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BY DAVID OVER.

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From the New York Churchman.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

Darling the winter day
Dawns on the heart so gay
Who can endure
See the sad, weary wight
Wandering from noon to night
Shelterless, homeless, quite
God help the poor!

Now the red robin here,
Sings on the hill;
Not a grain of bread
Touches its bill;
So with the homeless poor,
Wandering from door to door,
Seeking a morsel more!
Lord, 'tis thy will!

White is the virgin snow,
Bitter the morn;
See these starved children go,
Wretched, forlorn;
Feet without shoes or hose,
Backs without warm clothes,
Strangers to this repose—
Why were they born?

See that lone, aged man,
Snow white his hair;
Mark his sad visage wan,
Deep his despair,
Craving the rich man's food,
Outward of many a crowd,
Lord, thou art always good,
Hear his heart's cry!

Yonder a woman goes,
Ragged and old,
Bareheaded o'er the snow,
Kneeling and cold,
How her poor children cling,
To her side, shivering,
Children beneath her wing,
Do she care for cold?

Past falls the sheet and rain,
Slowly they go,
By forest side, sheltered plain,
Waiting their way;
City street now they pass,
Here they roam wild and free,
Canst thou say "no"?

Night spreads her sable wing,
Where can they fly?
Sorrow like shadow must cling,
Tears to the eye;
Fall the cloud, the rain,
Down they nestle in the hall,
Each to his bed calls,
Lord! let me sleep!

Ye whom the heavens bless,
Give from your store;
"I will not make your treasure less,
Must make mine more;
For he that gives cheerfully,
God loves so tenderly,
God help the poor."

SWEET ANNIE DEAN.

We sat upon the little bridge,
Sweet Annie Dean and I,
And thought of many joyous hours
That had been flitted by.
And as we watched the rippling stream
Leap from the white cascade,
It seemed as if an olden dream
Two souls, glad, to fade.

A thousand golden memories
Came floating on the air,
Shedding that holy influence
Which comes from prayer!

A tear from Annie's eye, and mine,
Upon a violet fell,
And like the dew upon a rose
Rock'd in a fairy dell.

Sleep, till a shower of sparkling beads,
Shook from the Eastern sun,
Then climb'd the rosy ray of light,
And mingled in.

And so, when evening's cares are o'er,
And from their earthly jars,
Our souls like heavenly whisperings,
Shall meet beyond the stars.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Flung out the nation's stripes and stars,
The glorious standard of the free,
The banner borne in Freedom's wars,
The halcyon flag of liberty.

On mountain top, in valley deep,
Where'er the free and brave,
O'er graves where Freedom's martyrs sleep,
Columbia's flag must proudly wave.

Raise high the bright auspicious flag,
From every height and lowly glen,
In forest, dell, or jutting crag,
After among the haunts of men.

The sparkling banner widely flung,
Shall wave o'er land and sea,
And Freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,
Shall swell our country's jubilee!

From Dickens's "Household Words."

A CURE FOR ENNUY.

It was ten in the morning, and I had just risen, when Dr. Elliot entered my apartment. "Ah! Doctor," said I, in a feeble voice, "you see before you a poor young man who is fast going to the grave. I am surrounded by everything that wealth can purchase, but at twenty-five years of age, have lost all sense of enjoyment. My existence is a burden, and I only desire death. I have consulted the most eminent physicians in London, but they can do nothing for me."

"They were right," replied the Doctor, abruptly.

"Then must I die?"

"Yes, undoubtedly, when you are eighty years old."

"Heaven! do you know a remedy?"

"Perhaps, perhaps. Let me see, Sir Thomas, have you abused the pleasures which youth and fortune have procured for you?"

"I have used them, but never abused them."

"What are your first thoughts upon waking?"

"Vague and undefined."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Alas! I have no strength to love or hate."

"Do you like the theatre?"

"It is a bore."

"Do you like the pleasures of the table?"

"I have no appetite."

"Do you enjoy the beauties of nature?"

"I only seek clouds and shadows."

"You are very sick, but not incurable."

"Do you believe it?"

"I know it, but you must make a great sacrifice."

"What is that?"

"You must renounce your country, your friends and the use of your fortune. You must forget that you are Sir Thomas Wentworth, and the immense wealth you possess. You must go to Switzerland, taking with you only a hundred guineas to buy some coats and a little cabin. You must live there for a year, breathing the pure mountain air, and laboring with the sweat of your brow to gain an existence, which all the diamonds of the Indies cannot purchase."

"You forget, I cannot travel—I have no strength."

"It will return. There exists in society a class of men among whom your malady is extremely rare. These are the poor, in their ranks you must mingle. Depart, then, as soon as possible. Return in a year, and you will return cured. There is but one plank between you and shipwreck; renounce it, and you are a dead man."

"So saying, he took his hat, and politely wishing me a pleasant journey, departed."

I deliberated upon his advice, and concluded to follow it. To my steward I gave directions concerning my affairs, and the next day embarked from Dover, without acquainting a person with the object of my journey or my destination.

I supported the fatigue of traveling better than I anticipated, although I gave up all hopes of ever looking upon my country or kindred again.

After a journey of three weeks the snowy summits of the Alps rose before me. At this sight, I was seized with a profound sadness, and I felt sure that I should never leave them alive. I arrived at Berne in dejection of spirits, and remained there two days to make my arrangements; and finally decided upon the valley of Lauterbrunn for my habitation. I rose at six, took a guide and began my march; but the grand and imposing scenes of nature where not in harmony with my physical strength, and what to others would have been a source of unbounded pleasure, was to me a suffering.

We stopped for the night in the valley of Grindelwald, and in the morning, for the first time in many months, I had a good appetite.

At sunset I arrived at my destination, and entering the first house, I asked the hospitality of the inmates, which was cheerfully accorded me. In the morning I assumed a shepherd's dress, and left the friendly roof, not to enjoy the charms of nature, but to indulge in my own sad reflections.

I had taken but a few steps when I heard the sound of music, and the village rapidly filled with people to attend divine service. The crowd proceeded towards the church, and awaited the entrance of the pastor, a venerable man, inspiring respect and esteem. Hardly were the services concluded, when the flutes and haut-boys were heard anew, and a young man and woman knelt before the altar and received the nuptial benediction. Happiness and gaiety shone in all faces. I glanced toward the seat occupied by the young girls of the valley, and observed one with her eyes fixed upon me. Her beauty was more delicate and noble than that of her companions, and occasionally a tear would steal from beneath her eyelashes. Her sadness gave her an additional charm in my eyes. "Like me, she is unhappy," I said, "what happiness will soon smile upon her, while with me death only will put an end to my misery."

Next followed a ball, and two hundred young people danced merrily to the sound of the same instrument that we had heard in the church. Seeing a strange shepherd reclining in the shade of an ancient pine, some of the dancers approached and invited me to join in their amusement; but I declined, and they abandoned me to my own reflections. The young girl with whose beauty I had been so struck was not among the gay throng; she had disappeared immediately upon leaving the church.

After the rustic ball the girls, hand in hand, singing gaily as they went, advanced to the foot of a high hill, whose summit was covered with ice. All at once they started and rushed full speed upon the slippery eminence. They seemed like a troop of angels ascending to Heaven. But what was my terror when they began to descend in the same rapid and perilous manner. With great speed they came springing down the declivity, their hair unbound and floating in the wind, while their lovers at the base of the hill, with their arms extended, received them with innumerable kisses.

"Happy shepherd!" I exclaimed, "how I envy you!"

Upon arriving at the house I learned that my guide had purchased for me a flock of a dozen goats, and a little cabin upon the edge of the neighboring mountains. This transaction had consumed almost all my money, and if I wished to live, I must labor like my new companions, no richer than any of them.

My dwelling was neat, and furnished with everything necessary for comfort; a bench, a table, and a bed, a little fire to be sure, but soft enough for the robust limbs of a tired shepherd.

My first few days were frightful. The isolation in which I lived, the coarse fare, to which I was unaccustomed, the violent exertions in following my goats over steep rocks and precipices, all combined to drive me to despair. Soon I had not strength to leave my cabin; a burning fever consumed me, and my senses were lost in delirium. I remained ten days hovering between life and death. Sometimes believing myself in my own country, sometimes on a desert island, pursuing phantoms that fled before me. Sometimes I seemed to see at my bedside the young girl whom I met at the church, but her sweet face was soon obliterated by others.

Finally, after a lethargic sleep, my reason returned. I inquired, "Where am I?" A voice replied, "He is saved." I opened my eyes and perceived two females, one of middle age who had uttered the exclamation, and the other, fresh as spring, and beautiful as a new-born flower, gazed at me in silence. "These are the two angels, I said, in my own language, 'that have saved my life.' My words they could not understand, but my sentiment I am sure they did.

Maria and Laura, as they were called in the valley, were beloved by all the inhabitants of Lauterbrunn. They delighted in good deeds, and often climbed the mountains to carry assistance to sick cottagers. Their dwelling was not far from mine, and as soon as they learned of my illness they hastened to tend upon me. Thanks to their care, I recovered, and became a frequent visitor at their cottage. Gratitude made it a duty, and love made it a necessity.

I applied myself diligently to the study of their language, and, with Maria and Laura for instructors, I soon acquired great proficiency in it, and could converse freely with the shepherds upon the mountains.

Obliged, like them, to earn my own living, I soon began to value my hard-earned necessities, and to forget the existence of luxuries. After a hard day's work, I thoroughly enjoyed my evening meal of coarse bread and goat's milk. My sleep was peaceful, and visions of Laura danced through my dreams.

I supposed that Maria and Laura were natives of Lauterbrunn. They wore the costumes and spoke the language of the country; but I could not but observe a marked difference between their manners and those of the simple Swiss shepherds. The latter possessed a charming naturalness, and at the same time an air of rusticity. Maria and Laura possessed the same naturalness, but a high bred refinement, and cultivation was mingled with it. They were calculated to adorn any station, however exalted.

In the meantime, activity, and the pure air of the mountains accomplished miracles in my behalf. I could climb the steepest rocks, and the most slippery paths. I pursued the chamois into almost inaccessible retreats, and leaping a frightful chasm was a mere amusement. After being so feeble, I rejoiced in my strength, and acquired a wonderful vitality and energy.

One day I reached the summit of the Seltsch, and contemplated the vast scene around me—high rocks, steep precipices, and apparently bottomless abysses, while far, far beneath me lay, in miniature, the smiling valleys of Lauterbrunn and Grindelwald. A few light clouds hovered above the horizon, and looked like floating mountains.

I was lost in admiration, at the glorious scene, when suddenly a terrible noise like thunder reverberated through the mountains. This fearful sound increased, and a thousand echoes repeated it. I safely out of the reach of the avalanches, began to descend with great rapidity, when I heard a piercing cry, and saw upon a neighboring eminence a young woman stretching her arms imploringly to aid me. I flew towards her, and received the unfortunate fainting girl in my arms. I bore her from the dangerous spot. One moment more, and I should have been too late. It was Laura, and no other than Laura, whom I had rescued from death. I felt myself endowed with a new strength, and carried her in my arms without perceiving the weight of my precious burden. I dashed down the mountain with the agility of a chamois, never stopping to breathe until I reached the dwelling of Maria.

Laura, tempted by the serenity of the atmosphere, had ventured upon the mountains to collect some plants, and was surprised by the avalanche in the midst of her occupation. After this day I assumed the entire charge of Maria and Laura. On Sunday days and fete days I escorted them to the village, and joined in the dance with the young people upon the green. These were the happiest moments of my life. For I was of Heaven no greater felicity than that of seeing Laura every day.

In the meantime my year of exile had nearly expired. My health was entirely re-established, and to my expectations of death had succeeded all the hope of friendship and love. I thought of my friends at home, but could not decide to leave a country to which I was indebted for the greatest of all benefits, health, and besides, how could I abandon Laura? I could more easily have renounced life.

The principle events of our existence are independent of our will. Our designs are at the mercy of circumstances, like a leaf at the sport of the wind. I entered one evening the cottage of my neighbors, and found them both in tears. Maria weeping in the arms of Laura, and saying—

"O, my daughter, what will become of us? where shall we take refuge? If I were alone I could drag through the few days remaining to me, but I cannot see you suffer."

"Do not despair, my dear mother," said Laura; "I am well and can work and support as both until that happy day shall come which will restore us to our country and rights. Be consoled then, and do not be unhappy about my welfare."

This scene made so deep an impression upon me, that I was no longer master of myself, and entreated them to acquaint me with their misfortunes, and I would shed my last drop of blood in their cause.

Laura burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Soon we must part forever."

"Forever, Laura? ah, I would rather die a hundred times. No, I will only abandon you with life."

"It is necessary," she continued; "Heaven and man have decided, and we must separate. We are compelled to fly from the peaceful country where I had just begun to know happiness. I confess it before God, you are the only person here I regret leaving."

At these words I fell upon my knees before her, and pressing her hand to my lips, exclaimed: "not knowing what I said, Laura, I will follow you everywhere—your destiny shall be mine. I here swear to love you eternally."

"Stop," said Maria, stepping between us. "Tom, my daughter can never be yours. The rank our family occupied in France forbids it. Would to Heaven we had been born in this smiling valley, where the same fortune, the same education, would have made us equal. But it is not so. Laura is the daughter of the Count de Blainville. The blood which flows in her veins is illustrious. She cannot dishonor it by allying herself to a poor shepherd."

At these words she burst into a torrent of tears. I approached her respectfully and said:

"The poor Tom is not worthy of being the husband of Laura, but wherever may be the place of your new exile, do not forget one who will not forget you."

I left the cottage, not trusting myself to look again at Laura. The next morning at sunrise I started for Berne, where business detained me for two days. Immediately upon my return I called at the cottage of Madame de Blainville, to renew my offers of assistance and to say farewell.

Laura looked pale and sad, but her mother greeted me with a face radiant with joy, and showed me a letter just received from Berne, which was as follows:

MADAME.—A man to whom you have unconsciously rendered a most important service, has just become apprised of your cruel situation. Permit him to offer you an asylum in his country. Depart at once for London; inquire there for the residence of Sir Thomas Wentworth. His house is at your service, and you will there receive every attention and respect that a son can offer the dearest of parents.

THOMAS WENTWORTH.

"It is from Heaven," cried Madame de Blainville. "How could I ever doubt the goodness of Providence. I have tried in vain to recall that Sir Thomas Wentworth, but I am sure this is the first time I ever heard his name. There is something very extraordinary about it. What do you think of it, Tom? What do you advise us to do?"

"If you would deign, Madame, to take counsel from a shepherd, you will accept the offer of Sir Thomas Wentworth. Circumstances are pressing and required. He can have no motive for deceiving you, and I believe him an honest man; and an honest man always regards his promises."

"But we do not know him."

"When you see him you may recognize him, and if you have forgotten, the service he has rendered him, it is very plain that he has not."

During this scene I glanced at Laura. She did not partake of the joy of her mother, but she was wrapt in melancholy. I approached her, and taking her hand, said:

"Oh, Laura, how happy is Sir Thomas; he can offer you an asylum and console you."

"Console me! ah Tom, the death of my father and our separation, are misfortunes for which I never can be consoled."

The next day Madame de Blainville and Laura left the valley. The instant of their departure was the signal for mine. We took different routes. They dared not pass through France but made a circuitous tour through Germany and Holland. I, not fearing the axe of the executioner, and desirous of returning as soon as possible, passed directly through France, and was soon in England, and awaiting with an indescribable impatience the moment when I could welcome the two beings so dear to me.

One morning I was alone in my library, thinking of Laura, and bitterly regretting that I had ever lost sight of her, when my servant announced the arrival of two strangers.

When I entered the drawing room Madame and Madame de Blainville approached me with grace and dignity. The eyes of Laura were modestly cast down, but I noticed traces of deep sadness upon her brow. Her mother's anxiety of mind, my change of costume, and the luxuries by which I was surrounded, all prevented her recognition of me. She placed in my hands the letter she had received from Berne. I took it and pretended to read it.

"Yes, Madame, it is I who offer you an asylum. My house, my fortune, my life all that I possess is yours. I promised you the respect, the attention of a son for the most tender of parents. I will keep my word, even if your daughter should refuse to unite her fate to that of the poor shepherd Tom."

At these words a vital flush mantled upon the cheeks of the young girl. She raised her astonished eyes and cried,

"Good God! it is Tom! Tom himself!" Her surprise, that of Madame de Blainville, and my transports of joy, prevented me from describing the scene that ensued. I can only leave it to the imagination of the reader.

In a few days Laura became Lady Wentworth, and for three years I have been the happiest of husbands. Everything is bright about me, all nature is smiling, and every day I thank Heaven for having preserved an existence so filled with charms. To Dr. Elliot I am indebted for all my felicity. With agreeable duties and pleasures my whole time is occupied, and I have not experienced a moment of ennui since my departure for Switzerland.

Thanksgiving Proclamation. PENNSYLVANIA, ss: In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. JAMES POLLOCK, Governor.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—A public acknowledgment of the goodness of Almighty God and of our constant dependence upon his Providence, is eminently becoming a free and enlightened people.

As the "Giver of every good and perfect gift. He has crowned the past year with his goodness and censed our paths to drop with fatness." Our free institutions, our rights and privileges, civil and religious, have been continued and preserved. Science and Art, with the great interests of education, morality and religion, have been encouraged and advanced; industry, in all its departments, has been honored and rewarded, and the general condition of the people improved.

Our Commonwealth has been greatly blessed. The ravages of disease and death—of famine and pestilence—have not been permitted to come near us; nor have the horrors of war disturbed the peaceful quiet of our homes. The earth has yielded her increase and richly rewarded the husbandman. Abundant prosperity, with smiling plenty and the blessings of health, have been ours. Acknowledging, with gratitude, these blessings of a kind Providence, let us enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name."

Deeply impressed with the importance and propriety of this duty, and in accordance with the wishes of many good citizens, I, James Pollock, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby recommend Thursday, the 20th day of November next, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Praise throughout this State; and earnestly implore the people, that, assisting from all worldly business and pursuits on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for His past goodness and mercy, and humbly beseech Him for a continuance of His blessings.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this 21st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-first.

By the Governor: ANDREW G. CURTIN, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

"Crow, I want to ask you a conundrum."

"Well, Julius, succeed! I'm open for the question."

"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence an like a robber at low tide?"

"No Julius, I don't; see no similarity in de two subjects, so, darfo, I guss it up."

"Well, den I'll tell you. It is simply because it develops de muscles! You is de most ingenious nigger I ever seed."

"Eh, yall! I know all de time what dat was, I didn't want to say nuffin! Jus as me again and see if I can't tell you!"

"Pat you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in de month by one week, you say?"

"Truth, boy, indeed, an' its jist myself what is wantin' s'wate Kathleen to get it in advance of de mail. Sure I'll not care if she gits it three days afore its writin, me darlin'!"

The satire in this renders the poetry possible.

Two lovely ladies dwell at—
And each a charming goes;
Emma goes there to class her eyes,
And Jane to gaze her clothes!

Prattice of the Louisville Journal, lately let out the following:

"The editor of a Georgia paper calls us half-witted. If we are so, we have, by just one half, the advantage of him."

If you want to see a black equal just look at a negro attacked by the white.

NEW GOODS!

JUST received and for sale at REED'S NEW STORE, a large and well assorted stock of Fall and Winter Goods. He is now prepared to accommodate his friends and customers, and the public generally. To attempt to enumerate the stock in a newspaper advertisement, would be fully as idle as the uselessness of the public. He would not believe that goods were selling as they offer them, unless they call and see for themselves. We don't wish to boast, but merely remark that for variety, texture, and cheapness, his stock cannot be excelled, and it is calculated to please all.

We cordially invite the public to call at REED'S NEW STORE and satisfy themselves in regard to the variety of the above statement, and examine his stock before you purchase elsewhere.

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Oct. 10, '56.

JOB MANN, C. H. SPANG.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned have associated themselves in the practice of the law, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of Mangel House and opposite the residence of Maj. Tate.

MANN & SPANG.

June 1st, 1854.

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MANN & SPANG.

June 1st, 1854.

FARM FOR SALE.

"THE undersigned will sell at private sale a tract of land situated in Mulligan's Cove Harrison Township, Bedford county, lately in the occupancy of Mrs. Elizabeth Earnest, and finally adjoining lands of the estate of Fortz, Daniel May and others, and containing one hundred and sixty three acres and allowance, about twenty five of which are cleared and under fence.

The improvements are a two story log dwelling, a small log barn and other out buildings. There is also a young orchard of choice apple trees on the place.

The terms will be made known by either of the undersigned, who are Trustees of Mrs. Earnest.

If the farm is not sold at private sale before the 1st. of November next, it will be offered at public sale on that day.

GEO. P. RIDDLE, JNO. MOWER, Trustees.