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THE MONMOUTH REBELLION IN 1685.

The student of English history will vividly remember the bloody brutality with which the suppression of this rebellion was followed up...

Among the victims of his ferocious cruelty, was a poor widow, named Alice Lisle, whose fate will serve to illustrate the temper and workings of unbridled power at the time.

She was a woman of respectable connections and of a most kind and benevolent disposition. She had given shelter and sustenance to two persons who had taken some part in the rebellion...

"It was no easy matter," says the historian, "in such a case to obtain a verdict for the crown. The witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow-creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame."

Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. This was the first case of treason on the circuit, and there seemed a strong probability that his prey would escape him."

To prevent this he gave loose rein to his diabolical nature. He called into requisition, all the influences of his position, and all the terror of his unlimited power. The properties of the occasion were wholly disregarded. The rules of law and the duties of his high office were alike openly violated.

"I tell you," said the judge on the trial, "there is not one of these lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians but in one way or another had a hand in the rebellion. Presbytery has all manner of villany in it."

The historian proceeds to state: "He summed up in the same style, declaimed during an hour against whigs and dissenters, and reminded the jury that the prisoner's husband had borne a part in the death of Charles the First—a fact which was not proven by any testimony and which, if it had been proven, would have been utterly irrelevant to the issue."

On the following morning sentence was pronounced. Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned alive that very afternoon. The excess of barbarity moved the pity and indignation even of that class which was most devoted to the crown.

I do profess, and do hold, however, contrary to your confidently-expressed opinion, by the form of election which took place in February, 1864, and in no respect act independent of the formal organic law, as you affect to believe.

It is true the exceptional condition of our political affairs compels recourse to military authority to supplement, momentarily, the deficiencies of the law, when my powers, as demanded by statute, are unequal to the emergency. This resource, however, I have sparingly invoked, and only against persons in office whose shameless abuse of their places, or venal conduct, compelled it.

Neither have I, as you erroneously assert, transgressed the requirements of law in defining "the qualifications of those who may be admitted to the registration as voters in New Orleans." All persons legally entitled to vote, and none others, can register. So too, do you misstate the fact when you say that "I permitted a different rule in the country."

In coming to this conclusion I have no other difficulty than is presented by your confident predictions of the evils that must follow a non-compliance with your demands. Political prophesying, however, has long ceased to alarm mankind. I recollect political prophecies made by the chief signers of this address within the past twenty years, which have been so falsified by events that the apprehensions their presence might otherwise inspire are blunted or dissipated completely.

Both in the Native American and Know Nothing eras their vaticinations were as boldly made that the naturalization of foreigners would as certainly destroy the nation, as they now are, unless the negro, ignorant, in-

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he was dragged from his loathsome concealment; and pursued by thousands who were only prevented, by two regiments of militia, from the execution of summary vengeance which would have been eminently just, however unlawful, and who could not be prevented from brandishing their bludgeons and bellowing their curses.

And what was the fate of that cold and merciless monarch, who if he had not instigated these atrocities, had permitted them to be perpetrated undisturbed and who expected to reap the benefits resulting from their influence? A little more than three years after the judicial murders which he had not prevented and had therefore countenanced, and which he supposed were to strike such terror into disloyalty that treason would never again disturb the quiet of his reign, found him a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth for life.

The very cruelties which he supposed would bring peace, precipitated his overthrow, incalculating the great lesson which power has been so loath to learn, that the attachments of the people resulting from benefits conferred is the only unfailing support of any government, and that the dread which is produced by sanguinary cruelty is a power which crumbles beneath its own weight. History is philosophy teaching by example.

LOUISIANA. Governor Wells on the Right of Suffrage to the Negroes.

The New Orleans papers publish a correspondence between T. J. Durant, president, Anthony Fernandez, vice-president, and others of the "Central Executive Committee of the Friends of Universal Suffrage," and Gov. Wells. The former gentlemen say:

We ask that before you shall order any general State election, or for members of Congress, you shall cause a complete registration to be made, in every parish of the State, of all loyal citizens, without distinction of race or origin, who have resided twelve months in Louisiana.

This will introduce to the ballot-box the loyal element of the black race hitherto disfranchised, but who have acquired by emancipation the title of citizens, and who have earned by their devotion to the country, and possess by natural justice, the right to participate in government.

Such an act, sir, will make you forever loved and respected in Louisiana and throughout our country. It will insure the tranquility of the State; it will establish the logical consequence of emancipation; it will put an end to the power of that aristocracy which organized the rebellion and still ambitiously aims at the power of the government; it will neutralize and overpower the rebel elements which cannot be successfully excluded from the polls; it will speed our State on a new and unknown career of wealth and honor.

We respectfully ask a reply in writing to this communication, and that you will be pleased to name an early day on which to give it.

Gov. Wells replied as follows, under date of July 10:

In answer to your address, so dictatorial and presumptuous, I would say that the elective franchise is defined by law, and its exercise must be in accordance therewith.

I do not believe that the constitution and civil government of Louisiana has been overturned by the rebellion, and the creation of a new government is not within my province, if I admitted the necessity.

I do profess, and do hold, however, contrary to your confidently-expressed opinion, by the form of election which took place in February, 1864, and in no respect act independent of the formal organic law, as you affect to believe.

It is true the exceptional condition of our political affairs compels recourse to military authority to supplement, momentarily, the deficiencies of the law, when my powers, as demanded by statute, are unequal to the emergency. This resource, however, I have sparingly invoked, and only against persons in office whose shameless abuse of their places, or venal conduct, compelled it.

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experienced, and incapable as he is admitted to be, is endowed with the elective franchise. Are these gentlemen less fallible to-day than at the time referred to? Even within the last four years some of the more conspicuous members of the "Central Executive Committee of the Friends of Universal Suffrage" lent their powerful assistance to transfer the political power of the State from the parishes containing a large white population to the few white owners of large property in others. This was called the total population basis of representation.

I do not call in question, gentlemen, the sincerity of any of you. I take it for granted you are perfectly sincere in your love of our emancipated people, and conscientiously believe the latter are entitled to the elective franchise; but you cannot be surprised if I cannot come to your conclusions so speedily as you have done, recollecting, as I do, the eloquent letter of your president, Mr. J. T. Durant, who so late as 1862, in a memorable letter to President Lincoln, protested against the taking of slaves from their owners and the inequities of the blockade of the ports of the States in rebellion.

Where gentlemen, who claim to represent an organization so honorable in name as the "Central Executive Committee of the Friends of Universal Suffrage" have exhibited so much versatility of opinion in so short a time, and have prophesied so often in defiance of the logic of history and experience, they cannot be astonished if I should cling to the laws and the constitution as my guides rather than to their predictions, however confidently and egotistically pronounced the latter may be.

I cannot either accept, however anxious to do so I might be, your conclusion that the endowment of the negro with the franchise would strengthen the Union cause of the national government.

I dissent in toto from that conclusion. On the contrary, I am fully persuaded, from my knowledge of the negro character, that nine out of ten of the late entire slave population would support their former masters, personally or politically, or any way, in preference to all strangers; and I regard all as strangers in this connection who did not stand in this domestic relation toward them. Nay more, I believe in my heart that within twelve months from the time the negro would obtain the suffrage, neither the unfeeling southern Union man nor the Union man whose loyalty dates from his attainment of Federal office, could live otherwise than on sufferance in the States where the privilege was given, if the individuals lately in rebellion were disposed to countenance such proceedings.

In kindly and good feeling for the African I yield to none, even among the oldest or newest of his friends; and while no man, North or South, is more willing to accept the situation as produced by the war, both as respects him and all other issues determined by the conflict, I neither deem it wise or expedient to clothe him with the suffrage, nor can I see ought but dangers and difficulties in the agitation and discussion of such topics. The emancipated slave has much to learn. He has obtained rights, and they are universally, frankly recognized; he has duties to discharge, which it is incumbent upon us all to instruct him to appreciate and perform. Should it please Providence to fit him intellectually for an equal place in the body politic with the white citizens of the republic, at a period much sooner than is now anticipated, I have no doubt all will rejoice. Meanwhile, it is obligatory upon all to obey the laws and submit without repining to the popular arbitrament on this and all other subjects.

I have full faith in the national administration. The distinguished patriot now discharging the onerous duties of the President of the republic has enunciated his policy of reconstruction; that policy has my cordial approval, and no means at my disposal, by which I can rightfully strengthen and sustain his administration, will be left unemployed to that end. On the other hand, my duty, as Governor of the State, is faithfully to execute the laws, and this, with the help of God and the generous co-operation of my fellow-citizens, I hope to do satisfactorily, impartially, and justly. I do not intend under any circumstances, to substitute my own will for the written law, nor to arrogate to myself powers unusual or improper to be exercised by an elective officer in a republican government.

I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, J. MADISON WELLS, Governor of Louisiana.

THRILLING SKETCH. Alexander Dumas is furnishing sensation items from Russia. Here is one of the last:

We left the room with a turnkey behind us, and walked on till we found ourselves opposite the prison. The jailer opened it, went in, and lighted a lantern. We went down ten steps, passed a row of dungeons, then down ten more, but did not stop. We went down five more and then stopped at one marked No. 11. He gave a silent signal; it seemed in this abode of the dead as if he had lost the power of speech. There was at this time a frost of at least twenty degrees outside.—At the depth where we found ourselves, it was mingled with a damp which penetrated to the bone, my marrow was frozen, and yet I wiped the perspiration from my brow. The door opened, we went down six damp and slippery steps and found ourselves in a dungeon of six square feet. I fancied by the light of the lantern that I saw a human form moving in it:

Rise and dress yourself." I had a curiosity to know to whom this order was addressed.

"Turn on the light," said I to the jailer. I then saw a thin and pallid old man rise up. He had evidently been immured in this dungeon in the same clothes he had on when arrested, but they had fallen off by piece-meal, and he was only dressed in a ragged pelisse. Through

the rags his naked, bony, shivering body could be seen. Perhaps this body had been covered with splendid garments, perhaps the ribbons of the most noble orders had once crossed his panting chest. At present he was only a living skeleton, that had lost rank, dignity, even name, and was called No. 11. He rose, and wrapped himself in the fragments of his ragged pelisse, without uttering a complaint; his body was bowed down, conquered by prison damp, time, it might be hunger.—His eye was haughty, almost menacing.

"It is good," said the Governor. "Come." He was the first to go out.

The prisoner threw a parting glance on his cell, his stone bench, his water jug, and rotten straw. He uttered a sigh, yet it was impossible that he could regret anything of this. He followed the Governor and passed before me.

I shall never forget the glance he turned upon me in passing, and the reproach that was concentrated in it.

"So young," it seemed to say, "and already obeying tyranny."

I turned away; that glance had pierced my heart like a dagger. He passed the door of the dungeon. How long was it since he entered it? Perhaps he did not know himself. He must have ceased for a long time counting days and nights. On reaching the Governor's door we found two sledges waiting. The prisoner was ordered into the one that brought us, and we followed him, the Governor by his side, I in front. The other sledge was occupied by four soldiers.

Where were we going? I knew not. What were we going to do? I was equally ignorant. I had only to see—the action itself did not concern me.

We started. Through my position the old man's knees were between mine. I felt them tremble. The Governor was wrapped in his furs. I was buttoned up in my military frock, and yet the cold reached us. The prisoner was almost naked but the Governor had ordered him no coverings. For a moment I thought of taking off my coat and offering it to him. The Governor guessed my intention.

"It is not worth while," he said. Soon we reached the Neva again, and our sledge took the direction of Cronstadt. The sleet came off the Baltic and blew furiously; the sleet cut our faces. Though our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness we could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a furious storm. We must have been about a league and a half from St. Petersburg. The Governor got off the sledge and went up to the other. The soldiers had already got off, holding the tool they had been ordered to bring.

"Cut a hole in the ice," the Governor said to them. I could not refrain a cry of terror. I began to apprehend.

"Ah!" the old man uttered, with an accent resembling the laugh of a skeleton, "then the Empress does still remember me!"

Of what Empress was he talking? Three had passed away in succession—Anne, Elizabeth and Catharine. It was evident he still believed he was living under one of them, and he did not know even the name of the man who ordered his death.

What was the obscurity of the night compared with that of the tomb? The four soldiers then set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, cut it with their axes, and raised the blocks with the lever. All at once they started back; the ice was broken; the water was rising.

"Come down," the Governor said to the old man. The order was useless, for he had already done so. Kneeling on the ice he was praying fervently.

The Governor gave an order in a low tone to the soldiers, then he came back to my side; for I had not left the sledge. In a minute the prisoner rose.

The four soldiers rushed upon him. I turned my eyes away, but though I did not see, I heard the noise of a body hurled into the abyss. In spite of myself, I turned around. The old man had disappeared. I forgot that I had no right to give orders, but shouted to the driver, "Away! away!"

"Stop!" cried the Governor. The sledge which had already moved forward, stopped again.

"All is not finished," the Governor said to me in French. "What have we to do?" I asked. "Wait!" he replied. We waited half an hour.

"The ice has set," said one of the soldiers. "Art thou sure?"

He struck the spot where the hole had so lately yawned; the water had become solid again.

"We can go," said the Governor. The horses started at a full gallop, and in less than ten minutes we reached the fortress.

No man ever did a purposed injury to another, without doing a greater to himself.

There lies in all wrong, a germ of retribution, that will punish the wrong-doer sooner or later.

But four revolutionary pensioners are living; Lemuel Look, born in Connecticut, September 10, 1755; Samuel Downing, born in New York, November 21, 1761; James Barham, birth-place unknown, May, 1764; Wm. Hutchings, born in Maine, 1764.

Philip A. Kline. We gather from his correspondence the following facts relative to the arrest, trial and imprisonment and death of the excellent young man whose name heads this article.

He was a resident of Moutour county, in a District in which several supplementary drafts had been made, and from which the drafted men generally fled. He having a wife and two young children dependent upon him, remained at his business, and at last the fatal wheel turned his name to the light.

He was a christian and entertained conscientious scruples against fighting. He was drafted in the place of men who had kept out of the way and never reported, and he believed that those first drafted should be first sought. They were permitted to escape but he was arrested. He put in his plea at Troy, but was answered that he was "no Quaker," and the plea was treated contemptuously.

He was sent to Camp Curtin and after remaining there some time was finally brought before a general court martial, and then came the

Trial of Philip A. Kline. GENERAL ORDERS No. 56. Headquarters Dept Penna. Philadelphia, Pa., May 10th, '65.

Before a General Court Martial convened at Harrisburg, Pa. Feb. 23d, 1865, pursuant to special orders No. 44 dated February 22d, 1865, Headquarters Dept. Pa. Philadelphia, and of which Captain N. H. Rendlett, 16th Regt. V. R. C. is president were arraigned and tried—Philip Kline drafted man on the following charge and specification, charge desertion. Specification—In this that the said Philip Kline, was on the 8th day of Dec. 1865, drafted into the military service of the United States from the 8th sub district 13th district Pa. for one year according to due form of law, duly notified to report on the 16th day of Dec. 1864, but failed to report, was arrested on the 29th of June, 1865, examined by the Board of Enrollment, found fit for duty and held to service, to which charge and specification the accused Philip Kline, drafted man plead guilty—Finding, the Court after mature deliberation on the evidence adduced finds the accused Philip Kline, drafted man, as follows, of the specification, guilty of the charge.

SENTENCE. And the court does therefore sentence him, the said Philip Kline, drafted man, to be confined at hard labor, at such place as the commanding General may direct, for the period of one year, with the loss of all pay and allowances now due or may become due during such time and then serve one year in the United States army. The proceedings, findings and sentence are approved, the prisoner will be sent under proper guard to Fort Mifflin, near Philadelphia, Pa. The commanding officer at Fort Mifflin is charged with the execution of this sentence. By command of Maj. Gen. Cadwallader,

OFFICIAL, (Signed) Albert Harper, A. A. General. On the 17th of June writing to his Father under date at "Fort Mifflin," he says: If they would release me, I can bear it to the end, for if I am to suffer because I don't believe in shedding blood I will bear it. I would rather take this penalty than to do in opposition to my feelings on the subject of war. Every one should act for himself and let others do the same. I judge no man, but God is the one to Judge.

I did not report when asked, but I think to be really guilty of desertion in the sense of the word I am not, for I never ran off, or hid from an arrest, nor resisted in any way. I am more and more convinced that war is wicked, since I am about military scenes. O, that people would learn war no more, but learn to love one another. A week later and he writes as follows: FORT MIFFLIN, June 25th, 1865.

Dear Father, I take the opportunity to let you know that I am very poorly. I can't hardly speak, I am in the hospital and want to know if you have done anything for me to get to me out, and I would like to have some of you to come down to see me, for I am very low. I can't stand it much longer, if I don't get better soon; but, I hope that these few lines will find you all well. I want you to do something for me as soon as you can for I can't stand it much longer in this place.

P. A. KLINE. And then comes the mournful intelligence of his decease. FORT MIFFLIN, July 4th, 1865.

Mr. Samuel Kline, Dear Sir:—I write you a few lines to let you know that your son Philip A. Kline is dead. He died this evening about half past seven o'clock with the Diarrhea. I think he is in a better world than this. He prayed till the last for himself and family.

ABLAH HESS. It was after the war was over—the rebellion ended, peace returning, this man was tried, convicted, sentenced and punished to the death. He died in peace.—But his blood cries from the ground.—His orphaned children, his widowed wife, the bereaved family, they mourn and weep; but they rely upon an Almighty Helper and Deliverer, for "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord."

THE NEGROES SOUTH.—The radical Gov. Coney, of Maine, in a letter, has the following to say about the Southern blacks: "Among them the marital and parental relations, as a legal condition, have been utterly ignored, and the race condemned to the level of brutes, presenting a spectacle of abhorrent indolence which, had it been the only reproach of the institution of slavery, was enough to call down upon it the execration of mankind."

Granting that this may be a good argument against entrusting the ballotbox to the keeping of such degraded beings!

How THE SHODDY BROTH IS MIXED.—The New York Tribune discourses as follows about the incongruous admixture of radicalism, shoddy, and all the other odds and ends of the "loyal party in Pennsylvania:

"The contest is very animated over the Philadelphia appointments. There are three slates before the President—the congressional slate, and the Cameron-Forney slate. The Congressmen of the city profess the right to control the Federal appointments, and urge Morton McMaster for Collector, Wm. A. Kern for Postmaster, A. B. Slonaker for Surveyor, James Pollock, for director of the Mint, and Charles Gibson for District Attorney. The Radical slate is headed by Thos. Webster as Collector, John Gilbert Brown of the Press, for Postmaster, E. M. Davis, for Surveyor, George I. Ritchie for District Attorney, and J. Barclay Harding for Director of the Mint. The Cameron-Forney slate would gladly retain Thomas for Collector, and Walborn as Postmaster. Cameron wants B. Brewster as District Attorney, while Forney wants Dan'l Dougherty, the eloquent young Irish orator, for that office, and Brown for Postmaster. Col. Fitzgerald was urged by leading merchants for the Collectorship, but has withdrawn positively in favor of Thomas, and is mentioned as the Union nominee for Governor. McClure and Curtin have scattered their preferences over the slates, and are more anxious about the coming election for Senator in place of Cowan, and the Governor also. The friends of Forney hold him in reserve for the Senate. Judge Kelly is in high favor with the Radicals as candidate for Senator, while Forney will be supported by the War Democrats and Douglas men. Curtin, it is reported, will go abroad, and McClure as his candidate for Governor. Pennsylvania is hard to understand in a political way, and never more mixed up than now."

Aye, that's it—"hard to understand," and "never more mixed up than now." There is where the shoddy "party of grand moral ideas" is now, as seen by its national organ. Mixed—mixed—mixed; and, the Tribune might have added, lost—lost—lost; for that is the finality to which the mixture is fast drifting—Patriot & Union.

STICKING TO ONE'S RIGHTS.—Old stories very often have a forcible application, to present times. The following anecdote we met with lately in an exchange.

"How is it John, that you bring the wagon home in such a condition?"

"I broke it driving over a stump."

"Where?"

"Back in the woods, half a mile or thereabouts."

"But why did you run against the stump? Couldn't you see how to drive straight?"

"I did drive straight, and that is the very reason that I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road."

"Why, then, did you not go round it?"

"Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road, and I had a right in it."

"True, John, the stump ought not to be in the road, but I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it was there, and that it was stronger than your wagon?"

"Why, father, do you think that I am always going to yield my rights? Not I—I am determined to stick up to them come what will."

"But what is the use, John, of standing up to rights, when you get greater wrong by so doing?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards. Well, John, all I have to say is this—hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."

PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.—Hogarth was once applied to by a certain nobleman, to paint on his staircase, a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became acquainted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, out of patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was ready.

The nobleman, surprised at such expedition, immediately called to examine it, and found the space painted all over red.

"Zounds! I ordered the purchaser, 'what have you here? I desired a scene of the Red Sea.' 'The Red Sea you have,' said the painter. 'But where are the Israelites?' 'They have all gone over.' 'And where are the Egyptians?' 'They are all drowned.' 'The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid the bill. The biter was bitten.

PAT AND HIS PIG.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula, was trudging along the road with a pig tied to a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Canford.—The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial.

"Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?"

"What pig, General?" exclaimed Paddy turning around with the most innocent surprise.

"Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain."

"Well, thin, I protest, General," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is a scandalous shame to think how riddy folks are to take a honest boy's character. Some bla'guard wantin' to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to me cart horse box."

The general smiled and rode on.

"What a fine head your boy has," said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block; ain't you sony?" "I guess so, daddy, 'cause teacher said yesterday I was a young blockhead!"