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Select Poetry.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of my delight,
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot love a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest, four-fold paid.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Baked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her debt next day
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jesse, take these silver wheels,
And pay the printer now!"
She slept, and slept, and then awoke
With leath upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'd bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

A DRUNKARD'S MUSINGS.

Another morn, eye, proud it dawns upon
The world in unsullied beauty bringing to
The pure young mind, sweet visions of a glorious
future, fraught with happiness and joy, when
fame shall wreath a halo round their names,
and wealth shall bless them. I, too, dreamed
thus once; but alas! ambitious fancies all have
fled—like buried in the tomb of the departed,
whilst I must still live, exist, a prey to fiends,
and a target for the finger of pity and scorn.

Oh, rage! remnants of summer days, draw
more closely round me; shut out the world that
its taunts and jeers may not grieve me to despair
with whisperings of a lifetime loss.

Within the space of ten short years what a
fearful "change has come o'er the spirit of my
dreams." Then the world was spread before
me in all its pristine beauty; the path of fame
and honor clearly limned, and within my grasp.
Now all is dreary darkness, hopeless despair.
Blessed with the tender love of an angel wife,
and the prattling cherub, whose influence com-
bined to render home a Paradise, I was indeed
among the "chosen of earth."

Months passed—months in which the cup of
joy brimmed full to overflowing, and we drank
deeply of its contents; but in an evil moment
the tempter came and dashed it in shivering
fragments to the ground. Oh, God, in thy
mercy descend and tear from memory's page the
record of misery which followed.

Each moment found the serpent, Drink,
tightening his coils around me; each hour my
spirit sank deeper in the mire of perdition, un-
til at last, I had given myself, body and soul,
to the fiend. Left alone to struggle with a
cold, hard world, my poor wife toiled bravely,
to procure for herself and little one a paltry
subsistence, but in vain; and when the first
snows of winter fell, these two frail flowers,
clasped in mutual embrace, sank to rest; their
spirits sought a happier home; a death's in-
spiration, a verdict, "Frozen to death!"—the
grave yawned, and they were lost to me forever.

Rum! rum! Give me drink to drown re-
membrance of the shapeless shadow which
haunts my soul, crying "vengeance!" of the
pale wan face, stealing through my dreams,
pointing to the pinched features of a starving
habe, asking food, and branding me a murder-
er! Oh, Nora, angel wife, fearfully have you
been avenged for existence is a curse, and I
dare not seek death!

Landlady (differentially)—"Mr. Smith, do
you not suppose that the first steamboat created
much surprise among the fish when it was first
launched?"

Smith (curtly)—"I can't say, madam, whether
it did or not."

Landlady—"Oh! I thought from the way
you eyed that fish before you, that you might
acquire some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain)—"Very likely,
marm, very likely; but it's my opinion, marm,
that this fish left its native element before steam-
boats were invented."

"No man can do anything against his
will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said
Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany
Bay against his will."

The La Crosse Democrat says Henry Bar-
nard, of that city, shut up his gambling rooms,
sold his stock of whisky, and accepted the
chaplaincy of an Ohio (colored) regiment.

ANOTHER PROPOSED WAR UPON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

(From the Philadelphia Age.)
The following circular letter has been sent to
a number of prominent gentlemen in this city,
and we suppose it has been very generally cir-
culated:

PETITION.

The undersigned respectfully ask the adop-
tion of the following PROPOSED AMENDMENT
TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION:

No State shall make any distinction in civil
rights and privileges among the naturalized
citizens of the United States residing within
its limits, or among persons born on its soil of
parents permanently resident there, on account
of race, color, or descent.

I ask your attention to the following, as a
means of ensuring permanent prosperity in our
country:

Do not trust to State enactments to secure
the ballot to the disfranchised at the South.
Pro-slavery States will give a vote to the
freedmen to be again recognized as States; and
when admitted, will take it away and again op-
press them.

Before any of the rebellious States are ad-
mitted, make it the FUNDAMENTAL LAW
of the NATION that no State shall put a ban
on any one because of race, color, or descent,
and then the otherwise defenceless population
of the South will have the means to make their
rights respected.

Sign and have all true friends of Peace and
Freedom to sign the petition on the other side.
When you have ten names or less, see that the
petition is sent to your Representative in Con-
gress. If you agree with this, do not lay it
aside, expecting others to do your work.

EDWARD M. DAVIS,
Philadelphia.

It appears from the following letter, from a
distinguished clergyman of our city, which has
been sent to us for publication, that the con-
trivance of this new crusade against the funda-
mental law of the land, have, at least in one in-
stance, "wakened the wrong passenger."

CHICAGO, ST. August 16th, 1865.

Mr. Edward M. Davis:

DEAR SIR—A printed circular purporting to
come from you, and signed with your name,
has been received by me, in which you have
the presumption to ask me to aid you in a cru-
sade against the rights of the States forming the
American Union.

Now, sir, I wish you to understand that I
never had, and never mean to have, any affilia-
tion with men who denounce the Constitution
of the United States as "a Covenant with
death, an agreement with hell"—nor have I
any communion or fellowship with those who
clamor for "an Anti-Slavery God, an Anti-
Slavery Bible, or an Anti-Slavery Constitution."
Neither have I the slightest sympathy with
those who exclaim "Let the Union slide." It
is to you, sir, and such men as Banks and
the whole host of blaspheming infidels, whose
blatant oratory and subtle sophistry have lured
the people of this once fair and happy land to
their own destruction, that we are indebted for
the lamentation, weeping and mourning for the
widowhood and orphanage; for the mildew and
blasting of the best and brightest hopes the
world ever saw. You are the men who, by
your influence and pernicious teachings, have
scattered broadcast, until they lie thick as
autumnal leaves, such evils, such miseries, as
sicken the heart to contemplate. It seems to
me that a sane man, after the frightful carnival
of blood which you and yours have brought upon
us, would, at least, ask for a little time to re-
flect upon the past—would snatch a brief per-
iod to breathe. But, alas! no! Drunk with
blood, you, like the daughter of the horse leech,
cry, "Give! Give!" On to more ruin, more
blood, more desolation.

You are eager again to shout and laugh while
the sword is bathed in the blood of your fellow
man. Like the maddening and devouring flame and torrent
of a volcanic mountain, you would sweep over the
sunny and happy homes of helpless women and
innocent children, carrying utter hopeless des-
truction in your path and caring for naught
save that your peculiar views, your pet system
of philanthropy, might be sustained and carried
through. Is there to be no abatement of this?
Will nothing but the tears of widows and or-
phans—the blood of brave hearts and true
slaves your thirst? Where are the peace men
come so loud and denunciatory against any and
all wars—such as Barnes, Kelley, Furness,
Strong, Cleveland, who, in 1850, proclaimed
that all wars were sinful and anti-Christian.
And where are the "Friends" of your own kith
and kin? Must a war of extermination go on?
Are the ministers of religion to continue ever
to call for a little more blood-letting, and to
encourage the desire for devastation and plunder?

Have you no compassion for the millions of
unfortunate and thrifless negroes whom this
most unhappy war has deprived of home and
friends? Look at those creatures, the victims
of the mad folly of a wicked, unscriptural, un-
constitutional fanaticism. Have you any pity
left in your hearts? I do not mean for the
Southern white man, for this I am sure you have
not; and I make no appeal on such ground as
that, knowing it to be utterly useless—but for
the negro. He is hungry; he is naked; he is
homeless, he is friendless. All this has been
brought upon him by you and your confederates;
and yet you are not satisfied. "Agitate, agi-
tate," is your cry and will be until you agitate
the negro out of existence.

Remember, Mr. Davis, that this spirit which
now moves you and others of the same political
school, made its appearance very early in the
world's history. The first preacher of the doc-
trines which you now advocate was the father
of lies in the garden of Eden. He declared
God to be a falsifier and deceiver, and advocat-
ed the total abolition of his moral government.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

As there are some reasons for believing that
the Monroe doctrine may, at no distant day,
be pushed into great prominence by events on our
Southern frontier, it may not be uninteresting
to notice the inception of the principle and its
condition at this time, so far as the action of
the party in power is concerned. President
Monroe in his message of December 24, 1823,
thus stated the doctrine, which now bears his
name:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies
of any European power we have not interfered
but with the governments who have declared
their independence and maintained it, and whose
independence we have on great consideration
and on just principles acknowledged, we could
not view any interposition for the purpose of
oppressing them, or controlling in any other
manner their destiny, by any European power,
in any other light than as a manifestation of
an unfriendly disposition toward the United
States."

Passing over the period between the year
1823 and 1864—a period full of instances in
which this doctrine was defended by the De-
mocracy of the country from the attacks of the
anti-Democratic element—we come to the 4th
of April, 1864, when the following resolution,
reported from the Committee on Foreign Rela-
tions, was unanimously adopted by the House
of Representatives of the United States, one
hundred and nine members being present, and
every member voting yea:

"Resolved, That the Congress, of the United
States are unwilling by silence to leave the
nations of the world under the impression that
they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable
events now transpiring in the republic of Mex-
ico; therefore they think it to declare that it
does not accord with the people of the United
States to acknowledge a monarchical govern-
ment erected on the ruins of any republican
government in America under the auspices of
any European power."

This was followed on the 8th of June of the
same year by the passage of the annexed res-
olution by the Republican Convention in Balti-
more, the body that nominated Abraham Lin-
coln and Andrew Johnson:

"Resolved, That we approve the position tak-
en by the government that the people of the
United States can never regard with indiffer-
ence the attempt of any European power to
overthrow by force, or supplant by fraud, the
institutions of any republican government in
the Western continent. [Prolonged applause.]
And that they will view with extreme jealousy
as menacing to the peace and independence of
this our country, the efforts of any such power
to obtain new footholds for monarchical govern-
ments sustained by a foreign military force in
near proximity to the United States. [Long
and continued applause.]

In the Senate of the United States, on the
13th of January, 1865, the diplomatic appropria-
tion bill being under consideration, Mr.
Wade, of Ohio, moved to amend by inserting
before the word "Mexico" the words of "the
republic of." He said there were two govern-
ments in Mexico. We could recognize none
but the "republic." We could have nothing to
do with the empire. The amendment of Mr.
Wade was adopted without debate, and the dip-
lomatic appropriation bill was then passed.
On the 29th of the same month the House con-
curred in the Senate's amendment to the diplo-
matic appropriation bill, and the bill was passed.

This is the present position of the Republican
party in relation to the Monroe doctrine. The
Republicans are indirectly committed to it by
the openly expressed opinions of their leaders.
At the laying of the corner-stone of the Protes-
tant Orphan Asylum in Washington, Mr. Har-
lan, Secretary of the Interior, said in his ad-
dress:

"When the French, not now so friendly to
our prosperity, sprung to arms in defense of the
Turkish nationality, we all applauded; but when
they attempt to crush feeble Mexico we
despise their want of generous gallantry, and
wish it might be the will of God in the order
of His providence, that this great republic of
His should be called upon to protect her feeble
sister republic."

To this may be added the following remarks
made by General Banks in New Orleans on the
4th of July, 1865—

"This question we have to meet. The ear-
lier acquisitions of European powers on this
continent we respected and would continue to re-
spect; but a foothold gained by taking advantage
of our domestic troubles we would not respect,
for now European successes on this continent
would be destructive to our liberties. He held
that the future of the American continent was
for Americans. A strange, if not hostile, flag
is on our borders, and, if necessary, must be
driven away."

So much for the position of the Republican
party. Yet all this time the Hon. Montgomery
Blair declares that Secretaries Seward and
Stanton have been in alliance with Napoleon
to secure the triumph of the very thing against
which their party has protested. Should such
men be trusted with the interests and honor of
the nation?—*Aye.*

"You are very handsome," said a gentle-
man to a lady.

"Ah!" said the lady, "so you would say if
you did not think so."

"And so you would think," answered he,
"though I should not say so."

A prudent man advised his drunken ser-
vant to put by his money for a rainy day. In
a few weeks the master inquired how much of
his wages he had saved.

"Faith, none at all," said he, "It rained yes-
terday, and it all went."

Good feeling is a thing worth cultivating
at this time, but it will, if we only attend to
our own proper affairs, grow up and flourish
and blossom and bear fruit without cultivating.

A Rebuke to the Political Clergy.

Within the past few years, says the Lan-
caster Intelligencer, the moral sensibilities of this
whole country have been constantly shocked by
the shameless inconsistency of many profes-
sing ministers of the gospel.—The turning of
pulpits into political rostrums, and the horrid
howl for blood that went up from the altars of
Protestant churches from Sabbath to Sabbath,
has led multitudes to doubt the piety of pas-
tors, while in very many instances even the
doctrine of the Holy Bible and of the Chris-
tian religion have been brought into disrepute.
It is well known that the Protestant churches
of the land have been shorn of their strength
and rendered almost powerless for good. Vice
and immorality have swept like a destroying
flood over the land, and multitudes who were
held in restraint by the influence of the church-
es, have given full sway to passion and been
swept away to perdition.

The secular press of the country, a portion
of it at least, have rebuked the conduct of
faithless pastors, and pointed out the evil ten-
dency of their course. For the most part the
religious press has been criminally silent, or
has encouraged a continuance of the evil. We
are glad to be able to call the attention of the
Protestant clergy of this city to an extract
from an address delivered at Shepherdstown,
West Virginia, on June 15, the day of national
mourning, by Rev. Lewis P. W. Balch.—
The pastors of the Episcopal churches of this
city will not need to be told who he is. They
will recognize him at once as one of the most
prominent and eloquent members of their
organization. The sermon we first published in
full in the Baltimore American. The discourse
is very decidedly loyal in tone throughout, and
this should be sufficient to relieve the extract
we make from any odium that might otherwise
attach to it. It is full of wisdom, and we beg
the clergy of this city to read it carefully, to
ponder over its teachings, and to apply its unction
to their consciences. By so doing they
may in time make amends for any evils they
may have wrought, either willingly or through
inadvertency. Here is what Rev. Dr. Balch
says to them. Let them hear it and heed it.

I begin with the Clergy.

I need not tell my reverend brethren of every
name that a scripture truth always involves a
scripture duty. If the clergy obey not God's
law, how can the people be expected to main-
tain human law? And if a man observe not
the highest of laws, unchangeable and perfect,
how can we keep those of human origin, nei-
ther perfect nor unchangeable?

Part of the obligation now is this: "The
Lord be my helper, as much as lieth in me,
I will maintain and set forward quietness, peace
and love among all Christian people."

And the original commission of the Prince
of Peace reads thus: "As the Father hath sent
me, even so send I you."

But did the Father send the Son to preach
political sermons—to stir up strife—to sanctify
war—and to baptize men in the spirit
of Cain?

The Prophet says: "How beautiful on the
mountains are the feet of them who publish
peace!" Could he have said this if those her-
alds bore in their hands the bloody torch of
war?

Our Redeemer came to bind up the broken
hearted, to give liberty to the captive, to com-
fort those who mourn, not to break the bruised
reed or quench the smoking flax. Can His min-
isters then be foremost to urge men to battle,
the source of many of the most frightful calamities
which can afflict our race?

When, in the history of nations, this fatal
and dread necessity arises, there are men whose
duty it is to engage in and promote war. But
these men are not the clergy.

I have seen a prosecuting attorney weep in
court when painful duty compelled him to press
conviction on the panel unto death. Those
tears touched all hearts and proved that he had
the noble attributes of a man. But how should
we feel to see a minister of religion, with eager
zeal, volunteer to prosecute the felon and shriek
for justice on a lost brother?

It is, indeed, cause for sadness on this mourn-
ful day, to think that much of this terrible war,
may be fairly charged to the mistaken views of
the very men sent to preach only peace, good
will and forgiveness among men.

The office of the clergy is at all times one of
love. God has given to rulers, and those in
civil or military authority, the stern duty of
being a terror to all evil doers. To them it
rightfully belongs; not to the clergy. What a
strange perversity of function it would be,
to see the public executioner administer the sacra-
ment of the Lord's Supper? And yet far more
shocking to any sense of propriety, to see some-
thing of the higher sanctions of Christ's com-
mand and the ministerial oath, in the sad spec-
tacle of Christ's ambassador hounding on men
to kill and be killed!

What an amazing fact do we behold. Our
late President, clothed with great power, and
sworn to administer the law and its penalties,
leaning to mercy, drawing the hearts of all men
to him by his goodness, and the clergy, the
sworn servants of mercy, clamorous for strife
and vengeance!

How can we explain the fact? Our brave
and noble Generals and naval heroes who have
challenged the admiration of the world, so mild,
patient and gallant in battle, so humane in the
hour of victory always anxious to spare blood-
shedding, and the clergy, by peaceful profession,
bound to teach men to forgive their enemies
and to return good for evil, crying for more
blood!

Alas! No wonder the churches languish,
missions die, and sin prevails. If the clergy
break God's law of love, if they set the exam-
ple of disobedience to Christ's command "over-
come evil with good," what can you expect of
the people! Yes, my reverend brethren great
need have we on this mournful day to inquire
whether much of it may not fairly be charged

SHODDY SWARMING.

It seems that Saratoga is swarming this
season with codfish and shoddy aristocracy. Even
the Jenkinses of the *Harold, Times and Tribune*
have been much disgusted with the pretension
and ostentation of these jay birds and peacocks
and goblies, who robe themselves in such gaudy
plumage, and strut and swell at all the hotels
and prominent promenades of the locality. A
correspondent who has been recently nauseated
by these ridiculous displays, writes, "that the
shoddy aristocracy at Saratoga have great diffi-
culty in wearing their usual advancements.—
Some of them make most ridiculous work of
it—remaining beholders of prominent cattle
bedecked for agricultural fairs. One unfortu-
nate dance of elegant development, actually
went through the martyrdom of dressing fifteen
times before supper on Tuesday. A young
damsel at table in one of the big hotels yester-
day, "astonished the crowd" by exclaiming,
"Loo!" "mar! I've dropped my diamond into
the gravy!" A vigorous search for the lost jew-
el—a stomachic pin—was made in the kitchen
refuse, but unsuccessfully. It is only worth
\$200, and "papa" comes within Toodles'
definition of a gentleman. He "don't care a
darn."

Another correspondent writes that last week,
on the occasion of General Grant's visit, the
group which gathered around the military chief-
tain were greatly shocked by a bouncing girl
of nineteen, who was literally blazing with
jewels and covered with furbelows and flounces,
asking aloud, "if that was *sure* 'nuff gold on
the uniform of the staff officers." And the
sister of this girl, but two years her junior, in-
sisted upon begging the General, then and there,
if he wouldn't dance with her that night.

The correspondents all agree that there is a
greater crowd at Saratoga and Cape May now
than ever before at this time in the season; but
more pretentious snobbery and less of real re-
fined gentility.

A "Union with modern Improvements"

—White Veterans Parading in search
of Employment.

A few days ago a procession composed of
discharged veterans, who were unable to pro-
cure work, marched through the streets of New
York, carrying a banner upon which was in-
scribed the following suggestive sentence:

"Our *LAST* occupation was the destruction
of the rebellion and the re-establishment of the
Union with all the MODERN IMPROVE-
MENTS."

The New York *Daybook* makes a brief and
succinct summary of the "improvements," as
follows:

- ☞ A debt of three or four thousand millions
of dollars!
- ☞ Taxes upon everything we eat, drink, taste
or smell!
- ☞ Three or four millions of lazy, idle non-pro-
ducing negroes!
- ☞ Cotton shirtings, fifty cents per yard!
- ☞ Coffee, fifty cents per pound!
- ☞ Sugar, twenty or twenty-five cents per
pound!
- ☞ Tea, one dollar and fifty cents per pound!
- ☞ Butter, twenty-five and thirty cents per
pound!
- ☞ Beef, twenty-five cents per pound!
- ☞ 300,000 untaxed Nobility! grinding the
life out of workmen that they may roll
in luxury!
- ☞ Swarms of lace gatherers, more numerous
than the loc of Egypt, prying into every
man's business, and eating out the substance
of the people!
- ☞ Provost Marshals, dressed in a little brief
authority, turning their inexorable wheel
of death, while the poor wife and terror-
stricken children stand tremblingly by!
- ☞ Military Commissions, with their retinue of
pimps, spies, informers and perjurers!
- ☞ Elections carried at the point of the bayo-
net!
- ☞ Ballot-boxes overthrown!
- ☞ Shoulder-straps in the Judge's bench!
- ☞ Arbitrary arrests.
- ☞ Suppression of newspapers!
- ☞ Denial of free speech!
- ☞ Bob. Harry Smith has one of the greatest
curiosities you ever saw.
- ☞ "Don't say so—what is it?"
- ☞ "A tree that never sprouts, and becomes
smaller the older it grows."
- ☞ "Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he
get it?"
- ☞ "From California."
- ☞ "What is the name of it?"
- ☞ "Axlretree—it once belonged to a California
omnibus!"
- ☞ Scene closes by Bob throwing an inkstand at
a half closed door.
- ☞ "Where do you hail from?" queried a
Yankee of a traveller.
- ☞ "Where do you hail from?"
- ☞ "Don't rain at all," said the astounded Jon-
athan.
- ☞ "Neither do I hail, so mind your own busi-
ness."
- ☞ "It is an anomaly of these remarkable
times that our people are now at work with
tremendous energy to repair the destruction
which themselves so recently wrought in the
South.
- ☞ A young lady in California recently broke
her neck while resisting an attempt of a young
man to kiss her. This furnishes a fearful warn-
ing to your ladies.