

# Bedford Inquirer.

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BY DAVID OVER.

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## AGRICULTURAL.



From the American Agriculturist.

### Household and Barn Cats.

Did anybody ever have an honest house cat? That is to say, a cat that would not steal cream when she could get into the milk-room, or battery; or the moment the meat-closet door was open, would not slip in and plunder the dishes? If so, we never yet heard of it. We have had snappy cats in our lifetime, for house-catching about the house. They did catch mice, to be sure, but where they caught one mouse, they caught half-a-dozen little singing birds, or chickens, plundered and committed their nuisances all over the house, meantime, and let the rats alone. A trap, or two, or a few doses of poison would do up the mouse business better, and more promptly than all the cats we could get, put together, and therefore, we long ago put them out of the house, and got rid of their annoyances. Still women, especially young girls, and mischievous children who want something to pull and haul about, must have a cat or two, and their indispensable appendages, a lot of scorched-backed, dirty, soot-stained kittens. We are not about to dispute with them on the subject of *taste* in such companionship of pets, but to enter our protest, with all good house-keepers and mothers, against cultivating a liking for such treacherous and unreliable house protectors.

A barn cat—at the stock and grain barn—a stout, undecidable ten-pound grimaldi, however, is quite another matter. We like him or her, or both, as the case may be. These will usually catch rats—nice always—and will follow them over the beams into the mows, and hunt them constantly. Old Sam, as the boys call him, during the winter season is always "on hand." At milking time he follows the herdsmen round the stable, and when he has had his breakfast of milk, which is always served in a little dish, at one end of the cows stalls, he goes about his business. Biddy, too, for he has a wife most of the time—shares his meals, hunts mice regularly, and now and then he has a little of responsibilities, which go somewhere—we don't ask about them—and our barn cat stock increase no further. When spring comes, and the stock are turned out, they go into the fields, or woods, and are seldom seen, till cold drives them in, or the return of barn vermin invites them. They have no taste for the house, won't go there, and we be to the woman or child who puts a hand on them; scoured fingers and scratched faces are sure to follow. The only real trouble we have with them is, when they come within reach of the terriers, and there is a muss at one. Sam and Biddy's fur is sure to fly, while Jack and Nelly are equally sure to wear marks of decided teline discipline on their faces for long days afterwards. Both parties claim jurisdiction of barn, and stables, and while they both do good service in their line, each equally hates the other with the intensity of a common enemy.

PLANTS THAT ARE RAISED FROM SEED.—Among younger readers, and perhaps older ones who are new hands at cultivation, there seems to be incorrect notions in regard to propagating plants from seed. Thus, for example, we have frequent applications for seeds of Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Quinces, &c., to say nothing of Rhubarb, and of Dahlias, Double Petunias, Camellias, Roses, Verbenas, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Chrysanthemums, and various other flowers, of which the true kinds are only propagated from cuttings, suckers, roots, buds, or grafts.

Now, though all the above named and others, may be grown from seed, and indeed are so grown to produce new varieties, yet they all *spout*, that is, the seed from a single specimen of any variety of the above plants of trees, whether good or bad, is quite apt to produce half a dozen or more varieties, generally all different from the parent, and usually inferior to it. Suppose a hundred seeds from the same apple tree, be planted and grown into a hundred trees; it is quite likely that the fruit on no one of the new trees will resemble that of the parent stock. One or more may *chance* to be superior. In this case, an improved variety is obtained which is afterwards propagated by grafting or budding. The other fruits, the berry plants, &c., which we have named, follow the same rule.

Persons often devote their whole lives to experiments upon seeds, in an effort to obtain a new valuable variety, and they often feel rewarded if only one in many thousands of experiments prove successful. We know a gentleman who has been planting strawberry seeds, for fifteen or twenty years, but while he has grown thousands of varieties only to throw them away, when the fruit is seen, he has not managed to obtain more than one or two kinds which deems sufficiently valuable to continue their propagation by runners or roots.—*Id.*

OUR SINGING BIRDS.—This is the month which brings back our annual songsters from the warm and shady groves of the tropics where the most of them spend their winter "season"—gay, frolicking things that they are, loving fun and hilarity, quite as well, and enjoying themselves much more sensibly than a great majority of us who boast the higher intelligence of humanity. Let the wren and the blue-bird, the martin, and the swallow boxes all be in their places. If you have them not, stick up a lot of oyster tags—everybody has or can get them, now-a-days—in the trees for the wrens and blue-birds, put up sundry little shelves—a bit

of rough board eight inches square will do—for the peebes in the wood-house or back porch, and have a nice well painted box for the martins. The swallows will take care of themselves under the barn, and stable eaves, through the air holes in the gables, under the edge of the roof inside on the rafters. The more of all these things you have about you, the better.—They cheer up the husbandman, please the housewife, gladden the children, and make everything seem happy and joyful.

The tree and the forest birds will be along, also. The meadow lark, the robin, thrush, and blackbird among the larger shade trees, and the orchard; and, best loved of all, the sweet little song sparrow in its quaker-brown coat, opening his music-filled throat in the honeysuckle, lilac bush under the window, where it attends to nestle for the Summer. Let not a gun, or an idle boy with murderous intent be about your premises. These joyous little birds are among our best benefactors. We may sometimes be annoyed by what we thoughtlessly consider their depredations; but they are "boiling" their share of the fruits, which their labors in destroying the innumerable tribe of insects that would otherwise have preyed upon them, hereafter enable them to. Spare them the birds, and invite them to stay with and return to you every Spring with their delightful companionship.—*Id.*

### A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl, nine years of age was offered as a witness against the prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. Now Emily, said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge; "come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up in his face with a calm clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood unrolled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "no sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in court before." He handed her a Bible open.

"Do you know that book my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes sir; it is a Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say; and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"I learned that," she said, before I could read.

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness, and that God would help me, a little child to tell the truth, as it were before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes sir," said the girl with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this—let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony.

The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense, but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to

speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of measured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her, the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates,) with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.

### HOW PEOPLE LIVED A GENERATION AGO.

Mr. Goodrich, (Peter Parley) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," thus depicts the life of his youth in New England:

"Money was scarce, wages being about 50 cents a day, these were generally paid in meal, vegetables, and other articles of use—seldom in money. There was not a factory of any kind in the place. There was a butcher, but he only went from house to house to slaughter the cattle and swine of his neighbors; there was a tanner, but he only dressed other people's skins; there was a clothier, but he generally filled and dressed other people's cloth. Even young blue a portion of the wool, so as to make linsey woolsey for short gowns, aprons and blue mixed stockings—vital necessities in those days, was a domestic operation. During the autumn a dye tub in the chimney corner—thus placed so as to be cherished by the genial heat—was as familiar in all thrifty houses as the Bible or the back log. It was covered with a board, and a easy seat in the wide-mouthed fire place, especially of a chill evening.

Our bread was of rye, tinged with Indian meal. Wheat bread was reserved for the sacrament and company.

All the vegetables came from our garden and farm. The fuel was supplied by our own woods—sweet-scented hickory, snapping chestnut, odoriferous oak and recking, lizzing ash.

Sugar was partially supplied by our maple trees. These were tapped in March, the sap being collected and boiled down in the woods. This was wholly a domestic operation, and one in which all the children rejoiced.

Rum was largely consumed, but our distilleries had scarcely begun. A half a pint of it was given, as a matter of course, to every day laborer, more particularly in the summer season. In all families, rich and poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential to hospitality, or even good manners.

Women—*I beg pardon*—ladies, took their shampoos, then called "Hopkin's Elixir," which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that has been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind on the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram, and this was esteemed temperance. There is a story of a preacher about those days, who thus lectured his parish:—"I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast, especially if you are used to it."

What I contend against is this drumming, drumming, drumming, at all hours of the day. We raised our own flax, rotted it, hackled it, dressed it and spun it. The little wheel, turned by the foot, had its place, and was as familiar as if it had been one of the family.—The wool was also spun in the family, partially by my sisters, and partially by Molly Gregory, daughter of our neighbor, the town carpenter. I remember her well, as she spun and spun, aloft in the attic. In those days churning sing was one of the fine arts—the only one, indeed, which flourished in Ridgefield, except the music of the drum and fife. The choir was divided into four parts, ranging on three sides of the meeting house gallery.

Twice a year, that is, in the spring and autumn, the tailor came to the house and fabricated the semi-annual stock of clothes for the male members—this being called whipping the cat. Mantua makers and milliners came in their turn, to fit out the female members of the family. There was a similar process as to boots and shoes.

At the period of my earliest recollection, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats with huge pockets, long waistcoats and breeches. Low crowned hats with broad rims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and of blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk; the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, &c.—generally short waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white vandyke.

Tavern haunting, especially in the winter, when there was little to do, was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound up by dancing.—Everybody went as to a public exhibition without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address suited to the occasion.—If there was anything remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account the next Sunday's sermon. Singing meetings, to practice church music, were a great resort for the young in winter.

Balls at the taverns were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and misters attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and husk-a-roud in of doorsports.

The mind of schoolers are libraries; those of antiquaries, lumber-rooms; those of sportsmen, kennels; those of epicures, larders and cellars.

Common sense has become such a rare commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

### JOE SMITH'S FAMILY AT NAUVOO.

A correspondent of the Missouri Republican writes that last summer he was at Nauvoo, and conversed with Mr. Bitoman, who is married to Joe Smith's widow. He says: I sat at the table with the family consisting of Mr. Bitoman and wife, and three sons of Joe Smith, the eldest about twenty-three or twenty-four, the second about twenty, the third a lad of some twelve or thirteen years. From Mr. Bitoman I learned that not one of the family believed in Mormonism, and that his wife, formerly Mrs. Smith, had always been opposed to it, as well as she was. I was told that Joe Smith prophesied some two years before this young lad was born, that a son was to be born to him at or about a certain time; that at the time stated his wife did give birth to a son. At that time he also stated that his son's name would be David, not Joe, and that is the name of the lad, for I heard him answer to it. Joe also said that his mantle of greatness and prophecy would fall upon this son and lineal heir, David, who, as he stated, would be as wise and powerful as David of old. The fact of the birth of this child following according to Joe's prophecy strengthened the belief that he had already so strong a hold upon his followers. Mrs. Bitoman is a masculine, intelligent looking lady, of forty-five or forty-seven years. She is a native of New York.—She has a splendid farm near Nauvoo, which is managed by the two eldest sons, while David goes to school. About the two oldest there is nothing remarkable to be seen. They are intelligent men, of large size, but have nothing in their appearance betokening them to be prophets or sons of a prophet. To their mother they are said to be very much attached and very kind. David is an uncommonly intelligent lad, of massive forehead, and bright expressive eyes. His step father intimated that he fears as little about Mormons and Mormonism as one that has never heard the names without regarding that thousands of the followers of the father believe him to be a great high priest, apocryphal and seer, (in embryo), &c.—He knows that they worship his name equal to that of Jesus Christ; and yet, I am told, the lad is too intelligent to allow it to make any impression upon him. Probably the fact of all the family being unbelievers in it is the cause. The following incident I learned from a gentleman residing at Nauvoo: That when Joe was killed in jail, some fifteen miles from his home, he was and was took possession of his body, and to prevent the rabble from getting it, they raised the floor of the dining room, and digging a grave, buried his remains there, where they still remain. This story, whether true or not, is generally believed in Nauvoo.

### MIRACLE OF HONESTY.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; and a Reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One party produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A bozz went through the room that this could not be outdone when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money loaned him.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, but a third put in his claim:

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbiter; this is the very *plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew one capable. The prize is—"

"Hold," said another, "I've done more than that."

"Impossible," said the whole company, "but let us hear it."

"I've been taking my county paper for twenty years, and paid every year for it in advance."

### DANGEROUS AND UGLY NIGHTMARE.—A most singular occurrence transpired, a few days since, on the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad. Mr. Thomas S. Higgins, of Elkton, took the night train of cars for Baltimore, and feeling quite drowsy, entered the smoking car, laid down on a bench and went to sleep.—Whilst the train was passing over the Gunpowder river, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and acting under the influence of this dream, he sprang up, ran out of the car, and jumped from the platform. He landed on the trestle work that supports the bridge, and in his efforts to catch himself, his right arm was caught by the train and shockingly crushed.—He was then in a perilous situation, being partly immersed in water, with nothing but his hold by his left arm upon the bridge to sustain him, whilst he was suffering intense agony from his crushed arm. In this helpless condition he remained nearly thirty minutes, when his groans attracted the attention of the bridge-tender, who hastened to his assistance. He was removed to a place of safety, and returned home in the first train. Drs. Evans and Traaswell were called in and found it necessary to amputate the limb. He now lives in a critical condition, but his physicians have no doubt of his recovery.—*Baltimore American.*

### BAYARD TAYLOR AS A PRINTER.

The editor of the Plymouth (Ill.) Locomotive, who was a printer in the same office in which Bayard Taylor served his time, tells some interesting reminiscences of the great traveler:

We had the honor to succeed him in our devilship in the Village Record office, Westchester County, Pa. We well remember when he started out on his first tramp, with his small satchel containing a change or two of linen, and fifty cents capital. The apprentices to those days had to carry the papers through the country on horseback, and our route was just past his father's house. We do not know of a single time, through rain or shine, that old Mr. Taylor did not meet us at the end of the lane with a happy smile, wishing us a good day, and as we would hand him the Weekly Record, he would remark, "a fair exchange is no robbery," filling one side of our saddlebags with nice apples and grapes. He used to inquire anxiously after Bayard, and said, he liked to ramble about too much; he is not steady enough.—Little he knew then that his son Bayard, the printer's apprentice, would one day be quoted as the greatest travelling historian that America could boast of.

AMUSING EPITAPHS.—The following is from a graveyard in Massachusetts:—  
"Here lies the bodies of John and Lucy Leaven, Killed by lightning sent from Heaven, In 1777."

In St. Mary's Churchyard, Whittlesea, England, is the following:—  
"Here lie the bodies of Elizabeth Addison Her son,  
And old Roger to come."  
"Old Roger" was her husband, it seems, and nearly twenty years afterwards, when a traveler visited the place was still living.

The following may be seen conspicuously inscribed on a board stuck up on a tree, on the bank of Benson creek, in one of the western States:—  
"Beneath this tree lies young Billy Cunningham, Who was battered to death by our old bob tail ram,  
The old ran,  
B dam,  
To another world was sent,  
The cars over him done went."

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.—An exchange says: Fight hard against a hasty temper.—Anger will come—but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and by little, great things are accomplished. What ever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school, never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"You've no Wife I Believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married." "Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog!" A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said, "You have a wife, sir?" "Yes, sir—a wife and three children." "Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man!" "Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and the married seem to conflict somewhat." "Not at all—not at all, sir. There is a difference in my statements. Please be more observing, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a 'happy dog,' and the man who had a wife was a 'happy man.'"

### NEVER.

Never taste an atom when you are not hungry, it is snoidal.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after service is over.

Never hire servants who go in pairs, as sisters, cousins, or anything else.

Never speak of your father as the old man.

Never speak contemptuously of woman kind.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Never stand at the corner of the street.

Never take a second nap.

Never eat a hearty supper.

Never insult poverty.

Never eat between meals.

DEFINITIONS OF "TIT FOR TAT."—Proving yourself as great a fool as your antagonist.

The primitive idea of justice.

Six of one for half-a-dozen of the other.

A tournament in which the wisest wins.

A lady returning a stolen kiss.

A plea of revenge.

Obtaining an article on credit for which you have no intention of paying, and finding, when you arrive at home, that you have had your pocket picked.

A favorite game with children, and too often with that of an older growth.

Our old nature demanding an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Robbing a thief.

The report of the majority of the Senate's committee on Territories speaks of the Lecompton contrivance as a *constitution* which the people of Kansas cannot change, without resorting to revolution, until the year 1864. Further on, after reciting the general declarations in the preamble of the Lecompton swindle, that all power is inherent in the people, and that all their right to alter their forms of government is inalienable and indefeasible, the report sets forth that these declarations give the people power to "change or abolish their constitution at legal times and legal places." This is the doctrine of the South, and will, in due time be the doctrine of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The Wife of Seven Husbards.—A mysterious murder has recently occurred at Memphis. An Irish woman, known as Big Mary, the keeper of a boarding house is living with her seventh husband. Three of her former husbands and a son have met their death in her gloomy abode, and her other three husbands died by violence. The other night the nephew of this singular woman was mysteriously murdered in the same house, where his remains were found by the police surrounded by some twenty of the inmates on their knees praying for the repose of his soul. The case is still involved in mystery.

A New Jersey farmer hits off some folks handsomely. He says:

People say the farmers are the most independent class; and pray why should we not? We have to work hard enough for what we get. The reason why farmers don't fail with the rest is because we live within our means. I own a good farm, and if I was to live as people do in the cities, it would take five farms to keep me and my family.

MORMON.—It is not generally known that this collective title for the followers of Joe Smith was really the name of a celebrated chief of the Britons, to whom Louis the Debonnaire of the ninth century, despatched his *ambasciator*, or heraldic negotiator, a sage and prudent abbot.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, and that belonged to the ta-kettle!