

# Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 57.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2942.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1861.

VOL. 4, NO. 25.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
By Virtue of a writ of F. Fas, Vend. Exponas and Levari Facias to me directed, there will be sold at the Court House in the Borough of Bedford, on Saturday, the 9th day of February, 1861, at 11 o'clock, A. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:  
One tract of land containing 70 acres more or less, about 45 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling house, log barn and tenant house thereon erected, also a small apple orchard thereon, adjoining lands of Henry Imler, William Lamburn, and others, situate in Union township, Bedford county, and taken in execution as the property of Peter Colabugh.

—ALSO—  
One lot of ground in the Town of Rainburg, fronting 52 1/2 feet on Main Street and extending back about 165 feet to lot of Andrew J. Robbins, with a two story frame dwelling house with back building attached, and small frame stable thereon erected, adjoining lot of A. J. Robbins on the North and lot of George B. Key's heirs, George Clapper, Christian Baitzel, and others, situate in Colerain Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of William O'Neal.

—ALSO—  
One tract of land consisting of parcels, or tracts of land, contiguous and adjoining, containing 35 acres, more or less, about 10 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling house thereon erected, also a young peach orchard & apple trees thereon, adjoining lands of William Brölicher, Joseph W. Tate, Esq., and others, situate in Hopewell Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Preston Briles and Melford James.

—ALSO—  
Two lots of ground in Stonerstown, each fronting 55 feet on Main Street, leading to Saxton, and extending back about 150 feet, with a plank house with basement story thereon erected, adjoining lot of James Dunn and others, situate in Liberty Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Terence Kinney.

—ALSO—  
One tract of land containing 250 acres, more or less, about 25 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling house and small stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of William Brölicher, Joseph W. Tate, Esq., and others, situate in Hopewell township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of George Swartz.

—ALSO—  
All the undivided third part of seven tracts of land, warranted in the names of William Lane, William Foister, George Hinsh, Francis Johnston Hunter, containing about 2300 acres, more or less, situate on Yellow Creek, in Hopewell township, Bedford County, and known as the Lemnos Iron Works property.

—ALSO—  
One tract of land warranted in the name of Swope, King & Co., containing 237 1/2 acres, more or less, situate in said township, and known as the Bedford Forge tract, and taken in execution as the property of Henry S. King.

—ALSO—  
One part of a tract of unimproved land, containing 350 acres, more or less, in the name of Margaret Diehl, adjoining land in the name of Samuel Diehl, on the South, Top of Cove Mountain on the West, Solomon Diehl on the North, and Frederick Herring on the West, situate in Shover's Valley, Bedford township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of the heirs and legal representatives of Dr. William Watson, Dec'd.

—ALSO—  
The undivided half of one tract of land containing 21 acres, more or less, unimproved, adjoining land of King & Osborne, and others.

—ALSO—  
The undivided half of 19 acres of land, about 4 acres cleared and under fence, adjoining lands of Rathmell, Wilson and others.

—ALSO—  
The undivided half of 160 acres of land, more or less, about 30 acres cleared and under fence, with a log dwelling house thereon erected, also an apple orchard thereon, adjoining lands of John P. Anderson and others.

—ALSO—  
One tract of land containing 5 acres, more or less, nearly all cleared and under fence, adjoining lands of Rathmell Wilson and others, situate in Broad Top Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Lemuel Evans.

—ALSO—  
One tract of land containing 75 acres, more or less, about 60 acres cleared and under fence, with a two story log dwelling house on a log stable thereon erected, also an apple orchard thereon, adjoining lands of Henry Harclerod and others, situate in Colerain Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Eveina Harclerod and William B. Hartzell.

—ALSO—  
One lot of ground fronting about 200 feet on the Bedford and Steytown Turnpike Road, and extending back about 90 feet, with a story and a half log dwelling house, new frame wagon shop and small frame stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of John W. Scott on the East, West and South, situate in Bedford township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Andrew J. Kegg.

—ALSO—  
One lot of ground fronting about 200 feet on the Bedford and Steytown Turnpike Road, and extending back about 90 feet, with a story and a half log dwelling house, new frame wagon shop and small frame stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of John W. Scott on the East, West and South, situate in Bedford township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Andrew J. Kegg.

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**THE BEDFORD GAZETTE**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
BY R. F. MEYERS,  
At the following terms, to wit:  
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.  
\$2.00 " " if not paid within the year.  
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The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

**Select Poetry.**  
**THE UNION.**  
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! Eagle of our banded States  
Wilt drop thine olive fair,  
And bid the shafts of war and woe  
Speed bursting through the air?  
And the soaring eagle answered,  
Waving his peace-branch high,  
"No! Freedom's chieftain gave the trust—  
I'll guard it till I die!"

Ye stars, that shine in sparkling blue  
Upon your banner'd field,  
Shall ye be stricken from your place,  
And half in clouds concealed?  
But silent were those glorious orbs,  
With dread amazement fraught;  
Each trembling in its crystal sphere  
At the dark traitor-thought.

Oh, human hearts! to concord train'd,  
By sires who stood of yore,  
As brothers, when around their homes  
The Lion ramp'd in gore:  
Will ye the heritage they won  
With ruthless hand divide?  
Or rend the Jordan knot they drew  
Around ye—when they died?

Then from the Pater Patrie's tomb,  
Beneath Mount Vernon's shade—  
And from the hero's bed, who sleeps  
In Nashville's beauteous glade—  
And from green Quincey's honored breast,  
Where sire and son repose—  
"Break not that band!" a solemn voice  
In deep accordance rose.

Hark, hark! o'er forests rob'd in snow,  
In sunny, dower-crown'd vales,  
From where the Atlantic's thunder-tone  
The far Pacific hails;  
From mart and dell, where millions dwell,  
By prairie, lake and hill—  
Rolls on the full, sublime response—  
"We never, never will!"

**PETER CHANCERY, ESQ. AND HIS FIVE DOLLARS.**  
SHOWING THE BLESSINGS THAT MAY FOLLOW THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SMALLEST ACCOUNT.  
"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this little bill to-day," said for the tenth time, a half grown boy in a dirty jacket, to a lawyer in his office.  
The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had been some newly discovered specimen, gave a long whistle, thrust his ink fingers into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle, and completed his stare at the boy's face.  
"Ho, ha, hum! that bill, eh?" said the legal young gentleman, extending the tips of his fingers towards the well-worn top of paper, and daintily opening it, looked at the contents.  
"Hum!—for capping and for heel-tapping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and sixpence, and other sundries, eh! So your master wants me to settle this bill, eh?" repeated the man of briefs.  
"Yes, sir; this is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty, and call it a half a day."  
"You're an impudent boy."  
"It's always impudent to lawyers, coz I can't help it,—it's catchin'.  
"You've got your eye teeth cut, I see."  
"That's what the boss sent me for, instead of the 'prentices as gettin' their teeth cut."  
"I cut mine at nine months' old with a hand-saw. Boss says if you don't pay the bill, he'll sue you."  
"Sue me? I'm a lawyer."  
"It makes no odds. Lawyer or no lawyer, boss declares he'll do it—so fork over."  
"Declares he'll sue me?"  
"As true as there is another lawyer in Filadelfy."  
"Wouldn't it?"  
"Silence you vagabond! I suppose I must pay this, muttered the attorney to himself.—"It's not my plan to pay these bills. What is a lawyer's profession good for, if he can't get clear of paying his own bills? H—ll! sue me!"  
"Tis just five dollars. It comes hard, and he don't want the money. What is five dollars to him? His boy could have earned it in the time he has been sending him to me for it. So your master will sue me for it if I don't pay."  
"He says he will do it, and charge you a new pair of shoes for me."  
"Hark! I can't pay you to-day, and so if your boss will sue me, just ask him to employ me as his attorney."  
"You?"  
"Yes I'll issue the writ, have it served, and then you see I shall put the cost into my own pocket, instead of seeing it go into another lawyer's. So you see if I have to pay the bill, I'll make cost—capital idea!"  
The boy scratched his head awhile, as if striving to comprehend this capital idea, and

shook it doubtfully. "I don't know about this; it looks tricky. I'll ask boss though, if as how you won't pay it no how without being sued."  
"I had rather be sued, if he will employ me, boy."  
"But who is to pay them costs—the boss?"  
The lawyer looked all at once very serious, and gave one of those long whistles peculiar to him.  
"Well, I'm a sensible man, truly. My anxiety to get the costs of suit blinded me to the fact that they were to come out of my own pocket before they could be safely put in. Ah, well, my boy, I suppose I must pay. Here's a five dollar gold piece; is the bill receipted?"  
"It's so dirty and greasy I can't see."  
"It was nice and clean when boss gin it to me, and the writt shined like Kapp's blackin'—it's torn 'ninin' so much."  
"Well, here's your money," said the man of law, taking a solitary five dollar gold piece from his watch fob; "now tell your master, Mr. Last, if he has any other accounts he wants sued, I'll attend to them with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank'ee sir," answered the boy, pocketing the five; "but you are the only dunnit customer boss has, and now you've paid up, he hasn't none but cash folks. Good day to you."  
"Now there goes five dollars that will do that fellow no good. I am in want of it, but he is not. It is five thrown away. It wouldn't have left my pocket but that I was sure his patience was worn out and cost would come of it. I like to get costs, but I can't think a lawyer has anything to do with paying them."  
As Peter Chancery did not believe in his own mind, that paying his debt to Mr. Last, was to be any benefit to him, and was of an opinion that it was money thrown away, let us follow the fate of these five dollars through the day.

"He has paid," said the boy, placing the money in the master's hand.  
"Well, I'm glad of it," answered Mr. Last, surveying the money through his glasses—"and it's a half eagle too. Now run and pay Mr. Furnace," as the boy delivered his money. "I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill that is due to day. Here, John," he called to one of his apprentices, "put on your hat and take this money to Cap. O'Brine, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in I didn't expect."  
Capt. O'Brine was on board his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman with a hat in his hand looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

"I'm sorry, my man, I can't pay you—but I have just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water, to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pocket to jingle, but keys and old nails."  
"But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is failing, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I got several articles at the store, expecting to get money of you to take them up and I went along home. We haven't in the house no flour, nor tea, nor—"  
"Well, my lad, I'm sorry. You must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I sell my coat off my back, or pawn my schooner's keedge. Nobody pays me."  
The sailor who had come to get advance of wages, turned away sorrowfully, when the apprentice boy came up and said in his hearing:  
"Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when told he couldn't pay your bill to-day, he didn't expect some money that came in after you left the shop."  
"Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take this five dollars, and come on Saturday and get the balance of your wages."

The seaman with a joyful bound took the piece, and touching his hat, sprung with a light heart on shore and hastened to the store where he had already selected the comforts and necessities his family stood so much in need of.  
As he entered a poor woman was trying to prevail upon the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.  
"You had better take it out of the store, Mrs. Conway," he said to her, "really I have not the amount of your bill to-day, and I don't expect to. I have to charge everything and no money comes in."  
"I can't do without it," answered the woman earnestly, "my daughter is very ill and in want of every comfort; I am out of firewood, and indeed I want many things which I have depended upon this money to get. I worked night and day to get your shirts done."  
"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway," said the store-keeper, looking into his money drawer; "I've not five shillings here and—and your bill is five dollars and ninepence."  
The poor woman thought of her invalid child and wrung her hands.

"A sailor was here awhile ago, and selected full five dollars worth of articles here on the counter and went away to get his wages to pay for them, but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays for them, you shall have your money, madam."  
At this instant Jack made his appearance at the door.  
"Well, shipmate," said he, in a tone much more elevated than he was discovered speaking in with the captain, "well, my hearty, hand over your freight. I've got the documents, so give us possession," and displaying his five dollar piece he laid hold of the purchases. The store-keeper examining and seeing that the money was good, bade him take them with him; and then, sighing as he took another and last look at the piece, he handed it to the poor widow, who with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store. In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost destitution. On a cot bed lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened and a man in coarse, patched garments, entered with a wood saw and a horse,

and laid them down by the door and approached the bed.  
"Are you any better, dear?" he asked in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones.  
"No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I could regain my strength."  
The man gazed upon her pale face a moment and again taking up his horse went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him, and said she wished him to follow and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude, and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode little better than his own for poverty; yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, and received six shillings with which he hastened to a store for necessities for his sick wife, and then he hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he had provided. Till now he had no work for four days, and his family had been starving, and from this day his wife got better, and was at length restored to his family and to health, from a state of weakness which another day's continuation would probably have proved fatal.

These six shillings, which did so much good, were paid him by the poor woman from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter was also revived and ultimately restored to health, and was lately married to a young man who had been kept three years absent, and returned true to his troth. But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in her recovery, he might have returned to be told that she whose memory had been so long the polar star of his heart had perished.

So much good did the five dollar piece do, which Peter Chancery, Esq., so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this gentleman for the result that followed. It is thus Providence often makes bad men the instrument of good to others. Let this little story lead those who think a "small bill" can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five dollar piece has done in one single day, and that in paying one bill they may be paying a series of twenty bills and dispensing good to hundreds around them.

**NOBLE SENTIMENTS!**  
**STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS FOR PEACE!**  
The following extract from the great speech recently delivered in the U. S. Senate, by Judge Douglas is worthy of being preserved in letters of gold. It is a passage full of the eloquence of patriotism, and breathes the spirit of a man true to the best and dearest interests of his country. Let every Democrat read it and pass it around among his neighbors.

"The laws of nations and all the laws of civilization demand that the government *de facto* be acknowledged. But the laws must be enforced. In our system of government the laws are to be enforced by civil authority assisted by the militia and *posse comitatus*, when the Marshal is resisted. If the colonies, or a State, revolt, the revolution is complete. When the federal authorities are expelled and no one man left to acknowledge allegiance to the United States, how are you going to enforce the laws then? How are you going to do in South Carolina? She has passed an ordinance of secession. I deny her right to secede, but she has done it. The revolution is complete. She has no human being in her borders to acknowledge our authority. This is all wrong, but how are you going to help it? You tell us we must enforce the laws. I am in favor of that.—Laws must be enforced according to the constitution and the laws. Under our constitution, laws can only be enforced against criminals, and those of us who are in favor of the Constitution and the Union, must be careful that we do not perpetrate the very things which we denounce as criminal in these seceding States.—And South Carolina does not stand alone. We are told that seven other States will follow them. The answer is, we must enforce the laws.—My reply is, you cannot enforce the laws in countries not in your possession. I deny that we have the right to make war in order to regain possession, in order to enforce the law.—Are we prepared for war? I do not mean prepared in the sense of having soldiers, and arms and munitions; but are we prepared in our hearts for war with our brethren? While I affirm that the constitution was intended to form a perpetual Union—while I affirm the right to use all lawful means to enforce the laws—yet I will not meditate war, nor tolerate the idea, until after every effort at adjustment has been tried and failed, and all hope of the Union is gone. Then, and not till then, will I deliberate and determine what course my duty will require of me. I am for peace to save the Union. War is disunion, certain, inevitable, final and irrepressible. Our own very existence forlids war."

"A war between eighteen States on the one side, and fifteen seceding States on the other, is to me a revolting thing. For what purpose is the war to be waged? Certainly not for the purpose of preserving the Union. I have too much respect for gentlemen on the other side of the chamber, collectively and individually, to believe there is one among them who does not know what war is. You cannot expect to exterminate ten millions of people, whose passions are excited with the belief that you mean to invade their homes and light the flames of insurrection in their midst. You must expect to exterminate them, or subjugate them, or else, when you have got tired of war to make a treaty with them. No matter whether the war lasts one year, or seven years, or thirty years, it must have an end at some time. Sooner or later both parties will become tired and exhausted, and when rendered incapable of fighting any longer, they will make a treaty of peace, and that treaty will be one of separation. The history of this world does not furnish an exam-

ple of a war of sections, or between States of the same nation, where the war ended in reconciliation. Such a war always ends in a treaty of peace, and a final, eternal separation.—I don't understand, then, how a man can claim to be a friend of the Union, and yet be in favor of a war upon ten millions of people in the Union. You cannot cover it up much longer under the pretext of love for the Union. Now, the question must be met, and whatever concessions I am called upon to make, I choose to make voluntarily, before blood is shed, and not afterward. No man has more pride of country than I. It humbles my pride to see the authority of the government questioned, but we are not the first nation whose pride has been humbled. Republics, empires and kingdoms, alike in all ages, have been subject to the same humiliating fact. But where there is a deep seated discontent pervading ten millions of people, penetrating every man, woman and child, and involving everything dear to them, it is time for inquiring whether there is not some cause for the feeling. If there be just cause for it in God's name let us remove it. Are we not criminal in the sight of Heaven and posterity, if we do not remove the just cause? If there is no cause, and yet they believe there is, so much the greater the necessity for removing the misconception."

**SOUND TALK.**  
The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, a Republican journal, (Morton McMichael's), in speaking of the fanatics headed by Horace Greeley, of the Tribune, says:  
"A dogged determination to do what is called 'standing firm,' by rejecting all overtures and making no propositions, is below the dignity of statesmanship, and shows them to be wholly destitute of it, who have no other remedy but this sulky and defiant position. There are some of us who can't be driven, and who do not mean to follow any such lead. We have been accustomed to think for ourselves, and if the alternative between saving the country and shivering the party be presented, the latter will be our choice at all hazards, if it fails to rise up to the necessities of this great exigency."  
That's the voice of a man. So is the following, from the last Adams Sentinel:  
*What hinders settlement?*—The Providence Press, of Monday week, says a letter received there from a Providence gentleman now in Washington, contains the following significant passage:  
"The President to-day said to me: 'I wish the New England men could have persuaded Mr. Seward to adopt the Missouri Compromise line,' as proposed by Mr. Crittenden. That would save us."  
Judge Douglas authorized me to say that in the Senate Committee of Thirteen, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Davis and Mr. Toombs all agree to accept that as a compromise, if the Republicans would."

**MR. BUCHANAN'S CABINET.**—Secretary Thomas resigned the Treasury Department last Friday. General John A. Dix, of New York, was nominated in the stead of Mr. Thomas, and immediately confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Holt has been confirmed as the head of the War Department. The Cabinet is now a unit on the sectional troubles. As re-constructed it stands as follows:  
Secretary of State—Mr. Black of Penna.  
Secretary of the Treasury—Mr. Dix, of New York.  
Secretary of the Navy—Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut.  
Secretary of War—Mr. Holt, of Kentucky, (acting).  
Secretary of the Interior—Vanant.  
Postmaster General—H. King, of Maine.  
Attorney General—Mr. Stanton, of District of Columbia.

**MORE OF THE BITTER FRUIT.**—All of our large factories are at a stand-still, owing to the political troubles and the consequent destruction of business. In the one article of hardware alone, including its various branches, the business of New Britain has amounted, in ordinary times, to nearly \$2,000,000. Now we are doing nothing in this department of our manufactures.  
Russell & Erwin's large shop, employing between 400 and 500 men, has been idle these three weeks, with no hope of starting at present. They have a large Southern trade—nearly \$1,000,000. O. B. North's saddlery-hardware establishment, employing about 100 workmen, is doing nothing—and there is no hope of their doing anything for the present. Messrs. Corbin and Landers are doing nothing. Judd's hardware establishment is doing no more work, and no prospect of any, apparently. Sargent's is the only concern in the hardware line now in operation.—*Hartford Times.*

**MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.**—The following criticism upon Mr. Seward's speech, which appears among the despatches in the New York Tribune, is brief, but pointed, and true:  
"Mr. Seward's speech is much discussed, and the general judgment seems to be that the Premier has made a very diplomatic oration—that he has succeeded in talking prettily and soothingly, without saying anything in particular, that he has assumed the character of the Minister before having said the toga of the Senator. The conciliatory tone of the speech suits everybody, while the absence of any distinct plan for settling the national difficulty disappoints everybody."

**THE GAME OF LIFE.**—In youth, hearts are trumps; in manhood, diamonds and clubs, but at the close of life *spades* are sure to win.

**A CONSERVATIVE MAN.**—We observe that some of our eastern contemporaries, noticing the election of Cowan as U. S. Senator, speak of him as "belonging to the conservative class of Republicans." All we have to say is, that if Cowan is a conservative Republican, it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania may never have the misfortune to be represented in our National councils by a radical Republican. We question whether a more rampant Abolitionist resides north of Mason and Dixon's line than the same man, Cowan, and if he is really elected under the impression that he belonged to the "conservative class of Republicans," somebody has had the wool pulled over their eyes most beautifully. A conservative, *ferocious!* Why, the speech delivered by him, at Altoona, during the late campaign, was so intensely Abolition in sentiment as to disgust even the ultra Republicans of this county who heard it, and heaven knows their stomachs are not easily nauseated by anything in the shape of wool.—That's even so!—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

**LIKE YOURSELF.**—In a Scotch parish there was an ancient of the name of Sanders, whose wit was reputed to be very sharp. The laird, who was also a wag, met him one day, driving a pig to market. "Weel, Sanders," quoth he, "ye're driving your kizzin (cousin) to the market."  
"Na, na, laird; he's jist an auld acquaintance like yourself."

**DISADVANTAGE OF BEING WHITE.**—"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades; do you see any of my bloom fading? Now, tell me plainly, without any compliments."  
"Oh, no, Miss; but den me kinder 'tink—"  
"Think what, Dinah? you're bashful."  
"Oh, no, me no bashful; but den me kinder 'tinks as how Miss don't retain her color quite as well as colored lady."

**A WRETCHED EDITOR,** who hasn't any wife to take care of him, went the other night to a ladies' fair. He says he saw there "an article" which he "fain would call his own, but it was not for sale." He declares that since that night he has been "wretchedly wretched." As the article was bound in hoops, the reader is left to infer that it was either a girl or a keg of whiskey. They are both calculated to make a wretch "wretched."

**ON A WET, miserable, foggy London day,** Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with:  
"Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."  
"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I, it's a miserable day. Good bye."

**An Irishman** having accidentally broken a pane of glass, was making the best of his way out of sight, but the proprietor stole a march upon him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed:  
"You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"  
"To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"

**A lusty young fellow** in a tattered garb, and a long beard that bespoke the extreme of distress, solicited an elderly gentleman for alms, in a piteous tone of voice; the benevolent gentleman gave him a shilling. "If this relieves," said the beggar, "had not come so opportunely, I should have been driven to do what I never had intended." "What was that?" said the gentleman impatiently. "To work," said the impostor.

**In Alabama** a farmer very recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, and gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made, was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.  
**An exchange** thus pathetically describes the fainting of a young lady:  
"Down fell the lovely maiden,  
Just like a slaughtered lamb;  
Her hair hung round her pallid cheeks,  
Like sea weeds round a clam."  
"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces, instead of their ankles!" "Ah! but my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

**An inventive Yankee** has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course, reforms.

**A lawyer** once jocosely asked a boarding-house keeper the following question:  
"Mr. —, if a man gives you \$500 to keep for him and he dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?"  
"No, sir," he replied, "I pray for another like him."

**A young lady** remarked the other day that she would like to do something so as to have her name appear in the paper. We advise her to get some one to put his name in with hers.

**A Scotchman** visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointed to a shady, quiet nook, said:  
"That is the spot where I intend to be laid if I am spared."

**A man** lately put his dog to bed and kicked himself down stairs. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning, when he chased a cow and couldn't bark.

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By order of the Captain,  
GEORGE STIFFLER, O. S.  
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