

# Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2974.

VOL. 5, NO. 10.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1861.

VOLUME 55.

NEW SERIES.

**DENTIST.**  
Will attend promptly and carefully to all operations in  
dentistry, such as filling, extracting, and all operations  
connected therewith, from nine to six o'clock.  
Office on East 1st street, Bedford, Pa.

JACOB REED, G. W. RUPP, J. L. SCHELL  
**REED, RUPP AND SCHELL,**  
BONDERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE,  
BEDFORD, PENN'A.

DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made  
and money promptly remitted.  
Deposits solicited.

REFERENCES.  
Hon. J. MANN, Bedford, Pa.  
" JOHN CESSNA, " "  
JOHN MOWER, " "  
R. FORWARD, Somerset,  
BUNK, RAIGUEL & Co., Phil  
J. WATT & Co., Pittsburg  
J. W. CURLEY, & Co., " "

**C. SHANNON—**  
HAVE formed a  
Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office  
nearly opposite the Gazette Office, where one  
or the other may at all times be found.  
Bedford, Aug. 1, 1859.

**JOHN P. REED—**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
Respectfully tenders his services to the Public  
Office second door North of the Men-  
House.  
Bedford, Aug. 1, 1859.

**JOHN PALMER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,  
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to  
his care. Office on Juliana Street, (nearly opposite  
the Menzel House).  
[April 19 '60.]

**J. E. MCGIRR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BEDFORD, PENN'A.  
Office on JULIANA STREET, same as occupied by  
WILLIAM M. HALL, Esq.  
[April 19, '61.]

**JOHN BORDER**  
GUNSMITH, BEDFORD, PA.  
Shop at the east end of the town, one door west  
of the residence of Major Washabaugh.  
All guns of my own manufacture warranted.  
May 21, 1858.

**SAMUEL KETTERMAN—**  
COUNTY SURVEYOR.  
WOULD hereby notify the citizens of Bed-  
ford county, that he has moved to the Borough  
of Bedford, where he may at all times be  
found by persons wishing to see him, unless  
absent upon business pertaining to his office.  
April 16, 1858-4f.

**MANN & SPANG—**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
The undersigned have associated themselves in  
the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly  
to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford  
and adjoining counties.  
Office on Juliana Street, three doors south  
of the "Menzel House," opposite the residence of  
Maj. Tate.  
JOB MANN,  
Aug. 1, 1859. G. H. SPANG.

**J. W. LINGENFELTER—**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND LAND SURVEYOR.  
Will attend with promptness to all business  
entrusted to his care.  
Will practice in Bedford and Fulton Counties.  
Office three doors North of the "Inquirer"  
Office.

**DR. B. F. HARRY—**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders  
his professional services to the citizens of Bed-  
ford and vicinity.  
Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the  
building formerly occupied by Dr. John Hofius  
Aug. 1, 1859.

**DR. F. C. REAMER—**  
RESPECTFULLY begs  
leave to tender his Professional Services to the  
Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.  
Office in Juliana Street, at the Drug  
and Book Store. Aug. 1, 1859.

**H. L. GODBOLD,**  
TUNER & REPAIRER.



of Pianos, Melodeons &c., has made arrangements  
to visit this place regularly at stated periods.  
Next visit will be in October. Yearly contracts  
made. Price for tuning \$3.00. First class pianos  
for sale. Orders to be left at the "Gazette" office.  
H. L. G. has permission to refer to the following  
persons for whom he has tuned:  
Hon. A. King, Hon. S. L. Russell, John Mower,  
Esq., O. E. Shannon, Esq., Dr. W. H. Watson, Rev.  
S. Barnes, Mrs. Freyret.  
June 29, '60.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE!**  
25 Tons of Plaster.  
3 New Two horse wagons.  
1 New set of Double Harness  
The highest market price paid for wheat, rye,  
corn, oats, and buckwheat.  
Four House Mill,  
Bedford, Nov. 16. JOHN NELSON

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

BY B. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:

\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.

\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.

\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.

No subscription taken for less than six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages  
are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It  
has been decided by the United States Courts that  
the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment  
of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and  
is a criminal offense.

The courts have decided that persons are ac-  
countable for the subscription price of newspapers,  
if they take them from the post office, whether  
they subscribe for them, or not.

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Transient advertisements will be inserted at the  
rate of \$1.00 per square of ten lines for three inser-  
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Table and figure work double price. Advertiser's  
notices ten lines and under, \$1.00; upwards of ten  
lines and under fifteen \$1.50. Liberal reductions  
made to persons advertising by the year.

## Original Poetry.

(By Request.)

### TO MOLLIE.

Your dark brown hair parts on a brow  
Of Persian marble hue;  
And from your eyes bright glances flash  
As star-lights from the dew;  
Your peerless beauty would not fail  
To charm my friend you know who!

You would gladly leap the winding brook,  
At morning's purple hour,  
To gather roses from the banks—  
Yourself the fairest flower!  
O, never upon your life's bright June  
May clouds of darkness lower.

Although your gentle heart ne'er throbs  
With one fond thought of me,  
My wishes for your happiness  
Shall ever constant be;  
I'll pray for you while life may last,  
Though ne'er you pray for me.

Ah, Mollie! thou of matchless grace,  
Beware what beacons guide;  
Thy beauty and thy charms will bring  
Full many to thy side  
Whose brows will be as empty as  
The bubbles on the tide.

Free be thy heart to other years  
As now, from sorrow's sway;  
But ah! 'tis vain alas, to hope,  
No cloud may dim thy day;  
Two paths, before thee lie,—reflect;  
Choose thou the better way.

Bedford, Sept., 1861. AMICUS.

### [From the London Hour.]

#### THE OLD MAN'S COLT.

The snow was falling right cheerily on the  
last day of the year 185—, and already there  
lay upon the ground sufficient to make most  
excellent sleighing. The youngsters were en-  
joying the fun in the roads, the country sledges  
were rattling by, filled with rosy-cheeked girls  
and merry lads; the more elegant turnouts from  
the city—fourteen miles distant—occasionally  
flitted past the tavern door, where I was tarry-  
ing temporarily, and the season was peculiarly  
gay, as the holidays were passing away.

In the bar-room of the country hotel where  
I sojourned I had right heartily enjoyed the  
various samples of human character I met, and I  
had, for a week, day and evening, the opportu-  
nity of listening to the "yearn" of the villagers  
or of the numerous visitors who congregated in  
the old tavern, which had for many a long  
year been the resort of hundreds of farmers,  
cow-boys, horse-jockeys, and travellers of one  
kind or another, en route to and from the city,  
or homeward bound.

I had given out among the settlers that I  
wished to purchase a good horse—it once  
chanced to turn up during my stay at the tav-  
ern—and all hands were on the lookout for me;  
for it was understood that I would pay for  
such an animal as I fancied a liberal price.

Whether any of my newly made acquaint-  
ances tided the seller or not, I never knew;  
but there came along, on this very afternoon  
alluded to, the last day of December, 185—, a  
young man from Vermont, (so he said, and I  
guess he did,) who drove up to the tavern door  
a gayish-looking beast that attracted my atten-  
tion at once, for he was a good stepper, and he  
came in in gallant style.

"Who-a!" shouted the driver; and he jumped  
from the heavy old sleigh upon the doorstep,  
and flung the reins carelessly over the dash  
as the stable boy came to look after the new  
arrival.

"That's Jem Saltum," said one of the bar-  
room loungers. "He's from Brattleboro', and  
he's got a good'un. He never comes down  
with anything but good'un's, eyther."

Perhaps this remark was intended for my  
benefit, and perhaps not. I heard it, but  
seemed not to observe it.

An hour afterward Jem Saltum ensconced  
himself before the great bar-room fire, ordered  
a mug of flip, and commenced leisurely to  
smoke a short six, and sip his "nictar" as he  
called it. I had been out to the stable and ex-  
amined his colt—a beautiful bright bay, with  
heavy tail and mane, well put together in  
limb, and very stylish in action—and I con-  
cluded to buy him. As yet I had said nothing to  
him, and he had observed the house. I  
marked silence on entering the house. I  
waited for Jem Saltum to open up to me, or  
some one around; but he smoked and drank  
his flip, and looked into the great blazing fire,  
and finally seemed to be dropping into a doze.

It was a cold night, the thirty-first day of  
December, 185—. The snow had ceased fall-  
ing, and the prospect of glorious good sleighing  
was never more promising. I waited for him  
to begin, but he said not a word about his horse,  
and so I went to him.

"A good-looking nag you drove down today,"  
I remarked to him, by way of commencement.  
He did not reply, but opened his eyes lazily,  
then continued to seem to be sleeping.

"A young'un?" I queried.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he asked, look-  
ing up.

"I was saying you had a nice-looking colt."

"Oh, yes. That's the old man's that is."

"For sale?"

"No—not exactly. That is, I reckon the  
old man wouldn't agree to sell him for no rea-  
sonable price.

"Who's the old man you speak of?"

"Who? Why, he's my uncle; the man I live  
with."

"What are his qualities?"

"Whose? The old man's?"

"No; the colt's."

"Oh, I thought you meant my uncle. Wal,  
the boss is what we call up'n our country a  
good'un. He gets up well all round, in five  
years old, coming six square trotter, may  
down in the forties sound as a new dollar,  
good size, never shies or bolts, 'fraid of nothing,  
but a whip, and on the road he takes it all his  
own way. I don't think the old man'll sell  
though, anyhow," continued Jem; and he  
turned around and began to settle himself down  
in his chair for another nap.

I made up my mind to purchase that colt,  
or, at least try him—so I added:

"Is he fast?"

"I told you, just now, that he was conin'  
six, and could foot it down in the forties.  
That'll do, I reckon, for a five year old, string-  
er."

"Yes, yes. Have you any objection to let  
me see him move?"

"None in the world, sir. To-morrow, if you  
wish."

"Yes. The slipping will be fine, and I  
would like to buy a good horse, I added, if I  
can light on one that does not come too high."

Jem Saltum knew all this before. But I did  
not know whether he wished to sell; and I  
thought he didn't.

"Yes. Wal, then, to-morrow we will take  
a turn with the colt, and you shall see him go.  
But as near as I can call 'late, from what the  
old man said when I left home, he don't keel to  
sell him any way."

And with this consolatory remark I fell  
sound asleep (or appeared to) before the big  
bar-room fire.

At day-break I awoke, and found Jem  
again, and gave him the customary salutation  
of the season.

"Happy New-Year, sir," said I pleasantly.

"Wal, yes, so it is! New-Year's day—ana'  
very nice un it is."

"How's the pony this morning?" I enquired.

"Oh, nicely, never better. Ya, I see.  
You're the gentleman as spoke about him last  
night."

"Yes; and we'll give him a trial when you're  
ready," I added.

"Yes, we'll try him—but I don't believe the  
old man cares to sell him," insisted Jem.

However, we got aboard a light cutter and  
at last we started for a jaunt, to test the speed  
and mettle of the horse I had been so for-  
tunately struck with at first sight, and awa we  
went, followed by half a dozen good'un rig-  
ged out at the tavern stables, to see and help  
enjoy the promised sport.

The handsome bay colt proved a 'yer,  
How fast he could trot I could not say, but  
he distanced all competitors for a mile-to-  
two, six, seven miles—and returned to the ho-  
tel in gallant style, at his top gait, without  
showing the slightest sign of distress. He was  
a splendid roadster, and just what I wanted.

"What do you ask for him?" said I, at last.

"Wal, as I said before, I don't believe the  
old man keels to part with him—least wad he  
could get two hundred an' a half for him."

"That's a big price for a five year d' I  
said.

"Wal, he ain't no fool of a colt, mind. The  
old man won't take less."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars," I said.  
This was a round sum for a horse in those days.

No; the old man wouldn't be satisfied in-  
sisted Saltum; and he turned his horse's head  
to the stable as I entered.

I concluded very shortly to take the colt,  
at Jem's price, however, and, about an hour  
afterward, said:

"Well, Saltum, I think I'll trade without  
it's too much for a five year old, but I'll  
give you two hundred and a half."

"Wal, said Jem slowly, 'trally' I in't  
think the old man'll like to sell him to-day  
anyhow; and I guess I'll take him to the city  
where I'll get his value."

"But you only asked two hundred and fifty  
for the colt."

"Wal, you didn't take me up, eytherid  
ye?"

"Not at the moment—"

"Wal, sharp's the word, yer know, in a  
trade. But I'm quite certain the old man will  
not be satisfied with less'n three hundred."

"Three hundred!" I exclaimed. "We I  
won't do it—that's all."

"No more, I wouldn't, mister, if I was ye.  
Cos you can't afford to tell about a five year  
if he is smart and purty. He might bak  
down and I can sell him in the city easy."

I wanted the horse, but I let him go.  
And I did not see Jem Saltum till after-  
ward, when he turned the nag out for exercise  
and whisked up and down before the doors  
the admiration of everybody who saw him.

"Saltum," I said, "come, I didn't mean to  
it, but I like your horse. Give me a bit  
of him, I'll take him at three hundred, that  
it's a great price for him."

"Well, mister," said the scamp, coolly, "as  
this mornin' I've made up my mind that  
I can take three hundred and a half for him  
a man up the road here. I've therefore in-  
cluded that the old man won't be satisfied

less I do the best I can; though, trally, I don't  
believe the old man would allow me to sell him  
any way."

"Confound the old man and his colt, too—  
I said, not a little vexed at the sharp practice  
of my green appearing friend from Vermont.  
"You get no four hundred dollars out of me for  
that horse."

"No, I spose not, mister. But there need  
not be no hard feelings between us.—He's a  
dreadful good colt, and the old man would not  
be satisfied unless he brought him a good price,  
I'm sure."

With these words Saltum returned his dash-  
ing pony to the stable once more.

I was bound to buy this horse, and think now  
that Jem Saltum knew it. But four hundred  
dollars was an awful figure, I thought. Still  
feeling that the fellow would dodge me again,  
I mustered courage, and before I retired at  
night I said good-naturedly, as Jem sat sucking  
his flip:

"Well, Saltum, we have had a good deal of  
talk."

"Yes, we hev'."

"And I like your horse."

"I know you do."

"And I'll give you four hundred dollars for  
him—though I never believed I should be such  
a fool as to pay like this for a single horse."

The Vermont sharper shook his flip-mug, and  
drained it to the bottom slowly, and replied:

"After all we've said, mister, there ain't no  
man I'd rather'd hev' that hoss than you. But  
I'm bound to do what's right, an' at the same  
time I must not forget the ole man that raised  
the colt. Ef I can't get five hundred for the  
pony I don't believe the ole man will be satis-  
fied, an' I've concluded to take him back to  
Vermont accordingly."

"Five hundred dollars!" I yelled; "why  
you're crazy. Or perhaps you think I'm a  
fool," I added, rising. "Good-night, sir. I  
trust you'll get five hundred dollars for your  
five year old. That is a hundred a year, ex-  
actly."

And I went to bed in high dudgeon.

"He's plaguey quick at figures, anyhow," re-  
marked Jem, dryly, as I retired.

And very shortly afterwards he went to bed  
himself.

When I came down the next morning the  
colt stood in the sleigh at the front-door, and  
Jem was just ready, apparently, to leave. The  
golden opportunity to become the owner of a  
really fine animal was about to pass from me,  
and I coveted the beast inwardly and in ear-  
nest.

"Which way, Jem?" I asked.

"To town. Afore night I'm going to have  
my price for this colt, or my name ain't Jem  
Saltum."

"How much do you ask for him to-day?" I  
said tartly.

"Wal, mister, I've thought it all over, and as  
good horses ain't plenty just now, I've made  
up my mind that the ole man never'd be satis-  
fied if I didn't bring six hundred dollars for the  
colt; an' I've concluded I shall do one or the  
other, sure as preachin', any how."

"Six hundred!" said I. "Why don't you say  
a thousand at once, Jem."

"Wal, he's with a thousand—but you shall  
have him at jest six hundred, ef you want him  
now."

Jem took up the ribbons. The colt arched  
his beautiful neck, and was about to turn away.  
I was beaten.

"Put him in the stable, Jem," said I.—"I'll  
take him—though it's an awful price."

And thus I became the owner of my first  
'fast horse."

The landlord laughed. The hostlers laughed.  
Jem laughed—so they said, and I was half  
inclined to laugh myself at the Vermont-  
management! Still I had got a fine colt—I  
was sure of this—and so, two weeks after my  
little New-Year's-day adventure, I was on the  
Bloomfield road in a natty New-York cutter,  
skimming shaly over the newly made path,  
and beating with ease most of the dashers that  
frequented the then splendid thoroughfare of  
'fast' uns.

My colt quickly attracted the attention of  
the crowd of horsemen there, and one among  
their number, who was wealthy, and who knew  
what a good nag was, very shortly waited upon  
me, and bantered me for my purchase.

"He's a good'un," said I, "and cost me high."

"What will you sell him for?" he asked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," I answered,  
without winking.

The man of fortune drew a long breath, look-  
ed the horse over at leisure, and then drew his  
check for the amount—some what to my sur-  
prise, I confess.

Two years afterward my six hundred dollar  
colt had become famous for his superior speed  
and bottom, and the present owner, to my cer-  
tain knowledge, has more than once since re-  
fused a bona fide offer of five thousand dollars  
for his splendid trotter. He has made his mile  
in 2.26, repeatedly, and is now among the fast-  
est horses in America.

My only regret is, that when I parted with  
him, I did not possess the talents of my Ver-  
mont friend in disposing of him. I am now  
certain that I sold my colt too cheap.

A man in La Crosse, Wisconsin, a few days  
ago, rushed to the river, swearing that he would  
drown himself. When he had waded into the  
depth of his waist, his wife seized him by the  
hair, and then, as a local editor describes it,  
she hid him back till they reached a place where  
the water was about two feet deep, where she  
pulled him over backwards, soused him under,  
and pulled his head up again.—"Drown your-  
self—down he went—leave me to father the  
brats!—(another plunge)—get drunk!—(another  
dip)! I'll larn ye to leave me a widow, and all  
the men at the war!" After sozzling him to  
her hearts content, she led him into the house  
and closed the door.

## Somebody in My Bed.

Few of our readers have ever been placed  
in the situation in which our Doctor once  
found himself. The following is the story:

"I believe Captain," said the Doctor, "I  
never told you about my adventure with a wo-  
man at my boarding house, when I was attend-  
ing the lectures!"

"No, let's have it, replied the individual ad-  
dressed, a short, flabby, fat man, about fifty,  
with a highly nervous temperament and a very  
red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I board-  
ed at a house in which there was no females  
but the landlady and an old colored cook—"

Here the Doctor made a slight pause, and  
the Captain, by way of requesting him to go  
on, said:

"Well," said the Captain.

"I often felt the want of female society to  
soften the severe labor of study, and to dispel  
the ennui to which I was subject."

"Well," said the Captain.

"As I feared that forming acquaintances  
among the ladies might interfere with my  
studies, I avoided them all."

"One evening, after listening to a long lec-  
ture on physical anatomy, and dissecting a large  
negro hand fatigued in body and mind, I went  
to my lodgings."

"Well," said the Captain.

"Went into the hall, took a large lamp and  
went directly to my room, it being somewhat  
after one o'clock."

"I placed the lighted lamp on the table and  
commenced undressing myself. I had hardly  
got my coat off, when my attention was at-  
tracted to a dress and a quantity of petticoats  
lying on a chair."

"Well," said the Captain, who began to show  
some signs that he was deeply interested.

"A pair of beautiful small shoes and stock-  
ings were on the floor. Of course I thought it  
strange, and I was about to retire, but thought  
it was my room, and I had at least a right to  
know who was in my bed."

"Exactly so," nodded the Captain. "Well,"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed,  
and with a trembling hand drew aside the cur-  
tain. Heavens! what a sight. A pretty  
young girl, I should say an angel, was in there  
asleep."

"Well," said the Captain, giving his chair a  
hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I never  
witnessed anything more beautiful. From un-  
derneath a little nightcap, rivaling the snow in  
whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and  
shoulders of alabaster."

"Well," said the excited Captain, giving his  
chair another hitch.

"Never did I look on a bust more perfectly  
formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly  
pulled it down—"

"To the waist."

"Well," said the Captain, dropping the pa-  
per, and renewing the position of his legs.

"She had on a night dress, buttoned up be-  
fore, and I softly opened the first buttons."

"Well," said the Captain, wrought to the  
highest pitch of excitement.

"And then ye gods! what a sight to gaze  
upon! A Hebe—pshaw! words fail. Just  
then—"

"Well," said the Captain, hitching his chair  
left and left, and squirting his tobacco juice  
against the stove.

"I thought that was taking a mean advan-  
tage of her—seized my coat and boots and went  
and slept in another room."

"It's a lie!" shouted the excited Captain,  
jumping up, and knocking over his chair—"It's  
A Lie!"

INDUSTRY.—"Sam," said a mother to one of  
her very obedient sons, "how many legs have  
you sawed, eh?"

"Why, marm, when I get this and three oth-  
ers done I'll have four."

What is the best wine to lead a man with?  
Crino-line. What is the best line to lead a wo-