

# Bedford Inquirer.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The truest nobleman of earth,  
Is he who loves to be  
The first companion of the good,  
The hero of the free,  
Who works unthought of for the poor,  
Who sees no rank in names;  
Whose hopes ascend to heaven in crowns,  
As sparks fly up from flames!

Give me the nobleman of mind,  
Who loves a noble cause;  
The right of labor's sturdy sons;  
And Freedom's righteous laws!  
The labor of each evil scheme  
A tyrant may advance;  
A giant's strength about his heart,  
Thoughts brilliant in his glance!

I love the noble man of earth,  
Who strives to bless the age;  
And leaves a glory that is caught  
On history's faithful page!  
Whose name the millions love to hear,  
Truth's sure unflinching guest;  
Who shines in love as does the sun  
In palace of the west!

He's deathless as the mighty skies,  
When jeweled through with stars;  
Could feel God's beauty in a blaze  
Burst through his prison bars!  
No mandate from the tyrant breaks  
His spirit's upward bound;  
While high on every liberal creed  
His name is blazoned round!

### AN AMUSING STORY.

Hooper, the editor of an Alabama journal, whose name we now forget, but which has always something in it to make us laugh, tells the following yarn:

Shall I tell you a bit of a story, having no connection with politics, this hot dry, weather? By permission—

Old Col. D—, of the Mobile district, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities which were fully appreciated by the people of the district. Many of his freaks are yet fresh in the memory of the "old men" of Mobile. And all will tell that the Col., though hard to beat, was one terrible taken in by a couple of legal tyres—Geo. Woodward, I believe, tells the story, but however that may be, it is in keeping with the others related of the old gentleman.

It seems that Col. D— had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to and was not on speaking terms with them; although all three of them were professionally riding the same circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Col.'s irascible nature, determined when they left one of the courts for another, to have some fun by the way at his expense. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving, and presently they arrived at a dark, broad stream that looked as though it might be a dozen feet deep, but was in reality, not more than as many inches. Crossing it, they alighted, and pulling off their coats and boots, sat quietly down to watch for the old "Tartar."

Jogging along, at length came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters, who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they had just had a swim, and then looked at the broad creek which rolled before him like a translucent star. The Col. was awfully puzzled.

"Is this creek swimming?" he growled, after a pause of some moments.

No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses and rode off some distance and stopped to watch our hero.

The Col. slowly divested himself of coat, boots, pantalons and drawers. These he nicely tied up in his handkerchief and hung them on the horn of his saddle, then he remounted, and as he was a short, fat man, with a paunch of rather inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he basked in the sun, with the breeze holding gently dalliance with the extremity of his only garment.

Slowly and cautiously the old gentleman took the creek. Half a length and the water was only foot deep. Here his horse stopped to drink. A length and a half, and the stream was no deeper. Thirty feet farther and a decided shoaling!

Here Col. D— reined up. "There must," said he, "be a d—l of a deep channel between this and the bank—see how it runs. We'll dash through here."

A sharp lash made the horse spring and watery waste, and another carried horse and rider to the opposite bank.

The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep.

A wild yell from the young uns' announced

## VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

It is but a few years since the volcanoes of Hecla in Iceland, Etna in Sicily and Vesuvius in Italy, were in active operation at the same time. The altitude of Hecla and Vesuvius are nearly equal, but that of Etna is about ten thousand feet above the sea, or nearly double that of Hecla and Vesuvius.

On the 14th January, 1848, when the fiery eruptions of Hecla were subsiding, the ashes began to ascend from the crater, and were thrown to such a height in the atmosphere as to fall on the Faro Islands, three hundred and sixty miles distant.

Osunoro, Acouegua and Consequing, three volcanoes in the Cordilleras, S. A. extending in a line of two thousand seven hundred miles, were all convulsed at the same time.

The volcanoes of Macca Loa and Kilauoa, Sandwich Islands, open in the atmosphere at the respective heights of ten and fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. These volcanoes are the largest yet discovered in our earth, and during one of the eruptions one of these volcanoes discharged a river of lava seventy miles in length, five miles in breadth, and of unmeasured depth, in the short period of about seventy days.

The Azore Islands, in one of which famine is now doing the work of death, beneath them and beneath the sea that surrounds them volcanic fires of great energy, that even the ocean, with all its mighty power, is unable to drown or extinguish.

On the 18th of October, 1848, one of the volcanoes in the New Zealand Islands was aroused from a long slumber, and about a thousand shocks of earthquake attended its convulsions. The Aurora Australis kindled up its light, and terrific thunder, and vivid and fierce lightning united in the wonderful demonstration of the majesty and sublimity of the great phenomena of nature. It was then that shocks of earthquake were felt simultaneously on the opposite side of the globe; it was then that the Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis united, and a bright band encircled the whole earth.

When Hecla, in Iceland, was convulsed, the eruption produced a pestilence that destroyed both man and beast. The black-tongue disease there resulted from a volcanic eruption, and so fearfully malignant was that pestilence, that in many cases the tongue fell from the mouth of the victim before life was extinct.

A volcano capable of discharging a river of molten lava seventy miles long and five miles wide, is capable of affecting the atmosphere of the earth over an immense surface, and does affect it, as our voluminous records of natural phenomena compared with our meteorological records show.

Africa has not, as far as I am aware, a volcano on its continent; but there are volcanoes on the very borders of that continent.

In my geological researches on the American continent, I have formed the opinion that the great American lakes, which describe a curve on the sphere of the earth, have resulted from volcanic action; and Ontario, a deep lake, now reposes in the crater of a volcano, and its occasional tidal flows and fitful ebullitions no doubt result from volcanic action deep in the bowels of the earth.

The immense masses of metallic copper found filling the rock fissures in the vicinity of Lake Superior, and the agates found in that vicinity have no doubt resulted from volcanic action.

E. M.

Journal of Commerce.

## ANCIENT DEXTERITY.

One of the early Kings of Egypt being desirous to secure his riches, commanded a treasure house to be built; but the architect, intending to have some share of the treasure, instead of finishing the building completely, placed one of the stones in so artful a manner that it could be taken out and put in again by one man. As he was prevented by death from accomplishing his designs, on his deathbed he gave full instructions to his two sons how to execute it. After they had often plundered the King, who observed the gradual diminution of his wealth without being able to discover how the thieves had access to it, finding his seal upon the door always whole, ordered several strong traps to be left in the treasury. By this means, one of the brothers was at last taken; but finding it impossible to escape, he pressed his brother to cut off his head, and retire with it to prevent discovery.

The next morning, examining the success of his project, upon finding a wall without a head in the snare, he hastened home in the greatest alarm and confusion; but recovering himself, he ordered the body to be exposed on the outside of the wall of the building to the public view, charging the guards placed around it to observe the countenances of the spectators and to seize those who appeared sorrowful.

The surviving brother, urged by his mother's entreaties and threats of exposure, formed the design of carrying off his brother's body. Accordingly, driving his asses thither, laden with skins of wine, he found means, by the stratagem of letting his wine run out, to intoxicate and stupefy the guards. While they were in a deep sleep, he showed the right cheek of each of them by the way of diversion, and in the middle of the night carried off the body on one of the asses.

This action still more astonished the King, who being now more earnest to discover the thief, ordered his daughter to receive the addresses of all suitors promiscuously, on condition that each should previously confess to her the most ingenious action he had ever committed.

The young man, resolving again to perplex the King, went to the palace to his daughter, and confessed to her that he had cut off his brother's head, and afterwards carried off the body. When she then offered to lay hold of him he stretched out to her the arm of a dead man, which he had carried in under a cloak (suspecting the intentions of

## and while she supposed she had detained the culprit, he made his escape.

The King's resentment being now converted into admiration, he promised a pardon and reward to the person who robbed the treasury, if he would discover himself. The young man, upon this proclamation, immediately made himself known, and the King thereupon accounting him superior in dexterity to any man then living, gave him his daughter in marriage.

## Two Boys Murdered by their Father.

(From the Binghamton Republican.)

A most shocking affair occurred in Maine village, in this county, about 16 miles from Binghamton, on Friday afternoon, the 16th instant. Oliver Howard, a man about 30 years old, murdered two of his children by cutting their throats with a razor. The circumstances of this lamentable occurrence, as near as we can learn, are as follows:—Oliver Howard, the murderer, lives in the village of — has a wife and four children—two girls and two boys. His wife's mother had been staying a few days at his house, and the day previous to the murder, his wife and mother went on a visit to the house of the latter, taking with them the two youngest children, the girls; leaving the two boys, one aged six, and the other four at home.

About 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon Howard left the tannery of Mr. Sanford, where he worked, went to his house, and returned soon after to the tannery. Not long after it was discovered that the two little boys had been murdered—their throats being cut with a razor. Howard was immediately arrested and taken before N. W. Eastman, Esq., a Justice of the Peace in that town, for examination. The prisoner admitted that he committed the double murder, and waived an examination. The murderer was lodged in Binghamton Jail Friday night, and brought to jail.

No reason was assigned by the prisoner, we are informed, for the act, when he was arrested. Now that he is in jail for the horrid crime, he says that he was in fear of the Lord, and thought that he was commanded by the Lord to kill his two boys. We think that this is a mere dodge to escape punishment on the ground of insanity, and that instead of having any communication from the Lord, he was instigated by the Devil and his own bad passions to commit this most despicable crime.

Howard formerly tended French's Mill on Castle Creek, and Sprague's Mill near Port Crane. He also worked at Col. Lewis's Mill, in Binghamton, some seven years ago.

## THE BIBLE.

"Tell me where the Bible is, and where it is not," observes an American clergyman, who has returned from a tour on the Continent, "and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show in all particulars, the physical condition of the people. One glance of your eye will inform you where it is not. Go to Italy; decay, degradation and suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish.—There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power, the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; the armed police takes from the stranger his Bible; in the book stores it is not there, or in a form so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case, where it reposes among prohibited works of Diderot, Rousseau and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the channel into England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence, there are industry, respect, instruction for children. Why this difference? There is no brighter sky—there are no fairer scenes of nature—but they have the Bible; and happy are the people who are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation."

A Highwayman Thrashed by a Girl.—As a peasant-girl named Melaine Robert, daughter of a small farmer near Corbett, France, was proceeding to Essoines, lately, a man armed with a thick stick suddenly presented himself and summoned her to give up her money. Pretending to be greatly alarmed, she hastily searched her pocket, and collecting some small pieces of coin, held them out to the man, who, without distrust, approached to take them; but the moment he took the money, Melaine made a sudden snatch at the neck, and wresting it from his hand, dealt him so violent a blow with it across the head that she felled him to the ground. She then gave him a sound thrashing, and in spite of his resistance, forced him to accompany her to the Commissary of Police.

If all the ladies would act as spiritedly as Miss Melaine, they might safely walk alone at night, and not compel ungrateful fathers to escort them. We don't know however, that it is not better there are not many Miss Melaines. Husbands would have a hard time of it; the wives who now only use the tongue would use the broomstick, and those who now flourish the broomstick would get bolder and take to the tons.

Horace Walpole tells a story of a Lord Mayor of London in his time, who, having heard that a friend had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, inquired if he died the first time or the second.

A young gentleman who has just written, little beauty, says she would be materials that she is made of such poor stuff. Nature could do no more.

John Budget thinks there has been a "terrible" "bug pulling" lately between England and the United States.

## VARIETIES.

Never defend an error, because you once thought it to be the truth.

Why is petticoat government stronger than formerly? Because it's hooped.

A border, at a hotel in Chicago, missed \$50. A servant, named Abraham, was arrested on suspicion. The money was found in Abraham's bosom.

Kit North says that it is no wonder that women love cats, for both are graceful and both domestic—not to mention that both scratch.

One of our finest writers says that the nightly dues come down upon us like blessings—How very differently the daily dues come down in these hard times.

Salt Lake, in Utah, is saltier than the sea.—Two quarts of its water will make a pint of salt. Rock salt exists in large quantities in the neighboring hills.

What better proof can we give of wisdom and goodness, than to be content with the station in which Providence has placed us.

A contemporary, noticing the appointment of a postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

A person in passing a concealed fellow, happened to strike his foot with a cane. "You had better knock my brains out, and finish me," said the dandy. "I was trying to do it, was the rejoinder."

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident.

If Girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning glories.—But then we should not like them to sleep in quite such dirty beds.

"How old are you?" said a magistrate to a German arraigned before him. "I am dirty."

"And how old is your wife?" "Mine wife is dirty-two."

"Then, sir, you are a very filthy couple and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you."

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroys the peace of society. The village gossip, jealous family quarrels, and bickerings between neighbors, meddlingness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

It is an actual fact, that a man in our State, who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

"I declare, mother," said a petted little girl in a pettish little way, "tis too bad, mother; you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers and physicians into military service, in case of war—because their "charges" are so great that no one could stand them.

"Read the biographies of our great good men and women," says an exchange, "not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from plain strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with changing clouds."

There is a baby in Cincinnati, the child of a Mr. Cannon, which weighs 24 pounds at eleven months of age.—Exchange.

He must be at the age of twenty-and-one—A dangerous piece it's remarkably clear—When the young Cyclopean son of a gun, Is a 24-pounder the very first year!

A lady wrote upon a window some verse intimating her design of never marrying.—A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath.

The lady whose resolve these words betoken, Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

A western exchange says: "Two ladies were travelling in the cars last week, when one said to the other: "I was married, but I heard that my husband was killed in Pittsburg, and I am going there to ascertain if the report be true."

"Well, I've got a dead snore thing on my husband," remarked the other, "for I saw him buried five weeks ago."

Do not teach your daughters French before they can weed a flower bed at sunrise, or walk a mile to get up an appetite for breakfast.—Remember that red cheeks and a vigorous frame are preferable to a simpering tongue and fashionable accomplishments.

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you? asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well—ahem yes, rather so," replied the latter, "about half the year the water is up to the second window."

"Mr. — I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay," you can have it. Is it for your "Very

"No, 'tain't. It's for the boss. Dad don't eat hay."

"Bill, spell out, cat, rat, hat, bat, with only one letter for each word."

"It can't be did!"

"What! you just ready to report verbatim, phonetically, and can't do that? Just look here! c 80 cat, r 80 rat, h 80 hat, b 80 bat."

## WHAT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN.

I have never known a poor man to obtain a premium at a fair, where there was a rich man to compete with him.

I have never known a Minister of the Gospel to be called from a higher to a lower salary.

I have never known a poor man to be respected because he was poor.

I have never known a merchant to continue his conversation with a poor man when a rich one enters his store.

I have never known a white-headed office hunter to be very conversant with a poor man after the election.

I have never known any man to admit any man better than himself.

I have never known a rich man but what was respected for his riches.

I have never known a man to be better than he should be.

I have never known a fashion too ridiculous to be followed.

I have never known a system of religion too absurd to find followers.

I have never known the order of nature reversed to please any man.

## SUPERSTITIONS DISPELLED.

With a view of combatting certain silly superstitions which still exist, a number of gentlemen of Bordeaux have resolved to form themselves into a society, which shall be called the "Society of Thirteen," and which shall have banquets to be attended by thirteen persons, such banquets always to be on a Friday, and a peculiarly grand one to come off on the 13th of each year. The members, moreover, will at each banquet upset the salt, which is deemed unlucky and have undertaken to commence all their important operations on a Friday. In addition to all this, they offer to receive as members of their society persons supposed to be afflicted with what is called along the coast of the Mediterranean the "evil" and who are generally shunned because it is supposed that they do great harm to the persons with whom they speak, unless the latter present to them each hand with the two middle fingers and the thumb turned down.

A FEMALE POISONER.—Caroline Frederica Katharina Schwartz has been arrested at Chicago, charged with poisoning her paramour at Buffalo, some time since. She is a woman of good education, and states that her father held a rank of Major General under the Duke of Baden Baden, that for years she rode by his side, arrayed in warlike habiliments of the other sex, in which unwomanly character she visited Russia, Algiers, and many other places, and terminated her career of soldier by getting married and coming to America ten years ago. She lived with her husband Schwartz, at Danville, N. Y., for seven years, when a woman from Europe, with three children, made her appearance and set up a prior claim to the husband. The claim appearing to be well founded, Caroline left him, went to New York, and made arrangements of convenience with another man, with whom she started for Chicago. At Buffalo, it is alleged, she poisoned him to obtain \$600 in money which he had with him.

AN ALLEGORY.—A venerable man toiled through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and in sowing with his own hand the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom in a friendly voice, "what are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I am following to this hour." "You have only learned half your lesson," responded the spirit; "go again to the ant and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and enjoy what you have gathered up."

NOVEL MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON.—On Saturday night last, a young man named Faucett, was married on Maryland Avenue, and while the occasion was being celebrated by a few gathered friends, some ten or twelve gentlemen came in, uninvited, and with characteristic playfulness struck the groom over the head with a slung shot, and blowing out the lights, proceeded to make merry after their own fashion, by breaking the furniture and frightening the ladies present. After remaining as long as they choose, they retired outside, where they remained until about 2 o'clock, A. M., throwing occasional stones and bricks at the house. It is said that the groom knows the captain (?) of this pleasant party, but having a due regard for his life in his new domestic relation, refuses to inform against him.

Dr. Kane, doctoring a flower under a Humboldt in this village, hasn't you? asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well—ahem yes, rather so," replied the latter, "about half the year the water is up to the second window."

"Mr. — I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay," you can have it. Is it for your "Very

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A COOL CASE.—A newly arrived John Chisaman, in Shasta, California, purchased some ice recently, and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny. A general row was the consequence.