

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2943.

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VOLUME 57.

NEW SERIES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By Virtue of Sundry writs of Fi Fa, Vend Exponas and Levavi 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 Inler, William Lamburn and others, situate in Union township, Bedford Co., and taken in execution as the property of Peter Colebaugh.

—ALSO—
One lot of ground in the Town of Rainsburg, fronting 82½ 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 Vaughan on the South, 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 George B. Kay's heirs, George Clapper, Christian Baitzel, and others, situate in Hopewell Township, Bedford County, and taken in execution as the property of Preston Bliss and Melior 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 Terrence Kinney.

—ALSO—
One tract of land containing 259 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 Brouler, Joseph W. Tate, Egg, 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 F. Foster, George Himes, Francis Johnston Alexander, Johnston, David Montgomery, and James 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 237½ acres, more or less, situate in said township, and known as the Bedford Forge tract, and taken in execution as the property of Henry F. King.

—ALSO—
One part of a tract of unimproved land, containing 300 acres, more or less, in the name of Margaret Diehl, adjoining land of 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 East, situate in Shover's Valley, 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 the 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 39 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, all 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 and 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 Evelina Harclerod and William B. Hartzell.

—ALSO—
One lot of ground fronting about 200 feet on the Bedford and Stonerstown Pike Road, and extending back about 90 feet, with a story and a half log dwelling house, new frame wagon maker shop and new 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.

JOHN J. CESSNA, Sheriff.

BEDFORD COUNTY, SS.

At an Orphans' Court held at Bedford, in and for the County of Bedford, on the 19th day of November, A. D., 1860, before the Judges of said Court.

On motion of G. H. Spang, Esq., the Court grant a rule upon the heirs and legal representatives of Dr. William W. Reed, late of South Woodberry township, dec'd., to wit:—Anton Reed, William Reed, and Nathaniel P. Reed, all residing in Bedford County, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Bedford, in and for said County, on the 2d Monday, 11th day of February, next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said Dr. Wm. W. Reed, at the valuation, which has been valued and appraised in pursuance of a Writ of Partition or Valuation issued out of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, and to the Sheriff of said County, directed, or show cause why the same should not be sold by order of the said Court.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court at Bedford, the 20th day of Nov., 1860.

ATTEST: JOHN J. CESSNA, SAM'L. H. TATE, Clerks.

Jan. 18, 1861.

ATTENTION! BEDFORD RIFLE MEN.—You are hereby ordered to meet for Parade, at the Court House, in Bedford, on Friday, the 22d of February, 1861, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in full Winter Uniform, (with Plume). It is desired by the Brigade Inspector that there be a full turnout. Very important business will be put before the Company on that occasion.

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

Jan. 18, 1861.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

All persons interested are hereby notified that the following named accounts have filed their accounts in the Register's office of Bedford County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court, in said county, on Tuesday, the 13th day of February next, at the Court House, in Bedford for confirmation.

1. The account of Henry Bennett, adm'r., of the Estate of Robert Bennett, late of Southampton tp, dec'd.
2. The final account of Joseph B. Noble, Esq., guardian of Alfred S. Over, minor son of Jacob Over, late of South Woodberry township deceased.
3. The account of John P. Reed, Esq., administrator of the Estate of John Crisman, late of the State of Iowa, dec'd.
4. The final account of Jacob Long, Ex'r., of the last will, &c., of David Long, late of Middle Woodberry tp., dec'd.
5. The account of Jacob Long, guardian of John T. Keagy and Susannah Keagy now Susannah Jacobs, of Middle Woodberry township.
6. The account of Jacob Long, adm'r., of the Estate of Elizabeth Long late of Middle Woodberry tp., dec'd.
7. The account of Solomon Williams, adm'r., of the estate of Levi Clark late of West Providence tp., dec'd.
8. The final account of Jacob A. Nicolaemus, Ex'r., of the last will, &c., of Jacob Nicolaemus, late of Middle Woodberry tp., dec'd.
9. The account of John Fickes, guardian of Elizabeth Barley, formerly Elizabeth Fickes, one of the daughters of Valentine Fickes, dec'd.
10. The account of Peter Bechtel, adm'r., of the Estate of Theodore Snowberger, late of South Woodberry tp., dec'd.
11. The account of William Hamner, one of the executors of the last will, &c., of John Hamner late of Union tp., dec'd.
12. The account of John Nycum, adm'r., of the Estate of William Nycum, late of Monroe township dec'd.
13. The account of Mary Weaverling, Executrix, of the last will, &c., of Henry Weaverling, late of West Providence tp., dec'd.
14. The account of Maria Hunt and Samuel Raebauh, adm'r's of the estate of Joseph Hunt, late of Cumberland Valley tp., dec'd.

Register's Office, S. H. TATE, Register.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS.—

Drawn for February Term, (2d Monday,) 11th day, 1861.
A. B. Bunn, Foreman, Abraham Bolter, Henry S. Buzzard, Joseph Beagle, James Blackburn, Josiah Bruner, Solomon Conn, A. E. Etriken, Esq., Adam Ferguson, Lewis Fyan, Thos. R. Getz, Peter F. Hillegas, Joseph Heckman, John Ewing, John E. Miller, Henry Naugle, John Otto, Thomas A. Piper, Jacob Rice, Samuel Stivers, Philip Snider, John Snider, Abraham Smith, John A. Wertz.

LIST OF PETIT JURORS.

John Burns, George Barthelow, Samuel Bottomfield, Simon Brumbaugh, Daniel Border, Willson Court, Reuben Colvin, Samuel Cypher, Samuel Davis, Daniel Petter, Michael Flack, Samuel S. Fitch, Jacob Hillgas, John Holman, Asa Housar, Jared Hanks, Joseph Inler, William Jones, Joseph Long, Perry Morgan, Henry Meyer, David T. Miller, John M. Marshall, David Patterson, John R. Rees, Isaac Robinson, Henry Rose, Solomon Strader, Daniel Stone, Samuel Shafter, Peter Steckman, Simon States, Daniel Snider, Job Shoemaker, Tobias Snider, Benjamin Valentine, John H. Walter, A. J. Woodcock.

LIST OF CAUSES.

| February Term, (11 days) 1861. | Put down for trial at |
|---|-----------------------|
| J. C. McLaughan et al vs. A. J. Swoley et al | Alex. George |
| Jonathan Carothers vs. Alex. George | W. H. Easton et al |
| G. M. Anderson's adm'r. vs. G. H. Easton et al | Gideon Huchew |
| G. D. Troutman vs. Geo. Troutman et al | D. Fletcher et al |
| Henry Reibert et al vs. Wm. H. Irwin et al | Hugh McNeal |
| Jest, Whitton & Co vs. David Stuckey | Thos. Kenner et al |
| Abner Thompson vs. Henry Hicks et al | A. J. Crissman |
| Henry Hicks et al vs. David Bralier | Patrick Burns et al |
| Wm. E. Clark vs. Wm. H. Irwin et al | Wm. H. Irwin et al |
| Henry Reibert et al vs. F. D. Beagle et al | James Driew et al |
| Central Bank of Pa. vs. O. E. Shannon's use | Philip Keagy |
| Thresher, Rogers & Co. vs. Philip Keagy | Abraham Skelley |
| O. E. Shannon's use vs. S. H. TATE, Prothonotary. | |

COURT PROCLAMATION.

To the Coroners, the Justices of the Peace and Constables in the different Townships in the County of Bedford, Greeting.

KNOW YE that in pursuance of a precept to me directed, under the hand and seal of the Hon. FRANCIS M. KINMEL, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas in the Sixteenth District, consisting of the counties of Franklin, Bedford, Somerset and Fulton, and by virtue of his office of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery for the trial of capital and other offenders therein and in the General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace; and A. J. SNIVELY & JOHN TAYLOR, Esqs., Judges of the same Court, in the same County of Bedford, You and each of you are hereby required to be and appear in your proper persons with your Records, Recognizances, Examina-tions, and other remembrances before the Judges aforesaid, at Bedford, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace therein to be held for the county of Bedford, aforesaid, on the 2d Monday of Feb. (being the 11th day) at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day there and then to do those things to which your several offices appertain.

GIVEN under my hand at Bedford, on the 18th day of January in the year of our Lord 1861.

JOHN J. CESSNA, Sheriff.

PROTHONOTARY'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the account of J. W. Lingelenter, Esq., committee of George Owe, a lunatic, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas in and for said county, for confirmation, on Tuesday, the 13th day of February next.

Prothy's Office, S. H. TATE, Prothy

H. BANCROFT & CO.,

IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS,

No. 330 Market Street, Philadelphia.

May 18, 60.—1 yr.

THE QUAKER'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors, that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every tiny one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, it was beset by men and dogs, and most severely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded horse, (or filly, according to the western mode of speaking,) which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sun-down, as Watt Dood was passing around his corral, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he had conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into the corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning bright and early he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck—that the deer had attacked him, and he had hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet-hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing. The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he freely shouted: "Do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment and then turning walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and four of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well made beds and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did she do with her, Jacob?" quickly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the barn-yard?" "Did she beat her?" "I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did get pay.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"I have a small affair to settle with thee, this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I supposed," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"What would she have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her, retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard; not even a blow has been struck her; she is where she can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend from the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked: "What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment," and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as any one could wish to have—being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man and struck right and left to all who opposed him. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman: "Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said: "Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go of his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you have just been using my name improprietly; and said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nape of his neck and the other at the seat of his trousers, and plunged him in the water, saying: "I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, Peter added: "Did you ever pray?" "No."

"Then it's time you did."

"I never will," answered the ferryman.

Splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me."

"Then follow me: 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' &c. Having acted as clerk, repeating the prayer, the ferryman cried: "Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises:—First, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I do," said the ferryman.

And strange to say, that man after wards became a shining light.

ONLY THINK OF IT.

It is curious, says the Hartford Times, to see the bitter old enemies of Gen. Jackson, with one accord, suddenly vying with each other in the noisy parade of their alleged love and honor of the old hero. This love, if real, has been carefully hidden until now. The hills of New England echo with the reverberation of cannon fired in honor of Jackson, and the Black Republicans take pains to inform the public that they are having a hand in it. Of Massachusetts's action, continues the Times:—

"This Massachusetts Governor, like the great bulk of his party, comes from the old anti-Jackson stock, and thousands of those who now act with him were engaged in propagating the 'collin-hand-bill' slander and other lies fabricated to injure the General in the days of his political activity. Were the old man living now on earth he would talk in thunder tones to the Northern Nullifiers who pass laws to obstruct the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, and who are acting in concert at Washington with the extreme fire-eating Disunionists. Such politicians presume, for party effect, to 'harrah for Jackson.'" The idea is enough, one would think, to make the old hero's bones move in their coffin.

POLICY OF ELECTIONS.—I was reading Governor —'s message to my Uncle Toby, and when I got through that part where he speaks of the evil effects of employing money on our elections, the old gentleman smiled and related the following anecdote:—"I put me in mind," said he, "of a young clergyman I once knew, many years since, who preached an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he took occasion to remark on the impropriety of spending the evenings of the Sabbath in social visits—a custom as he said, very common among young men. You remember the sermon, 'Trim'?"

"Oh yes, your honor, perfectly well," said the corporal, "and the clergyman, too; he was a sedate looking man, and wore spectacles."

"Well, as I was saying," continued my uncle, "he had been preaching against the evil of going to see the girls on Sunday evening, when after service he took me by the arm—Come, let us go to the deacons' and spend the evening with his daughters." "How," cried I, with much surprise, "is it possible you can make such a proposal to me after the sermon you've just concluded?" "Pshaw!" said he, "I only made those remarks in order that we might have the better chance ourselves."

Our bilious contributor says the ladies wear red stockings because they are driven to extremities for a blush.

NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

"William, dear, William," said the wife with a world of affection in her eyes.

"Speak, heavenly charmer," replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glance of his spouse.

"Dear William!" Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as any one could wish to have—being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.

"Adored Eliza!" "Sweet flatterer!" "Angelic creature."

"Dear, dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine Willis says?"

"I fear loveliest of thy sex, that you may be fatigued."

"Fear not, dearest!" "Heavenly emanation—bright dream of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing."

"Sweet William." "Celestial Eliza."

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless the lady exclaimed: "William, dear William, why are you so sweet! Oh, this joy, the ecstasy of wedded bliss! Best beloved will you ever love me thus?"

"By yonder fearful—I say tremendous—orb I swear," he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

"And as a memento of our wedding day, you will yearly bring me here—will you, cherished idol?"

"Yes, my only pet—my life—my love—will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out!"

"Ah! bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital in this, our hour of bliss."

How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married folks know what real happiness is.

While the above happy couple were talking he felt as if immersed in molasses, and every thing since has looked, felt, and smelt sweet.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

Years ago, when the copper-faced natives had mingled with the whites just long enough to confuse their ideas of propriety, when Judge Johnson held court on the banks of the Monawk, Big John, a prince of the royal family of Kinnicknick, was arraigned, tried and convicted of the larceny of a jug of fire-water. According to the laws in operation at that romantic period, Big John was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars, which was duly looked over. When upon the aboriginal culprit was informed that he was at liberty to go. John gathered his blanket around him and approached the Judge, and demanded a receipt for his dollars.

"There's no occasion for a receipt, John," said the Judge, "you'll never be called on to pay it again."

"Ugh! big Indian steal whisky—pay five dollars—want um receipt."

"We don't give receipts here, John."

But the son of the forest was not to be cheated. He bore the clerk, sheriff, and every one connected with the court, until the Judge concluded to give him a receipt to get rid of him. He called him up to the bench, and said:

"John, if you tell me what you want with a receipt, I'll give you one."

Upon which the red man delivered himself as follows:

"Big John die one of these days. He go up to heaven—knock at the gate. Peter say, 'Who knock at the gates of heaven?' 'Big John.' 'John, you pay for that whisky you stole!' 'Yes.' 'Shove the receipt under the gate, John.' Then Big John have to go hunt all through hell to find Judge Johnson and get a receipt."

HOW JUDGE H—HELPED TO UNLOAD A STEAMBOAT.

A friend of ours, who was an eye witness to the fact, related to us an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge H— presided on the bench in this district.

On a peculiar occasion after his appointment business called him to Liberty, and while there meeting with some of his old associates at the bar, got into a convivial mood which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather the worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in great haste for fear another boat, then just hove in sight, would pass them.

The clerk sang out "I say old man can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that load of furniture? I'll pay you well for so doing, and 'double bill' in the bargain."

"O yes," said the Judge, "always ready to help in time of need."

"Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble top bureau, going off the plank, the Judge slipped, and the clerk roared out—

"There now, throw that in' the river; will you?"

"Certainly," said the Judge, and giving it a kick with the order, over it went.

"Hello! what's that for?" said the clerk.

"I always obey orders when I work for a man!"

TEN VACANT SEATS.

There are now ten vacant seats in the Senate of the United States, including those of the two members from Georgia—seats made vacant by the retirement of the Senators from the seceding States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida. Secession is no longer made the subject of unseemly jest or of mocking ridicule. It is now looked upon as a thing of seriousness and gravity. A few days more and this seriousness will be increased for Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana will soon tread in the footsteps of those we have named. But there will be cause indeed for seriousness when the remaining seven States shall take their final departure, before the fourth of March.

What a practical commentary is this upon the incompetency, selfishness and fanaticism of the Black Republican leaders, in and out of Congress! Affecting or feeling incredulity as to the warnings candidly given by the Southern States, they have up to this, the eleventh hour, obstinately, foolishly, wickedly refused to make a single effort to restore harmony and to save the Union. States that could have been saved to us by conciliatory measures, have one after another gone out from this once happy sisterhood of States, to seek that harmony and security which have been refused to them in the present Union. Valuing the Chicago platform above the Constitution and the Union, the Republican party adheres to that platform at the expense of an empire of fifteen States.

From every quarter of the country appeals have gone to the Republican leaders at Washington to save the Union. They have turned a deaf ear to them. Propositions of adjustment have been tendered by our ablest citizens, but only to be rejected. The public mind of the country has been stimulated to an extraordinary degree of activity in the patriotic effort to originate some satisfactory mode of settlement, and plan after plan has been eliminated only to be scoffed at by the men who brought our troubles upon us. Adhering with blind obstinacy to their party platform, they have at last brought this country, if not to despotism, to the brink of it. They are themselves compelled to acknowledge the danger which they so long denied. They feel it, they know it, because it is visible and palpable to all. They fold their arms and coolly talk about coercion, as if civil war would heal the wounds they have inflicted.

Our own opinion is that they cannot hold out much longer. The force of events, the uprising of the masses, the indignation of the people, will compel them to change their reckless policy. This gives us encouragement. But will they change their fatal policy in time to save the Union? We shall hope for the best, but we cannot repress gloomy forebodings. Pennsylvania.

A KNotty CASE.—Not many years ago, a man appeared in Court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be this as it may, the following dialogue ensued:—