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Select Poetry.

A GOOD OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown;

Man, upraised above his fellows, Offspring of his fellow men, Masters, rulers, lords, remember, That your nearest binds are men;

There are fairs embroidered oceans, There are little red and blue hills, There are feeble, inch-high saplings, There are cedars on the hills;

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same;

Frath and justice are eternal, Born with loveliness and light, Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right;

A CHANGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"There's no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered that individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers.

"To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I just saved myself through harvesting and got along with one girl."

"The more the man gets the stinger he grows, and there isn't a woman among my acquaintance that would stand such treatment and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment."

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stolid and opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged or softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in no way unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of the request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man and he flatly refused her.

But now as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it into a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on a weekly paper which lay on the table, and they settled on this passage, which completed a short sketch—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

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And those words stole, in a still, serene, re-bubbling voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message or meaning; but now God had sent His angel to drop them in her heart, and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by the kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine lung in yearning, golden beauty about her.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from among a score of others who envied her that good fortune, and now those early days of the courtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first days of spring come up from the South, and go softly over the bare, despairing earth.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that. If she had controlled her temper then—if she had been only patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, faithful and stubborn!

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind upon any course of action, she would not shrink from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs, rocking her to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet sunshine all about her—what went on in the softened woman's heart—only God and His angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?" The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel, which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression.

"Well, yes, I do feel kind of tuckered out. 'Tis hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand besides Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd broil the chicken for ten, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to let him read one thought. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have the chickens stewed, potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, as he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; and then came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother: "Father's busy reading the paper and you'll disturb him."

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?" "Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meeting. Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with boughs of evergreen, around which scarlet berries hung their charm of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hands with an angry grunt, that "the thing wouldn't work."

"Let me try, father." Mrs. Parsons stopped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button. "There she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sun-browned forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet mem-

ories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair. He looked on his wife with a softness in his face, and a softness in his keen eye which he little suspected. And the softness and smiles stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart, which had not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively and kissed his cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without speaking one word; but with a mixture of amazement, and something deeper on his face not easily described.

"Oh, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored, as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the rather unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snatched the cords, and a breath of incense carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark green ground work trailed a russet vine and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—"There, Melissa, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday morning. I reckon there isn't many that will beat it in West Farms."

"Oh, Isaac!" She put her arms around the strong man's neck and burst into tears.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, "don't give way like this. I'm hungry as a panther now, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse;" and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace in the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons' heart a story of all that kind love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride and passion, and evil habits, was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or a month, or a year, but the "small leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farmhouse of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-sacrificing love, which was given unto those who fear God and keep His holy commandments.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

The Vendee rebellion of 1793, in France, affords a happy illustration of the effects of different lines of policy pursued toward recalcitrant States. In the beginning of the revolution of 1789, the inhabitants of Vendee, being attached to the royal cause, maintained a war against the republican government, which had foreign powers employed the opportunity judiciously, would have endangered the existence of the new republic. Devotedly fond of the nobility of the province, easily influenced by the clergy and fired by a semi-religious zeal, these peasants set the whole power of the government at defiance. Led at first by such enlightened men as Cathelineau, the wagoner, or Gaston, the wig-maker, they would rally upon suddenly from their fastnesses upon small bands of the republican soldiers, until in this manner they secured, in place of pikes and bayonets, serviceable fire-arms, and in time equipped a formidable army. After being defeated by the government forces, every manner of persecution was visited upon them. They were dragged in crowds to Nantes, where the monster Carrouge, to whom ordinary modes of execution appeared too slow, caused them to be drowned in masses. Such harsh punishment, however, instead of reducing them to submission, still more inflamed the insurgents, and the revolt raged with increased fury. Stofflet succeeded the dying La Rochejaquelein, and, aided by Charette and other skillful chiefs, maintained such a stout resistance among the tangled thickets and everglades of Boulogne, that the convention was at last compelled, says the historian, to confess that Vendee could not be quelled by the force of arms or fear of punishment. For every insurgent executed a dozen others would rise up in his place. Thereupon, following the fall of Robespierre, a new policy was decided upon, and the disappointed Vendees were invited, at the suggestion of Carnot, "to return to their homes with promises of pardon and oblivion of the past." No sooner was this conciliatory course adopted and a general amnesty offered them, than the insurgents at once abandoned the warfare which they had waged for years against the government, and won over by the authorities, became as loyal as they were before disloyal. They were incorporated into the national army and ranked among the very best of Napoleon's soldiers.—Commercial Advertiser.

"Come wheel, come woe" was the man said, when the cart was going to run over him.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years to come? The rosy lips, the lofty brow, The heart that beats so gayly now, O, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasure smiles, and sorrow's sigh A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread you church with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth, And childhood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty millions be A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come; No living soul for us will weep A hundred years to come; But other men our lands will till, And others than our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

The Great Cause of Disension in the Church.—The People Driven from the Sanctuary by Political Preaching.

Our hearts are often filled with sadness, as from day to day we receive letters from Christian men, who tell us that they have ceased attending Church. And this sadness is enhanced tenfold when these writers tell us that they have been members of the church for ten, twenty and thirty years. Some of them we have known long as true christians, men who loved the church, and would have said, a few years ago, if such an idea as their forsaking the church had been hinted at, "is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Now there must be some cause for all this; and a fearful responsibility must rest somewhere, no one will deny; and it must either be in the individuals thus absenting themselves from the sanctuary of God, or in the conduct of the ministers and office-bearers in the Church.

We are not disposed to lay all the blame upon the ministers and elders, knowing as we do the weaknesses and follies of the people, yet we fear that too many cases the dissatisfaction expressed by those who thus write to us is largely attributable to the ministry in departing from the Divine Commission, which is, preach my gospel; not politics; not philosophy; not human wisdom; not abolition; but "Christ and Him crucified." The preaching of the gospel will, and often does, offend the ungodly, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But the preaching of the gospel never offends the true child of God; and we judge, therefore, that it is because the gospel is not preached that these men, with weeping and sorrow of heart, withdraw from the sanctuary of God.

These letters come to us mainly from States North of the Ohio. In one instance a gentleman writes us that ten members were suspended from the communion of the church because they would not attend upon the preaching of a man who declaims from Sabbath to Sabbath upon the negro and his freedom, and that too after a majority of the members had petitioned Presbytery to remove him and give them a stated supply, a minister who would preach the gospel. Presbytery refused to listen to their petition, one of the members giving as his reason for not granting their request that he dare not go home to his loyal people and tell them that he had voted for the removal of a loyal minister. Another from an adjoining State writes us, that he with several others, some of them office-bearers, have ceased attending the Presbyterian Church, and are now worshipping in the Episcopal Church. And from a synopsis of a late sermon which he sends us—which he says is the substance of that discourse—we do not wonder at their withdrawing from such preaching; nay, it becomes their imperative duty, not only to withdraw, but to denounce all such blasphemous profanation of sacred things. We cannot understand the principles which actuate a minister as God's ambassador, standing before the people to declare to them His will, when he deliberately, and in the most profane manner denounces his hearers as worthy only of death and eternal damnation, because they do not as citizens, vote for his candidate for the Presidency, or agree with him in the administration of Cass's affairs. It requires no prophetic vision to see that such conduct on the part of ministers of the gospel, must destroy the faith of God's people, and call down upon perpetrators of such profanity the curse of God.

With four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are gold in his pocket, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.

Fashionable society generally has two faults; first in being hollow headed, and secondly, hollow-hearted.

"I am passionately fond of paintings," a young man said when he kissed the rouged cheek of his sweetheart.

"Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing."

A Toast.—"Here's to internal improvements!" as Dobbis said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

THE ATTACK ON SHERMAN.

In one of those wild and inexpressibly fascinating tales for which his weird and matchless genius is so famous, Edgar Poe says that the man possessing the very highest degree of intellect, as well as he actuated by the very purest and loftiest virtue, would be deemed a fool or a knave by the world if he exhibited his intellect or his virtues in their brightest splendors unrelieved by a shadow of his prevailing littleness. Like all the other reflections of this matchless gifted genius, this observation is a truism.—The world cannot comprehend prodigies—and voter their persecution. Success is its standard of merit, but the success must not be so brilliant as to contrast the merit thereby won with its own, lest the latter suffer disadvantage. Be sure that for every Admirable Crichton the world produces, it furnishes a Vincenzo.

The success of Gen. Sherman has been of the most brilliant kind, and was beginning to cast its shadow so far over the radicals that their own transcendental virtues were likely to be obscured. The opportunity is waited for, and the very first pretext sought to denounce him with a vehemence that is almost incredible. He is boldly charged with being a Cromwell, who upon the ruins of the Republic meant to build up a second Protectorate. The unworthy imputation is cast upon his battle-scarred veterans, who have labored as never did men before, of being willing to lay the part of "The Ironsides" over again. Blair is to be Harrison, we suppose—how will he like the character, we wonder? Schofield is cut out for another Desborough—and Ambrose-God Buresome,—and his type cannot be found in that army. Boston notions grows varieties of that animal.

It is no theme, however, for polemic, but is really monstrous enough for readers were it not so determinedly persistent. This man, Sherman, our most brilliant captain, whose exploits, as we have said before, contributed the largest share in producing the surrender of Lee's army, who has endured all the privations, labors, exhausting toil of his great campaigns, and for the single end of serving his country, this great man is denounced both as a fool and a knave for exhibiting a genius and a virtue beyond the comprehension of these very loyal radicals.—Hence he is denounced. He is too great to be made their tool, and must be got rid of. And they trump up a charge of "disloyalty" against him! Let us see, according to this definition, what "disloyalty" really is. Fighting a hundred battles for his country and winning them all.—Marching through the enemy's territory and compelling the surrender of his three most considerable cities. Being a major instrument in causing the fall of the enemy's capital, and the surrender of his most powerful army. Awakening in the hearts of the people through whose territory he passed their old love for the Union. Planting the flag of the country in the very bosom of the enemy, and restoring obedience to the laws. And finally sweeping both rebellion and its last prop out of existence at a single stroke.

This is "disloyalty." Yes, Sherman, by this definition, is very disloyal indeed. He is the prince of traitors. Shoddy contractors, whose gains are made through the blood of husbands and sons, and the broken hearts of wives and mothers, shoddy has cause to deem him disloyal. He breaks up their business at once—puts a stop to war—spreads peace again through the country—paves the way for the restoration of the old brotherly love and friendship—and for so doing calls down upon his head the warmest and purest prayers of the best in the land—and the bitter execrations of the very loyal radicals—the shoddies—the Federalists who worship at the altars of centralism as did the priests of Baal in their holy groves—and probably from the same motives. * * * Sherman is a Democrat—does that cause any additional manifestation of persecutions? Sherman needs no defence. His life—his daily actions, are his defence. Time has embosomed them in matchless splendor upon his wings, where they will remain till Time himself is no more. He has shown himself to be a great and successful soldier—a wise statesman—a devoted patriot—and has done not the least to save his country. Suppose his "treaty" was wrong—what then? He has lost nothing by it—but gained much. Even if Jeff. Davis and the "leaders" are caught and hanged, (allowing them by his amnesty to escape which fate seems to be the principal count in the indictment against Sherman) the questions at issue will finally be tried in the Supreme Court, to which Sherman, refers the most important measures in his "plan." We come to it at last.

This outcry has been raised to influence President Johnson against Sherman, and to commit him to the policy of the Federalists. It is a clever scheme, but it has failed. "It is hard to learn an old dog new tricks," and harder still to convince Democratic Andrew Johnson that he has all his past life been in grievous error, and that Democracy and the rights of the people are foolish mistakes of opinion.—Constitution Union.

An Unpleasant Contrast to Penn's Descendants.

While the "loyal" city of Philadelphia—the staid, drab city of "Brotherly Love"—was exercising bail from one of its citizens because he had so little prudence as to offer to defend himself from a mob; while a deputation composed of members of that mob were besieging the Mayor to increase the amount of his bail; and while the Council of that city were refusing to offer even a paltry reward for the arrest of the law-breakers who assailed and beat a brother of the party under bail, for presuming to visit his imprisoned kinsman, there was a jury in the city of Boston—composed of citizens of the "hub"—rendering a verdict of fifty dollars in favor of a man who had been called a traitor, and thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars for the arrest and imprisonment which resulted

from that false accusation. The case was that of Sturtevant vs. Allen. The contrast is too plain to need application. Can it be that Boston is wiping out the remaining dregs of its Puritanism, and that the dirty wash water is finding its way from the granite hills to the low and hitherto clean spots of Pennsylvania?—Pat. & Union.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

We publish in another column, says the Doylestown Democrat, an account of one of the greatest outrages yet perpetrated by the Administration at Washington upon the rights of a citizen. They have become so accustomed to disregard the law the last four years, that it seems impossible to refrain from it.

When President Lincoln's remains were in New York, Messrs. Gurney & Son had them photographed. When the Secretary of War heard of it he immediately telegraphed to Gen. Dix to "seize and destroy the plates and any copies or engravers that may have been made." In pursuance of the order their establishment was invaded by the Provost Marshal, and the plates and pictures seized and destroyed. We need not tell our readers that this is a great act of tyranny, and as after a disregard of law and the rights of the citizen as any which has marked the career of Secretary Stanton. It is not only this, but it is a violation of the very Constitution he has sworn to support. He knows that private property cannot be taken except for public use, and then it must be paid for.—During hostilities the violation of law was justified on the ground that it was required by military necessity; but what great "military necessity" demanded the destruction of these photographic plates we wait for the Secretary to inform us in his next "Official Bulletin." It has the same right to invade the place of business of any other persons and confiscate their property—the right which power gives to a tyrant. When will these outrages cease? With the close of the war we have a right to expect that law will be re-instated in the long closed temple of Justice. It does seem that the citizen has no private right which the Administration is bound to respect.

A FLIGHT OF POETICAL FANCY.

The following paragraphs appeared a few days ago in the New York Times. The Albany Argus has the following: "Was there not a conspiracy among leading Republicans in Congress and in the army, to set aside Mr. Lincoln and to place another in his place? Was not General Banks the preferred man? Did not the secret and sworn consultation on the subject embrace leading Republicans? And were not the articles in the Times intended to sound public opinion as to the practicability of such a scheme—the name of George Law being used for the distasteful merely for the occasion, and to call out other suggestions?" As the Argus does not appear to have the passages at hand to which it doubtless referred, we quote them from the Times of 1862: "In an editorial article on the course of the President at that time, the N. York Times says: "We simply remark that the President runs no small risk of being superseded in his office if he undertakes to thwart the clear and manifest determination of the people to maintain the authority of the Government of the United States and to protect its honor. We are in the midst of a revolution, and in such emergencies the people are very apt to find some representative leader, if the terms of the law do not give them one."

On still another occasion, when angry at, and reflecting upon the President, the same journal had the following language: "An imbecile administration has given indisputable proof of its incapacity to conduct a great war. Even its own friends are constrained to confess its impotence, and are meditating its displacement by extra constitutional and revolutionary methods, tending to hopeless divisions in the North, and general anarchy."

A BLIND WOMAN RESTORED.—An interesting young woman, twenty-two years of age, born some blind—partly educated in the family of a clergyman, all this time by finger alphabets, as we see blind men tracing the letters in one or two plates in a row—blind for twenty-two years, was restored to perfect vision in four days by a surgical operation, and to partial vision in two minutes. This young woman, in an instant, having been twenty-two years and from her birth stone-blind of congenital catarract, began to see, as these deaf mutes in Paris begin to hear for the first time. The effect in the young woman was most curious, and something of this kind: She saw everything, but there was no idea whatever of perspective. She put her hand in the window to try to catch the trees on the other side of the street, then in Moorfields; she tried to catch the ceiling of a high wall; she was utterly ignorant also of common things—a g. of a silver watch, or a common cap and saucer; but when she shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them (the educated sense) she told them at once! She could almost distinguish the greasy feel of the silver half crown from the cold, dry, harsh feel of a copper penny. Her joy was excessive when shown some mignonette and sweet pea that one of the surgeons had accidentally in his coat, for it seems she knew all the plants in the clergyman's garden by the touch and smell! She looked at the bunch of keys, and with equal blankness at the flowers, then shut her eyes so as to recognize them. All this took up less than five minutes! But she failed to say, as well as I now remember the case, these are flowers. I am, on my saying, when she opened her eyes again, "Why, these are flowers." "Oh! so they are," she replied, shutting her eyes quickly and putting them to her nose; "This is mignonette," etc.—Scientific American.

May not a bird which sleeps upon the wing be so occupied a feather bed?