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POETRY.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A BALLAD.

An Attorney was taking a turn,
 In shabby habiliments dressed;
 His coat, it was shockingly worn,
 And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
 His linen and worsted were worse;
 He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
 And not a half crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
 A cheerless and comfortless elf;
 He sought for relief in a song,
 Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
 I've never a client but grief;
 The case is, I've no case at all,
 And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!"

"I've waited and waited in vain,
 Expecting an 'opening' to find,
 Where an honest young lawyer might gain
 Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
 Or lack an intelligent face,
 That others have cases to plead,
 While I have to plead for a case.

"O, how can a modest young man
 Ever hope for the smallest progression—
 The profession's already so full
 Of lawyers so full of profession."

While thus he was strolling around,
 His eyes accidentally fell
 On a deep, dark hole in the ground,
 And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
 On the curb-stone, the space of a minute,
 And cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
 And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came,
 ("Twas the coroner bade them attend),
 To the end that it might be determined
 How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
 Quoth the foreman who sat on the case;
 "A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
 "Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
 An Attorney well versed in the laws,
 And as to the cause of his death,
 'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
 After solemnly weighing the matter,
 "That the lawyer was drowned, because
 He couldn't keep his head above water!"

STATE FINANCES.

Some days ago we published a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the State, during the fiscal year which closed on the 30th day of November last. That statement contained some facts which require a more particular notice, as they furnish unmistakable evidence of improvement in the public finances, and vigilance and energy in their management.

In 1856, when Mr. Fay (Democrat) came into office, the amount received into the State Treasury, from tax on real and personal estate, was, in round numbers, \$1,600,000, and the tax assessed on such property was three mills on the dollar of valuation. During the session of 1857, the Legislature (Democratic) reduced this tax to two and one half mills on the dollar, and yet we find the amount of money received into the treasury in 1858, from this source, was over \$1,600,000; thus showing notwithstanding the reduction of tax, that the amount received is about the same.

The amount received by tax on store and tavern licenses was, in 1856, \$310,000, while in 1858 it was \$331,000, and this, too, in the face of a reduction in the rate of licenses, as fixed by an Act of Assembly, during the session of 1857.

The amount received by tax on corporation stocks, in 1856, was \$271,000, while in 1858 this amount increased to \$408,000, making a difference to the State of \$137,000. Here let us state, that the act of 1844 requires all institutions and companies to pay annually, to the State, a certain amount of tax on their capital stock, the dividends which they declare being the measure of such taxation, provided those dividends reach six per cent; if they do not, then the stock is required to be valued by the company, and the tax is assessed on such valuation. Last year every branch of industry in

the State was depressed and consequently many companies, in fact nearly all, were unable to declare dividends, and their stock necessarily depreciated in value. These circumstances caused a corresponding decrease in the amount of revenue to be derived by the State from this source, yet the amount has increased \$157,000! How has this been effected? There were hundreds of companies in the State which made no returns, and never paid one cent of the required amount. These companies, through the persevering efforts of the Auditor General, have all been compelled to settle and adjust their accounts, and thus bear their share of taxation.

The amount received as a bonus, required to be paid by certain corporations, was, in 1856, but \$13,000, while in 1858, the amount reached \$97,000, making a difference in this item alone of \$84,000.

There are a number of other matters contained in the statement to which we could refer, but the above exhibits the gratifying fact that there has been an increase of the receipts into the public Treasury from the sources referred to, of over three hundred and twelve thousand dollars. The natural inquiry is, how has this been brought about, when it is well known the Legislature, in at least two of the items, caused the tax to be materially reduced? It may be asserted that the increase of the receipts has been caused by a corresponding increase in the value of real and personal property; and also an increase in the number of store and tavern licenses and corporations. A reference, however, to the amount received from these sources for years previous to 1856, will show this to be only in part the cause. The increase has been effected since the induction of Mr. Fay into office, and is to a considerable extent owing to his zealous and laborious efforts, to cause the amounts due by individuals and corporations to be paid into the Treasury at the time they are due, and not by negligence and inattention postpone their payment until the delay causes a doubt to their justice.

It is in this way, and in this way only, the people may reasonably hope for a relief from an onerous public debt. By the annual statement referred to, it appears that over four hundred thousand dollars of the public debt has been cancelled this year, after a full payment of all demands upon the Treasury; therefore, we take pleasure in thus calling public attention to facts so gratifying, and we sincerely hope this will go on until every vestige of our debt shall be wiped out, and the people relieved from a burden which has long oppressed them.—*Patriot and Union.*

A Calm Voice From Kansas.

We find in the New York Tribune, a letter from Kansas, written by one who has no sympathy with the Democratic party, which for once develops sound views and welcome truths. It indicates that the people of Kansas are beginning to appreciate their true condition, and have sickened of the agitation that has done so much to retard their prosperity. The admission is important, that the effect of the much-abused "English bill" has been to restore complete quiet and confidence to the Territory.—The following is an extract from the letter referred to:

"I venture to say that more has been done for the organization of Kansas in the last four months than we accomplished in the four years prior to this, and why? Simply because we have put to rest for a time, this abhorrent political fight. You may think the remark a strange one, but it is true. From the moment the passage of the 'English bill' made clear our policy and our duty, Kansas has had peace, for our course was as distinctly settled in our mind on the day of its passage as it was on the night of the day of election. Home application is beginning to show itself in every direction.—Contentment and happiness are making their impress on every countenance, and our industrial economy will show greater developments of the soil, and improvements in homes, than have been shown for the whole period of Kansas settlement.

"A word as to the future; Our friends at the East are urging that we now take prompt action for the future; form a Constitution, and demand immediate admission into the Union.—We thank them for their interest and their advice, but we think the policy a bad one for the present. Had we not better leave the question of assuming the responsibilities of a State until the people are ready for it? I know what I say when I tell you that the people are not ready for this step. Why? First, they are not prepared to sustain the burdens of Government. Second, they are tired of politics, Political Conventions, Constitutions, political quacks, hacks and mountebanks. They desire rest and opportunity to improve their homes, cultivate their farms, and get in a state of independency. Our hope and prayer will be given to the President to send us as good a Governor as the last, and one that will follow his policy, and that our friends will allow us to

act for ourselves—pledging them that Kansas shall be when admitted a State, one that shall not dishonor the free sisterhood.

"We hope still further, that the men will be few and far between who will look to Kansas to make or mend their political fortunes.—From the beginning she has been tormented with too many of this class."

The Origin of Pickwick.

Mr. Dickens has lately been issuing what is called a 'popular edition of his works, in which he treats us to this little account of the origin of Pickwick:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, waited upon me, to propose a something that should be published in shining numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I had served my apprenticeship to life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn, to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street—appeared in all the glory of print, on which memorable occasion—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.

"The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, &c., and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, every body now knows.

"Boz," appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very favorite household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

A Hard Joke.

The *Mobile Advertiser*, of the 19th ultimo, tells the following good story of a notorious practical joker in that city,yclept "Straight Back Dick":—

Dick was at the wharf one day last week, when one of the up-river boats arrived, looking, doubtless, for some unwary individual upon whom to exercise his talent. He watched closely the countenance of each passenger as he stepped from the plank upon the wharf, and at length fastened his gaze upon an individual who, from his appearance and manners, was considerably nearer Mobile than he had ever been before. He was evidently ill at ease, and had probably heard the reports which were rife in the country relative to the hundreds who were dying in Mobile every hour from yellow fever. The man started off toward Dauphin street, carpet sack in hand; but had not proceeded far when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he suddenly sto, ped. Upon turning around he met the cold, serious countenance of Dick, and it seemed to send a thrill of terror throughout his whole frame. After looking at him steadily for about a minute, Dick slowly ejaculated:

"Yes, you are the man. Stand straight!"

With fear visible in his countenance, the poor fellow essayed to do as commanded.

"Straighter yet!" said Dick. "There, that will do," and taking from his pocket a small tape measure, he stooped down and measured him from the toe of his boot to the crown of his hat, took a pencil and carefully noted the height in his pocket-book, to the utter amazement of the stranger; after which he measured him across the shoulders, and again wrote down

the dimensions. He then looked the stranger firmly in the face and said:

"Sir, I am very sorry that it is so, but I really will not be able to finish it for you before morning."

"Finish what?" asked the stranger, endeavoring in vain to appear calm.

"Why, your coffin, to be sure! You see, I am the city undertaker, and the people are dying here so fast that I can hardly supply the demand for coffins. You will have to wait until your turn comes, which will be to-morrow morning—say about 9 o'clock."

"But what the d—! do I want with a coffin? I have no idea of dying!"

"You haven't, eh? Sir, you will not live two hours and a half. I see it in your countenance. Why, even now, you have a pain—a slight pain—in your back."

"—Yes, I believe I have," replied the trembling hoosier.

"Exactly," said Dick, "and in your limbs, too!"

"—Yes, stranger, you're right and I begin to feel it in the back of my neck and head."

"Of course you do, and unless you do something for it, you'll be dead in a short time I assure you. Take my advice, now, go back aboard the boat, swallow down a gill of brandy, get into your stateroom and cover up with blankets. Stay there till you perspire freely, then leave here like lightning!"

Hoosier hurried on board the boat, and followed Dick's instructions to the letter. On Monday he was met by a gentleman at Citronelle, to whom he related his wonderful escape from death by yellow fever, even after preparations were being made to procure his coffin. He says he will never forget the kindness of the tall man in Mobile who gave him such good advice.

How we Perspire.

All over the surface of our bodies there are scattered millions of minute orifices which open into the delicate convoluted tubes lying underneath the skin, and are called by anatomists *sudoriferous glands*. Each of these tubes, when straightened, measures about a quarter of an inch; and as according to Erasmus Wilson, whose figures we follow, there are 3528 of these tubes on every square inch of the palm of the hand, there must be no less than 882 inches of tubing on such a square inch. In some parts of the body the number of tubes is even greater; in most parts it is less. Erasmus Wilson estimates that there are 2800 on every square inch, on the average; and as the total number of such inches is 2500, we arrive at the astounding result that, spread over the surface of the body, there are not less than *twenty-eight miles of tubing*, by means of which liquids may be secreted, and given off as vapor in *insensible perspiration*, or as water in *sensible perspiration*. In the ordinary circumstances of daily life, the amount of fluid which is thus given off from the skin (and lungs) during the twenty-four hours, varies from 1 1/2 lbs. to 5 lbs.; under extraordinary circumstances the amount will of course rise enormously. Dr. Southwood Smith found that the workmen in the gas-works employed in making up the fires, and other occupations which subjected them to great heat, lost on an average 3 lb. 6 oz. in forty-five minutes; and when working for seventy minutes in an unusually hot place, their loss was 4 lb. 2 oz., and 4 lb. 14 oz.—*Blackwood.*

Who Makes Free States.

During the last session of Congress, Minnesota, a free State, was admitted into the Union, upon the recommendation of President Buchanan. On looking over the vote upon the admission, it will be seen that every Democrat alike from the South and North, was in his seat, and voted "aye," while a majority of the Republicans voted "no." The Senate, which is largely Democratic, passed a bill to admit Oregon, another free State, in opposition to the votes and exertions of many Republican Senators. Democracy knows no difference between the North and South. The leaders of the Republican party claim to be great friends of freedom, but their actions prove that they are hypocritical in their professions.—*Bridgeport Farmer.*

Cheating the Printer.

The other day we saw several Irish laborers trying to decipher a written notice headed "Public Sale;" the notice, although written tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emeralds, and they requested us to read it for them, which we of course did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrades, and remarked, in a very impressive tone:

"Well, be jabers, I'll never buy of a man who's so nagsrdly that he won't get his advertisements printed; he's chated the printer and he'd chate me." They all acquiesced in his decision.—*Ex.*

A COMICAL SCENE WITH AN AFRICAN LADY AT CHARLESTON.—Various amusing anecdotes are related of the poor Africans who were rescued from the slaver Echo, by the U. States brig Dolphin, during their brief sojourn in the port of Charleston. The following is said to have been a most comical scene:

Among the Echo's living cargo, every one of whom, be it remembered, were in the condition in which they entered the world, and under no obligation to the tailors or mantuamakers' art, was a woman who was distinguished from the rest by her evident natural brightness and superior looks. Moreover, she was dressed, not probably, after the fashion of our Broadway belles, but dressed differently from her companions, nevertheless; and like all true women, in such a condition, she felt and evinced her superiority. She actually had on a pair of gloves, which she wore at all hours, with evident pride in her costume, and felt that she was in "full tags." She was called, *par excellence*, "the Queen," and her story getting abroad at Charleston, some ladies requested and obtained permission for her to visit them. A loose dress was accordingly furnished her, to cover her other deficiencies of the article of clothing, and she was landed from one of the boats and conveyed to the house of a prominent resident of Charleston. There, the servant was ordered to dress the queen in hoops, broad enough for a dame of uppertendom, and a flaunting, gay dress. She was much astonished and pleased with the dress, but more with the hoops, which she would endeavor to catch as she turned round and round, uttering outlandish cries. She also exhibited some inclination constantly to examine more closely into the material beneath her outer dress, but as gentlemen were present, she was prudently prevented from gratifying this natural curiosity. After spending some hours ashore, she was conveyed to the beach by a number of her entertainers.

The boat could not reach high water mark and lay some distance out in the water. The Queen shook hands all around with her friends, and then going to the water's edge, surveyed the boat for an instant, and after waving a la adieu, suddenly hoisted dress, hoops, underclothes and all, like a huge sun bonnet over her head, and quietly waded out to the boat. This reversal of the purpose of clothing startled the spectators, and there was a most sudden and laughable rush from the beach.

Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hands, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity, arose, and brushing back his hair, said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

TITLES.—A lieutenant in the service, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally addressed as Capt. Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said:

"You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name."

"Ah!" said his tormentor, "so you have—well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

DYING ITSELF.—Harry H., of Providence, tells a good story of a young man who had a light and incipient moustache. One day, fingering the few hairs, he said to Harry: "Hadn't I better dye this moustache?" "Oh no," replied Harry, "let it alone and it will die itself."

DELL TOOLS.—Said one Student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, who makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get my living by my wits."

"Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools better than I can," was the reply.

A doctor returned a coat to a tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said:

"Ah, doctor, you're a happy man."

"Why so?" said the doctor.

"Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travellers; it is to be put under the feet, with a mustard-plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

A Yankee editor out west says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward like the slow but interlaid step of a jackass to a peck of oats."

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because losing his leg, he loses something 't'no boot."

Later from Kansas—Territorial Mass Convention.

St. Louis, Dec. 17th.—Leavenworth dates to the 6th inst., per U. S. Express to Bonnevile, furnish advices from Kansas.

A Territorial Mass Convention of the conservative element assembled at Leavenworth on the 25th, ult., for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Republicans. The attendance was numerous, though only six counties were represented. A thorough re-union and re-organization of the Democracy was advocated and hotly debated, a strong minority characterizing such action as premature. A series of resolutions; petitioning Congress for liberal land grants for public improvements, denouncing the Republican party, and in favor of the expulsion of free negroes from the future State of Kansas, declaring the slave question a dead issue, advocating the opening of the Indian Reserves to settlers, and a modification of the present laws, was finally adopted, with a preamble determining upon an immediate organization of the Democracy. The session was prolonged to a late hour, and was rather turbulent. Both wings of the party were well represented, and the discussion maintained with vigor. Able speeches were made on both sides.

COL. SAMUEL W. BLACK SHOT.—We learn, by a private letter from Nebraska, that Col. S. W. Black, one of the Supreme Judges of that Territory, was dangerously wounded with a gun in the hands of a friend, a few days since. It appears that, accompanied by another gentleman, he was out hunting on the prairie, and passing into a clump of bushes, with a view of driving some prairie hens from their cover, his comrade, who did not observe his presence, discharged his gun twice in succession, the first load—a heavy charge of buckshot—taking effect in the head, and the second in the arm, inflicting two severe, though, we are happy to state, not dangerous wounds. At last accounts the Colonel was rapidly recovering, and his speedy return to convalescence was confidently looked for. The gentleman's escape was a most fortunate one, as both charges were very heavy, and but a short distance separated the parties when the gun was discharged. His numerous friends here, while deploring the accident, will be rejoiced to learn that it is not likely to be attended with any serious result.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

LATE ELECTION IN ILLINOIS.—As it has been contended that the Republicans were in a majority, and that Mr. DOUGLAS' re-election to the Senate will have been secured only by a cunning gerrymandering of the State in the matter of the election districts, it is worth while to examine these returns. The total vote throughout the State for Superintendent of Public Instruction is 252,142, which is slightly larger than the vote for State Treasurer. This aggregate is distributed among the candidates thus:

Republican	127,586.
Democratic	124,556.
Bateman, 124,556. French, (Doug.) 122,412.	
Reynolds, (A. D.) 5,173.	

Deduct Republican vote 127,586.
 Democratic plurality 3,030.

The above is, we imagine, for all who can cypher, a satisfactory refutation of the misstatement that the Republicans had the majority in Illinois; or that Mr. DOUGLAS will continue to serve that State as Senator in the face of such a majority.—*St. Louis Republican.*

LANDLORD.—"Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best table in the city." Editor.—"I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis." Landlord.—"I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper." Editor.—"I thought you were glad to feed me for nothing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways." Exit landlord in a rage.

"Do you believe in second love, Mister Mc-Quode?"

"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it is gone, don't he want another pound and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love!"

"My dearest Maria," wrote a quiet affectionate husband to his wife, a strong-minded woman. She wrote him back, "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other 'dear Marias'?"

A placard in the window of a patent medicine vender in the Rue Saint Honore, Paris, reads as follows:

"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

"However you may sneer," says Ned, "my friend's no fool—he has a head." "Trus," says the other with a grin. "He has a head—so has a pin."

"Pompey, what am I dat goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops, I am no use to de wagon, and yet de wagon can't go without it?" "I gubs dat up Clem." "Why de noise ob course."

Everything has its use. Were it not for the flies, people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day—the portion devoted to sunrise and meadow larks.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweet heart.

"No indeed you are not, John, you have never hugged me yet, you are more sheep than bear."

Work as though thou wert to live forever—worship as though thou wert to die presently.