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Stray Cattle.

ISAAC CLARE.

Bedford Gazette.

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Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1863.

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Select Poetry.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill, In a quiet shady spot, Just peeping through, half hid from view,

The easy chair, all patched with care, Is placed by the old hearthstone; With witching grace, in the old fire-place,

More lovely still on the window sill, The dew-eyed flowers rest, While midst the swags on moss-grown leaves

Over the door, all covered o'er With a sack of dark green bairn Lies a musket of old, whose worth is told

For years have fled, with a noiseless tread, Like fairy dreams away, And left in his flight, all shorn of his might,

In at the door, on the sand-d floor, Light fairy foot-steps glide And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,

Letter from Major Jack Downing.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

DOWNINGVILLE, Oct. 26, 1863.

To the Editors of the Dohook:

SIR:—Cause your readers mind I heard from me lately, I s'pose they think I'm dead

or gone over to the Abolitionists, which is a mortal sign was; but I ain't in neither fix.

I'm pretty well, jest now. The hot weather, durin' the summer, kinder tried me,

but I carry eighty years jest about as well as any man ever did. The resin you ain't heard from me is jest this:—I've been feelin'

oncomman gloomy and down-spirited all summer. Everything seemed to be goin' from bad to wus.

Linkin wouldn't take my advice an cum out agin the Abolitionists, but issued his free nigger proclamation rite agin the law

and the Constitution both.—Wal, things have gone down hill rapid sence then. The Dimmycratic party didn't cum out bluntly agin this proclamation, but kept on supportin' the war

in the consequence is, it has been whipped all around. Politics are gettin' down to first principles. The Dimmycratic party reminds me of old deacon Doolittle's youngest boy, Bob.

When Bob was about fifteen years old, he was the most awful liar I ever knew. An he would not only lie, but he used to steal the other boys' dinnners out of their baskets.

One day, at school, the teacher undertook to whip him, an Bob jumped out of the window an run hum across lots, frightening on his way old Sol Pendergrass's bay mare so badly that she broke her leg in tryin' to jump over a fence, an died the next day.

The old Deacon called Bob up, an gave him a terrible whippin'. As he was about closin' up the job the Deacon, se he, "Bob, why can't you behave yourself?" "Wal, Pop," ses Bob, drawin' out the words between the blubberin', "the resin is jest this: I can't behave unless I am ticked." An jest so it is with the Dimmycratic party. It can't behave itself unless it's licked. I should think its late thrashings ought to put it on its good behavior.

Things are now jest as bad as they kin be, and that is what encourages me. I shall never forget Heziakiah Stebbins, who lived away up in the upper part of Pensobocot. One winter it had been awful cold weather, and 'Kiah had had wonderful had luck, and towards spring it seemed to get worse instead of better. He had lost his horse and his cow, and his chickens, and all his pigs but one. Finally that died, and the next day I happened to go up to his house to see how he was gettin' along. I found the old man happy as a lark. He was singin' and shoutin' as if nothing had happen'd. When I went in ses I, "Kiah, what on airth is the matter?" "Oh," ses he, "the last pig is ded," and he went to jumpin and clappin his hands, as if he was the happiest man in the universe. Ses I, "what possesses you to act so?" "Wal," ses he, "things can't be no wus. The last pig is ded! anything that happens now must be for the better." And jest so it is with the Dimmycratic party. Anything now that happens to it must be for the better. And I must confess that I feel a good deal like 'Kiah. I don't feel at all like settin down, and cryin like a sick baby over split milk, because we've been whipt in the late elections. That ain't the way old Ginnal Hickory Jackson taught me Democracy.

The other day I got a letter from Linkin,

askin me to cum on to Washington. He ses he is gettin into a heap of trouble about his next messidge, all on account of the difficulty which Blair an Chase air kicken up about what is to be don with the sathin States after the rebelyon is put down. He ses he wants me to help git up the messidge, and kinder fix things up ginnally. I writ back that cold wether was comin on, and my rumatiz would probably trouble me, so I could not tell exactly what I would do, but if I could be of any service to my country, as long as life lasted I would do my duty. I wrote him also about that matter of the southern States, as I told him that it reminded me of the old receipt for cook-a rabbit. "First catch your rabbit." I told him they had not got the southern States yet, that they sartainly wouldn't get them this year, an I didn't see any great likelihood of gettin them next year. In fact the times of the soldiers were mostly out, an I didn't believe they ever could get another such an army, an that if he followed my advice he would get up a Peace this winter without fail. I ain't got any answer to this letter, but I shall wait for one before I go. If the Kernel talks huffy I won't stir a step, for he knows I allers tell him the plain, blunt truth, as I believe it.—Wen I can't talk that way to a man I won't have nothing to do with him. The old General allers wanted every body around him to speak their resentiments. Nothin made him so mad as to suspect any body of flatterin him, or shammin in anyway.

The other day Kernel Stebbins cum hum from the war. The Kernel has been down to Morris Island with Ginneral Gilmer. He ses that the sand on that island is kinder unaccountable. The Kernel reckons he has eat nigh about a bushel. The Kernel used to be very good on riding poetry, but he ses all the fatus has oozed out of him, an he don't believe he could ride a line to save his life. We had a grand recepshin for the Kernel on his arrival. The Downingville Insensible turned out as usual on such occasions. You recollect that the Kernel went off as an Insane, an when he was promoted to be Captain he cum hum an wev him a recepshin. Now he is raised to Kernel he cum hum agin. He cum every time he gets promoted to let old nyab see how he looks in his new uniform. I never see the Kernel look so well. He has got a span new suit of blue uniform, all covered with gold buttons an gold lace an gold shoulder straps. I tell you, the people looked astonished, and the Downingville folks feel very proud of him. The Kernel expects before long to be a Ginneral, and then to be called to the command of the Army of the Potomac! Wen the Kernel was received at the Town Hall, Kernel Doolittle, who commands the Downingville Insensibles, made the recepshin speech. The following is the speech, with the Kernel's reply:—

"Kernel Stebbins: I am deputed by the citizens of Downingville to welcome you once more to your native town and hum. We heard of your gallant exploits, your glorious bravery, your never dyin devoshin to the Star Spangled Banner. Comin as you do, covered with the dust and blood of the battle-field, we had you as the friend of the oppressed African and the savior of your country."

To which the Kernel replied. "Kernel Doolittle: I can't begin to express to you the feelings of my hart. This occasion is techn. Sojers can't make speeches. I've dan my duty. I've seen the cannons roar. I've heard the flash of a thousand rifles all at once. There ain't nothin that can equal it for rite down tall sublimity. But, feller-citizens, we ought to be most rejoiced now because freedom is going it at such big ticks. I'm a manifest destiny man. I believe freedom is to extend from the frozen plains of Alabama to the sunny banks of Newfoundland. There ain't nothin in kin stop it. It is comin like an avalanche from the eternal hills of Ginneral Freedom! Freedom! will re-sound from cresshin come to pullin turnip time, an all the hopples that bind the legs of American citizens of Afriken'scent will fall off. Them's my sentiments, and I don't keer who knows 'em. The old Union ain't of any more account in these 'ere times than an iron pot with a hole in the bottom. Wat we want is a new Union which will have for its motto the celebrated words of Daniel Webster, "Freedom and niggers—now and forever—ons and inspirable."

"Amen," yelled out Deacon Jenkins, who had been listenin' attentively, as the Kernel sat down, and the hull audience broke out into the most tumultuous applause. There is a little mistake in Kernel Doolittle's speech, where he speaks of Kernel Stebbins being covered with the dust an blood of the battle-field. Now the truth was, the Kernel, with his uniform, looked as if he had jest cum out of a band-box, but Kernel Doolittle had his speech writ out, an he couldn't alter it. Kernel Stebbins got on such high horses, that he talked about seeing the boom'n of cannon an hearin' the flash of guns, but the truth was, he

didn't know exactly what he said an the people were so carried away with havin a live Kernel among them, that they didn't notice it. There ain't been nothin talked of in Downingville sence the Kernel's return, except his recepshin. Elder Suddles preached a sermon on it, takin' for his text "There shall be wars an rumors of war," and provin' from the Bible, that war is the duty of all real, genuine Christians. So, you see, there ain't a more loyal place in the country, unless it be Washington, where all the officeholders an contractors live. But I must close. I didn't expect to write you but a few lines this time. If I go to Washington, I will let you into the secrets of the Blair an Chase rumpus, an keep you posted up ginnally on things behind the curtain. Yours, till death,

MAJER JACK DOWNING.

Execution of Dr. Wright.

DEVOTION OF HIS DAUGHTER.

The Portsmouth (Va.) Old Dominion, of Friday last, narrates the following attempt of Dr. Wright, sentenced to be hung on Friday, to escape on Thursday night. Our readers will remember that Dr. Wright—who was an old citizen of Norfolk, shot the captain of a company of negro soldiers, who were making a hideous noise in front of his house. He told the captain to take the negroes away from his door and received an insulting answer, whereupon he got a gun and shot the officer. For this offence he was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be hung.

Few can penetrate the deep sagacity or subvert the determination of woman. Seeing the desperate circumstances of her father, Miss Pendelopes, the eldest daughter of Dr. Wright, resorted to an expedient that in most cases would result in perfect success, but the really observed disproportion of the Doctor and his daughter foiled her most sanguine anticipations. It has long been a custom for the family to visit the Doctor every evening, and last evening Miss Pendelopes came as usual, but soon after entering the cell the light ordinarily used by the Doctor during such conferences was extinguished, which aroused the suspicion of Lieut. Cook, who has especial charge, and he placed a detective fronting the door, to watch their movements.

But there is no penetrating the mystery of an intelligent woman's deliberate purpose. Although the eye of the detective apparently scanned the cell's interior, she managed in the shadow to transfer to the Doctor the guise of woman, and so to veil and otherwise conceal his person, that in passing through the building there was no recognition until one of the turkeys, named Garvissot, after he had gotten out of and some fifty yards from the prison, suggested that the lady was very tall for Dr. Wright's daughter. Lieut. Cook, on the qui vive, lest he should be deceived, immediately hurried after the figure, and to feel positive that nothing was wrong, lifted the veil, when lo! contra bonos mores, the Doctor was discovered appareded a la feminine. He exhibited but little embarrassment, simply observing to the Lieutenant that "desperate means were pardonable under desperate circumstances," and turning, walked back to his cell as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Entering, the daughter was found reclining upon the bed, boots on and protruding from beneath the covering, the Doctor's style. She was as deeply surprised as she was pained to ascertain the apprehension of her father, and the thwarting of her deep-laid scheme. No restraint was imposed upon her by the officers in charge, and the Doctor handed her to the care of Lieut. Roberts, who escorted her home.

Extraordinary intelligence informs us that every arrangement had been completed for facilitating the Doctor's escape. A carriage was stationed in waiting a short distance from the prison, outside of pickets that guard the different avenues leading to the jail, and every essential and suitable precaution taken to insure his safety.

The sentence of "death by hanging" was carried out on Dr. Wright on Friday morning at ten o'clock. A few moments before nine o'clock, the Twenty-first Connecticut regiment, Colonel Dutton, and the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, Colonel Kooss, forming the escort, were drawn up in line, awaiting the appearance of the prisoner. As nine o'clock sounded Dr. Wright appeared, supported on either side by his spiritual advisers, and amid the vacuum like hush of the awe-stricken crowd, the old man tottered down the steps, trembling at first, but gaining confidence and strength as he moved. He paused a moment on the sidewalk to speak to several whose faces he recognized, suited calmly as he looked around upon the sea of faces, and entered the carriage assigned to him.

The scaffold was erected at what is known as the Fair Ground, a level plot of ground in the suburbs of the city, and distant about one mile from the jail. Here were three regiments the Eighth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth Connecticut—forming three sides of a hollow square, in the center of which stood the gallows, with its suggestive paraphernalia. In an advantageous position was posted Regan's Seventh New York battery, with guns unnumbered, shot, and ready for action. The Second North Carolina (colored) regiment, Colonel Draper, arrived at a late hour, and formed the fourth side of the square.

Facing his audience, as if he were there on a holiday occasion.

The prisoner's farewell with his family was the most affecting scene. One by one they embraced him, clinging to each other with child-like fondness. Finally the painful duty had been performed, and none remained upon the stage but Captain Shepherd and Dr. Rodman, the officiating clergyman. The charges against the culprit were read aloud to the assembled multitude, together with the sentence of the Court, and the orders based thereon; throughout which the prisoner stood erect, looking neither to the right nor left, but straight forward, and preserving in his body the stiffness and immobility of a statue. This form through, Dr. Rodman offered a prayer for the prisoner, which over, he embraced him tenderly, remaining locked in his arms for some moments, apparently whispering words of comfort in a willing ear, and then unloosing his grasp, descended the steps, and the prisoner and the executioner—a man detailed from one of the regiments—stood alone, and face to face "beneath the gallows tree."

The solemnity of this scene transcends all description. The painful silence, the monotonous sound of the prisoner's voice, as he himself knelt and addressed the God he had outraged, the stern array of bayonets, and the marble like stolidity of the faces of those who bore them, conspired to produce a mental effect far from inspiring to the coldest and most indifferent heart. The appeal of the doomed man was short, however, and, rising immediately on his conclusion, he stood once more firmly on his feet, and faced the few friends and many enemies who surrounded him.

His last words were: "The deed I committed was done without malice." The usual and final formula having been gone through, the rope descended, the dull sound of the cord reached its utmost tension, and in a moment the mass of yet warm flesh which a moment before was heard offering up a prayer to its Maker was dangling between the earth and that great uncertainty—the hereafter.

THE FUNERAL.

After hanging about thirty minutes, life having been found extinct, the body was taken down and delivered over to the mourning friends, who had a hearse in waiting to receive it.

From the Bunker Hill Aurora.

Surgical Examination of a Conscript.

The other day chief engineer Dean, of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted and must report myself for examination, at Lawrence, on the 18th of August.

Now, I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defence of his country; so, on the morning of the eventful 18th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence is situated on the Merrimack river, and its principal productions are mud, dust and factory girls. The city proper, at least that part that I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry, up one flight of stairs, adorned overhead with a frescoing of gas meters, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge, square packing cases, marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial hall were some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by reason of old age, before the young man with a ferocious mustache should notify them of their turn. Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, the door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man and march him through the open doorway to be seen no more.

By and by—that is, after several hours waiting—my turn came. "John Smith!" shouted the door keeper—"That's me," says I, and with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat writing at a table, and a third, evidently a surgeon, was examining a man in the last stages of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with curly eyes and blue hair, nodded to me, and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced—"John Smith, what's your name?" "John Smith," says I. "Where were you born?" "Poland, Maine." "What did your great-grandmother die of?" "Darned if I know," says I. "Call it hapentap," says he, "and your grandfather, too?" "I don't care what you call it," says I, for I was a little riled at his nonsensical question. "Did you ever have boils?" "Not a boil." "Or fits?" "Nary fit?" "Or delirium tremens?" "No siccus." "Or rickets?" "I'll ricket you," says I, for I thought he meant something else. "Did you ever have the measles?" says he. Here I took off my coat. "Or the itch?" "Yes, sir,"—"that ere fist (and I shoved a very large brown one within three inches of his nose) has been itchy, for the last ten minutes, to knock your pesky head off, you little mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you."

"My dear sir," said the mild spoken, gentlemanly surgeon, laying his hand on my arm, "calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passions rise, but take off your clothes, so I can see what you are made of." So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner, I hung my clothes up on the floor, and presented myself for examination, clad only with the covering nature had given, except a about a square inch of court plaster on my right

shin, where I had fallen over a chair, the night before, feeling for a match.

"Young man," said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "you have got the myopia." "Yes, sir," says I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye-opener of a morning."

"And there seems to be an amaurotic tendency of the right eye accompanied with ophthalmia." "Show!" says I. "And that white spot in the left eye betokens a cataract."

"I guess you mean in the ear," says I, "cause I went in swimming this morning and got an all-fired big bubble in my left ear," and here I jumped up and down two or three times on my left foot, but to no purpose. As soon as I stopped, he mounted a chair, and commenced feeling the top of my head.

"Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?" says he. "Only the two boys," says I; "when they catch them, my wife always goes at them with a fine tooth comb, the first thing."

Jumping off the chair he lit me a kick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to reconstitute, his arms were around my neck and his head pressed against my bosom the same way that Sophia Ann does when she wants me to buy her some new bonnets and things.

"Just what I thought," says he; "tuberculosis and hemop tosis, combined with a defect in the scapular membrane and incipient phthisis!" "Heavens!" says I, "what's that?" "And cardiac disease." "No!" said I. "And perdaritis!" "Thunder!" said I. "Stop talking! Now count after me—ones." "One!" said I, dead with fright. "Arithmetic!" "Two!" I yelled. "Two!" I yelled.

"Excorts of the right febrular! Three." "Three!" I gasped. "Coxalgia!" "Four." "Murder!" said I, "Four." "Confirmed duodenum of the right ventricle! Five."

"Oh! doctor, ain't you most through! I feel faint!" "Through! No! Not half through. Why, my friend, Pandora's box was nothing to your chest. You have sphyxiana, and gloriosa, and conchologia, and persiflage, and—"

Here my knees trembled so I leaned against the table for support. "And permanent luxation of the anterior lobe of the right palanax?" "My only answer was a deprecatory gesture, and scrofulous diathesis and omniopiosis." I sank to the floor in utter despair. "Entiation!" he yelled, for he saw I was going fast—"and maxillarum and—"

I heard no more. Fairly overcome, I swooned away, and was obliged to be carried to the nearest hotel. But I was exempted!!

SUN OR (HIC) MOON?—Two men, after drinking and carousing all night at a saloon, started in the morning to go home. It was a beautiful, sunny morning, and as they staggered along, the following conversation arose:

Inebriate No. 1.—How bright (hic) the moon shines! No. 2.—You don't call that (hic) moon, eh? That's (hic) sun. No. 1.—Taint—it's (hic) moon. No. 2.—I tell ye it's sun! No. 1.—Well less leave (hic) matters to first man we meet! No. 2.—Agreed.

The two toddled along for a short distance, when they chanced to meet a man in exactly the same condition with themselves. The individual was immediately treated to the following interrogations: No. 1.—I say (hic) old fellow! We've got inter little spute; want ye to (hic) help us out. My fren here says that's the sun (pointing upwards to Old Sol) who's blaz'n' fiercely down upon them! and I say it's moon. Now were you goin' to leave the matter with you. What is it—sun or (hic) moon?

The person addressed braced himself, after considerable difficulty, against a lamp post, and then commenced to scrutinize, as well as he could, the burning orb overhead—repeating in a meditative tone of voice: "Sun—moon—sun—(hic)—moon." After a short observation, he exclaimed: "Fact is, gen'l'm, I'm a stranger in this part (hic) of the country, and I can't tell whether its sun or (hic) moon."

A heavy Grand Jury recently met in Burlington county, New Jersey. Of the whole twenty-four men the lightest weighed 210 pounds. One weighed 284 pounds, another 276, one 266, and two each 260 pounds.—Eight of the number weighed over 250 pounds. The aggregate weight of the twenty-four was 5,866—an average weight of 245 pounds to each man.

A LESSON.—If the world knocks you down and jostles by you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again.