



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

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Poetry.



THE BLACKSMITH.

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the blacksmith is not to be forgot,
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet he lacks and maketh more;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries,
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more;
And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what a man can do.

Agricultural.



For the Inquirer.

Farming Hints for the Season—No. 2.

"The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
To welcome back its playful mates again
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes."—Percival.

ROOT CROPS.—If you have never tried them, this might be the right time to give them a trial at least on a small scale. They are very valuable for feeding to all kinds of stock in winter. All kinds of animals should have something green for change. When they are fed on dry fodder. Farmers should be careful, says G. W. in *Genesee Farmer*, "to grow enough of roots for the cows, or, as sailors say, for greens, to keep off scurvy; and the testimony of the animal is quite as significant as that of the sailors. I have a cow that is mowed night and morning, generally on a pint of corn meal and a pint of oil meal scalded, into which is cut one or two large wazzel beets, which with water fills the pail. The cow then, after eating, licks the pail clean; but if the beets or other green substitute is left out, she never fails to leave some of the meal in the pail, when she holds up her head and shakes it until she gets a beet."

To raise these crops successfully the ground should be plowed deeply and well mixed with well rotted manure; and made fine by using the harrow.

CABBOTS.—Are a very good root for all kinds of animals; some say they are equal to oats for horses. On good soil, with good culture, from five to eight hundred bus. per acre may be grown. They may be planted from the 15th May to 20th June, in drills fifteen to twenty-four inches apart. A good plan would be to take a common corn plow and ridge the ground, turning two furrows together, leaving then two feet from top to top. Seed should be sown at the rate of four pounds per acre. When they are two inches high they should be thinned to about four to six inches apart in the drill.—Keep clean of weeds by frequent hoeings, and bear in mind that weeds and carrots will not grow together to advantage.

BEETS.—Are a good root for this purpose, say some writers, for field culture they should be sown about the first of June on ridges three feet apart and thinned to about eight inches.—The proper time to thin them is when the plants are about two inches high, when the ground is moist after a rain.

RUTA BAGA.—Should receive more attention for feeding purposes. They have some drawbacks in this country, they are a very small plant where they make their first appearance, and "many times the small black ground flea devours them before the cultivator gets sight of them. A good plan to prevent the ravages of the flea, is to watch about the time the seed is coming up, and scatter plaster on the rows. The time for planting is the middle of June. Be careful not to cover the seed too thick.—Sow in drills about two feet apart.—S. B. K.

From the *American Agriculturist*.
Feeding Working Cattle in Spring.
I have a way of feeding cattle when they

SKETCHES OF THE HOLY LAND.

Jerusalem—Its Signs and Inhabitants.

NOTHING VISIBLE OF CALVARY.

(From the senior editor of the New York Express, now travelling abroad.)
Nothing is visible, nothing at all, of the original Calvary—if this be Calvary. Marble covers all the original rock, save in some very few places, where a peep can be had through the marble crevices created to give the peep. The whole looks like a series of churches or chapels—with the usual altars, and the candles of the Catholic churches of Greece and Rome. The Priests of all the religions here show up everything spoken of in Scripture—the exact place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene in the likeness of a gardener; then a few feet further on, a stone like a star designating the spot where Mary stood; then, where our Lord appeared to Mary; then a fragment of a porphyry column, called the column of Flagellata, being a piece of that to which the Saviour was lashed when scourged by order of Pilate; then the prison where Christ was confined previous to the crucifixion, then the exact place where the true cross was dug up under the inspired and watchful eye of St. Helena—a piece of especial sanctity, where the very rocks weep now (the place is underground and damp) in mournful memory; then the very column of grey marble, on which the Jews made our Saviour sit while they crowned him with thorns, and mocked him; then the very place where the cross was fixed; then the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; then where the Virgin Mary stood during the crucifixion, &c. Every historical point of the New Testament here, in Jerusalem, has not only a name, but a local habitation; nay, wondrous invention and fancy are not thus content, but they wander back to the beginning of time, and show up here on the grounds of the holy sepulchre "the centre of the earth" and the spot even whence was taken the clay from which Adam was modelled! Fancy and fiction and romance thus revel, and so extraordinary is the whole operative show, that one rejoices at last that this is not Calvary—this is not Golgotha—that this is not the place of the Holy Sepulchre, and that for very purposes, the Almighty has veiled in secrecy the spot whereon he sacrificed His only Son.

JONATHAN.

TEST THE SEED CORN BEFORE PLANTING.

—Of repeated suggestions for sowing and keeping seed corn have been given in this journal. But whether these have been followed or not, it is well to make a preliminary test of corn, and of all other seeds which sometimes fail to vegetate. This is easily done. Select from the mass enough to be a fair sample, and plant in a warm situation, or in a box of earth, kept suitably warm and moist. An examination of the specimens, even before coming up, will show whether they are in a sprouting condition.—Better far to do this, than to make a similar experiment on a five or ten acre field, and only learn of a bad result when too late to be remedied.—*Id.*

A GOOD OUT-DOOR WHITWASH.

—Take unslaked lime and put it into a bucket with about as much water as will be required in use. Then throw in about half a pound of tallow for a peck of lime. As the lime slakes, the heat will melt the tallow, when it is to be thoroughly stirred in—the stirring to be repeated frequently during use if any grease rises to the surface. No definite experiments have been made to determine the exact weight of tallow for a given weight of lime. Impure or rancid lard, oil, or other grease, may be used instead of tallow.—*Id.*

Mind What You Say Before Children.

It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper, but it is especially so before children; and here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten while you speak of a neighbor in language that you would not have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him much pleasure in seeing him. One day, just after she had remarked to him her happiness from his visit, the little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked:

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"
"No sir," replied the boy.
"Why not, my little man?" he continued.
"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

Here the mother looked daggers at her little son, and became crimson. But he said nothing.

"Indeed! how do you know that, George?"
"Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call again."

The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression, "Great is the truth; it will prevail."

A boy once asked a gentleman who it was that lived next door to him; and when he heard the name, inquired if he was not a fool.

"No, my little friend, he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask the question?"

"Because, replied the boy, 'mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you.'"

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening."

"Did she say at what time, my dear?"
"No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that's all she said."

A wag wrote over the door of a school house "The Whaling Institution."

"Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad for both woman and flowers."

THE SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADES.

PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM—THE SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADES.

Probably more earnest, more fanatic men assemble here than in any other city of like population—for Jerusalem is not only holy to Christians, but to the Jew and the Musselman. All nations, all religions, look up to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and respect the Prophets and their outgivings. The Caliph Omar consecrated his Mosque on Mount Moriah, as the Emperor Constantine did his Church upon the supposed Mount Calvary. When in my voyage hither, I saw Pilgrims even from the distant Russia, as well as from all parts of Greece and Turkey, coming hither, often in blankets, with only rag coverings necessary for decency, submitting to everything, and suffering everything—exposed to rain, and to the cold air of night, upon the decks of Austrian, French and Russian steamers—I felt they must be all earnest, impassioned men and women. I could not have endured for a single night what I saw them suffer for a week in the roadstead of Beirut. Thousands upon thousands are now on their way, swarming in like manner to have their Master in Jerusalem. The spirit of the Crusades, then, I see, is not extinct; it is only changed—and the world is just as full of earnest men as ever. The United States, too, distant as we are, have their earnest men here also. The missionary ground that the Episcopalians and Presbyterians have described as hopeless, the Seventh Day Baptists and Campbellites of America have taken up. Then there is Miss Livermore, watching and waiting with the Jews, come, so she says, for the last time, and now to die on the spot so holy.

BITERNESSE AND FANATICISM OF THE SECTS.

The history of the city, in its religious history, is so inspiring, that it attracts here earnest men of every mind and men, and unless the mind is well balanced, it too often runs into visions and fanaticism. There is probably no place on earth where "religion," or rather sect, is so bitter, so persecuting as here. The sects of Christians here, all more or less, hate each other. The spirit of Christ, as I have before illustrated in the matter of the Holy Sepulchre, but little exists among the population of the city. Even the Turk here is a little more fanatic than elsewhere. I only peeped into an alley leading to the Mosque of Omar—where none but Moslems are allowed to enter, and even children, among them a boy with a big stick, especially noted, approached me to beat off the dog, Christian. I was in company with a party of ladies on Via Dolorosa—now a street of the Turks, the street on which it is said, Christ was taken to be crucified, and the ladies were spit upon from the windows, and had to shy off into the middle and on the other side of the street. The only revenge we had was a heavy shower of Arabic, which one of the ladies poured back upon the Turkish women peeping through the lattices of their windows. I would have thrown stones at them regardless of the consequences, but was forbidden by my conductors, who told me that in the same street once, when on a horse, a whole bucket of water was thrown upon her. Yet this lady is the daughter of a missionary here, who is sacrificing life and property to better the condition of the Moslem.

THE BIBLE THE BEST GUIDE BOOK.

The first of books that one longs to read and re-read here is the Bible, and the Bible is, or ought to be, in the house of everybody.—Read if you will but learn the ponderous but valuable tomes of Robertson, now, as I have said, the highest Biblical authority in matters of topography; read the late valuable work of Dr. Barclay, of Yae, now here again with his very interesting and highly intelligent family. Americans, among them Dr. Olin and Rev. Mr. Spencer, have written the very best works upon Palestine and Syria. One of the best little guide books and maps I have found is from the office of the Sunday School Union in Philadelphia. Read before you come here, and do not be compelled as I am to work half the night to study up history the next day. The Bible above all, however, is the best history—the hand book, the great guide book—what "Murray" is elsewhere, and the Bible besides. Here is the spot to expound, to explain, and to thoroughly comprehend it, its metaphors, its parables, its allusions. I know and see now that I shall hereafter read the good book with an understanding and interest I never could have had before. Palestine, the Holy Land, its ancient people, are to everybody in name so familiar, that we not only copy its towns and cities for our towns and cities—its Canaan for our Canaan, its Sharon for our Sharon, &c.—its Marys, its Ruths, its Rachels, its Johns and James—and its Proverbs, too, become our proverbs, as from "Dan to Beerseba," (not so very far by the way.) I am glad to say no country seems to take so much interest in Biblical topography as our country.

The best place to see Jerusalem and the surrounding country, is from the Turkish minaret that crowns the Mount of Olives, for now the Turks own that mount, and in the centre of a Turkish mosque enclosure, is by purchase the Chapel of the Church of the Ascension, where Jesus' footsteps are shown in the rock as he ascended up! Baksheesh—money—that magic word, in Syria and Palestine, but particularly in Palestine, carries you almost everywhere.—Baksheesh, the first word you learn, and the

lest to be forgotten, from the way it is imprinted on your brain.

"Baksheesh, Hadji," (money, Pilgrim, "Baksheesh, Hadji")—I hear these so often, that they seem to be about the only words in or about Jerusalem. Well, "Baksheesh" penetrates through the smothering atmosphere surrounding the piped and turbaned head even of a Turk—and upon the inspiration of Baksheesh we went up the minaret, and looked from it far and wide upon the surrounding country. Down there below are the valley of Jehosaphat, the Vale of Hinnom, Tophet, Gehenna, Aladama, the Brook of Kedron, in which is not one drop of water—the Pool of Siloam, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Tombs of the Prophets, the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, the Grotto of Jeremiah, and a hundred other places just as sacred in history—and up there above are Scopus, the Hill of Evil Counsel, the Mount of Offense, etc. etc. I turn round, and lo! there are the distant Mountains of Moab, the other side of the Jordan, but seemingly near, very near—and the Dead Sea, where are sunk Sodom and Gomorrah; and there the ridge that conceals the far famed Jordan—not, as the Mississippi, or the Indus, or the Ganges, a great, mighty, rolling river—but a river more famous than either.

SOUND ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle.
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Your character is above anything else.
Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so good that no one will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any game of chance.
Avoid temptation, though you fear you may not withstand it.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out of it.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Never speak evil of any one.
Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

Reasons for Wearing a Moustache.

We have been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a moustache. We have questioned not less than one thousand persons so adorned, and their answers have helped us to the following results:

- To avoid shaving, 69
- To avoid catching cold, 32
- To hide their teeth, 5
- To take away a prominent nose, 5
- To avoid being taken as an Englishman, 7
- Because they are in the army, 6
- Because they have been in the army, 221
- Because it is aristocratic, 2
- Because it is artistic, 29
- Because I am a singer, 8
- Because I travel a good deal, 17
- Because I have lived on the continent, 3
- Because the wife likes it, 8
- Because I have weak lungs, 5
- Because it acts as a respirator, 29
- Because it is healthy, 72
- Because the young ladies admire it, 471
- Because it is considered "the thing," 10
- Because he chooses, 1

It will be seen from the above table that not one person confesses to "vanity" being the motive. The majority of persons wear a moustache because they imagine, in their own conceit, it becomes them; but how rarely you meet a person who has the courage to admit it.

Queer Settlement.

The following item is going the rounds:

"The difficulties between the inhabitants of Fannin county, Texas, and the anti-slavery Methodists located in that quarter have been temporarily settled by the latter agreeing, for a time, to abstain preaching. The Texas Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Church South, fully and warmly endorses the proceedings of the people, and urges the thorough and immediate eradication of the Methodist Church North, in Texas, with whatever force may be necessary."

Such a settlement as the above, remarks a contemporary, reminds one of Archbishop Hengrave's notion that liberty of conscience means thinking what you please, provided you keep it to yourself. The noble Christian spirit of the organ of the Church South is wonderful.—After such opinions they can never pitch into the Roman Catholics for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, or even the Fejjes who "radicated" missionaries whose views don't suit their standard, by boiling them and serving them up for dinner.

MOTTOES FOR WEDDING KINGS.—Two or three centuries ago, a wedding ring was never without its motto.

From a long list published in "Notes and Queries," we select some of the best, though not many have any great merit.—They are all brief; however, and a few are poetical.

This is affectionate and hopeful:
"In love and joy be our employ."
And this is much the same:
"In thee I prove the joy of love."
This is exultant:
"Happy in thee hath God made me."
This mingles the comubial with the pious:
"Pray to love, love to pray."
Here is one that might have come from the parson:
"In love a bride till death divide."
This smacks of resignation to Providence:
"None can prevent the Lord's intent."
And this hints that marriage may be designated as a penance:
"I kiss the rod from thee and God."
And this conveys a doctrine repudiated by the school of Lucy Stone:
"This ring doth bind both body and mind."
And this is ecstatic:
"Of rapturous joy I am the toy."
And this is calm and sensible:
"May God above preserve my love."

IS THERE NO GOD?

How can the infidel say there is no God!—Who after walking out and surveying the Heavens, can say there is no God? If any can, let him gaze upward; the whole firmament will rebuke him; the stars seem to twinkle more brightly as if angry at so false a statement. Let him gaze at the Queen of Night as she rides along, majestically shedding forth her beautiful light, and can he there, gazing upward, earnestly say in his heart, there is no God? Or let him walk through the grove at mid-day, when the king of the day has ascended his throne; the birds are pouring forth their sweetest songs, and the tall trees dressed in gaudy colors, and sweet flowers blooming on every side, send forth their delicate coloring—the all powerful Being who kindled the lamps of Heaven, and fashioned so wonderfully the little fair being, whose every movement to us is a joy—to Him belong these fair creations. We may enjoy their beauty, inhale their perfume, but his hand holds them. But when the links of life's golden chain are all severed—when earth's joys have vanished, and our shattered bark is launched on death's dark ocean, far beyond the silver clouds, there will be a bright, beautiful home prepared for us—a home whose pleasures will never fade, and where sweet peace will be our's—yes, our's forever.

A Scotchman called at the house of lawyer Fletecher, of Vt., to consult the legal gentleman professionally.

"Is the squarer at home inquired he of the lawyer's lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively. Disappointment was now added to Scotia's soul; but after a moment's consideration, a new thought relieved him. Mebly yourself can give me the necessary information as the squarer—seem as ye're are his wife?"

DEATH OF A BLACK SLAVE OWNER.—The Port Gibson (Miss.) Reville gives the following notice of the death of Sarah Holly, of that place:

"The widow of Christopher Holly, a free woman of color, was buried yesterday. She died owning a thousand acres of good land and thirty negroes. Her husband lived near the town many years, and was esteemed a gentleman.—Holly and his wife were as black as any of their slaves and always conducted themselves well."

I AND J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which occasion so much trouble or cause so much misconstruction as the two letters, I and J, as many persons inadvertently write them.

The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally understood and adopted, is to extend the J below the line. If these who write I for J knew, how it sometimes puzzles printers, they would remember the above suggestions.

"When we're married Julia, you'll see how I'll drive to the 'Castle' in a carriage."
"But Denis, where is the money to come from?"
"Oh, we don't want any money; people do these things now-a-days on quite a new principle. I assure you."
"Indeed!" said Julia.
"Yes," replied Dennis, "and often they do them without any principle at all."

Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Spriggs observed,

"that ladies who looked wished to be kissed." A young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied, "The I've heard that."