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Bedford Gazette

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Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, One Square, three weeks or less, One Square, each additional insertion less than three months, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 1 YEAR.

Business Cards.

JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care.

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J. R. DUREBORROW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office one door South of the "Mengel House."

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F. C. DOYLE, M. D., Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D., Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

F. M. MARBOURG, M. D., SCHELLSBURG, PA. Tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity.

DAVID DEIBAUGH, GUNSMITH, BEDFORD, PA. Workshop same as formerly occupied by John Borden.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford.

J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN A.

J. ALSIP & SON, Auctioneers & Commission Merchants, BEDFORD, PA.

A NEW SENSATION At Cheap Corner. J. B. FARQUHAR has bought out one of the best "Stalls in the County, and is able now to offer

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS TO THE PUBLIC. all bought before the last great rise in prices, and will be sold cheap for Cash.

Select Poetry.

From the Rochester Union. FOUR YEARS MORE. Four years more of dire misrule, Four years more of guilt,

Come cant, and Fraud and Sin, Come Lust, with Greed thy mate, Wan eyed Famine, gaunt and thin,

Come ye who barter on Liberty's blood: Come Insult, Tyranny, Wrong; Come all whose souls are made of mal-

Down with Liberty, Piety, Right! Down with the ancient rules! Up with the Black and down with the White!

For a land all blasted with fire, Strewn over and over with dead, Where War, and Madness, and Ruin conspire

Ab, there is gloom along the demon below, At the sight of the wild work here! Their work will never be idle they know,

Oh! Time is like a river gliding Away—away! And in its gloomy billows hiding,

And life's best hopes, like base weeds bearing, Away—away! And life is like a dew-drop smiling,

With fair and glittering show beguiling— Yet sun and shower O'er its frail essence, each prevailing,

Tremulous, resistless, and exhaling, Away—away!

BRIDESMAIDS.

Next to being a bride herself, every good looking young woman likes to be a bride's maid.

Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and much to the credit of their courage, fair spouses are not at all afraid of catching it.

It is true, she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she would sink into the earth, and that they respond, "poor dear soul," and apply the smilng-bottle; but she goes through her nuptial matrimony with fortitude, nevertheless.

In nine cases of ten the bridegroom is more "dusted" than the fragile and lovely creature at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, or poor fellow!

It is assumed, by a poetic fiction, that she goes in a state of fearful trepidation to the altar, and upon the whole would rather not. Her fair aide provides themselves with pungent essences, lest she should faint at their "trying moments," which, between you and us, "trying moments" is a more like of doing than is of flying.

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NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

It is well known that Colonel Seth Warner, of revolutionary memory, who, with his noted regiment of Green Mountain Boys, as Rear-guard of St. Clair's retreating army, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, beat back a whole brigade of the hotly pursuing British, in the battle of Hubbardtown, and thus saved, probably, that luckless General's entire forces, hurrying on just in front, from rout or capture—

who came down like a thunder-bolt on the flushed foe in mid-battle at Bennington, and secured the victory for the wavering and half-beaten Stark, and who finally was everywhere known as one of the best looking, most heroic, and accomplished military officers of the Continental Army—that Colonel Warner was an especial favorite of Gen. Washington.

This preliminary, however, is here introduced less on account of any particular pertinency most of it may have to the subject than for the purpose of explanation, and securing a reader's appreciation and credence of the interesting personal anecdote which is about to be related, and which, it is confidently believed, has never before appeared in print.

One son of Col. Warner still survives, or was surviving a few years ago, an unpretending resident of Lower Canada, from which—though then seventy-five years old, but very active, and in full possession of all his strong native faculties—he came to the capital of Vermont with the object of petitioning the Legislature for compensation for some lands formerly granted to the heirs of Col. Warner, but unwisely trenched upon by subsequent grants; and it was there and then that the writer of this reminiscence was introduced to him, and held several very interesting conversations.

In one of these conversations, while speaking of the private affairs of his father, Col. Warner, he frankly said, that the Colonel was very thoughtful about pecuniary matters; that he not only expended in the cause of the country, or aiding the needy families of his soldiers, all his available property, but contracted many debts, which finally compelled him a short time before his death, to place a mortgage on his homestead, amounting at least to over nine hundred dollars, and causing the family a great deal of depression and uneasiness. But of this depressing load they were at length suddenly relieved in the occurrence of a most unexpected incident, and one which formed, as well it might, quite an era in their family history.

But we will let Mr. Warner, whose Christian name, we believe was that of his father, Seth, relate the memorable incident in question in his own language, which, by the aid of the minutes before us, we know we can repeat substantially, and we think very nearly literal, as he made use of it.

"It was," he said, "in the month of September, 1793, the fall that General Washington made his tour through the Eastern States. We had kept ourselves tolerably well posted about the progress of this tour, and heard that he was to be in New Haven or Hartford, Connecticut, somewhere near the time at which the event I am going to relate to you took place. But as either of those places was quite a number of miles from Woodbury, where we lived, we had no more idea of seeing him than the man in the moon. My brother, Israel Putnam Warner, then a man grown, and myself, a lad of twelve or thirteen, were both living with my mother at that time. And at the particular time of the day I refer to, Israel was in the yard grooming father's old war-horse, which he had been compelled to take charge of for the fiery and proud old fellow would never let anybody but his master, the Colonel, and his son Israel mount or come near him, though he had now got so much tamed down by old age that he would behave quite decently with me or anybody. I was in the house with mother, who happened to be unusually downcast that day, and was brooding over our family embarrassments, and had just been saying,

"No, no, Seth, I can never pay, nor, with our means, hardly begin to pay this dreadful mortgage. And, as I hear it is about to be foreclosed, we must now soon be driven from our pleasant home, where we have lived so long, and, until your father's death, so happily. My husband, the Colonel, fought as well as the bravest of them and did all he could, and more than his part, for the good cause, they are willing to allow; and I know very well that he wore himself out in the service, and was thus brought to a premature grave. And yet here is his family almost on the verge of beggary."

Tears here started in Mother's eyes, which soothed me that I rose and went and looked out of the window, when, to my surprise I saw entering the yard two well-mounted strange gentlemen, whom, from something about their general appearance, I took to be old military officers of pretty high rank—or at least one of them, who was large and had a very commanding look. Having significantly beckoned mother to my side, she eagerly gazed out at the newcomers a moment in silence, when she suddenly gave a start, and, with an excited air, exclaimed:

"Seth! just take notice of that noble looking one! Why, he looks ever so much like the picture I once saw of —. But no; that surely can't be!"

"Well, at any rate, mother, he must be a man of some consequence; for, see! brother Israel, who acts as if he knew him, is swinging his hat from his head clear away at arm's length, and bowing lower than he would to a king! Israel is quite too stiff-necked to do that for any common man. But they are beginning to talk; I will just open the door here a little more, and perhaps we can hear what they are saying."

I did so, and the first words I distinguished were those of the personage who had so attracted our attention, and who, addressing my brother, and pointing to the horse, by the side of which he was standing, asked:

"Is not that the horse Colonel Warner used to ride in the war?"

"It is, your Excellency," replied Israel, again bowing low, and very respectfully.

"Ah, yes, I thought so," resumed the former, turning to his companion, or, *attache*, and pointing to the old war steed with that interest with which he was known ever to regard fine horses.

"I thought it could be no other. Just glance at his leading points—slightly head, arched neck, deep chest, haunches and limbs. I have seen Col. Warner riding him on parade, when I noted him as a rare animal, and thought that the horse and rider, taken together—for Warner was a model of a figure, and several inches taller than I am—made a military appearance second to none in the Continental army. But my business is with your mother, my young friend, and I will now, if you will take charge of my horse a few minutes, go in at once to see her."

Having this announcement made, and I hastily retreated to our former seat, and with the curiosity and excitement which what we had witnessed naturally raised in us, silently awaited the entry of the expected visitor. We had been thus seated but two or three minutes before he came in, and, bowing graciously to my mother, said:

"I took this to be Mrs. Warner, the widow of my much esteemed friend the late Colonel Warner, of the Continental Army?"

"It is, sir," she replied tremulously.

"Will you permit me to introduce myself to you, madam?" he resumed, with that winning sort of dignity I had noticed in him from the first. "I am General Washington. And after I arrived in this section of the country, a few days ago, I made—and I hope you will pardon the liberty I took with your private affairs—I made some inquiries about you and the situation of your family; when learning, to my deep regret, that your late husband, in consequence of his long-continued absence from his home and business, while in the service of his country, and his subsequent shattered health, resulting from the hardships of war, left you laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, I was prompted to come and see you."

"I had little dreamed of such an honor and such a kindness, General," she responded, nearly overpowered by her emotions and the imposing presence of her august visitor.

"There is a mortgage," he rejoined, without responding in any way to her last remarks, "a father heavy mortgage on your homestead."

"I am sorry," she replied sadly, "very sorry to be compelled to say there is; a much heavier one than I can ever pay."

"So I had ascertained," he proceeded, "and I have had, before coming here, been at the pains of ascertaining the exact amount now due, and required to cancel this, to you, doubtless various incumbrances, and I propose now to have you the sum of money you will need for effecting that desirable object."

"Does the money come from Government?" she asked doubtfully; and with a look that seemed to say, "If it does, then all right."

Washington looked at her, and hesitated a little at first, but soon, while taking up the valise he had brought in with him, slowly responded: "In one sense it does, I may say, madam, if you have any delicacies on the subject. I am in receipt of a liberal salary from Government, from which it is discretionary with me to impart aid sometimes to deserving objects; and I certainly know of none more so than one which will relieve the family of so meritorious an officer as your late self-sacrificing husband."

Without waiting for any rejoinder to these remarks, he opened his valise and took from it a bag of silver money, and deliberately proceeded to draw out and count from it till he had reached the sum of nine hundred and some odd dollars, which afterwards proved to be precisely the sum demanded, in principal, interest and fees, for the discharge of the mortgage on our place. He then, after returning the money to the bag, and setting it aside for the purpose he had designated, and taking the hand of my mother, who seemed inclined to remonstrate, but could not force the words for it from her quivering lips, tenderly, but with an air that seemed to forbid any attempt at refusal, said to her: "Accept it, don't hesitate to accept it—take it and get the mortgage discharged at once; and then all your immediate pressing anxieties will be relieved and soon you will find those brighter days the God of the widow has kept in store for you. And now, as my time is quite limited, it only remains for me to say, as I do most sincerely and kindly, Heaven bless you, dear madam, Heaven bless you! Farewell!"

I was present during the whole of this interview between Gen. Washington and my mother, heard every word they both said, and saw all the money counted down on the table, and feel confident that I have neither taken from nor added to anything that there took place.

On leaving the house, Washington immediately mounted his horse and rode away, leaving us quite unable for a while to realize this unexpected benefaction of the illustrious visitor.

As Mr. Warner was ascertained to have been a man of integrity, and of an unbroken memory, there need be but little doubt respecting the truth and authenticity of the above related incident, which, while it involves testimony highly honorable to the heroic leader of the Green Mountain Boys, furnishes a new and beautiful illustration of the elevated and benevolent character of Washington.—*Legion Gazette.*

A POSE—This is the best thing we have seen: A preacher said to a Democrat, "How can you vote for a tried and convicted traitor?" This gentleman quietly and most severely, yet reverently, replied: "How, sir, can you serve the Divine Master whom you profess to follow and who was tried, convicted, and executed for sedition and treason?" We suppose the Parson was able to see the *rely* in both cases.—*Legion Gazette.*

During the last year, \$10,000,000 worth of petroleum has been wasted.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.

In times of storm on the ocean, wise navigators will often take the bearing of ship, and see whether they are drifting—Amid civil agitations and convulsions, the same procedure is all-important. It is so for individual men, for society and for institutions. Under no form do they find it so important as in their Christian character. Christian men, Christian society, the Christian Church, ought in times like the present, to take special care to know whither they are drifting. The tendency is to rush headlong. Wisdom says, beware! It is amid commotions such as we are undergoing, that more than ordinarily, "the Devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." Many men grow wild and unreasonable with excitement constantly fed, society becomes imberbered, and its amenities are measurably forgotten—and the Church! Does she pour oil upon the troubled waters? Does she with words of heavenly wisdom and love, seek to allay the storms of human passion? Does she, as her mission is, stand forth by word and deed as an omnipotent ark of safety amid the general ruin of country and liberty which threatens us? In a word, *is she all her parts as true to herself, and thus to our country and mankind, as she ought to be?* These questions are pertinent to an extent, and in a sense, it appears to us, which many intelligent Christians have so far found themselves utterly unable to realize. As items to be considered in fairly answering them, we propose the following specimen facts:

One of the Pittsburg papers, several weeks ago, contained a series of resolutions on political subjects, offered by the Rev. Dr. D., of that city, and passed unanimously at a Synodical meeting of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, held in Mercer Co., Penna. The resolutions recite the author's idea of the present state of the country, of what has brought us into it, and what will enable us to get out of it, and conclude by declaring it as a duty which they owe to God to vote themselves, and to urge their parishioners to vote, for the nominees of one of our political parties, whom they mention by name, at the coming Presidential election.

In the same paper we saw also the report of a political meeting held in North-western Pennsylvania—a section largely settled by New England elements, at which, after different well-known politicians had spoken, the Rev. Dr. M. C. P., (reported to be a very kind, worthy gentleman,) followed with a speech in support of the party and nominees before referred to.

Before us lies a copy of the "Western Christian Advocate," a Methodist paper published at Cincinnati. It is not a private sheet, but is owned by the great Methodist Church, and speaks in its name. Were it not for its title, and the frequent use of the name of the denomination to which it belongs, the unacquainted reader might very readily mistake it for a campaign paper in the line of the party whose interest it advocates on every page.

We call these specimen facts. The list might easily be swelled till it would pass from the range of a newspaper to a book of no mean size, whatever applicability the adjective, in one sense, might have to the contents. These, however, may suffice for our present purpose. Let the reader, in his own mind, judge.

1. To do work like what has just been referred to, is not the business of Synods, ministers, or Church-papers. They claim to speak in the name of Christianity, in so far as they represent it, and their position necessarily leaves that impression. In its name they ought to speak when they do speak; and on what they have no warrant from it, they should either be silent, or refrain from dictation. The distinctive work of Christianity is to represent to men the unchangeable, the eternally true, the divine, and to address in them the immortal soul, and its undying interests. It is laying violent hands upon it to seek to subordinate it to other purposes.

2. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Church halloos politics by becoming itself political. All history and experience testify to the contrary. For any part of it, to become political is a violation of the law of its life, a heaven-crying wrong. Denominations, congregations and ministers who forget their calling in this matter, will themselves be secularized before they are aware of it. Sooner or later they will be found adding amid the floating opinions and interests to which they have allied themselves. There are more means than a kiss to betray the Lord, and to secure the fate of Judas.

3. The tendency is immediately mischievous. In our country the two great parties are very nearly equal divided as to numbers, talent, intelligence and moral worth, and they profess alike unswerving fidelity to the country. How, now, can the Church, under these circumstances proclaim it as a duty to God to uphold the one and to overthrow the other! And how can the Church expect the confidence and obedience of the ten or twelve millions of people whom it would thus wrong and consequently calldit? Besides, have not these people also their religious convictions on the same subjects? and shall they likewise seek for an official expression of them from the Church? And shall thus the battle of political questions and strifes, with all the unwholesome means employed, be fought at the very altars of Jesus Christ?

We cherish a feeling of devout gratitude to Almighty God that the Reformed Church and some others have kept themselves aloof from politics in these violent times. Some day the wisdom and truth of their course will be universally felt and acknowledged.

A little boy, who put counterfeit money in the contribution box, replied to his Sunday school teacher that he "didn't s'pose the little heathens would know the difference, and that it would be just as good for them." Thoughtful boy.

WHY DON'T THEY REPORT?

Not content with the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have already taken from the people under the specious plea of rendering assistance and aid to the sick and wounded soldiers, the persons managing the Sanitary Commission are just now doing their best to get up another furor in its favor, in hopes that the treasury which they have depleted to fill their own pockets may again become plenteous, and that those among them who have not yet been able to steal themselves rich, may have one more chance to do so. Preachers and lecturers are hired to travel over the country, telling harrowing tales of suffering, and want and destitution among the soldier; circulars and appeals are sent broadcast, giving heart rending accounts of the misery and death that is being meted out to them on account of an insufficiency of food, clothing, and medicines, and in the most touching manner the sympathies of the people are appealed to, to give—not as we honestly believe, to comfort the sick, and the needy, and benefit those who are suffering—but to fill the coffers of a few greedy agents, enrich those controlling this mammoth organization, and feel a lot of stolen, worthless nuggets. Who amongst us all that has friends in the army have heard of them receiving any benefit sover from the millions of dollars that have been placed at the disposal of the Sanitary Commission? That there are instances that can be pointed to show that this association has distributed some of the funds placed in its charge, we will not attempt to deny. But they are few, very few indeed—isolated cases and may average one out of a thousand soldiers, and hardly that; while it has had sufficient amount of money and means furnished to have built hospitals to accommodate the whole army, furnished them with all the medicines, nurses, and luxuries that sick and wounded soldiers could wish for, besides well repaying those who had had the matter under their charge for their time and trouble. What has become of the money? Millions upon millions of dollars have already been contributed in one way or the other, and we hear of no good that the soldiers have derived from it. Can those who are now begging more for this association answer? Can they give a satisfactory account of the disposal of the immense amount that has already been entrusted to their care? We believe not. Why then should the people give more? It is reported, and we believe correctly, that out of every dollar given in this way ninety cents is kept by the agents to reimburse them for time and trouble, and the balance is given to somebody else, the Lord alone knows who. Is this so? Can those who are getting up entertainments, and traveling the country to raise new funds give us a satisfactory account of the disbursement of what they have already received? If so we will be glad to publish the statement, and retract anything we have said in this article reflecting upon the Sanitary Commission.—*Bluffton Watchman.*

FASHIONABLE CALL.

Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy—"Oh Maria, how do you do? How delighted I am to see you. How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? Wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly beautiful? Is this your share on the piano? Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful! How do you like Monsieur Ephyra? Beautiful man, isn't he? Now, don't laugh, Maria, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going. It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Maria, when are you coming up to see me? Oh, dear! what a beautiful pin! The pin was worn to you; now! I know it was, Maria, don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do, really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Maria? Oh dear, it's very warm. Good morning, Maria! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one, for I am sure, it will never amount to anything, but I hate him, awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu."

Mr. Lincoln in his late message says:—Our material resources are now more complete and abundant than ever. The national resources, then, are unexhausted, and we believe unexhaustable.

Therein is contained the theory upon which Mr. Lincoln is conducting the war. He believes our national resources to be "unexhaustable." He thinks there is no end to our men or money. Monstrous and preposterous as this is, Mr. Lincoln affects to believe it. If we have resources that are unexhaustable by proficacy and folly, we are clothed with the attribute of omnipotence.

A man in Baltimore was arrested on Friday last, charged with "cursing the President." If that is to be the order of the day, increase your police and enlarge your prisons, gentlemen. The subject is so inviting for such indulgence that you already have that sort of cause for arresting hundreds of thousands of our people, male and female, old and young, from the prattling babe to the patriarch full of years at the verge of his grave.

Ben. Franklin is reported to have said that the American national symbol should not be an eagle, but a turkey—because, although the bird of Christmas swags, he will fight, and is always ready to fly at anything in scarlet.

It is stated that all babies born after the 4th of March next, must be "stamped" to be legitimate.

A man choked his wife to death, the other day in Springfield, Mass.

Intempery for the past—pay up. Security for the future—pay down.