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Select Poetry.



WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and, O how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shad'd in the solemn night!
Till, like a story well told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth—
The streams will have an under one
Of sadness not by right their own.
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bowed, like me;
Or else, their bodies' health and soul,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God,
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old I'd rather lead
This sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth,
That marks the friendship of our youth;
That marks the friendship of our youth;
'Twill be no sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old—O how it seems
Like the wild fancy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far distant, shadowy time,
So distant that it seems o'er bold
Even to say—when I am old!

When I am old—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound,
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O how it seems
For each she lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,
Life has a thousand charms for me;
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O how it gives
My life to learning how to live!
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the American Agriculturist.

Hints on Farm Work for April.

Let the fences all be repaired as soon as possible, if any of that work is left over from last month.

Get out the manures and composts for the Spring and Summer crops. In this, better fertilize half the ground well, than go over the whole with only a scant supply.

If the meadows have not been already top-dressed with manure for the season, they had better be postponed till after haying, as the law portions of the dung will remain, and be in the way of the sycle, and mowing machine. Besides this, the soil will be badly cut up by the teams, and wagon, or cart wheels, doing it more hurt than the dung will do it good. Let the loose stones be also picked off the mowing lots, and carried off together. Putting them in heaps, large or small, only gives a harbor for mice, moles, and other vermin intent on mischief.

Clean up the door and wood yards of their winter litter. Put the chips under cover, if you have any, and pile up all stray and loose lumber. Rake and pitch together the litter of the barnyards where it can rot down into muck or compost. "Slick up" generally, so that the whole premises may look tidy and comfortable.

This is the month to set out shade and fruit trees. Dig large holes—"not so big as your hat," but three, four, five, or six feet in diameter, so as to give ample space, and note too—for the roots, which the trees now have, but for the young fibres that will strike from them in the next year or two.

Put in the plows for the coming crops. Plow deep but while swards sleep only, but plow deep always. Recollect you have a most excellent farm right below the one you now occupy, and only about six or eight inches under it, where the roots of your previous crops have seldom penetrated. Only work into this new face thoroughly, say three to six inches, and

let it see daylight by throwing its fresh soil up to the sun, and the effects, after the first year or two, will surprise you. Don't mind the "hard plowing." Put on an extra team or two, or if you have not that extra team of your own, change work with a neighbor, and you will be well compensated in the crop—next year, if not this. Don't be afraid of that "naasty yellow clay," or that "leachy gravel," or "poor, sandy stuff," if it does come up. If not quite as good the first year, it will be the second, and you will have a deep, rich soil a foot deep, where you only had from two to six inches before. When well plowed, and the surface dry, put on the harrow, the teeth sharp and thick, and tear it up as finely as possible.

Plat early potatoes as soon as the ground is warm enough. Let the peas, barley, Spring wheat and oats be in as soon as possible. One day of early spring growth is worth a week of June or July in giving a thrifty stalk and well filled bush.

Fix the ground for corn and beans, the latter part of the month, and let it lie up to the sun to thoroughly warm, so as to be ready to plant in good season—the right time to plant you know better than we do, as we are ignorant of the exact place you live. Corn ought to come up quickly, and then grow right on, without stopping a day till it ripens. Scented corn, be it either by cold in the ground after planting, or frost, or drought after it comes up, never gets forward like that which has no pull backs. And in a corn country like ours, where we rely largely on that crop to make our meats, as well as to sell, and eat, it should receive the very best part of our attention.

If the apple and other orchard trees have not been pruned all they need—and which is not much, if they have been attended to as they ought to have been years before—take off the useless sprouts and limbs of the last year's growth. Cut out the broken branches, if there be any; put crutches under and straighten up the leaning trees; throw the head into shape, and let them go on rejoicing in the protection of a good master who appreciates their value.

Get the tools all into order and keep them so. When the field is plowed bring the plow in, and put it under cover; so with the harrow, and other tools. Have a place for them and let them be in their place, so you can put your hand upon them in the dark. The same with shovels, hoes, axes—indeed everything you work with on the farm, as sleds, wagons and carts, inclusive.

The cows are now bringing in their calves. We have already told you how to manage them, as well as the sheep with their lambs. Young colts usually drop in this month, and in May. Look well to the mares about this time. Don't work them hard for a few days before and after dropping the foal. A sweated mare is more injured in the way of her milk for the young foal, than is almost anything else. She may work constantly after the colt is a week old, but the work must be uniform, and not hurried. Her blood must be kept equal, and her feed generous. Chopped hay, or straw with meal of some kind is best, being easy of digestion, and producing plenty of milk.

Let the cows be still stabled every night until the weather is warm enough for lying out. Cows are just as liable to catch cold by exposure as flocks are, and as their coats are now coming off they are thinner haired than usual, for a month or more.

In stork, look well to everything about the place. "Whatever your eye sees, or your hands find to do, do it with all your might, and in good time." "Eternal vigilance is the price of success in anything, except a windfall of good fortune; but as we 'common folks' have no special expectations in that line, we must trust to our own stout hands and willing minds for the achievement of what good fortune is to attend us in life; and, as 'April fool's' day is now past, we hope the balance of the month is going to be appropriated to the getting of wisdom and understanding, as well as the getting in of our future crops, on which our success for the whole year is to rely. April is, perhaps, the most important month in the whole season.

EARLY PLANTS.—A very convenient method of starting early corn, sugar cane, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and indeed almost any kind of plants, is the following: Take an under sod, (not too grassy,) or tenacious muck and cut it into cubes, say two inches each way. Insert one or more seeds in the center of each, and then pack the pieces closely together and firmly down upon a box of earth, to be kept moderately moist. This box can be set in the cellar on frosty days and nights, and be carried out into the sun at other times. When the seeds are up and transplanting out is admissible, take up the cubes and transplant them to the open ground.—This can be done without disturbing the roots, or scarcely retarding the growth of the young plants.

Seeds of cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, &c., are sometimes planted in soil placed in old or cheap baskets, with rather open work. These are hung up out of the way of frost, being exposed to the sun during the day. At the proper time these baskets are simply imbedded in the hill even with the surface, and left there. The roots will find their way out into the soil through the open work of the sides. A few hills thus started, with little trouble, will often produce a crop some weeks in advance of those sown at first in the open ground.—*Jb.*

SOW CLOVERSEED NOW.—We have found no more successful mode of sowing clover, or clover and timothy upon winter grain fields, than to choose a still morning, when the ground is a little frozen, and scatter the seed broadcast. It falls in the open frost cracks, and when thawing takes place, is beautifully and uniformly covered near the surface, and is al-

most sure to germinate. A good crop of clover, thus sowed, acts partly as a mulch to the grain roots, yields a supply of fall feed, and is most admirable to be turned under when high the next year, as one of the best manures that can be applied to any soil.—*H.*

AN AMUSING SKETCH.

From the novel entitled the Wetherbys, we take the following amusing account of an old man's second marriage. It will be seen that Mrs. Brill was a 'brick!'

Colonel Baxter's nuptials! We—the whole regiment—turned out in full dress to witness their celebration. Even Mrs. Brill had went to the expense of a white satin slip and a bonnet trimmed with orange blossoms for the occasion. (Brill had been appointed brigade-major of the division. The colonel looked about forty years of age. The bride was certainly a very pretty girl. Major Green gave her away. I wished Mrs. Brill had stayed at home; for her mind was always running on matters of business, and she made me laugh in the church, close to the altar, by saying seriously, in a whisper, 'She'll come nicely on the fund, or net, as a colonel's widow, if anything happens to old Baxter! It's a fraud! He ought to be ashamed of himself! I wish the old woman's ghost could walk in just now, and see what was the use of her saving and pinching as she did. This young woman will spend it all you know. I should like to catch Brill making such a fool of himself, after I'm dead and gone, and ducks and drakes of all I have scraped together. When I'm dying, I'll burn every bit of company's paper, or tear it into little bits, and throw it into the chicken broth I shall call for on purpose; and then, if Brill likes to marry again, let him. It will be quite optional.' 'Hush!' said I. 'The parson is looking at you.'

'Well, let him look, the pasty faced man, said Mrs. Brill. I'll let him have part of a clean what you may call it, surplus, (she meant surplus), although it is a dirty business he is engaged in—marrying an old painted man to a mere child. There were my pitying old Baxter not long ago, when the old lady died; and now you see there are all the eyes set on him. The world is full of hypocrisy and humbug. What can that young girl care about that old thing? It is not in human nature. 'She was to be Mrs. Colonel Baxter, and have a carriage and pair, and all the rest of it.'

'So long as ye both shall live,' said the clergyman, concluding the vow.

'I will,' said the colonel.

'I will,' echoed Mrs. Brill in a loud whisper. 'Why, his three-score and ten is up already—so that his promissory note is overdue before he makes it.'

I could content myself no longer. I uttered aloud, My wife, who was leaning on my arm, gave me a look expressive of extreme disgust; but it did not reduce me to gravity.—On the contrary, it provoked me to titter loudly again.

'For richer and poorer.' When the old Col. came to these words, Mrs. Brill whispered to me, 'He'll be poorer pretty soon, I warrant you, Give thee my troth!' she repeated after the colonel. 'Bring her on the fund, and give her a pension! I say it's a fraud!'

'With this ring I thee wed,' old Baxter feebly repeated after the clergyman.

'With this fideldestick' whispered Mrs. Brill carrying on her commentary loud enough for me to hear her. 'I have no patience with an old man who paints his cheeks, and dyes his hair, and comes to church clothed in such abominable falsehood.'

'Yes, and thou shalt see thy children's children,' said the minister.

'Children's children, indeed! Now the very idea!' Mrs. Brill.

'You had better leave the church, Robert,' whispered my wife, 'if you cannot be better.'

Mrs. Brill heard her, and replied. 'He had better stay where he is. You wouldn't have him here, would you?'

'Hush,' said I, in an agony of fear lest Mrs. Brill should come to words with my wife, and interrupt the ceremony.

'Spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.' When the minister came to these words Mrs. Brill was very indignant.

'Spot or wrinkle!' she repeated. 'He has filled up all the wrinkles with white paint and putty! I could pick it out with a penknife! The old man is a wicked fraud. I've no patience with him; and I will say so at the breakfast. Brill is on the staff, and can no longer be bullied by any rascal of a commanding officer.'

My wife, when we came out of church, begged of me not to sit near Mrs. Brill at the breakfast. But of what avail was my promise, since Mrs. Brill was determined to sit next to me?

'Robert, there is room for you here,' said my wife, when we were about to be seated, and she pointed to a vacant chair. Mrs. Brill observed her look and said.

'Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Wetherby. Although bolting they say is catching, when it gets into a regiment, don't suppose I'd be so weak as to go off with the cornet, Brill on the staff.'

Suppy roared with laughter; and so did every one who heard Mrs. Brill's remark.

'Have you congratulated the colonel?' I inquired of Mrs. Brill.

'No said she, "and I don't intend. I am not an impostor and hypocrite, like some other ladies whom I could mention." (She looked at my wife.) "I always speak my feelings. An honest man's the noblest work of God—and so's a woman."

I filled Mrs. Brill's glass several times with champagne, and the herbage appeared to improve her temper. I trod upon her toe by accident, and she looked blandly in my face and said:

'Don't flirt with me, cornet, before your wife, or you'll be making her unhappy, poor thing; and she's not a bad creature, though she looks a wretched dawdle, and has no more idea of housekeeping than a black-bush has. It was unfortunate that she chummed with Mrs. Fifeleigh, for her character is compromised by it, poor thing. Don't flirt with me, cornet. Brill, too, has got his bleary eyes on us.'

A BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

At 16, Impatient palpation towards the ladies.

At 17, Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.

At 18, Confidence in conversing with them increased.

At 19, Angry if treated by them as a boy.

At 20, Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.

At 21, A looking glass in his room indispensable—to admire himself.

At 22, Insufferable popyism.

At 23, Thinks no woman good enough for him.

At 24, Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

At 25, The connexion broken off, for self-conceit on his own part.

At 26, Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.

At 27, Pays his addresses to another lady, not without the hope of mortifying the first.

At 28, Mortified and frantic at being refused.

At 29, Rails against the fair sex in general.

At 30, Morose and out of humor in all conversation on matrimony.

At 31, Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of his interest than formerly.

At 32, Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.

At 33, Still maintains a high opinion of his own attractions as a husband.

At 34, Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a "sheikien."

At 35, Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.

At 36, Another refusal.

At 37, Indulges in every kind of dissipation.

At 38, Shuns the best part of the female sex.

At 39, Suffers much remorse and mortification on so doing.

At 40, A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas—no spring shoots.

At 41, A very nice young widow perplexes him.

At 42, Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

At 43, Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

At 44, The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.

At 45, Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

At 46, Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

At 47, Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.

At 48, Thinks living "alone" quite irksome.

At 49, Resolves to have a very prudent "young woman as housekeeper and companion."

At 50, Nervous affectation about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

At 51, Much pleased with his own house-keeper as a nurse.

At 52, Begins to feel some attachment to her.

At 53, His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.

At 54, Is in very great distress how to act.

At 55, Completely under her influence and miserable.

At 56, Many painful thoughts about parting with her.

At 57, She refuses to live any longer with him solo.

At 58, Gouty, nervous and bilious to excess.

At 59, Falls very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.

POWER OF A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

His mode of attack gave me an insight into the method by which this species of snake destroys animals. The teeth of the boa constrictors being long, and turned back, something in the fish hook shape, the snake darts out and seizes hold of its prey. Then drawing its head back again, it pulls the animal to the ground at once, and coiling round it, commences the crushing process. The power of squeezing must be enormous. On attempting to skin this animal, the muscles inside had the appearance of strings of rope extending from the head to the tail; these he seemed to have the power of contracting or extending, so that a part that might be three feet long as he coiled himself round your body, could be instantly reduced to about a foot, by this means giving any one in his embrace a very tolerable squeeze.

I have before remarked that these snakes are not considered dangerous to man, as they are not poisonous; and if those attacked had a sharp knife, and managed to keep their arms free, Mr. Snake would get the worst of it. If one happened, however, to be asleep, and a boa constrictor then became familiar, he might so have wound himself round arms and body as to prevent a knife from being used. I have no doubt that they have power sufficient to crush any man to death in a few seconds, did they once get themselves comfortably settled round his ribs; but I never heard of such a case during my residence at Natal, although I made every inquiry from the Kafirs.

Formerly there was a great deal of superstition among the Kafirs with regard to this snake, and a person who killed one had to go through a quarantine of purifying, now, however, they do not seem to care much about them. I saw an old man near the Umhlo river pinning a large boa constrictor to the ground with several assegais to prevent its wriggling; he had about a dozen different ones stuck into his body, and seemed to think a few more would do no harm. He told me that the snake was a great rascal, and had killed a calf of his, some time before, that he had long watched the opportunity of catching it out of its hole, and at last found it so, when a smart race of some yards ended in the Kafir assaying the cool vent. —Sporting Scenes amongst the Kafirs of South Africa, by Captain A. W. Drayson, R. A.

READING ONE'S OWN OBITUARY.

In the days of old Myall, the publisher of the Newport (Mass.) Herald, (a journal still alive and flourishing,) the Sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last he told Myall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.

The morn'g came and passed, but no money. Judge of the Sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened the "Herald," and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex, with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character; but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored—he was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to meet him. They must have read the morning papers. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more. Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead.

"Why, Sheriff?" exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were defunct."

"Defunct?" exclaimed the Sheriff. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, yourself," said Myall. "Did you not tell me—"

"Oh! ah! yes! I see," stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there's your money." And now contradict the report in your next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker, "it was only printed in your copy!"

The good Sheriff lived for many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always took care to pay the printer.

WEIGHT OF THE CABINET.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

"The present cabinet is composed of 'men of weight,' as I noticed to-day, on a register kept at the Smithsonian Institution. Howell Cobb is set down at 217 pounds, Governor Brown at 177; Secretary Toucey at 168; Secretary Thompson at 147; and Gov. Floyd 139. I should judge that General Cass will weigh nearly 200 pounds, although he is not as fleshy as he was a few years since. He is very active for one of his age, and walks to the department of State almost every morning without an overcoat, and with an elastic step."

The only way to cure a boy of staying out late at nights, is to break his legs, or get the calico he runs with to do the bonus work.

A GOOD REGULATOR.—"How late is it?" "Look at the boss and see if he is drunk yet, if he is not, it can't be much after eleven o'clock."

"Does he keep good time?" "Splendid! they regulate the town clock by his nose."

A JOKE.—A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial told the Judge he only took it in a joke. "How far did you carry it?" asked the judge. "Two miles," answered the prisoner. "All that carrying a joke too far?" remarked the judge, and the prisoner got three months, unrequited labor.

THE HAIR OF THE PRESIDENTS.

In the Patent Office at Washington, there are many objects of interests, connected with the government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity, when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples, or small locks of hair, taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is in fact a parcel of what once constituted the living body of those illustrious individuals whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair had undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Q. Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse, and of a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of General Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore, is on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is of a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.—Sanbury, American.

Two country lawyers overtaking a wagoner, and thinking to crack a joke on him, asked, with assumed gravity—

"Pray, mister wagoner, how is it that your load horse is so fat and the other so lean?"

The wagoner, with sharp penetration, replied:

"Well, ye see the reason is plain—the lead horse is a lawyer, and the other two are his clients."

The jokers raved instantly.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS.—A Western editor, speaking of one of his brethren of the quill, noted for his fatness, remarked that if the Scripture proverb, that 'all flesh is grass,' was true, then that man must be a lead of hay."

"I suspect I am, from the way the asses are nibbling at me," replied the fat man.

A SLIGHT RESERVATION.—Jones—Ah, times are hard enough. I dined on corned beef and cabbage yesterday!

Brown—Why, what did you do with that pair of ducks, I saw you pay a dollar and a quarter for?

Jones—Oh—ah—yes. Well, I had them besides.

ONE OF THE COMPARISONS.—The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new prima donna, says, "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slip stop pantaloons."