

Bedford Inquirer.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1858.

VOL. 31, NO. 26.

Select Poetry.



THE DYING GIRL TO HER MINSTREL-LOVER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Minstrel, thy farewell song,
Sad as a dirge heard through the midnight rain,
Falls on my heart—and Love's dear years again
On memory throng.

The music of the past
Comes floating round me—and young Fancy brings
Sweet dreams of love and glory on her wings
Too bright to last.

The bow that spanned the years
In Life's young morning glows with blessed ray,
But soon, too soon, its beauty melts away
In clouds and tears.

I may not hear that tone
Of mournful minstrelsy again. 'Tis well!
Alas! that earthly tones should ever swell
So wild and lone.

Minstrel, I love thee now
As first I loved thee. In this raven hair
I twine, as then, thy favorite flowers—but where,
Oh! where art thou?

The solitary star,
That rose so sweetly o'er yon mountain's brow
On that blessed eve of love—'tis rising now—
But thou art far.

I gaze you dear moon
As erst we gazed ere Love's young dreams were
Dull,
And weep that dreams so passing beautiful
Should fade so soon.

I wander on the spot
Where first we met. The notes of early birds
Still float upon the air, but thy sweet words—
I hear them not.

I am alone and fast,
My life is fading from the earth—this breath
Is faltering now, and the low wind of death
Seems moaning past.

'Tis well, and I have come
To bear in silence. I can calmly see
Life's last pale blossom wither on its tree,
Then seek my home.

Minstrel, this mournful token
Of love is thine—it is my heart's farewell!
I leave thee soon—oh! keep it as a spell
Of love unbroken.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the Vermont Stock Journal.

HINTS TO BUYERS OF HORSES.

Many persons who purchase and pay for good horses, are sadly disappointed with their bargains. Of course, many bad bargains will be made. The really fine animals and the seemingly fine to common eyes, appear just alike. To man, they are very unlike and such purchasers are not easily deceived. Still, no man is beyond being sometimes overreached by an imposing animal in the hands of an artful jockey. This kind of imposition can never be wholly prevented, and must be endured.

But there are some causes of dissatisfaction with the buyer, for which the seller is no way in fault. A horse, or a pair of young horses, are bought of a breeder or dealer, which probably have been used to tight work on a farm, and to daily exercise. The buyer drives them a few times and feeds them high. They are not bought for regular, steady labor, but for occasional use, when the owner has leisure.—After the novelty of the new horses is gone, they are conveyed to the groom. They remain day after day, and sometimes for weeks, standing on a hard plank, indulged with high feed, and deprived of all exercise. The horse delights in motion: confinement he abhors. He watches the long days to have one come to take him out and give him a chance to move. The master very likely seldom sees him, and he is left to the mercies of the groom.

After a week of inaction, he is ordered to be brought out for use. He has been fed high for a week, and it may be for a fortnight, and his feet are hot and dry from standing on a hard dry floor; but he is a fast horse, and was perhaps bought because he was fast; consequently, the owner must drive fast. He is driven eight or ten miles at a rapid pace. He is covered with foam, and panting for breath. The owner is surprised. He cannot imagine what makes the horses sweat so. He has been well

fed, and not been out of the stable for a week. He begins to think the horse is tender, and lacks a good constitution. When the horse returns to the stable, heated with a sharp drive, how many owners see that they are carefully rubbed until he is thoroughly dry, and know by their own observation that the groom is faithful.

The horse, with his fine spirit, high courage, and boundless ambition, will go till he drops dead in the harness. But whoever wants to drive fast must remember that, in the first place the horse must be prepared for it by daily exercise. Secondly, he must not be driven fast after a full meal; and thirdly, after being driven fast, he must have the best of care.—Horses for fast driving must not carry much flesh, or they are more liable to injury.

If you are the owner of a good horse, see him daily. A little practice will make it pleasant to you, and you will see how soon he recognizes you and loves to acknowledge your caresses. Be careful to whom you commit a good horse. A coarse, brutal man is unfit to have charge of him. The horse is easily won by kindness to the most implicit obedience, while harshness and violence are very sure to spoil him.

From the Country Gentleman.

RECIPE FOR A CHEAP BEER.—A correspondent in your valuable journal, makes inquiry in reference to brewing spruce beer. As many of your subscribers may be benefited by the following recipe, I take pleasure in forwarding it to you. I use it in preference to coffee in the morning, in preference to wine at dinner, and consider it superior to tea at supper. It is a valuable aperient, and for dyspeptic patients is a valuable medicine.

Prepare a five or ten gallon keg, in proportion to the size of the family—draw a piece of coarse bobbin, or very coarse book-muslin over one end of the faucet that is inserted in the keg, to prevent its choking, a good tight bung, and near to that a gasket hole, with a peg to fit it tight.

Recipe for five gallons. One quart of sound corn, put into a keg, with half a gallon molasses; then fill with cold water to within two inches of the bung. Shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use. Bung tight.

If you want spruce flavor, add one tea-spoonful of essence of spruce—lemon, if lemon is preferred—ginger or any flavor you prefer.—The corn will last to make five or six brewings; when it is exhausted, renew it. When the beer passes from the vinous to the acetous fermentation, it can be corrected by adding a little more molasses and water.

This is a simple, cheap beverage, costing about three cents a gallon. After the beer becomes ripe, it ought to be kept in a cool place to prevent it from becoming sour before it is exhausted.

B., Conkuch Co, Ala.,

TO KEEP HAMS IN SUMMER.—One good way is to put a layer of coarse salt in the bottom of a barrel, then lay in a ham and cover it with salt, and then another, and so on until the barrel is filled. Of course, this salt should be dry, and the barrel should be kept in a place.

Another and better way is to sew each ham in a coarse cloth bag, then give the whole a coating of whitewash and hang up the bag in a smoke house, or any dark, cool place.

A sure way of keeping hams fresh, but not a neat way, is to keep them as before mentioned and burying the bags in the ash-hole, taking it out as it is wanted.

We have known them to keep very well by simply wrapping in several thicknesses of newspapers and hanging in an open garret. A correspondent says they also "keep perfectly, as he has proved, by packing in sweet dry hay run through a hay cutter. Then wrap them with a single thickness of newspaper, and surround each ham with a portion of the hay; tie the whole in large cotton bags, and hang in a dry place."

Grubs and Wire Worms in Corn Fields.—Sward land, ploughed in the Spring for Corn, is often found filled with worms which are sure to make great havoc with the seed unless they are exterminated. The following is an excellent remedy: After turning under the sod sow broadcast a bushel and a half of fine salt to the acre, and harrow it in, following with the roller. Soak the seed in tepid water about eighteen hours. Dissolve two ounces of sal ammoniac and add it to the water. This amount will answer for a bushel of seed. Plant the corn soon after sowing the salt. The seed will germinate quickly and the plants will come forward at once. Between the salt and the ammonia, the corn will suffer little from the worms.

THRISTLES.—If thistles are out when in full blossom, are carefully kept down thro' the sea-

son, they will be greatly weakened and a few repetitions will entirely destroy them. No weed is more troublesome than the thistle, especially when by long neglect it has become thoroughly radicated, and allowed to spread its long roots like a net work through the soil. When this is the case, the work of eradication can only be thoroughly effected by digging, care being taken to remove all the fibres, and clear them from the ground by burning or hauling them off. When cut green, and put into the hog yard, they make an excellent manure.

For the Inquirer.

WOODBERRY "LOCAL."

WOODBERRY, June 14, 1858.

Mr. OVER:—"Romance assumed the air of history" on last Thursday night a week ago, even in this staid and practical country, where all seem to exert themselves for the sole purpose of living in the greatest possible harmony and good will. On this occasion, there was an effort made to revive the Dean and Boker farce which occurred in New York, and was considered the eighth wonder of the world by the "upper ten," for several months, when all the fishy came to the conclusion that it was only a marriage of taste.

Our story, it appears, runs thus, as reported by those intimately acquainted with the facts, and, to some extent, interested:

Miss Wilkes, daughter of Mr. Wilkes, the lessee of Rebecca Furnace, became enamored with a young man named William Malone, in the employ of her father, as master miner, and after keeping up a secret correspondence for a considerable length of time, on last Thursday night a week since, during the absence of Mr. Wilkes in Philadelphia, she stole out of the mansion, and joined her anxious lover outside, who was waiting, but not as lovers in days of yore, with an invincible vehicle, and a charger of the Rosinante stripe, and squire. The two sentimental lovers, all alone, started across the mountain on foot, which proved a serious experiment to their successful flight. Miss Wilkes had very light attire, her shoes gave out the first day, and neither had money enough to buy a pair; thus they were left in a sad plight.

As soon as Miss Wilkes was missed at home, search was instituted, the neighborhood aroused, and couriers dispatched in every direction, and in a short time the intelligence preceded them everywhere, and frustrated their design of getting married. In the meantime the itinerant wanderers whom Cupid had dispatched in bad trim, found an asylum in quite a sentimental manner. They stopped at a house to get a drink of water. The lady of the house, struck, no doubt, with the singular beauty of Miss Wilkes, and their wearied, careworn expression of countenance, inquired in a very pleasant manner whether they were not the runaway couple reported; the disposition manifested by the lady won their confidence, and they imparted their secret, and were invited in, and the best in the house offered them. The lady (for such she was), informed them of a similar piece of romantic history pertaining to herself; the result was that Miss Wilkes remained there until last Friday; Malone in the meantime returned to the Furnace and Martinsburg, procured a horse and baggy, and started with her for Yellow Creek. On their way they passed through Woodberry on Saturday last, at full speed, through all the rain, and literally covered with mud, and unfortunately for them, some person recognized them, and notified Wilkes, who, with a posse, followed in hot pursuit in the course of an hour, and succeeded in regaining his daughter, and arresting Malone at his (Malone's) brother-in-law's. They passed through town yesterday, looking somewhat sad and dreary.

The Branch of Dunkards known as "River Brothers," held their yearly "Love Feast" on the premises of Frederick Kauffman, about two miles and a half from town, on Saturday and Sunday. This yearly meeting is, as a general thing, very numerously attended, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, on Saturday, there were not as many present as usually attend. The "Leaves Mole," as it is generally denominated, is a great place of resort for young folks—misses and beaux. Young ladies have their bonnets finished after the latest style, their dresses trimmed a la latest fashions, shoes, pins, brooches, yes, everything belonging to ladies' apparel "done up" for the "Leaves Mole." Young gentlemen brush up their dickeries, robe themselves in their "Sunday-go-to-meetings," and shape their faces to give themselves the best possible appearance, and saunter forth to captivate or be captivated. Yesterday there were not less than seven hundred persons present, and as a matter of course among them a number of rats, who, I am informed, behaved themselves very disgracefully during Saturday and Sunday night. Capt. Whiskey flooded a number and terribly affected others, causing them to whoop, halloo, swear, blackguard, rant and revel in the most abominable manner. Cards and whiskey were

the ruling elements among the rowdies. Why such an honorable, respectable, moral and religious society of men should allow themselves to be so damnable imposed upon, I cannot see. Punish every offender summarily, and mark ye! you will end such base proceedings. I must do our citizens the justice to say that they never, with a few exceptions, participate in such disgraceful and outrageous actions, but that the offenders generally belong to Iron-works, Turpike, &c. S. S.

SPEECH OF SENATOR CAMERON.

A few days ago, in the United States Senate, Hon. SIMON CAMERON presented a petition signed by a number of laboring men in North-town, asking Congress to afford adequate protection to the great Iron interests of Pennsylvania. He prefaced his motion for the reference of the petition with the remarks which we submit, and with the *North American*, "we are glad to place on record a speech, which, like this, gives promise of so much beyond." It is an index to a volume, and it serves to dismiss the last of the doubts the most incredulous may indulge as to the effective representation of Pennsylvania by Senator Cameron. In the policy here indicated, Senator Cameron is sure of the enthusiastic support of not only the entire opposition to the democratic party, as now organized, but also of the greater share of those hitherto voting a spurious and mongrel ticket, made up of men who profess something at home, yet, at Washington, conduct themselves after the fashion of Glaney Jones, who betrayed Berks county, and Senator Bigler, who betrayed the whole State. We thank Senator Cameron for the brevity as well as the force of his argument, and we trust the tens of thousands heretofore misguided on this great question, may arm him with the effective weapon of an overwhelming vote in October next, for the struggles of the next session and the next Congress.

It is requested to present a petition, signed by a large number of laboring men engaged in the manufacture of iron in Pennsylvania. I receive a great many letters daily from persons of this class, and I will say here, what will save me the trouble of writing a great many letters. They think the Congress of the U. States can relieve them from all their troubles. There has never been a time in the history of the iron business of Pennsylvania, when there was so much real distress among the laboring men of my state—the men who do the work, the men who go to the forge before daylight, and remain there long after the moon has risen—than there is at present. It is not a complaint now on the part of the capitalists. Men of capital; men of fortune, can take care of themselves. Capital can always take care of itself; labor, poverty, indigence and want, always need sympathy and protection.

These persons reside in the town of Norris-town, on the Schuylkill river, some twenty miles above Philadelphia. The river Schuylkill is traversed, on both sides, by a railroad, one extending some twenty or thirty miles, another one hundred miles. On the one side of the river is a canal. All these works have been made for the purpose of conveying coal and iron to the place of manufacture and sale. The county of Schuylkill, the great coal deposit of Pennsylvania, has a population of some 80,000 or 90,000 people, all of which has grown up within the last twenty-five years.

At this time the whole laboring population engaged in the iron and coal business, of the whole country extending from Philadelphia to the mountains of Schuylkill county, are entirely idle; the boats are tied up; the locomotives are in a great measure, standing still, and the laborers are running about hunting employment and hunting food.

These are the persons who complain: they think that Congress can relieve them. I have told them, and I have written to them, that they have the power in their own hands.

The laboring men of this country are powerful for good always. They do control when they think proper, and I think the time is coming when they will control the politics of this country. I tell them that before they get common protection they must change the majority in the Senate—they must change the majority of the other House of Congress; and, above all, they must change the occupant of the White House, who is the dispenser of the power which controls the legislation of this country. In place of gentlemen who sneer when we talk about protection, they must send men here who know something of the wants, something of the interests, something of the usefulness of the laboring man.

Hitherto they have not acted as if they cared for their own interests, while they talked about a tariff which would guard their labor from competition with the pauper labor of Europe, they would go to elections under some ward leader and vote for men to represent them here and elsewhere, who cared only for party drill, and who had no interest about party success. This system they must change if they hope for success. I think the laboring men of Pennsylvania, at least, are now beginning to put their own shoulders to the wheel, and I believe they will make such a noise in next October as will alarm the gentlemen all over the country who laugh at them.

The canals, railroads and mining operations of this region of country have cost more than a hundred millions of dollars. The furnaces and other works connected with the manufacture of iron, an enormous sum, and the people interested in the iron and coal business, directly or indirectly, along the valley of the Schuylkill,

amount to more than three hundred thousand souls. Since 1855, there has been a blight upon the business, growing out of the unwise legislation of Congress, which has really protected the iron of England, Russia and Sweden, and thus taken the labor and the bread from our own workmen.

This iron interest of Pennsylvania, in which these men are employed, commenced in 1820, with a production of only 20,000 tons. In 1855, when it was up to its greatest extent, the production was a million of tons of pig metal. When this pig metal is worked into the various uses in which iron is to be consumed, it amounts to very many millions of dollars. The annual produce of coal in Schuylkill county alone, in 1855, amounted in value to some \$20,000,000. When it is known that it requires two tons of coal to make a ton of iron, you can imagine the number of persons who rely for their daily bread on the production of iron and coal. Iron, in its native mountains, is worth but 50 cents a ton; when it is worked into pig metal it ranges in price from \$20 to \$30, and sometimes to \$40 a ton; and when worked into various uses it frequently amounts to many hundreds of dollars a ton.

I have said that these people have the power in their own hands. I am speaking to them now, and I wish them to exercise the power they have. I cannot help them, such as I desire to do so, nor can any of their friends here; but when they go to work as men determined to succeed should do, I have no doubt they will get protection. The people in this valley and on the slope of the Schuylkill mountains have votes enough to change and control the politics of the Union; for as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union in great elections; and their votes can at all times decide the politics of Pennsylvania. Let them exercise the power wisely, and they will no longer be without plenty of work and good prices.

I move that this petition be referred to the Committee on Finance.

KISSING IN PARIS.

Paris ought to be a perfect Paradise to young bachelors who are fond of kissing the ladies, according to a letter of a correspondent writing from there. Our correspondent says:

"The almost universal custom of kissing, in Paris, seems at first singular to a stranger, coming from a country where the proprieties of the French are so strictly observed, and which is so much to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not intimate, on meeting her is very common; especially in this case if she is a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet, on New Year's morning, it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my coffee about 9 o'clock.

"I sat down, quietly bidding Madame bon jour as on ordinary occasions. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with

"Mons. B., I am angry with you."
"I expressed, of course a regret and ignorance of having given her any reason."
"Ah!" said she, "you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me, this morning, when you came down."

Madame was a lady of perhaps, twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful—had she been plain, I could have felt less embarrassed. She waited, as though expecting me to atone for my neglect, but how could I before the whole table? I sat, all this time, trembling in my seat. At length Madame said:
"Mons. B. embrace moi!"

The worst had come. I arose trembling, but my white, bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee, (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin,) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss.

Poor fellow! We can imagine his embarrassment just as well as if we had been present. In the same predicament we should have fainted—in the lady's arms.—N. Y. Atlas.

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.

A minister in one of our orthodox churches, on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them, they were so plump, round and sweet. She presented some to her minister, but he objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon overruled, the old lady after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention. The divine thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters!" said the minister, confused and without looking at the work he had just done.—"For I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"
You, reader, may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral.

LARGE FIELD OF PINE-APPLES.—In Liberia, a few miles northward from Monrovia, towards Cape Mount, is a tract of land about a mile from the beach, of more than ten miles in extent, entirely covered with pine-apples. The fruit buds out in April and May, and ripens in August and September. It is of a delicious flavor. The apples are taken to Monrovia in considerable quantities, where they are sold as low as two for a cent. It seems a pity that some means is not known to keep them from decay during a voyage to this country.—Could they not be put up there in jars and preserved?

Dr. Languet, in his sketches of the geography, climate and productions of Liberia, says pine-apples grow wild in the woods; and he has seen thousands of them in half an hour's walk.

Mr. Bowen (a missionary) was in Liberia, in his own book, "Central Africa, 1867," says, the pine-apple flourishes very well in the woods of Liberia, and is superior to any we can procure in this country.—*Journal of Commerce.*

BOTH SIDES.—In the old time, in Philadelphia, the disciples in the faith of Wm. Penn, invariably wore the single breasted drab or buff-colored coat and were strict in their notion of having the buttons thereof on the left side of the coat aforesaid. At a dinner given by him, friend Elias Breyer had secured a big buck darkey to "tend table," to whom he gave imperative orders to hand things to the guests at the left side.

"Thou wilt always know by their coat buttons, Caesar, which is the left side."
Among the guests was a French gentleman who wore a double breasted coat—a worldly garment. The darkey, in handing round the soup, paused behind the French gentleman, looked at his coat and stood for a moment, an ebony statue of despair, struggling with doubt and a plate of soup.

Presently he yelled out, "Massa 'Lias—it's no use—buttons on boff sides," and handed the plate to the French guest over his head. "Dat's de fast time I ever seed a man dat was left handed on boff sides ob his coat!"

NO WASHINGTON.—A friend of ours tells the following story of himself.

When young, he had read the well-known and the latter's love of the bottle. He had his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging his transgression, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by no noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with a hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly set down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air, and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction, and embraces of the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all-fired lanning." Jim was no Washington.

INDULGENCES GRANTED IN HOBOKEN.—The coronation of the new church-picture in Hoboken, of Our Lady of Grace, will take place on the 20th inst., on which occasion, it is officially announced in the Freeman's Journal, that—

"Those who will be present at the coronation can obtain a Plenary Indulgence, granted by Our Holy Father the Pope, for this day."

"His Grace, the Bishop of the Diocese, has been pleased to grant one Indulgence of forty days to all who shall visit the church during the Octave."—*Exchange.*

Those who desire to "indulge" will find this a splendid opportunity. Hoboken affords considerable facilities and is easy of access. The Gothamites will no doubt patronize the coronation extensively.

MINISTER'S SONS.—The Episcopal Recorder has an article touching this class, in which it depreciates the idea that they are worse than other sons, and draws for important information on Doctor Sprague's late work, which gives the lives of several hundred American "Calvinist" ministers. It takes the biographies of the first hundred and says: "Of the sons of these hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of 100 men, taken at random from any other pursuit of life, of whom the same can be said?"

PRETTY HOUSE MAIDS AND THE BURGLARS.—A "reformed burglar," writing in the New York Herald, says burglaries are mostly committed by acquaintances of servant girls.—The burglars contract friendship with the girls, who are often unaware of their character, and introduced into houses as their brothers, cousins, &c. They make use of their opportunities to learn all the internal arrangements of the houses, procure keys, &c. He warns persons to exclude unknown male visitors of domestics from their houses.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN SEPTEMBER.—Sir John Parkington has offered to place vessels at the disposal of men of science for observing the great Eclipse of the Sun, which will take place in September next. This Eclipse will be total, and its appearance will be best seen in South America, particularly about Lima. It is anticipated that an astronomical expedition may be organized, and in this case foreign astronomers would be invited to join the expedition.—*Pennsylvania.*