

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1867

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5374.

WESTERN SIMPLICITY.

Western simplicity—not greenness, but genuine candor and character—are to be seen in the following incident, furnished some time since by a Western correspondent:

In a wild Western neighborhood the sound of a church-going bell had never been heard; notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that "preaching" was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand, and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only seat—a nail keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thought led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, apostles and prophets his place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed upon the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest attitude of the heavenly places, he said—

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?"

Then pausing to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes upon our hero of the rifle. He, therefore, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and then replied—

"If he can't do no better he can take my seat."

It is needless to say that the climax was never reached.

A Good Woman.—Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her view. When we look at a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman never can grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence.

SEEING A WRETCHED looking lad on the plains near the Humboldt Desert, nursing a starving baby, a traveler passing asked him what the matter was. "Wall, now," responded the youth, "I guess 'm kinder streaked. Ole dad's drunk, ole woman's got the hysterics, brother Jim be playin poker with two gamblers, sister Sal's down that a courtin of an enter stranger, this yerd baby's got the diarrhoe, and whizz-z-z! went the ole lion's back again into her body a'onside the hump!"

Now as she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat.

REWARDS OFFERED FOR STEPHENS, DEAD OR ALIVE.—The Fenian chief is evidently held in great dread by the British Government, for besides the reward of five thousand dollars in gold offered for his apprehension by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the British Government itself has now offered a reward of 25,000 in gold to any person, "man or woman, young or old," who will deliver up the body of Stephens, "dead or alive." If the Irish cannot gain their independence, they can at least frighten their oppressors.

DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.—"Tell me," said a benevolent visitor to a poor drunkard when urging him to abandon the intoxicating cup, "where was it that you took your first steps in this intemperate career?"

"At my father's table," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home to become an apprentice I had acquired a love for the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now poor heart-broken mother."

A CONSTABLE was stationed at the door of the hustings to prevent the crowd from forcing their way among the candidates. A gentleman came up to him, and putting a shilling into his hand, said, with an attempt to put off the smallness of the donation, "I take it for granted there is a little corruption here." "Yes, sir," said the constable, looking at the shilling, "but this is too little!"

"Do you propose to put Ike into a store, Mrs. Partington?" "Yes," said the old lady, "but I am pestiferous to know which. Some tell me the whole-some trade is the best, but I believe the ringtail will be the most beneficial in his present abdominal condition."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder. Why, they might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat."

A WEDDING was to have taken place last week at Chicago. The bride and guests were present—the groom missing. A mortgage of the bride's property just discovered—the cause.

A CAPTAIN who had a sound sleeping mate, caught an Irish boy in the middle watch frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out, "You lubber, you. I'll have none of that." "Faith, captain, I've done for ye," replied the lad.

TAKING A WHALE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Early one morning while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm whales I was dozing on the main-top-gallant cross-trees. Suddenly something seemed to go right through my brain. I woke to discover that it was the voice of Zadik, the Captain's harpooner, a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs:

"There blows!—there blow-ows!—there—there—blows!"

"Where away?" thundered old Capt. Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if she felt it too.

Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines at a time. When on the cross-trees he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rang through the ship like a great saw going through a board.

"Back the main-yard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and braces. The ship came up slowly, and Boom went down like lightning by means of a back-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprang like a deer into the star-board boat.

"Lower away!" bellowed the Captain. Buz-z-z! buzz-z-z! sounded the falls, and swash! went the four boats, almost simultaneously, into the water.

The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make the fire fly, my bull-dogs! Long and strong's the world! Break your backs every mother's son of ye!" grunted the old fellow through his teeth.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"None of your dare-devil pranks, Tom, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper to his son—a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart in the first mate's boat.

Tom—the skipper's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern.

There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak and in much pain, moving slowly and now and then reeling sideways with a sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if bewildered, and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order, for every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale—was not far off.

The first mate was soon within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and whizz! went the harpooner's iron, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then, breaching, it came down, writhing and whirling its flukes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan—the cow whale—boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes and spouting thunder.

Round and round her offspring she swam, but soon paused, as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent, and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazy, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain, who was foremost, was near enough to dart.

"Let her have it!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Dog!" hissed Boom, "what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!"

As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat.

Wrathful and wild for revenge, she breached, the whole length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaw wide open, her broad flukes beating the sea!

"Starn! starn!" grunted old Boom, and every man of his crew except Zadik turned pale.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
—Tennyson.

'Twas back in the past some four hundred years,
When all the wide world was full of commotion,
That first dawned the art that each sage still reveres,
And spreading her wings, like an angel of light,
From kingdom to kingdom, abroad in the world,
Led forward the armies of Freedom and Right,
Till the minions of Darkness backward were hurled;
And her temples, like beacons to mariners lone,
Shone out o'er the ocean, where Ignorance reigned;
And deep in the forests, the homes of her own,
Stand peacefully now, where her battles were gained.
Yes, this was the age, when my craft was first known;
When the Bible came forth from Gutenberg's hand,
And religion's true light, throughout every zone,
Brought blessings to man, over ocean and land.
The ignorant then called the blessing an evil—
Named the printer, at once, the son of the Devil—
Though all he e'er did, showed him just the reverse—
Hence, the name which they first to the master applied,
Descends to the follower, latest enrolled—
And the printer's apprentice, it can't be denied,
By training's well fitted the name to uphold.

But wickeder devis than printers, I ween,
Still roam through the world from the east to the west;
And, though, by our eyes, they seldom are seen—
There scarce is a man, but has one in his breast.
And, one monsieur Le Sage, a story has told,
Of a spirit released by a student in Spain.
Who long had been chained in a conjuror's hold;
And, who, when restored to his freedom again,
Gave a history of all the imps of the race.

From Lucifer down to Asmodeus his end—
From those, who in *Hesperus* "power and place,"
In order, clean down to the puniest elf,
The fact is, the number he tells is so great,
'Twould be useless for me to write them all here—
Beside these, the roll has been swelled so late,
That their legion of names would sound rather queer.

In such high-sounding words, 'twould shame my poor rhyme;
And Burns a few words in his praise has let fall,
While Byron describes him in language sublime.
And Goethe, the poet the Germans all love,
Tells a tale of one Faust—a wondrous magician—
Who bartered his soul to the Devil to prove.
His power over men, for wealth and position.
And some say this Faust was a printer by trade,
(Daily working with type in secret, alone),
Assisted by Satan, who thus his plans laid,
To puzzle mankind, and so make them his own.
But it's all a mistake, what'er they may think;
For, since Luther at one dashed his inkstand in splinters,
The Devil has his fears of all kinds of ink.

And he's not the less, as you may think, a printer's
And some other poet, (whose name I don't prize),
Sings a song, which, I think, out-devils them all;
For he says that, "A woman with two bright eyes,
Decidedly is the worst devil of all."
Then, Bunyan has placed him high up on a tower,
Hurling darts at one Christian, who close by it passed;
And, Saint Dunstan has shown us how to vanquish
For with his hot tongs he the Devil held fast.

And read o'er the history of man since his fall—
Since Eve, in the garden, the serpent beguiled—
The Devil is seen in each page of it all.
And still, by his footsteps, our own land is defiled.
And of his wild pranks in our own blessed land,
When witches for sins up at Salem were burned,
The New England poets might make something grand,
If only their optics that way could be turned.
And Satan with his imps high carnival held,
Through our last gloomy years of bloodshed and strife;
Nor did he e'er see, when his legions rebelled,
More slaughter and rapine, or plunder more rife.

But enough of "Old Nick" and all his vile class!—
Let me sing of myself, and those of my clan—
Our weapons will drive his whole army on mass—
Down to darkness again, away from weak man.
Soiling type, like they that have been in their place;
And down in the cups of the heart, deep we dive,
And gather the nectar of thought, where it wells.
Having tasted its sweets, our fancy takes wing—
We roam among flowers, that poets have reared!
Hear the church bells of hope in heathen lands ring,
And the songs of the Christians their music has cheered.

I've brought my collection each week to your door,
My friends and my patrons who read the "GAZETTE"—
Throughout the past year, you have tasted my store,
And I've many good things to bring to you yet.
The doings of Congress, each week you have read,
Through the seven long months of heated debate—
The curses that fell on the great President's head,
And theanders spread over the coast by his hate.
But firm as the rocks on the sea coast he stands,
Looking out on the waves of the wide troubled main;
And the tempest may lash out its strength on the sands,
But fanatical storms will sweep o'er him in vain.

And fierce was the contest we waged for the right,
Against a man who fought for power and place;
Though Truth for a time has gone down in the night,
She soon will shine forth as the moon shows her face—
And, once more, through the realms, our eagle has soared,
Our banner, o'er mountain and crag shall yet stream;
And the nation rejoice for her charter restored,
As the world, back in chaos, hailed morning's first beam.

You have read, too, of wars in far distant lands,
And the news of their slaughter or fame over the sea—
Of the hopeless attack of the Fenian bands,
Who vainly attempted their country to free.
And the poets will sing, in ages untold,
The conquest of science the past year has shown;
And the future inscribe, in letters of gold,
The names of her craftsmen, on temples of stone.

The cable is laid! and swift the news will travel,
Through the depths of the ocean, man's thoughts flash along,
To kindle abroad the new hopes and desires,
That live in the hearts of the great and the strong!
You have read of the meteors we were to have seen—
We watched for them here—rang the gong and the bell—
But scarcely a star, in the heavens serene,
Fell an inch from its place—the thing was a "sell!"

Now my budget's unpacked, my wares are displayed,
'Tis scarcely required I should hint my desire;
And as I approach you, please don't be dismayed,
For the laborer, 'tis said, is worthy his hire.
And should you refuse me, because a light purse
Compels you to pass me, or treat me harshly,
My prayer shall e'er be, that you'll never do worse
Than to keep the small dues of—yours truly,
THE DEVIL.

GOOD LOGIC FOR A LITTLE ONE.—A lady has a bright-eyed four-year old boy, who stood looking out of the window at the richly tinted sunset clouds in the West the other evening. His mother sat in the room busy writing, when he asked, "Mamma, who made the pretty clouds?" "God made them," "Who made the light, mamma?" "God made it." "How did he make it?" "God put the sun up in the heavens, and so made the light." After a pause—"Mamma, whomakes it dark?" "Oh, I don't know—don't bother me." "Well—I know—I know how He makes it dark. He blows the sun out!"

A TENNESSEE Radical killed his dog for barking at old Brownlow. The dog would have died anyhow.

A CHINESE widow, fanning the tomb of her husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

"Bobby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that hole in your trousers?" "Oh, go along, old woman; our folks are at the sewing circle, working for the heathen."

It is proposed to light the streets of a certain village with red-headed girls. Quadrant, of the *Lexington Gazette*, says if he lived there he'd play tisey every night and hug the lamp-posts.

Hardware, &c.

JOHN F. BLYMYER.

GEORGE BLYMYER & SON
Having formed a partnership, on the 6th of March, 1866, in the
HARDWARE & HOUSE FURNISHING
BUSINESS,

respectfully invite the public to their new rooms, three doors west of the old stand, where they will find an immense stock of the most splendid goods ever brought to Bedford county. These goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Persons desirous of purchasing BUILDING HARDWARE will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

WHITE LEAD.—We have on hand a large quantity of white lead, which has been found to be a little lower than the market rates. The particular brands to which we would invite attention, are the
Pure Back Lead,
Liberty White Lead,
Snow Brand White Lead,
Washington Zinc White Lead,
New York White Lead.

Also—French Portland Cement;
Demar Varnish;
Varnishes of all kinds,
Flaxseed Oil, (pure and unadulterated),
Turpentine and Alcohol.

All kinds of IRON and NAILS.
No. 1 CHRYSTAL ILLUMINATING COAL OIL.

LAmps in profusion.
We would invite persons wanting Saddlery Hardware, to give us a call, as we have everything in the Saddlery line, such as Buckles, Rings, Hames and Webbing Leather of all kinds; also a variety of Shoe Findings, consisting of French Calf Skins, Morocco Linings, Bindings, Pegs, etc.

Housekeepers will find at Blymyer & Son's a great variety of household goods. Knives and Forks of the very best quality; Plated Table and Tea Spoons at all prices.
Give us a call and we can supply you with Barn Door Rollers, the latest improvements; Nova Scotia Grindstones, better than any in use; Shovels, Forks and Spades,
Grain and Grass Scythes and Snaiths; Fishing Tackle; Brushes of all kinds; Demi-Johns; Patent Wheel Grease; Tar and Whale Oil, and an infinite variety of articles.

\$20,000 WANTED.—Would like to get it if our friends would let us have it. Less will do; but persons having uncollected accounts will close them up to the first of March, to enable us to close our old books. This should be done.
may 4, '66. GEO. BLYMYER & SON.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the
Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Reamer, takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of
DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
DYE-STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET ARTICLES,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL, LAMPS
AND CHIMNEYS,
BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS,
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
FRENCH CONFECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines. The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of RESTORATIVE, TONIC and FANCY ARTICLES, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth; Camphor ice for chapped hands; Teeth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment. Bill-Head, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Books, Power of Attorney, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &c. &c. Also, a large quantity of Books, which will be very cheap.

Coal Oil Lamp Hinge Burner, can be lighted without removing the chimney—all patterns and prices. Glass Lanterns, very neat, for burning Coal Oil. Lamp chimneys of an improved pattern. Lamp Shades of beautiful patterns.

Howe's Family Eye Colours, the shades being light, Lamp Glass, and Dark Brown, Light and Dark Blue, Light and Dark Green, Yellow, Pink, Orange, Loye Purple, Scarlet, Maroon, Magenta, Cherry and Black.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies. Cigarettes of best brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar.

Smoking and Solera Fine Cut. Natural Leaf, Twist and Big Plug. Finest and purest French Confections. PURE DOMESTIC WINES, Consisting of Cognac, Brandy and Elderberry for medicinal use.

The attention of physicians is invited to the stock of Drugs and Medicines, which they can purchase at reasonable prices. Country Merchants' orders promptly filled. Goods put up with neatness and care, and at reasonable prices.

J. L. LEWIS designs to give a first class Drug Store, and having on hand at all times a general assortment of goods. Being a Druggist several years experience, physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.
Feb 9, '66—11

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYLL, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., (late surgeon 56th P. V. Y.) tenders his professional services to the people of this place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65—17

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door west of Richard Langdon's store. Nov. 24, '65—17

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

C. N. HICKOE, J. G. MENCHER, DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Teeth cleaned, the mouth washed, excellent articles, always on hand. TERMS—CASH. Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity. OFFICE—2 doors West of the Bedford Hotel, above Barber's Silver Wash Store. Residence at Maj. Washburn's. aug. 24, '65.

TRIUMPH IN DENTISTRY! TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by the use of Nitrous Oxide, and is attended with no danger whatever.

TEETH INSERTED upon a new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and Vulcanite; also, upon Vulcanite, Gold, Platinum and Silver. TEMPORARY SETS inserted if called for. Special attention will be made to diseased gums and a cure warranted or no charge made. TEETH FILED to last for life, and all work in the dental line done to the entire satisfaction of all or the money refunded. Prices to correspond with the times.

I have located permanently in Bedford, and shall visit Schellburg the 1st Monday of each month, remaining one week; Bloody Run the 3rd time I can be found at my office, 3 doors South of the Court House, Bedford, Pa. nov. 16, '66. WM. W. VAN ORMER, Dentist.

Bankers. J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited.

W. REED, J. E. SHANNON, F. BENEDICT, J. P. SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANKING AND DEPOSIT. East, West, North business of Exchange units Collected and PAID. EST. 1837. Oct. 29, 1865.

KINDS AT REED & CO'S.

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING WAX at B. M. BLYMYER & CO'S

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING WAX at B. M. BLYMYER & CO'S