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THE LINCOLN DYNASTY.

The history of the present administration has yet to be written, but we may supply a chapter in anticipation of the volume of startling disclosures that is to astound the world with the recital of the grossest bribery, corruptions, defalcations, plunderings, extravagance and profligacy that has ever disgraced or overthrown a Government. Through the basest falsehoods, this party has obtained control of the national affairs. It professed to roll up its eyes in holy horror at the amount of the national expenditures under the late administration. It retailed its slanders, and howled its charges of corruption and extravagance against the Democratic party, until the people were deceived into believing them. Its "smelling committees" trumped up the vilest stuff, and through their lying "reports," spread it over the length and breadth of the land. The President was denounced as an Aristocrat, reveling in regal splendor in the White House, where all manner of dissipation reigned supreme. A "Government" was wanted! A plain, simple, honest President was wanted! A back-woodsman, a flat-boat man, a rail-splitter—anything to bring us back to the purity, simplicity and economy of the days of the fathers of the Government. "Honest old Abe" was the man for the crisis. He was to be a second Washington, a Jackson, a Cincinnati, a Lycurgus, a Socrates, and we don't know how many other illustrious warriors and statesmen he was to resemble. Well, enough of the people believed this trash, but forth with so much audacity and impudence, to drag down the Democratic party, the Constitution and the Union all together. One could not well survive the other. The Democratic party is the only party that has "kept step to the music of the Union," and preserved inviolate the Constitution and Laws, and they must stand or fall together. "Honest old Abe," by way of a change, was elected, but the extensive promises of "a good time coming," have not been realized. The Union is broken up, the country is involved in civil war, the treasury is robbed, the public debt is piling up by millions, the taxes are enormous, and "smelling committees" are obliged to be attached to every department of the Government to drive away the thieves. This is the honest administration the people were promised, and this the honest party that dares to arraign others for corruption and extravagance. Would that we could stop here, but the duty we owe the public compels us to go a little further. No sooner had the rail-splitter and his family taken possession of the White House, than they turned up their plebeian noses at the shabby furniture of the Presidential Mansion, although it remained furnished in the same style as when occupied by the "Old Aristocrat." The House must be re-furnished to suit the rail-splitting refinement, and Republican simplicity, of the new President. The following is a description of the re-fitting up of the Mansion, and we vouch for its accuracy:—

The carpet for the East Room is a very rich Axminster, woven in one entire piece—100 by 50 feet. It was made and designed expressly for that apartment. The pattern consists of three medallions, so arranged as to form one grand medallion for the whole room, and presents a most magnificent appearance. The design displays a taste of the most recherche character. The entire ground work is composed of bouquets and wreaths of flowers and fruit pieces.

The curtains are of rich crimson satin, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels.

The lace curtains were designed and made in Switzerland expressly for this room. They are six yards long and two yards wide, and are of the finest needlework ever brought to this country. These splendid hangings are mounted with magnificent carved gilt cornices of national design, representing a shield and the United States coat of arms.

The paper hangings for the east room are of rich crimson garnet and gold, and were also manufactured expressly for this room. They are of precisely the same design as the hangings in Louis Napoleon's reception rooms in the Tuilleries. The whole room now presents a more gorgeous appearance than it has ever done, and rivals in magnificence any similar apartment in the world.

The green room has a carpet of the same design and quality as that of the east room. The curtains and paper here have also been renewed.

The blue room has also been newly papered and carpeted, and new coverings put on the furniture. The windows had been newly curtained, with brocade and lace. Next comes the Crimson Room, which is Mrs. Lincoln's principal reception room. This has been entirely re-furnished. The furniture covering is magnificent French brocade satin, crimson, maroon and white.

The window curtains, carpet and paper hangings are all in keeping with the elegant furniture of the apartment. In this room is also a grand action piano. The hall and stairways have all been newly carpeted and decorated. The President's private dining room has also been newly furnished with green silk brocade. The diplomatic dining room has also received similar attention in the matter of re-furnishing, &c.

The guest room in which Prince Albert was domiciled on his late visit to this country, has been fitted up in the richest possible style. The curtains are of royal purple satin, trimmed with rich gold bullion fringe and tassels. The carpet is a heavy Wilton. The furniture of the richest carved rosewood. The paper hangings correspond with the balance of the room, giving the whole a regal appearance. The President's room has also been entirely re-furnished, as also the private Secretary's, Mr. Nicolay, and that of the assistant private Secretary, Mr. Hay.

The sleeping rooms and the various other apartments have also been re-furnished in appropriate and superb style. Mrs. Lincoln has expressed herself in the highest terms gratified with the change the house has undergone.

The Mansion being made to present a "REGAL APPEARANCE," in imitation of the residences of the crowned heads of Europe, a Ball and Banquet is forthwith projected to show off the decorations. The Chevalier Wikoff, that Prince of Profligates, who has been taken into the bosom of Mr. Lincoln's family to do the foreign airs, is dispatched with bouquets and perfumed invitations to assemble the guests. Over eight hundred are invited and all save the exclusive *bon-ton* are snubbed off. The great dignitaries of the land, in civil and military life, with their wives and daughters, were out in full feather on the occasion, and none other. Mrs. Lincoln, the plain, unpretending wife of "Old Abe, the rail-splitter," was dressed in all the gaudy adornments of the height of fashion—

"Carved, and hooped, and jeweled,
She danced before them all."

The following is an inventory of the "finery" she sported on the occasion of her Grand Ball in the White House, furnished expressly for the reporters:—

Mrs. LINCOLN was dressed in a magnificent robe of rich white satin, with full train, and richly plaited in broad bands over the bosom. The skirt was looped up with white ribbon, with black borders frilled with bows; around the lower edge of the skirt was a broad row of black thread lace, nearly twelve inches wide. She wore a head dress of artificial white carysanthemums, sparingly interspersed with red roses. She wore no other jewelry than a heavy pearl neck lace, ear-rings and brooch, which glistened in harmony with the ample folds of her white satin dress. Her whole dress was in exquisite taste.

The Grand Banquet for this magnificent entertainment was pronounced the finest display of gastronomic art ever seen in this country. It was prepared by Millard, of New York, and cost thousands upon thousands of dollars. Our handsome and graceful President did the honors of the festive board with all the native *hauteur* he could sum up. In looking over the dishes prepared for the hungry and thirsty guests, we are pleased to observe that such vulgar "rations" as "army crackers and old bacon," are entirely excluded from the table. What business would they have there at such a time, to shock such refined tastes! This is the *artistic* bill of fare served up:—

Steamed oysters, scolloped oysters, boned turkey, pate de foie grasse, aspic of tongue, Puff gribble a la Ennis aise, chicken salad a la Parisienne, Filet de boeuf, stuffed turkey with truffles, Quails, partridges, canvas back ducks, Charlotte Russe a la Persienne, Marienens, chateaubriand chocolate Bavarian, Jolly Bavarian, Compotes, fruit glace, bon bons, orange glace, biscuit glace, fancy cakes, rich mottos, flower mottos, sandwiches, fruit and grapes.

In the centre of the table was a looking glass, and along it were ranged the fancy pieces of confectionary. At the head of the table was a large helmet of sugar, signifying war; then a large fancy basket of sugar—a pagoda temple of Liberty; a pagoda cornucopia covered with sugared fruits and frosted sugar; a large fountain of frosted sugar, and setting around the candy glasses apparently full of frothing beer, four beehives, a handsome Swiss cottage in sugar and cake, and a Chinese pagoda. On a rude table was a very large fort, named Fort Pickens, made of cake and sugar; the inside was filled with quails, candied; and the whole presented a perfectly gorgeous appearance, the tables fairly groaning with expensive luxuries, heaped one upon another.

What estimate will the moral sense of the people place upon these doings? We have had three days of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in one year, for delinquency from our National affections, and now we wind it all up with a Grand Revel at the White House! We have war, ruin and desolation spread over the land, and the men who hold the destinies of the nation in their hands are reveling in grandeur and dissipation, and "killing time" in feasting and dancing. If it is right to squander the people's money in such extravagance and folly, then it is right to plunder the treasury of the nation, and we have no more need for investigating committees. In other times when afflictions and disasters came upon the people, their rulers humbled themselves before God, and in soberness and sack-cloth and ashes received His judgments, now our rulers make a feast and have a midnight revel in music, dancing and gaiety. If this is what the people bargained for when they elected "Honest Old Abe the rail-splitter" to the Presidency, we are much mistaken. Would that our President and government officials at Washington, could be brought to observe the proprieties becoming the present situation of our unhappy country, and made to remember that it is "righteousness exalting a Nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—[Valley Spirit.

STORY OF THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

A Campbellsville (Ky.) correspondent of the Louisville Democrat tells this story:—

"I now have before me a letter to a friend from a private in Colonel Haggard's cavalry regiment, stationed at Columbia. The writer was formerly a justice of the peace, is a rough specimen of mountain character, is fond of his grog and a good joke, and always ready for a fight whenever it may suit his convenience or his or his country's enemies. His name is Andrew Jackson Garman, (rather significant of the pugnacious propensity.) It seems that Squire Garman took a very active part in favor of the Union cause in Cumberland, (his county) Monroe and Metcalfe counties last summer and fall, captured some twenty head of contraband mules and several horses, and had a hand in bringing to a boat on Cumberland river engaged in the contraband business—in a word, Squire Garman was a terror to the secession generally in that locality, rendering himself obnoxious to their bloodthirsty proclivities.

"Some ten or fifteen days since Squire Garman learned that his family were all down sick with the measles, and determined to visit them, cost what it might. So he obtained a lurlough from his gallant colonel under protest that he (Garman) would never return to his regiment. The first or second night after his arrival at home the secession, his old neighbors and relatives, twenty-eight strong, armed cap-a-pie, visited his house and knocked at the door. The Squire hailed them; no answer. He sprang out of bed, gathered his irons, and lighted a candle, when he discovered three men in his dining room, and fired at them. They all scampered out of the house, one falling dead at the door. The captain then ordered him to come out, which he refused to do, and in turn invited them to come in and exchange bullets there. This they declined to do, and immediately opened fire on his house thro' the doors and windows, the Squire returning the fire as fast as he could. This was kept up, the Squire thinks, about one hour, when his assailants left, leaving three dead in the yard and carrying off five mortally wounded, (since dead.) The Squire then lighted up the house, and his sick family came out from their hiding-places. Not a whole pane of glass remained in seven windows. Three balls had entered the posts and rails of his daughter's bed, she being too unwell to get up; 25 balls were found in his wife's bed-chamber and the furniture of his house was literally riddled.

"The Squire's personal casualties were as follows: One ball severed a finger, another bled him in the temple, a third crossed his breast, severing his shirt bosom, a fourth passed his hat and a fifth unbuttoned his shirt sleeve.

"The Squire thinks they must have fired some two hundred rounds at him; but none the worse for wear, he is ready to repeat the operation whenever they are.

"The cool and deliberate manner in which the Squire details the rencontre to his friends, aside from his reputation for veracity, gives the highest assurance of its entire truthfulness."

ROMANCE OF AN OLD COUPLE.

The following somewhat remarkable narrative is related by a Western lady, now on a visit to this city from Mariposa. She is herself a character. She has crossed the plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first American lady who returned to the East by way of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stout-hearted Western womanhood—and her adventures in the wilds of the unpeopled West, have been numerous and exciting. If the good folks of Mariposa have missed a lady from their neighborhood, they are hereby apprised that she is temporarily absent from the city. Her name is Mrs. Nesbet, on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter Streets, and will not return to the mountains, until Holmes, of the Gazette, ceases to harrow the hearts of Mariposa mothers by calling their little babies "brats."

Well, while the train of which this lady was a member was enamped at a point on the Humboldt where the Lesser trail intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen years. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets, under the canvas, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sunks," while the masculine line head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the fact that there was a difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road, and as they couldn't agree on the route by which to enter California, there they had remained. The husband expressing a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Lesser—and neither would yield.—The wife declared she would remain there through the winter; the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day, the wife broke a sullen silence of thirty-six hours by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provision, and twelve dollars in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "plunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the divided spoil upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lesser trail, while the old man silently yoked the cattle and took the other route. Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless true. It is among the many occurrences of life stranger than fiction.

Of course both parties reached California in safety. We say "of course," for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle, death included, could have seriously interfered with the progress of stubbornness so sublime. Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old woman women were less plenty than now, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of our most substantial citizens.

And what became of the old man? The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together as a man and wife for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated them after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead.—We cannot trace his course in California, however. All that we know of him is, that fortune had not smiled, and that for years he had toiled without hope. Finally feeling scarcely able longer to wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of finding employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after ar-

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

We are indebted to HON. JOHN CESSNA, for a neatly bound copy of the "Report of the Superintendent of the Common Schools," from which we take the following in relation to the schools of our county. It is rather a favorable report of the system in this county, but Directors will find some hints for improvement in their several districts:

School Houses—sufficient in all respects:—Bedford bor. 1, with seven rooms; Monroe 1; Napier 3; E. Providence 2; W. Providence 3; St. Clair 2; Snake Spring 2; Union 1; S. Woodberry 2—17.

Insufficient school houses:—Bedford township 3; Broad Top 2; Colerain 1; Cumberland Valley 9; Harrison 4; Hopewell 2; Juniata 4; Londonderry 5; Monroe 5; Napier 4; Providence, East 1; W. Providence 2; Schellsburg 2; St. Clair 5; Union 5; Mid. Woodberry 3; S. Woodberry 2—59.

Furniture—sufficient:—Bedford bor. 4 rooms; Broad Top 4 schools; Monroe 1; Napier 3; E. Providence 2; W. Providence 3; St. Clair 2; Snake Spring 2; Union 1; M. Woodberry 2; S. Woodberry 3—27.

Insufficient furniture:—Bedford bor. 1 room; Bedford township 5 schools; Broad Top 1; Colerain 2; Camb'd Valley 9; Harrison 4; Hopewell 2; Juniata 4; Londonderry 5; Monroe 10; E. Providence 2; W. Providence 2; Schellsburg 2; St. Clair 9; Union 6; M. Woodberry 3; S. Woodberry 1—68.

Schools—properly graded:—Bedford bor. 5—in the new Union school not yet fully occupied—5.

Neither graded nor classified: Bedford bor. (colored school) 1; Bedford township 5; Broad Top 3; Colerain 1; Camb'd Valley 6; Harrison 3; Hopewell 2; Juniata 4; Monroe 9; Napier 5; W. Providence 4; St. Clair 6; Union 9; M. Woodberry 4—66.

Teachers.—The scarcity of teachers will not justify the raising of the standard of qualification for provisional certificate the ensuing year. Last year the lowest figure was 34.

Visitation.—Schools visited once 133; twice 7; not visited at all 51; average length of visit 2 1/2 hours. Regular visitation was commenced in November, but found so few pupils present in many, that I thought it better to devote the time to those in each district that were comparatively filled and in care of inexperienced teachers, to the visitation of which a longer time was given. Much time was also lost in procuring teachers for unsupplied schools. The county is so broken by mountains, and the schools so distant from each other, that not more than two a day can be visited; but the ensuing year it is intended to visit every school in the county.

Directors of the following districts accompanied me during my visitation of their schools: Bedford township, Broad Top, Colerain, Cumberland Valley, Harrison, Juniata, Napier, E. Providence, St. Clair, Union, M. Woodberry and S. Woodberry.

Institutes.—The annual meeting of the County institute took place in Bedford borough in December, was largely attended by teachers and citizens, and was of more than usual interest and utility. The semi-annual meeting of the county association was held in April, and was well attended.

District institutes were organized and generally well attended, in Colerain, Hopewell, Liberty, W. Providence, St. Clair, Union, and in M. and S. Woodberry. As a general rule, it may be said that these useful institutions existed in all the districts whose directors only required twenty-two days to the teacher's month, allowing the other two for this purpose. This is a most beneficial practice, and one which should generally prevail.

Progress in Districts.—Bedford borough has been furnishing its large union school, and fencing and ornamenting the campus during the year. Cumberland Valley has advanced the salaries of teachers, and graded them according to certificate. Its school houses are yet insufficient—particularly that at Centreville; but it is understood they are to be improved. Bedford township, Broad Top, Colerain, Liberty, E. and W. Providence, St. Clair, Snake Spring, Union and the two Woodberrys are making considerable advancement by improving houses, seeking good teachers, and encouraging district institutes.—Some of the houses in all the districts, except Bedford borough, Napier and S. Woodberry, are lamentably deficient in furniture.

Southampton still rejects the school law. One general objection is to the provision which requires the schools to be kept open four months each year; when, it is asserted, that owing to the distance from the schools, the difficulty of the roads and the employments of the people, they can only be respectively filled only three—the

other month, being thus, as it is said, nearly wasted. Perhaps a change in the law allowing such districts to shorten the term to three months, with the assent of the County and State Superintendents, might be the means of inducing such districts to adopt the system, and thus gradually bring them into its support.

Public Sentiment.—It can safely be asserted that the system is growing in favor with the people at large. This is manifested by a greater willingness to visit the school room, and attend the public examination of teachers; by the encouragement of teachers' institutes, the desire for better teachers, and by a readier supply of the necessary books for the children.

Plans for next year.—To urge directors to make membership in the district institute obligatory on all their teachers, and to encourage the reading of educational works.

To grant no private examinations till after the close of the public examinations; and then only in special cases, and at the written request of a board of directors—such examinations only to be held on Saturdays.

To visit as many districts as possible, and address the citizens, on the duties of citizens, directors, parents and teachers, toward the schools.

To sustain our newspapers in the generous grant each has made of a column for educational purposes.

To endeavor to carry out the decisions of the Department in reference to the employment of no teachers, except such as are of good moral character and department.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

The Lynchburg Republican publishes the following incident, remarkable alike for its melancholy fulfillment to the brother of one of the parties concerned:

Just before the war broke out, and before Lincoln's proclamation was issued, a young Virginian named Summerfield was visiting the city of New York, where he made the acquaintance of two Misses Holmes, of Waterbury, Vermont. He became somewhat intimate with the young ladies, and the intercourse seemed to be mutually agreeable.

The proclamation was issued, and the whole North thrown into a blaze of excitement on visiting the ladies one evening, at the hour of parting they remarked to Summerfield, "We think you had better hurry home to aid in making up overcoats and clothing for the volunteers from their town. Summerfield expressed his regret that they must leave, but at the same time especially requested them to see that the overcoats were well made, as it was his intention if he ever met the Vermont regiment in battle, to kill one of them and take his coat.

Now for the sequel. Virginia seceded.—The second Vermont regiment, a portion of which was from the town of Waterbury, was sent to Virginia. The battle of Manassas was fought, in which they were engaged, and so was Summerfield.

During the battle, Summerfield marked his man, not knowing to what State he belonged; the fatal ball was sped on its errand of death; the victim fell at the flash of the gun, and upon rushing to secure the dead man's arms, Summerfield observed that he had a fine new overcoat strapped to his back, which he determined to appropriate to his own use. The fight was over, and Summerfield had time to examine his prize, when, remarkable as it may appear, the coat was marked with the name of Thomas Holmes, and in the pocket were found letters signed with the names of the sisters whom Summerfield had known in New York, and to whom he had made the remark we have quoted, in which the dead man was addressed as the brother of the brother of his friends, and the remark which he had made in jest had a melancholy fulfillment. We are assured this narrative is literally true. Summerfield now wears the coat, and our informant states, is not a little impressed with the singularity of the coincidence.

One of Dean Trench's Sermons upon the subject, "What we can and cannot carry away when we die," commences thus apologetically:—Alexander the Great, being on his death-bed, commanded that, when he was carried forth to the grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cereclothes but should be left outside the bier, so that all men might see they were empty.

Punishment of a Murderer in Michigan.—Wm. D. King was convicted in Michigan, last week, of a murder marked by very atrocious circumstances. In accordance with the law of the State, he has been taken to the State prison, there to endure solitary confinement for life.—From the time he enters his cell, he will never see a face again. His meals are conveyed to him through an opening in his cell, and when it becomes necessary for human beings to approach him, they are hooded so as to conceal their features.

No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest.

Spare that you may speed; fast that you may feast; labor that you may live; and run that you may rest.

Difficulties and strong men, like strop and razor, are made for each other.