bright skies overhead, Welcome home!

O, the brave returning boys, O, the overflowing joys, And the guns and drums and noise, Welcome home!

Let the deep voiced cannon roar, Open every gate and door, Pour out, happy people, pour, Welcome home!

Bloom, O, banners, ever all, O'er every roof and wall, Float and flow, and rise and fall, Welcome home!

Splendid column moving down, From veterans, soiled and brown, Brave heads, fit to wear a crown, Welcome home!

Grim heads, which a wall have been, Keeping sacred things within, Keeping out the hosts of sin, Welcome home!

There the women stand for hours, With their white hands full of flowers, Raining down the petal showers, On dear men marching home!

Do you see him in the line? Something makes him look divine, And a glory makes him shine, Coming home!

Look out where the flag unfurls, Look out through your tears and curls, Give them welcome, happy girls! Welcome home!

Welcome home from war's alarms, Welcome to a thousand charms, Waiting lips and loving arms, Welcome home!

Strong man, with the serious face, If you saw him in his place, Marching swift to your embrace, Coming home,

You could weep with glad surprise, At the dear dead boy that lies Underneath the Southern skies, Far away from home.

Women, with the tender eye, Weeping while the boys go by, Well we know what makes you cry, Weary home!

God be with you in your pain, You will look and look in vain, He will never come again, To his home!

So amid our joy we weep For the noble dead who sleep In the vale and on the steep, Far from home;

For the chief who fought so well, For the glorious brave who fell Freedom's martyred line to swell, And went home!

And we thank you! War is dead, And the hosts of blood are fled, And sweet Peace prevails instead, Welcome home!

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BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1865.

VOL. 8, NO. 51.

The Case of Mrs. Surratt.

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN P. BROPHY.

The Confession of Payne.

Its Truth Endorsed by Gen. Hartranft.

[From the Washington Constitutional Union of Tuesday].

According to promise, we spread before our readers two documents, which, as we remarked yesterday, go far towards establishing the innocence of Mrs. Surratt. Payne, it will be seen, declares her entire innocence just before he mounts the scaffold to be launched into eternity! And Gen. Hartranft, who has had charge of the prisoners from the beginning, and whose province it was to have them executed, says to President Johnson that he believes Payne has told the truth.

The affidavit sworn to by Mr. Brophy, whom we know, and whose life-long character is without spot or blemish, is also very important. The original document being in the hands of the President, the one which we have procured may not be exactly word for word with it, but the facts and entire substance are precisely the same.

From it we learn that Weichman was a coward, and being such, was no doubt easily frightened by Messrs. Stanton and Burnett into a declaration of certain things, the truth of which is rendered more and more doubtful every day. Every good lawyer knows how far such evidence would go in a Court of Justice.

We also learn that "if not informed on" he "would never have told them a word about the assassination." How does this declaration tally with his statement on the witness stand that he "preferred his government to John Surratt." Indeed when his own declarations prove him to have been a rabid secessionist we confess ourselves at a loss to know which "Government" he considered his own.

His intimacy with Atzerott and Payne, and his pleasure excursions on Booth's horses speak for themselves. It will also be seen that while every trivial circumstance which could be tortured into a condemnation of Mrs. Surratt was carefully compounded, not one of the many things in her favor was allowed by the commission to be shown.

They knew of Payne's confession and of this affidavit before they gave their decision, although Weichman's admissions were made since the evidence for the defense closed, and yet in the face of such an array of facts, they rendered a decision which has made the blood run cold in every manly heart. Whether a people who profess to be consumed in the fiery and ravenous Moloch of usurpation remains to be seen.

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. JOHN P. BROPHY.

1. I can have it proved, if time be allowed, that Weichman "is and always was a coward," according to the words of his father.

2. That he told me since the trial closed, that he was arrested as a conspirator and threatened with death by Mr. Stanton and Mr. Burnett, unless he would recant all about the assassination—they (Stanton and Burnett) alleging that he (Weichman) knew all about it.

3. That he told me since the close of the trial, that the detective who had him in charge in Canada was offered twenty-five thousand dollars in Canada was offered twenty-five thousand dollars to bring him (Weichman) back safely to Washington.

4. That he stated to me since the trial closed that if Captain Gleason had not informed on him, they (Stanton, Burnett and therest) would never have got a word out of him concerning the assassination.

5. That since the trial closed he has admitted to me that he was a liar.

6. That he swore to a falsehood on the witness stand.

7. That a short time before the assassination he introduced Atzerott to me as a particular friend of his; and that the same day he and Atzerott were riding on Booth's horses. I can bring other and new witnesses to testify to his intimacy with Atzerott.

8. That about the same time he boasted in the office which he worked, that he could make forty thousand dollars any time he liked, but that it would be in a dishonorable way.

9. That since the trial closed, he told me that Mrs. Surratt wept bitterly at the thought of John going to Richmond, and implored him to remain at home and not bring trouble upon himself and the family.

10. That once while some men were at the house, Mrs. Surratt called John (her son) aside and said to him: "John! I am afraid there is something going on. Why do these men come here? Now John, I do not feel easy about this, and you must tell me what you are about." I asked Weichman if John told her, and he told me that John did not and would not tell her.

11. That since the close of the trial Weichman offered to give me a letter to President Johnson in Mrs. Surratt's favor, provided I would "keep it a profound secret." I asked him to give me a similar letter to Judge Holt, and he replied: "No, I will not write to him, because I have no confidence whatever in Holt," because I have no confidence whatever in Holt.

12. That he said he would not work under this government if he had anything else to do, and that he would never fight on the Northern side.

13. That he was an avowed secessionist, and said he wished to go to Richmond to get a clerkship; that he went away to avoid the draft, and told me so, and said, "if he were drafted he would take his share of the 'club money' and clear out."

14. That he had me summoned to testify to his character, and afterward—remembering I suppose that my testimony would injure him—he begged me for about half an hour to leave the court, and brought some of the sub-officers of the place to urge me to go, so that I would not be placed upon the witness stand.

16. That other very important facts in Mrs. Surratt's favor can be brought to light if time be allowed.

(Signed) JOHN P. BROPHY. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1865, and I hereby certify that the affiant is a respectable citizen and worthy of credit.

JOHN F. CALLEN, Notary Public. THE CONFESION OF LEWIS T. PAYNE—IT IS ENDORSED BY THE COMMANDING GENERAL, WHO BELIEVES MRS. SURRATT INNOCENT.

On Thursday afternoon, July 6th, Rev. B. P. Wiget, Rev. J. D. Walter, Mr. John B. Brophy and Miss Anna E. Surratt received permission to visit Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, at her cell in the penitentiary. Mr. Brophy, remembering that Payne had declared Mrs. Surratt's innocence all through the trial, urged Father Wiget and Father Walter to visit Payne and ask him whether she were guilty or not. They did visit Payne, by permission, and he told them openly that she was an innocent woman.

Friday morning, Father Walter sent Mr. Brophy with a letter to the President, containing Payne's statement, and asking that a title time be allowed Mrs. Surratt to prove her innocence.

Father Walter's letter was endorsed by General Hartranft, who has had the prisoners in charge, and whose orders were to carry out the execution. General Hartranft wrote in substance as follows to the President a short time before the execution:

"The Prisoner Payne has just told me that Mrs. Surratt is entirely innocent of the assassination of President Lincoln, and of any knowledge thereof. He also states that she had no knowledge whatever of the abduction plot, that nothing was ever said to her about it, and that her name was never mentioned by the parties connected therewith."

At the close of the letter, which General Hartranft wrote to the President, he, (General Hartranft) said:

"I believe that Payne has told the truth in this matter."

He then signed his name, rank, &c., and very kindly and humanely furnished Mr. Brophy with two of his best horses, in order that he might arrive at the President's in time for a reprieve. At the White House Mr. Brophy met Mrs. Douglas, wife of Senator Douglas, who united her exertions with those of many other distinguished persons, who had come to ask even a short respite for a woman whom they believed to be innocent. All efforts proved fruitless, however. The President, in his haste, died, and not a minute should she have beyond the time appointed. Our feelings are upon this that we cannot now dwell further upon this topic. The plain statement of facts speaks more forcibly than could any remarks which we might make.

How Wild Horses Fight.

I had often heard from peon authority, and sometimes from white men, whom I accounted somewhat better authority, of the use to which the horses of the llanos and pampas sometimes apply their heels; and upon numerous occasions since we came down into the Great Basin, we have been furnished with ocular demonstrations of these fleet, beautiful animals, for using as weapons, both offensive and defensive, not only their heels, but fore feet and teeth.

It was not, however, until after we had crossed the headquarters of the Tacoury, and entered upon the country of the Capayas, and were skirting along the northwestern base of the Tucupayo Range, that we had an opportunity of witnessing a battle royal between the slender, clean limbed South American horse and the most ferocious and powerful of all the brute rangers of the Brazilian forests.

The six months that we had been in the Great Basin had occupied us chiefly along the courses of the Panama, Paranyaba, and their tributaries, and, consequently, very few of the larger and more formidable animals with which all the forest regions of the interior abound.

But we had got fairly into the wild beast region as last, and for a week or so, had been favored with a good deal more of their companionship than was agreeable. Pumas, leopards, tigers and cougars were quite as numerous as we had found the smaller animals out in the plains, and ten times more annoying—particularly the puma, the only one of all our new neighbors who had no fear of fire and very little of our rifles, compelling us by his audacious bravado, generally to settle our differences with the lasso and lance.

The northwestern slope of the Tucupayo Range is, perhaps, one of the most singular sierra formations in the world. From its general base, which is densely wooded, jut out in the grassy plain long, narrow spurs of sierra, of moderate elevation, of irregular length and distance from each other, and all heavily timbered to their very extremities. From a bird's eye point of view the mountain would probably appear something like a vast comb, with the teeth irregularly set or some of them broken out.

As a rule we kept to the level ground, passing around these spurs; but occasionally, when we came to a barrier of trifling elevation and had a fancy to republish our stock of game, we crossed one of the sierras either direct or diagonally, as suited our purpose.

One afternoon we were crossing one of these ridges, well in towards its base, and had just reached the summit, when Mendoza, our wild Paraguayan outrider, shouting in his lingua franca of the border:

"Ohi! Senors—vamos a ver! Ten hamos dos len grandes estamerto con el carvalho!" "What's that, Mendo—two lions having a death-fight with the horses?"

"Si, Senor. Bon combat! Vamos a ver." "So we went down to see; but Mendoza's eagerness had slightly outran the facts. The battle was not set, but it was inevitable, near at hand.

There would be right royal sport worth watching. So, having gone down the slope of the sierra at a rattling dash, we drew rein just within the fringe of the timber, where we had an admirable lookout; and laying clear the fastenings of lances and unslinging our rifles, we were prepared for whatever emergency might arise.

The level, grassy plain, between the two spurs, was less than half a mile in width, and about one-third of the distance across it, counting from our side, and directly in front of our position was grazing quietly a beautiful mouse-colored mare, having a pair of twin colts, three months old, perhaps, frisking about her. Off to our right, and down towards the bottom of the grassy cove, were two immense pumas—male and female—stealing cautiously out towards the unsuspecting mare; and away to the left, out in the centre of the meadow, was a small herd of the finest looking horses I had ever seen on llano or pampa.

The animals had discovered the pumas, and were preparing for battle; while the lone mare, her attention diverted probably by the gambols of her foals, remained unconscious of danger.

The mare was about midway between her friends and enemies, and the pair of ferocious brutes appeared to be calculating their chances of pouncing upon and bearing off the two foals before the horse brigade could sweep down upon them.

There was something very much like reason in the sagacity manifested by the horses. The herd numbered perhaps a hundred animals, among them some twenty mares, with foals by their side. After a brisk trotting to and fro for two minutes by half a dozen of the finest looking wild stallions I ever saw, as many staid matronly mares drew out from the troop, followed by every colt among them. Then, as if practising a strategy to conceal their real intentions from the pumas, every animal put his or her head down to the grass, and began chopping along towards the mare at a rate just about equal in speed to the advance of the pumas.

It looked very much as if the horses wished to draw their enemies so far from their base that when the charges were made they would be able to cut off their retreat.

Both parties continued to advance until the distance to the mare on either hand was lessened to twenty-five yards. The situation was growing to us, excitingly interesting.

Mrs. Louise Elmer, by far the best rifle shot among us, poised her Lansburg, drew back the hammer, and in three seconds more it is likely there would have been a royal puma bounding on the grass, with a bullet through the weapon, scolding his wife a little in his good humored way:

"Pie, Louise, would you deprive us of the amusement we have been so long in search of?" "I say it's a shame! a downright barbarity, to permit those ferocious brutes to mangle and murder the innocent foals!" exclaimed Diana indignantly, fingering the lock of her rifle impatiently.

"No, Senora Diana—Ri teo nao mureto nada." And Mendoza was right. The lion would kill nothing. That we saw very clearly in less than thirty seconds.

There came suddenly a shrill neigh from the general of horse, a magnificent brown stallion—a yell more like the scream of a sharp-stem steam whistle than the neigh of a horse, and in a moment, the whole troop was charging down like a whirlwind.

First they came four or five abreast, in sections, passing between us and the mare and beyond the pumas; the head of the column, when the leader suddenly swept round in a curve to the left, the animals dropping into single file as regularly as the best drilled troopers on cart could have done, and round they went like lightning by the left until the head of the column came round and lapped the rear on their side by about ten animals, leaving a space of about six feet clear between the laps of the column, which included the two pumas and the mare, with her foals.

The pumas, finding themselves completely enveloped, set up a terrific roar, and on the instant, dashed upon their enemies with headlong, brute fury. The male made a tremendous leap, aimed the stallion, who wheeling on the instant, his head towards the outer line, let fly his heels with such force that their contact with the puma's jaws sounded like the crack of a pistol. The vast brute was hurled end over end across the revolving circle, and, like lightning, a fiery gray dropped into the line, wheeling and drove his hoofs into the puma's ribs with a thud that sent the monster rolling over and over, howling with rage and agony.

The female puma sprang her leap upon a beautiful mottled mare, some ten animals in advance of the brown stallion, and was more hardly dealt with than her mate. As quick as thought, the mare and two of her nearest companions fell within the line, turned tail to, and simultaneously fell the crushing blows from six spiteful hoofs upon the puma's head, breast and shoulders, knocking every atom of fight out of her in a second, and laying her out there on the grass as limp as a rag.

"Bravo, little beauty!" cheered Louise for the mottled mare.

"Hurrah for General Brown!" shouted Diana, enthusiastically.

"Vico o todos carvalhos!" put in Mendoza, in extatics.

"Hurrah! bravo! viva! go it, wild horses, we all yelled in concert."

And go it they did—those gallant defenders of female and infant horses. Round and round they went in that whirling, dizzy waltz, dealing battering blows with their vengeful heels until the last spark of life was beaten from the mighty pumas, and then, with many a proud neigh of triumph, they went prancing away from the field of battle.

One hundred and seventy pardons were granted July 5th, by the President.

THE FREEDMAN.

The Problem of Labor at the South—

Negro Labor—The Government Elephant.

We copy from the Mobile News, the following exposition of the proposed regulations of the Freedmen's Bureau, on the subject of negro labor in the state of Alabama. It is worthy of perusal or reflection.

The Freedmen's Bureau have already made known their desire to assist in the work of reorganizing labor, and to that effect have published regulations which, with the sanction of the military authorities, have acquired the force of law.

The regulations are simple, very simple indeed, and may be summed up in a few words: A home, wholesome food, comfortable clothing, medical attendance, and one hundred and twenty dollars a year.

In addition, the use of one acre of land and the use of the stock and agricultural implements necessary for its cultivation.

In exchange, the laborer owes two hundred and eighty-seven days labor at an average of nine and a half hours a day, or 2592 hours a year.

What wholesome food and comfortable clothing are, is not stated, and may, we suppose, create some little difficulties, but we will take it for granted that it is the same food, and the same clothing they were used to, whilst in bondage; and to give full play to the advocates of the system we will admit that the conditions enumerated will not entail on the planter a heavier expense than in former times, when the lowest average of the purchased supplies was not less than sixty dollars. This, added to one hundred and twenty for wages, makes \$180, actual disbursement. It is not being too exacting to set down the rent of the acre of land and the wear and tear of the stock and implements at \$12 a year, increasing the actual expenditure to \$192 for each field hand.

Now, for the sake of argument, we will suppose that the laborer loses not an unnecessary day nor an unnecessary hour of that day, and we will compare the result of his steady work under the present system with that under the former.

In a state of bondage, the now retrenched half Saturday (26 days in the year) was devoted to the farm work, thereby increasing the number of actual working days to 315 instead of 287, or a little over nine per cent, which would only reduce the produce in equal proportion.

In all countries, the field hand commences his labor at break of day, leaves off at 8, resumes at 9 till 12, and then from 2 P. M. till sundown, being fully 12 hours during six months and 10 during the balance of the year, or a full average of 11 hours a day, or 3,455 hours a year, leaving a difference of 852 hours of work against the planter, equivalent to over 22 per cent less work than previously, and therefore 22 per cent less in produce.

In Louisiana, on sugar plantations, four hogsheads or 4,000 pounds, and in Alabama three bales of cotton or 1,500 pounds to the field hand were considered a very high average per annum.

Although, if the theory of the advocates of free labor at fixed rates be correct, there is no reason to apprehend any reduction in our great staple, but rather an increase, and that this increase will reduce the price for the planter, we are, however, willing to admit that the average price of cotton will yield 50 per cent more to the planter than it did before the war, increasing therefor from 10 to 15 pounds, by Madam Robinson.

EDUCATED DOGS AND MONKEYS, THE FAMOUS TRICK MULES.

From Ashley Amphitheatre, London. The Spotted Spaniard, and Paul Pry, unhesitatingly pronounced the wonders of the mule family will be exhibited at each performance by the manager, Mr. Chas. Coville.

Now, if the laborer absorbs \$192 whilst producing only \$180 for the planter, how will that draw the interest of his capital in land, buildings and stock, and the wear and tear of the same? Here is the problem, and the old struggle between capital and labor is renewed in all its former fury.

What is the result? Capital will turn its back on labor, and seek, even in a foreign land, some more profitable employment, whilst labor, tied down to the globe and unable to move for want of means will expire in the midst of suffering, misery and all the concomitant vices they bring in their train.

This is no dark picture drawn at pleasure, but a mere plain statement of facts and figures, leaving aside all passions and prejudices of races, and based on an assumed belief that, on his part, the freedman will honestly perform his part of the contract, resisting all improper temptations of idleness and novelty, so inherent to human nature.

It is therefore our firm belief that the attempt to organize labor for the benefit of the black man, without his being compelled to enter the list in competition with the white, is a solemn confession of his inability to stand that competition.

But if society meditates the protection of one class or set of individuals, is it not a natural consequence that it can be done only at the expense of another class or set? and what is that other class, except our own brothers of the Caucasian race, that highly progressive and perfectible race which, since it was driven from the cradle of mankind, has marked each century by its advance in civilization, whilst the black race has remained till to-day what it was four thousand years ago.

Will the well-meaning philanthropists turn one moment to the sturdy, intelligent son of the North and West, and point out the class of day-laborers, nay, well educated clerks, which, after having been housed, fed, clothed and at-

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, One square, one insertion, One square, three insertions, One square, each additional insertion, 2 months, 6 months, 1 year.

tended in sickness, realizes in hard cash one hundred and twenty dollars at the end of each year, that is to say, enough to buy forty acres of fine land, a plow and a yoke of oxen, and thus become their lords and masters?

Why, then, do they attempt to favor the black at the expense of their white brother? for, if what is claimed for the black be true—and whether true or not, we bow our heads before the decree that has made it a fact—if all that be true, the self-right of the emancipated race is to commence on equal terms the great struggle for life, and there meet on the same footing with all other competitors.

The white man who lazily begs his bread or plays vagabond is punished, as a just preventive of crime. Let the black be subject to the same punishment, and he will soon learn to gain his daily bread; he has the muscle, he has the power, let society force the will into him.

And then, if it be God's design that the race should be relieved from the curse which from the commencement of the world has weighed it down, let that will be done; man can interpose no obstacle in its march to progress and civilization.

PHIL. SHERIDAN "DISLOYAL."

[From the Chicago Times.]

Gen. Sheridan recently made a visit to his home in Somerset, Ohio, and the day before he was to leave, Hon. Wm. E. Fincke, a Democratic Congressman, called on him and proposed to drive him to Lancaster, where he would take the cars. The general at once accepted the invitation. The same evening the "loyal" in Somerset heard of the arrangement, and drummed together an escort and invited the general to go with them. He declined, and the Lancaster Eagle, speaking of his arrival there in company with Mr. Fincke, says:

"The ardor of a number of our Union citizens was dampened, and they express their indignation that he should be caught in company with a copperhead Congressman."

The "loyal" will be precluded, before long, from making demonstrations in favor of any of our most noted generals. Grant and Meade and Hancock, Thomas, Sheridan and Sherman find their most congenial associates among "copperheads."

He that would make a door of gold, must drive in a nail every day.

Who follow not virtue in youth, cannot flourish in old age.

A Tall young man, if he is rich, is a May-pole for the girls to dance around.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth there is no end to them.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honey-moon there are both a man and a woman.

Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends? "Certainly; I don't even know what my own will be a year from now."

"Now mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor. "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and me, the decanter don't keep full all day."

One of the Western editors speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

The most extensive glassware factories in the United States are at Pittsburgh. In that city are fifteen bottle and vial factories, fifteen window glass factories, and fifteen flint-glass factories, doing an annual business of \$7,000,000.

Small boy, on tip-toe, to his companions—"Sh—stop your noise, all of you."

Companions—"Hello! Tommy! what is the matter?" Small boy—"We've got a new baby—it's very weak and tired—walked all the way from Heaven last night—musn't be kicking up a row round here now."

During the strike in Paris the English hat-makers sent over a donation of three thousand francs to aid their "brethren" in France to continue the strike, accompanied, however, by a cargo of three millions worth of hats of their own manufacturing, to supply the wants of the French public.

Tender-hearted Stanton asked Gen. Halleck whether there were any cruelties practiced on the dear negroes at Richmond. The general replies that he knows not of any. Probably he will soon hear of some of the poor creatures having since been at work by—necessity; and, forthwith, necessity will be arrested—we expect.

Night levels all artificial distinction. The beggar on his pallet of straw roars as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion. How the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; for the great there is no time fixed for repose.

There is a soldier in Norfolk, Va., over seven feet four inches tall.