

# Bedford Gazette.

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NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1861.

VOL. 4. NO. 27.

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Jan. 25, 1861.

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**THE BEDFORD GAZETTE**

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## Select Poetry.

### ARISTOCRACY.

Perhaps the best hint at Republic Aristocracy, of which the present age is so prolific, is the following from the pen of J. G. Saxe. It has a universal application, and is warranted good for all localities:

Of all the notable things on earth

The queerest one is pride of birth,

"Among our fierce Democracy!"

A bridge across a hundred years.

Without a prop to save from sneers—

Not even a couple of rotten peers—

A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,

Is American Aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,

Your family thread you can't ascend,

Without good reason to apprehend,

You may find it waxed at the farther end,

By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line

May end in a loop of stronger twine,

That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,

Don't be haughty and put on airs,

With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud and turn up your nose,

At poorer people in plainer clothes,

But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,

That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!

And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,

Is subject to irritation!

### KITTY'S NEW COLLAR.

Kitty Cutting was a nice plump little maid

of eighteen summers. Her uncle was a

miller, and well to do in the world. As Kitty

was likely to be an heiress, this consideration

alone would have attracted lovers, even if Kitty

herself had been considerably less attractive than she really was.

It so happened that Kitty

centred on a young man whom her uncle

no means approved. This was Henry Billings,

a young farmer in the neighborhood. The

miller's sole ground of disapproval was, that

the young man had not quite so large a share

of worldly possessions as he thought his niece

had a right to expect.

The consequence was that he forbade young

Billings the house, and told Kitty to give him

up.

Her eyes snapped in a very decided manner,

and though she said nothing, it was evident

that she meant considerable.

However, she was obliged to dissemble, and

Harry thought it prudent not to approach

the house when the miller was at home. By way

of compensation, Kitty was in the habit of

letting him know when her uncle was absent, and

on these occasions they would pass a social

evening together in the great square kitchen,

Kitty sitting upon one side, intent upon her

knitting, and her lover fully occupied in look-

ing at her. He had always succeeded in get-

ting away from the house before the miller

arrived, otherwise there would have been a

scene.

"Kitty," said her uncle one day, "I have got

to be away this evening, and probably shall not

be back before eleven or twelve o'clock."

Kitty's eyes sparkled—I dare say my readers

may guess why.

"I have got to go over to a town ten miles

distant, to see Squire Hyden. He owes me some

money, so you will have to pass the

evening by yourself."

"I don't think I shall feel lonely," said Kitty,

demurely, "I shall be so busy."

"I shall be home as soon as possible," said

the miller.

"Don't hurry on my account," said Kitty,

innocently.

The miller went over to his work, and Kitty

hastily penned the following note to Harry:

"DEAR HARRY:—Uncle is going away this

evening, and thinks he will not be back before

eleven or twelve o'clock. I thought you

might like to know.

Kitty."

Folding this up and directing it to her lover,

she called a little boy who was passing.

"Do you want to earn three cents?" she

asked.

"Don't I, though!" exclaimed young

America.

"Then carry this over and give it to Mr.

Billings, and mind you don't let any one see

it."

The boy nodded understandingly, and was

off on his mission.

Kitty was unusually lively through the day,

and desirous of her uncle's departure.

"I'm afraid it's going to snow," said the

miller, looking at the clouds.

"O, no, it won't," said Kitty, very decid-

edly.

"You seem quite positive about it," said her

uncle.

"At any rate, I don't think it will," said

Kitty.

"One might almost think that you wished

to get me off, remarked the miller, consider-

ably nearer the truth than he imagined.

"So I do," said Kitty, with lucky self-

possession. "You said, uncle, you expected to

receive some money, and I thought if you

might give a little to buy me a new col-

lar."

Precisely ten minutes after the miller's cart

was seen rumbling up the road, Henry Billings

made his appearance.

Perhaps the reader will not be astonished at

his hitting time so well, when he learns that

Harry had been watching round the corner for

more than an hour in great impatience for this

sign that the coast was clear.

"Good gracious Harry, how you surprise

me," she said, looking up with a merry smile.

"So unexpected, you know."

"I thought I'd just look in upon you," said

he, with an answering smile. "I suppose your

uncle is at home?"

"I'm sorry to say that he will be away all

the evening. You will have to call again."

"I guess I'll sit down and wait till he comes

back," said Harry, taking a seat in an immedi-

ately proximity as he dared venture upon.

I am not going to detail the conversation that

took place that evening between Kitty and her

lover. Though interesting to them, I have

strong doubts whether it would be equally so

to my readers.

The general subject, however, was ways and

means to propitiate the determined uncle, and

remove the obstacles to their union.

This, however, was rather a difficult matter,

and they could not decide upon anything

which they thought would answer the purpose.

Meanwhile, time was passing, and that

rapidly. Ten o'clock came.

Kitty and her lover were engaged in an in-

teresting disquisition, when, to their unexpec-

ted consternation, the familiar rattle of the

miller's cart was heard as it entered the yard.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Kitty, "what

could have brought uncle home so soon?"

"It's only ten minutes past ten," said Harry

looking hurriedly at his watch.

"Something or other has happened to hasten

his return. Is it possible he suspects your be-

ing here? Oh! what will he do if he finds you

here?"

"He can't do any more than order me out

of the house," said Harry. "Don't be alarmed,

Kitty, I will take all the blame."

"But you can escape. You must."

This seemed impossible, as just then the

miller was heard knocking his feet against the

scraper.

"Quick, Harry, let me hide you in the closet

!"

She flew to the closet, opened the door,

pushed in the bewildered Harry, and buttoned

him in.

Then, with a face a little flushed, she plumped

down in the rocking chair, and was knit-

ting busily.

"Hey, Kitty," said her uncle, "suppose

you didn't expect to see me so soon."

"No, uncle," said Kitty. "Why isn't it

much more than ten?"

"The way it is, I happened to meet the

Squire at the store four miles this side of his

house, and we transacted our business there.

So you see I gained an hour or so in that way."

"I wish to goodness the Squire had stopped

at home," thought Kitty.

"Have you been lonely, Kitty?" inquired

her uncle.

"No, sir," said his niece, demurely, "I was

busy, you know."

"You are getting to be quite industrious."

The miller took off his boots and sat down

composedly at the fire.

Kitty was in hopes that he would go to bed,

in order that she might give her lover a chance

to escape. But he did not appear at all in-