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NEW SERIES.

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Table with 4 columns: Rate, Duration, Price. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'One Square, three weeks or less'.

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C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST. Will attend punctually and carefully to all operations entrusted to his care.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

JUNIATA MILLS. The subscribers are now prepared, at their old stand, to do Carding and Felling in the best style. They are also manufacturing and keep constantly on hand for sale or trade, CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, FASINETTS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, &c.

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, ap24-3m Williamsburgh, Kings Co., N. Y.

Select Poetry.

The War-Christian.

Dedicated, without permission, to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, and the Rev. Dr. Bellows.

What say the aisles and chancels, Of old cathedrals dim? What say the pealing organs In chant and solemn hymn?

He rants, he raves, he blusters, And from his sensual jaws Pours vulgar slang, mistaking Men's laughter for applause.

I'd rather for my preachers Have wild winds on the shore, Or breeze amid the branches, Or birds that sing and soar,

Forgotten or defiant. That He whose cause he shames, Whose teaching he dishonors, Whose Gospel he disclaims,

Speech of Senator Trumbull. The following speech, growing out of Burnside's order for the suppression of the Chicago Times was delivered at an Abolition meeting in that city on Thursday evening, June 4th. Senator Trumbull has long stood at the head of that party in Illinois, and ranks among the ablest men now in the Senate—but it appears that he is too conservative and truthful for the times, and is no longer appreciated by his brother wooley heads.

Mr. Trumbull said:—It was rather embarrassing to attempt to speak to an audience which insisted on hearing some one else; but solemn convictions of duty compelled him to speak, when, under ordinary circumstances, he would have remained silent.

He did not come to inflame their passions, already too much aroused. Their country was in danger, and they must look the peril in the face. No adjectives he could pile up, no vile names he could apply to those who do not agree with him, calling them copperheads and traitors, would assist in arresting the rebellion, or asserting the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws.

He did not desire to inspire them with hurrahs; but he wished to talk to their judgments, and inspire them through appeals to their reasons. The times, he said, are grave! A majority of the people of our State are taking ground against the administration, and why? In the name of heaven, why is this? I will tell you why; I will point out to you some of our mistakes that they may be corrected in the future.

We are fighting for the restoration of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution, and all the liberties it guarantees to every citizen. And it makes me feel bad when I hear some honest friend, brimming full with patriotism, say he does not care for the Constitution, and does not want to have it forced into his way or thrust in his face until the war is over.

As a rule we must remember that the civil law is superior to the military law, and the cases are rare, very rare, where the rule can be reversed. It then resolves itself into the plain naked question whether the President and his generals, by the simple clicking of a telegraph instrument, can cause the imprisonment of A, B, or C.

Do you propose to interfere with the ballot-box? [Cries of 'No! No! Never! Never!'] from all parts of the meeting. I am glad to hear you say that, and glad you are so unanimous. Did it ever occur to you that the next election may put an entirely different face upon affairs?

Well, gentlemen, there is no use in closing your eyes to the facts which exist around you on every side. I told you I came here to address myself to your reason, and not to your passions, and in view of that light I ask you who are being elected Governors of loyal States, who compose a majority of the Legislature of the loyal State of Illinois, and who was recently elected Mayor of her principal and most loyal city, and in view of these facts what may the future not have in store?

You are wrong—it is your greatest and gravest mistake—in allowing your adversaries to place you in the position of being opposed to the Constitution. [Cries for 'Jennison,' and 'Give us somebody else.'] I see that I am distasteful, but I cannot help it, and will not detain you long.

Who among you is prepared to say the Constitution is a fine thing for peace—good enough—but when war comes it must be rolled up and laid away? Or in other words—for it means the same—who among you is ready to substitute the will and opinion of one man, who may be another Vallandigham, in place of the Constitution as the supreme law of the land?

Yes, gentlemen, it is just as legal and binding upon the general in the field, and the civil officers of the nation, as it is upon the humblest citizen in the land. Has it come to this, that you will deny in the free city of Chicago the right of a citizen to discuss the acts of the President?

Ah, do all of you, then, think the President's revocation of Gen. Burnside's order, suppressing the Chicago Times was right? [Cries of 'No! No!'] 'It was wrong!' 'He ought to have enforced the order!' Then you all deserve to be taken in hand by the military power and sent beyond the lines. You will be much stronger with the law on your side. Show that Mr. Storey has counseled resistance to the draft, or encouraged desertion; these are penitentiary offences. Then arrest him and take him

before the courts. Where would you get your mob to rescue him? Why there would not be a corporal's guard in the city that would go into it. Try him in the courts. [A voice, 'No, this would take too much time; it would take two years.'] Too much time! Cannot you wait for the execution of the law? It will not take two months. Do you know what the laws are? I will read some of them.

MRS. DR. JOHN'S STORY. I was tired, worried and overheated.—Cross, as a natural consequence, and, of course, it was just then Dr. John took it into his head to come into the kitchen, although he had been to the house for five consecutive days to see his patient, as I knew, without once inquiring for me.—The knowledge of this only deepened my vexation, and darkened the frown on my brow.

'Good morning,' he said, pleasantly; 'anything new the matter?' 'No,' I answered, shortly; 'Why do you ask?' 'I thought I saw a new wrinkle in your face,' he replied, smiling.

'Oh! it isn't new troubles that bring them, so much as it is the old worries over and over repeated. Besides, I'm growing old!' I then went back to my washing. In spite of the sigh which unconsciously accompanied my last remark, my tones repelled sympathy, and so the doctor understood it, for, taking a daily paper from his pocket, he leaned back in his chair and read, or pretended to. After watching him a little from the corners of my eyes, I was satisfied it was mere pretence; and, as I finished the last article, I said, without preface—

'Dr. John, I am sorry I didn't take your advice.' 'About the millinery interest?' he asked, without raising his eyes, for he was a man of infinite tact, or rather discretion. 'Yes,' I said, wearily; 'I'm a perfect slave here!'

'It is best for any one, a woman especially, to consider candidly before she gives up one situation for another, whether she is really about to benefit herself. You made as great a sacrifice of your freedom, selling out your millinery stock and coming to live here, as you would have done had you married a perfect tyrant.'

Unmistakable commiseration of my desolate condition rested in the glance of his kind eyes on me. Soft pity smoothed out the lines in his face. The kind true man! How I had misjudged him!

'I will consent to anything you can propose—anything you think fit and proper,' said I, with a sudden return to the old time trust in Dr. John, 'if you will wait till I hang up these clothes.'

'Let Mrs. Myson hang up her own clothes,' he said, indignantly. 'You were up all night watching, weren't you? Wasn't that enough without putting you to washing this morning?' Sit down and listen to me.

The eye was satiated with light and color, for the sun shone broadly, and the forest trees which lined the country road with their dark green frontage, lit up here and there with vivid flames, looked like the victims of an auto-da-fé going to their burning. The pines were a contrast, with their uniform color and dense shade.

'Heaven's peace over all!' said the Doctor, breaking silence. 'How tranquil the still serenity of these pines after the riotous, bacchanal orgies of those walnuts and maples. It is like coming from some high carnival masquerade, and sitting down to read golly John Fletcher in the brooding firelight of home.'

It was a picture of peace. The road was seldom traveled but by laden farm-wagons; the silence of centuries dwelt in the tree tops, and moved down the endless opening and closing vistas, a falling cone or nimble step of wood squirrel, making by contrast the silence more still, the stillness more profound.

The carriage rolled slowly over the path, where scant grasses grew; the trees clasped hands above our heads, and dropped the gloom of night about us. I was growing forgetful of surroundings, inhaling the eternal perfume distilled from the pine's green trees, the garnered balm of incense-breathing morns. I grew intoxicated—it always affects me so; I can not explain how, any more than I can why I should wake up crazed and almost gibbering when the moon shines full upon me slumbering.

He looked down at me and smiled, glanced at the trees on either side, shook himself free from fancies, and replied— 'No; he is better. I came out to minister to a mind diseased, but I recollected the old adage, 'Physician heal thyself!' and have been trying to get rid of a morbid growth of melancholy, which has weighed upon my spirit this year and many a day. Retrospection is not in general good for heart complaints, but it has cured me, I think.'

The sun shone down on the stubbled fields, sentineled here and there with maples in zouave uniforms of red and yellow, a gray old rock, plumed and bearded with moss, lifted his head like a tall grenadier in a distant meadow. Thisle down, silver-winged and buoyant, floated away in the still air, and some lazy winged swallows chirped and gossiped the opinions about their southern flight under the broken eaves of red farm houses. In the distance stood Merton, the village we had left, asleep in the sun, its walks and streets lined and guarded by the maples in their red array.

It looked so like tranquility, repose alike for mind and body; I sighed, thinking of the home which awaited me there. There was no help for it, but out of the very depths of despair seemed born a sort of courage which nerved me to take my fate into my own hands—to turn a destiny of quiet suffering by the alchemy of the will into the strength of hopeful endurance.— But I would try first if there was a chance for daylight, down here in the shadows. 'Deeds are born of resistance,' thought I; 'passivity corrodes nerve like canker.' So I spoke—

'Dr. John, two years ago you outbraded your advice, I thought. I resented the interference. But I see my error now. I wish I had followed a part of your counsels. If you have a plan for me, will you tell me it?' 'But you scorned my advice then, and called me a perfect tyrant! What guarantee have I of better treatment now?' 'If I have hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns that have held no water, do not mock me, nor withhold a draught if you have it. Don't you see I am dying with the thirst of expectancy? I clasped my hands nervously. 'Oh! Dr. John, you do not know how much I need sympathy!'

'Poor child!' he said. 'Jennie, I am going to do what I have always said no man with a proper self respect would do. Nothing except the torture of seeing the woman I love undergo such treatment as you do would ever have opened my lips again. Have your changed circumstances made you repent the decision of two years ago?' 'Selling my establishment? Yes.'

'Respect for you, Dr. John! That is too cold a word. There is no earthly friend whom I reverence and value so highly; but not even my trust in you could make me love Everitt Ward.'

'Everitt Ward! What has he to do with us?' 'I am sure I don't know,' I replied. 'When you advised me to marry him, two years ago, I told you it would be impossible for me to think of marrying such a perfect tyrant. I called him so, not you—and now this return to the charge is Ossa on Pelion piled.'

'You are the most difficult case I have found yet to manage,' the doctor said, subduing some strong emotion. 'You are laboring under a strange hallucination.'

'I don't understand yet, Jennie,' the doctor said. 'When your father died, and left you penniless, which you admired the strength of mind with which you threw scruples aside, and set earnestly and resolutely to work. I don't know which was the strongest feeling with me, admiration, love or pity; for I saw the motive, dear, and felt how useless your labor would be, for I knew Eb's extravagant habits pretty thoroughly. When he married, and I heard from his own lips that you thought of selling out and going to live with him, I could no longer keep silent. You know how I tried to dissuade you from it. It was then I asked you to come and live by my fireside—to be my cherished darling, as you had been my hope, my star. I remember I was a little excited—rhapsodical, perhaps—but it seems you totally misunderstood me, and thought I was proposing for Everitt Ward.'

'Then you were ignorant that he had worried me for a year with his suit; that Eb had tormented me with entreaties and expostulations; that morning, noon and night, I was subjected to the same persecutions, if not in words, in contemptuous silence. Then you joined with me, as I thought; for when you offered me a place, as some one's fireside, my thoughts went in the accustomed channel.'

'Very ambiguous I must have been,' said the doctor, leaning back and drawing a long breath. 'I will be explicit for once. Dear Jennie, if you had then understood me, would your answer have been different? Is it different now?' He dropped the reins, took both my hands, and looked at me with eyes which would not be denied.

'I had prayed for sunlight. Here was heaven come down to earth again in a broad sweep of glory. It lit up the darkness, and opened the doors on the hidden secret of my heart. For since when had I not loved Dr. John? He read the secret, I am sure before I gave back glance for glance, heart answering to heart.'

'I love you, Dr. John! I always have loved you! what do you do?' 'How he answered I shall not tell you. The interest subsides when the battle is over, the victory complete. Besides, there was no room for heroics. The main street in Merton suddenly opened before us, and we were lost in the whirl and sweep of other vehicles. One little explanation I attempted.

'My property—' 'Is all swallowed up in Eb's speculation—I know, dear. Don't think about it.' 'Didn't I tell you he was kind and true? We both came to the conclusion that it would be better for me to return to my brother's house, though the doctor, in his indignation at the selfishness, which, not content with absorbing my property, had made me—if not a hewer of wood—a drawer of water, would have had me proceed immediately to a clergyman's house, and be married thence. But he yielded to my plea for having all things done decently and in order. In the evening, the marriage ceremony was performed in the front parlor, Eb sitting bolstered up to witness it, and his wife looking on with what feelings it is impossible to judge. They gave us good wishes and kind hopes for the future, which were reiterated by the whole of Merton, when they came to see us, next day, in our own house.'

What is Free Government?

William H. Seward, Secretary of State, in the Lincoln Cabinet, speaking of our Government, said to Lord Lyons: 'My Lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand, and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio; I can touch the bell again, and order the imprisonment of a citizen of New York, and no power on earth, except that of the President, can release them. Can the Queen of England do as much?' Lord Chatham, speaking of the British Government, said: 'The poorest man in his cottage may bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England cannot enter it. All his power dare not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement.'