

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$5.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months, TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest; and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line. All legal notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

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	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
*One square - - -	\$ 4.50	\$ 8.00	\$ 10.00
Two squares - - -	6.00	9.00	12.00
Three squares - - -	7.50	12.00	15.00
Quarter column - -	14.00	20.00	25.00
Half column - - -	18.00	25.00	35.00
One column - - -	20.00	45.00	50.00

*One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana Street, south of the Court House, apr5-571f.

J. M. DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana Street, east of Court House, and nearly opposite the Inquirer office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public.
Office second door North of the Mengel House, Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

ISIDORE M. ALSPH, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., specially collected.
Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana Street, to doors South of the Mengel House.
Jan. 22, 1864.

KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."
May 13, 1864.

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate.
May 13, 1864.

B. F. MEYERS, J. W. DICKERSON,
MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office as formerly occupied by Hon. S. L. Russell, a few doors south of the Court House, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. [may11-66]

HAYS IRVINE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA. Office in Harris' New Building. mar12-65

B. J. WILLIAMS & SONS,
No. 16 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF
VENETIAN BLINDS
AND
WINDOW SHADES.
Blinds repaired. Store shades, Trimmings, Pictures, Plain Shades of all kinds. Curtain Cornices, Picture Tassels, Cord Bell Pulls, &c.
apr21-66

FURNITURE AND CABINET ROOMS,
THOMAS HIRWINE,
AT THE
OLD STALL WORK-SHOP,
has re-opened the Furniture and Cabinet business in that part of town, and is prepared to furnish ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE, at remarkably cheap rates. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention paid to the manufacture and furnishing of coffins. Terms reasonable.
may1-63

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Bedford county, upon the estate of G. R. Barndollar, late of Middle Woodbury Tp., Bedford county, dec'd.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims can present them, fully authenticated for settlement.
D. L. KEAGY, adm'r.
may1-66

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
Wagons, Carts and Wheel-barrow, Baskets of all kinds, Rope and Twine of all sizes. Old Hammered Sheet Metals, Cane Hinges, Bed Irons, and many things new and useful at the Hardware Store of HARTLEY & METZGER.
may1-66

GRAIN CRADLES! GRAIN CRADLES!
HARTLEY & METZGER are the only Agents in Bedford county for the Original *Grain Cradle*. These Cradles are made of the best material, and are supplied with genuine Grain Cradles. No imitations.
may1-66

ITCH! ITCH!! ITCH!!!—Scratch!
Scratch!! Scratch!!—In from 10 to 15 hours
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures THE ITCH.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures SALT RHEUM.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures TETTER.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Barbers' Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Every kind of Humors like Magic.
Price, 50 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. Address WEEKS & POTTER, No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists
sep20-67y

CANCER, SCROFULA, &c., CURED.
Persons afflicted with Cancer, Scrofula, Tumors, Eruptions, &c., are cured by the use of Dr. GREENE'S ELICTOR, MEDICATED BATHS and Indian Vegetable Remedies which cleanse the blood of all Humors. Mercury, Lead, &c., and restore health to invalids afflicted with every variety of disease. A book describing Cancer, Scrofula, Humors and other diseases, with their proper means of cure, may be obtained free at the Medical Institute, or by mail. Address Dr. R. GREENE, 16 Temple place, Boston, Mass.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON will send free of charge to all who desire it, the prescription with the directions for making and using the simple remedy by which he was cured of a lung affection and that dread disease Consumption. His only object is to benefit the afflicted and he hopes every sufferer will try this prescription, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, No. 165 South Second Street, Williamsburgh, New York. sep18-68

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1868.

VOL. 62.—WHOLE No. 5,444.

Dry-Goods, &c.

REMOVED
to the
COLONNADE BUILDING!

MILLER & BOWSER,
At the Old Colonnade, Bedford, Pa.

OFFER GREAT BARGAINS,
(in order to reduce their stock, before making their spring purchases in

Ready-Made Clothing,

Fancy Goods,

Notions,

Cotton Yarn,

Hats and Caps,

Boots and Shoes,

Groceries,

Queensware,

Wooden ware,

Tobacco and Cigars,

Brooms,

Baskets,

&c., &c., &c.

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

CALICO, at 8, 10, 12, 15, 16.

GINGHAM, at 12, 15, 18, 20.

MUSLIN, at 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20.

Cassimeres, Cloths, Satinets and

Ladies' Sacking, at very low prices.

Ladies', Gents' and Misses'

Shoes, Sandals and Over-Shoes, in great variety.

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Boots.

Best Coffee, Tea, Sugar and Syr-

up in the market. Prices low

Feed, Flour, &c., for sale at all

times.

We invite all to call and see our

goods and compare prices before buying elsewhere.

Our motto is, *Short Profits.*

TERMS—Cash, Note or Produce.

apr3-68

JUST RECEIVED

A large assortment of D.

R. KING & Co's Ladies'

Misses' and Children's

GAITERS, BOOTS and

SHOES, made to order—

Ladies call and see them;

they speak for themselves.

G. R. OSTER & CO.

BACON!

Choice Sugar-cured bacon,

Shoulders, Hams and dried

beef in Saxon and for sale

by G. R. OSTER & CO.

PEACHES!

Choice peeled and unpeeled,

dried peaches in Stone

and for sale by

G. R. OSTER & CO.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR!

Fresh ground Extra Family

Flour constantly in Stone

and for sale by

G. R. OSTER & CO.

TO BUY CHEAP!

and to get what you want, go to the new bargain

Store of G. R. OSTER & CO. Constantly on hand

large and attractive stock of goods.

Bedford, Pa., may8-68.

DR. H. FRAESSLEY, PHYSICIAN

FOR THE TREATMENT OF CHRONIC

DISEASES, and formerly attending Physician in

one of the celebrated hospitals in the world

for Chronic Diseases, will make his first visit

through this county, for the treatment of chronic

diseases, and may be consulted at the following

places and times, gratis or charge.

If a Doctor cannot tell and explain the nature

of a disease of a Patient after a thorough

examination, without making many questions,

he considers himself not able to treat the case.

He submits himself to be judged from that

standpoint, if the patient is not satisfied, credit

not cost him anything.

Saxton, Saturday, May 16.

Woodbury, Monday, May 18.

Pattonville, Tuesday, May 19.

Enterprise, Wednesday, May 20.

St. Clairsville, Thursday, May 21.

NEGRO VOTING IN GEORGIA.

The spectacle presented to the gaze of the people of this city, on Monday morning, the first day of the recent election, says the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, is one which will linger in their memories for years to come. They saw a long line of sable voters, headed by a "ring master" on horse-back, brandishing an old cavalry sabre, and all marching to the invigorating music of a wheezing fife and the dull thud of a broken-headed drum. These were the voters—the intelligent law makers and executive and legislative creators of the county of Richmond. It will scarcely be doubted that not a single son of Ham who toiled through the streets in that motley procession could read or write, or had the least idea of the character of a ballot, or who for what he was about to vote, save that Captain Bryant and the boss "drivers" had told him he must vote for the Radicals. As this long line of ignorant, vindictive and defiant negro voters passed through our principal thoroughfares to the City Hall, where the mockery of an election was going on, every right-minded white man must have felt that representative government, founded upon such suffragans, was not only a solemn mockery, but a crime against virtue, law, order, peace and human liberty. The alacrity with which each member of the fantastic procession conformed to the different and frequently repeated orders from the "boss drivers" showed how completely they were under the control of their masters, and how much they esteemed it a privilege to be thus driven like brutes through our streets. Upon reaching the City Hall, ballots were placed in their hands, and they were directed to hand them to the same man and in the same way their driver disposed of his. And this is what is called manhood suffrage, the basis of constitutional liberty and the salvation of free government!

"BEHIND THE SCENE'S"

This is a title of a book by "Mrs. Keeley, for thirty years a slave, but more recently modiste and friend to Mrs. Lincoln," which will shortly be published. It is pretty liberally interspersed with miscellaneous *seem. mag.*, and will be a rich morsel for scandal mongers. We are treated with displays of feminine jealousy on the part of Mrs. Lincoln, and of the moral and religious character of her husband—Mrs. Lincoln's opinions of generals and statesmen are given. The story of Chief Justice Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, in conversation with her husband, that "he is anything for Chase. If he thought he could make anything by it he would betray you to-morrow." Of Mr. Seward: "It makes me mad to see you sit still and let that hypocrite Seward twine you around his finger as if you were a skein of thread." General McClellan she pronounces to be "a humbug." General Grant even is not exempt from the withering criticism of this worthy lady. "Yes, he generally manages to claim a victory, but such a victory! He loses two men to the enemy's one. He has no management, no regard for life. If the war should continue four years longer, and he should remain in power, he would depopulate the North. I could fight an army as well myself. According to his tactics, there is nothing under the heavens to do but to march a new line of men up in front of the Rebel breast works, to be shot down as fast as they take their position, and to keep marching until the enemy grows tired of the slaughter. Grant, I repeat, is an obstinate fool and a butcher." She further adds that "should Grant ever be elected President of the United States he would desire to leave the country, and remain absent during his term of office." So the General will have, at all events, one most decided opponent in his Presidential schemes. Mrs. Keeley, further on, tells us of her mistress that "search the world over, and you will not find her counterpart." On Mrs. Lincoln's departure from the White House, subsequent to the death of her husband, Mrs. Keeley informs us that lady "owed different store bills amounting to \$70,000," and that "Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of these bills, and the only happy feature of his assassination was that he died in ignorance of them." This secret is disclosed in regard to Mrs. Lincoln's debts "in order to explain why she should subsequently have labored under pecuniary embarrassments." We are also told the well-worn story of Mrs. Lincoln's "old clothes" experiences, with the addition of many private facts connected with that delectable adventure; while, in an appendix, a series of letters from the widow, purely private and unhesitatingly confidential, are published to prove the authenticity of what has been said in the preceding chapters.—*Washington Express.*

THE REASON.—At a certain college, the senior class was under examination for degrees. The professor of natural philosophy was badgering in optics. The point under illustration was that, strictly and scientifically speaking, we see no objects, but their images depicted on the retina.—The worthy professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class: "Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually see your father?" Bill replied, promptly, "No, sir." "Please explain to the committee why you never saw your father." "Because, replied Mr. Jackson, very gravely, he died before I was born, sir."

RATTLESNAKE BITE.—Ammonia, or hartshorn, is doubtless the best remedy known for the bite of the rattlesnake. Alcohol is good, but not to be relied upon for a cure in all cases. So with several kinds of vegetable remedies; they cure in some cases, but not in all. Next to ammonia, mud is probably the best. A son of Mr. J. D. Sharp, of Spring Valley, Minnesota, was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. Several remedies were applied, each said to be a certain cure; but they all failed. He grew spotted, like a rattlesnake, they said, and became very sick, and likely to die. At length they put his foot in a pail of mud. He was relieved in fifteen minutes, and continued to improve until he was well. If one has a bite to treat, and cannot get ammonia, let him give whisky, or some other stimulant internally, and apply mud to the part bitten, changing it once in three hours during the day.—*J. T. in N. Y. Observer.*

WHAT A WORKING MAN THINKS.

In a recent speech, Hon. John A. Bingham, a member of Congress from Ohio, exclaimed, "Thank God there is no such thing as equal taxation." Upon this a Montpelier (Vermont) working man, says the *Argus*, not formerly a member of the Democratic party, comments as follows: Of course Bingham and his party represent the bondholder who has his horses, his carriages, his wine parties, his plate, his bonds. I am a working man. I have my tin dinner pail, my tool chest, and my hard palms, and tired bones at night, and my hearty breakfast in the morning, a lean purse, and a tax receipt at the end of the year. When quarter day comes the bondholder cuts off his coupons; and draws his interest, and thanks God there is no such thing as equal taxation. I draw my purse and pay my rent. And when the year is gone he counts up his gains, rustles his bonds, and has a wine supper. And when the year is gone, I look at the great robber, the tax receipt, go to bed with an aching heart, to dream of Democratic times, light and equal taxation. The bondholder does nothing. He is supported.

I pay State taxes.
I pay county taxes.
I pay village taxes.
I pay town taxes.
I pay revenue taxes.
I pay direct taxes.
I pay taxes on everything.
I pay taxes to support Congress.
I pay taxes to support the Government.

I pay taxes to support the bondholders who pay no taxes for any purpose whatever. I shall vote for equal taxation, and down with the party who "thanks God that there is no such thing as equal taxation."

"POOR MEN ARE NOT TAXED."

"Poor men are not taxed," said a deluded workingman; "they can't tax me, because I am worth nothing!" Can they not? Before the war, you paid less than one-half for all you eat, drink and wear, than you pay now, and before the war you had not the support of five millions of niggers to provide for, who now eat, drink and wear at your expense. Taking the cost of supporting life to-day, and a reckless, wicked, wealth, destroying administration, and the poor white voter in the United States, who is not worth a dollar in the world, is the heaviest taxed mortal on God's earth. Sleeping or waking; well or ill; at labor or at rest; week days and Sundays—the taxes are being piled on him who is not worth a dime, by those above him in the scale of property, who are worth thousands and hundreds of thousands. Remember, you moneyless, honest toiler, if you eat, drink, wear clothes—if you are warmed and sheltered, you are thus made to pay your own taxes and the taxes of the capitalists of the country also. They are indirectly thus piled upon you. The great public debt is a curse to you, if not a curse to the capitalist. Remember this when you go to the polls next November.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.—An Eastern proverb which declares that there are no ungrateful children, is nearer the truth than it appears. It is but another version of the Biblical maxim: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will never depart from it." The parent who does really train up a child in the way he should go, is the parent who truly deserves the gratitude of his child, and he is the only parent who can hope to receive it in full measure. How many parents there are, who, after indulging their children's every desire, are sincerely astonished to find them making no return of love and gratitude. Gratitude! For an impaired digestion? For a will unbecoming? For a mind empty? For hands unskillful? For a childhood wasted? For the chance of forming a noble character lost? These are poor claims upon the gratitude of a child. Bring up your child so that, at maturity age, he has a sound constitution, healthy desires and an honest heart, a well-formed mind, good manners, and a useful calling, and you may rely upon his making you such a rich return of grateful affection as shall a thousand times repay you for the toil and self-denial which such a training costs. No—there are no ungrateful children, when there is anything to be grateful for.

PIE PLANT.—One of the most valuable and healthy articles for making pies, and for the summer season is rhubarb, or, as some call it, "pie plant." Every one who owns a garden should cultivate it. It requires deep tillage, the deeper the better, and heavy manuring. The large roots and leaves require plenty of room to extend above and below the soil. Some persons trench the soil to the depth of two feet, when preparing to plant rhubarb, but without drainage very deep tillage is useless. If propagated by dividing the roots, the plants should be set out singly, and not in threes, as is so often done. One or two buds is sufficient in each dividing root. The ordinary varieties are generally planted in drills two and a half or three feet asunder, the plants of a similar distance apart in the rows. Some of the larger varieties require to be planted much further apart—say five between the rows, and three feet between the plants.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The following anecdotes are told of W. M. Swain, formerly proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*: As a business man he was very rigid in adherence to what he conceived to be sound business principles. "Never fix a price on another man's goods," was one of these principles. A paper dealer met him one day on the street. "Mr. Swain," said he, "I have some excellent white paper of the size of the *Ledger*. Do you wish to buy?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "What are you willing to give for it?" was the next inquiry. "Precisely the worth of it sir, neither more nor less, was the rejoinder. "Oh, of course. But I mean, Mr. Swain, what can you afford to give me for it?" "Double the price, sir, if I chose, but I don't." "But, fix the price, sir." "I never put a price on another man's goods. If you don't know the value of your own paper you should not dispose of it. If you do you are wasting my time and your own in idle circumlocutions to get the advantage of me. Tell me your price. If it suits, well, if not you may find some other customer."

Business is business, and nothing should interfere with it, was another of his business principles. Consequently he would take nothing off the price of an advertisement on the score of friendship, or benevolence, or any other of the ten thousand petty excuses made to "nip the printer." A gentleman once called upon him with an advertisement of a benefit for a poor widow with several helpless children.

"How much for the advertisement under the circumstances?" "Just what it comes to," said Mr. Swain, "business is business sir, charity is another question."

"But to a poor widow, sir, every dollar saved is a matter of serious moment to her family."

"Business is business, I repeat, sir. What I choose to give in charity is my own private affair. My business has nothing to do with it." "Then you will take no less?" "Not a cent, sir."

"The gentleman paid the bill very reluctantly, amounting to perhaps, two dollars and was going out of the office reflecting rather severely in his own mind upon the parsimony of Mr. Swain, when the latter stopped him.

"Do you know this widow? Is she honest and deserving?" "She is, sir."

Mr. Swain, slipped a \$10 bill in the gentleman's hand, and turning on his heel, walked away, saying "business is business."

GET OUT, you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell my ma!" cried Sal Smith to her lover, Jack Jones, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I ain't touchin' on you, Sal," responded Jack.

"Well perhaps you don't mean to nuther,—do you?" "No I don't."

"Cause you are so tarnation scary you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, ganglie-kneed owl, you ain't got a tarnation bit of sense, get along home with you."

"Now, Sal, I love you and you can't help it! and if you don't let me stay and court you my dady'll sue you for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here Jack, if you want to court me you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as though as if I was a pizen!"

"How on airth is that?" "Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you s'pose a woman's only made to look at, you stupid fool you?"

"Well!" said Jack, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I love you, Sal!"

"That's the way we do it, old boss; that is acting like a white man oster."

"Oh Jerusalem and panekakes!" exclaimed Jack, "if this ain't better than any apple-sarse marm ever made, I darned sight, Sal. Crack-e-e; buckwheat cakes and lasses ain't nowhere 'long side of you, Sal. Oh how I do love you!"

Here their lips came together, and the report which followed was like pulling of a horse's hoof out of the mire, and on the following Sunday they were married.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Since the creation of the world fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battle which man has waged against his fellow creature—man. Suppose this amazing number of men were to hold each other by the hand at arm's length they would extend over fourteen millions, five hundred and eighty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three miles of ground and would encircle the globe on which we dwell six hundred and eight times! If we allow the weight of a man to be on average one cwt. (this is below the mark,) we shall come to the conclusion that six millions two hundred and fifty thousand tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured, gashed and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear more striking when we state that if only the four-fingers of every one of those fourteen thousand millions of human beings were to be held in a straight line they would reach more than six thousand miles beyond the moon; and that if a person were to undertake to count the number, allowing nineteen hours a day, and seven days in a week, at the rate of six thousand per hour, it would occupy that person three hundred and thirty-six years. And awful is the consideration! three hundred and fifty thousand pipes of human blood have been spilt in battles! Who would not exclaim with Bishop Hall—"Give me the man who can devise how to save troops of men from killing, his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honor in civic garland for the preserving of one subject, than in a laurel for the victory over many enemies." Or, with Bishop Taylor—"If men were only subject to Christ's law, then could they never go to war with each other."—*Dr. Thomas Dick.*

A SHARP GIRL.—A spruce looking young girl, carrying a bundle, was accosted in the streets of Philadelphia by a man who chuckled her under the chin, and said he would like to accompany her home. "Well, do," said the girl, "but hold my bundle while I tie my shoe." The man took the bundle, when the girl started off on a run.—The man felt a slight movement in the bundle, and in great trepidation started after her, repeatedly bawling out, "Here, you woman, come back and take your baby." Soon a crowd gathered, to learn the nature of the distress. "A woman gave me her baby to hold, and then ran off," piteously exclaimed the man of burden. "Take