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ORIGINAL POETRY.



For the Inquirer.

SONG—To Sallie.

Beneath a tree, on a moss-covered bank,
Where a stream flows down the valley,
I sit and muse of the things that tell
Of thee, my own loved Sallie.

Chorus—Oh! thou'rt a charming spot,
My lower in the valley,
There, alone, I miss on thee,
My bonnie, bright-eyed Sallie.

O, there to while the hours away,
I love to loiter and dally,
Whit the stream-tongues a song for me,
Of thee, my own loved Sallie.

Chorus—Oh! thou'rt a charming spot, &c.

The sighing zephyrs through the leaves,
With the throbs of my heart keep tally,
They seem to say—"most passing fair"
Is thine own idol—Sallie.

Chorus—Oh! thou'rt a charming spot, &c.

Oh! oft' times when I feel oppressed,
I here thy spirit rally;
One thought of thee is Heaven to me,
My own, my dear loved Sallie.

Chorus—Oh! thou'rt a charming spot, &c.

Then, dearest, when at set of sun
The twilight's in the valley,
O, think of me 'neath the beechen tree,
Absorbed in thee, my Sallie.

Chorus—Oh! thou'rt a charming spot, &c.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

"Troubles never last forever,
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child will be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.
Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that what you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something startling that will say
When gold and silver fly away!"

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revegeth knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

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 compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it wittingly. A boy that is whipped at 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 clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

"Be on your guard, and strive to pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away."

"Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother."—The editor of the New Orleans Advocate had this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city related to him by one of the Methodist pastors:

The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with sympathy, which none but those of our "kindred blood" can feel or manifest. He died among strangers and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friend who had ministered to him was about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped them and said, "Let me kiss him for his mother." We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eyes this simple ritual has not brought tears.

FIFTY CENTS FOR LODGING.

One of our citizens who loves his joke about as well as folks usually do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior part of the State, and knowing that he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long india-rubber boots. He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and upon inquiry he found that the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had, and the road was extremely muddy. Congratulating himself on having his long boots, he set off, and found the mud so deep in some spots that his boots were barely long enough. At last he reached the hotel, but with awful muddy boots. After supper, he inquired the charge for lodging.

"We usually charge," answered the landlord, who also had some fun in his composition, "twenty-five cents, but if a man goes to bed with such boots as these on," pointing to his customer's feet, "we charge him fifty cents."

"A very good idea, I should think," returned the traveller.

After an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other. The next morning, our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he was gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast, he handed a dollar to the landlord's wife, saying:

"There is fifty cents for my supper and breakfast, and fifty cents for my lodging."

"Twenty-five cents is all we charge for lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the traveller, "under ordinary circumstances, but in this case, fifty cents is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the lady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstance which required a man to pay double price for lodging, when her husband returned.

"Has that man who slept in the front chamber come down yet?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his wife, "and he has gone away. He paid fifty cents for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances it was right."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed the landlord, running up stairs. His wife followed to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed-clothes turned down, and her best bed looking more fit to plant potatoes in, than for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?" said the husband.

"Yes."

"And you saw his boots, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the infernal case slept in 'em."

A few days after, the traveler, on his return home, put-up again at the same tavern. Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlord looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock, the traveller said he would retire. "And, by the way, landlord," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodging?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a most tremendous emphasis, "twenty-five cents."

A COMICAL SCENE WITH AN AFRICAN LADY AT CHARLESTON.

Various amusing anecdotes are related of the poor Africans who were rescued from the slave Echo by the U. S. brig "Dolphin" during their brief sojourn in the port of Charleston. Among the Echo's living cargo, every one of whom, he it remembered, were in the condition in which they entered the world, and under no obligation to the tailors' or mantua-makers' art, was a woman who was distinguished from the rest by her evident natural brightness and her superior looks. Moreover, she was dressed—not, probably, after the fashion of our Broadway belles, but dressed differently from her companions, nevertheless, and like all true women, in such a condition, she felt and also evinced her superiority. She actually had on a pair of gloves, which she wore at all hours, with evident pride in her costume, and felt that she was in full "tags." She was called par excellence, "the Queen," and her story getting abroad at Charleston, some ladies requested and obtained permission for her to visit them.

A loose dress was accordingly furnished her, to cover the other deficiencies of the article of clothing, and she was handed from one of the boats and conveyed to the house of a prominent resident of Charleston. There, the servant was ordered to dress the Queen in hoops, broad enough for a dame of upper tennant, and a flaunting gay dress. She was much astonished and pleased with the dress, but more with the hoops, which she would endeavor to catch as she turned round and round, uttering outlandish cries. She also exhibited some inclination constantly to examine more closely into the material beneath her outer dress, but as gentlemen were present, she was prudently prevented from gratifying this natural curiosity. After spending some hours ashore, she was conveyed to the vessel by a number of her retainers.

The boat could not reach high water mark, and lay some little distance out in the water. The Queen shook hands all round with her friends, and then going to the water's edge, surveyed the boat. For an instant, after waving a last adieu, suddenly hoisted dress, hoops, underclothes and all, like a huge sunbonnet over her head, and quietly waded out to the boat. This reversal of the purposes of clothing startled the spectators, and there was a most sudden and laughable rush from the beach.

SLEEPING WITH THE LANDLORD'S WIFE.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference.

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says, our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a legislator. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermonizer; but out of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion he was wending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to the other clergyman—

"The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb; and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session, the conference sat with doors closed for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

"Does any one know anything against the character of brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and grave countenance; said he had a duty to perform—that he owed to God and the church, and to himself; he must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though tremblingly. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of ministers were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few snickered and looked first at Zeb, then upon the bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T. and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb rose and said:

"I did the deed! I never lie!"

Then passing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation:

"There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, which I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself."

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Thus the poet once sang, and every heart responds to the truth of the beautiful sentiment. What tender emotions, warm feelings, and hallowed recollections cluster round the words "No place like home." It was the sentiment which gave beauty to the verse and life to the song—that awakened all the refined and undying sensibilities of the soul. Emotions the most tender swell the bosom, as the heart in warm affection, sighs for the sanctity of home. From its sacred altar goes forth an influence that gives to life its beauty, its sweetness, and its charm, and around that altar lingers the hope of destiny; for in its educating and elevating influence is the safeguard of innocence and purity. And, as the evening and morning orison ascends, God accepts the sacrifice, and sends down the rich fragrance of his love to soothe and imbue the hearts that mingle in sympathy there.

But this hallowed abode of innocence, virtue and piety—this home of the affections—has been invaded by the spirit of the age; and amid the interests and excitements of life, the old and sacred idea of home is fading away. Its instruction—the germ of principle that moulded the character—its influences that guarded the aspirations and restrained the waywardness of youth, and its hallowed recollections that filled with delight the heart in after life—where are they now? Alas! how painfully is that the old idea of home is passing away. Its instructions are deemed unimportant; its restraining influences tyrannical; and its tender recollections unmanly. And for this folly and madness we forfeit all that is precious in the noble and virtuous career of our sons and daughters. The spirit of the age, which pants for novelty and excitement, is undermining the culture of family affection and influence, until the sacred power of its tender scenes are unknown and unloved by those who go forth to give tone and character to society. Thus they hasten to enter upon the stage and mingle in the business of life, ignorant of its duties, and unacquainted with its destiny—unrestrained and uninfluenced by the tender recollections of the sanctity of home. How deeply anxious ought every parent to be to impress the youthful heart with an undying love for home; urged, as he is, by every tender motive, by all that is desirable in the blessings and fearful in the displeasure of God, and by all that is elevating and permanent in those influences whose sweep will be parallel with the stretch of eternity.

Never let the ambitious forget, or the wayward trample upon the sanctity of home; for it is the power of that institution which God has ordained and blessed, and which must ever give to society character and destiny.

A Distinguished American writer in writing against what he considers a prevailing inclination to credulity, says that "the present generation seem a race of gudgeons." He must certainly except the babies, they are only suckers.

COL. SMITH IN JONES FAMILY.

Well after dark I put up with a first rate, good natured fellow that I met at the billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman, looking as though she lived on luffin, her face was so full of fun. After a while, after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather, in some three or four children, luffin and skipping as merry as crickets, there was no candle lit, but I could see that they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along.

"Come here," said I, "you little rogue, come here and tell me what your name is."

The oldest came to me and says: My name is Peter Jones.

"And what's your name, sir?"

"Bob Jones."

The next said his name was Bill Jones, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Jones. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Jones was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Jones looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," says I, "Mrs. Jones, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em, they're so beautiful and sprightly."

"No," says she, luffin, "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"No, no," says I, "they're well behaved children, and by gracious, says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and father, and I looked at Mr. Jones, I never did see anything equal to it," says I, "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of his, sir, tapping the eldest on the pate."

I thought that Mrs. Jones would have died luffin, at that; her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house.

"Do you think so, Mr. Smith?" said she, looking towards Mr. Jones, and I thought she'd go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really."

"Law, law, law," says Mr. Jones, kind o' luffin, "you are too hard on me, now, with your jokes."

"I ain't a joker at all," says I; "they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you."

"Ja," then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be bound if the little brats didn't tug out to be bigger, every one of 'em, and their heads curly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and they petted these niggers as playthings. I never felt so stroked as I did when I found how things stood.

CANNIBALISM IN THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

A New Yorker and a Prussian eaten up—
Fight between the Cannibals and the United States Marines.

The United States ship Vandalia, Commander Sinclair, arrived in port on Friday, from a cruise through the South Pacific. Lieut. J. Hogan Brown gives us some interesting information about a deed of cannibalism and its punishment. While the Vandalia was at Ovalau, in the Feejee Islands, information was communicated to Commander Sinclair, by the Consul at Levuka, that the inhabitants of Lomati, on the Island of Waya—a tribe of ferocious cannibals—had surprised a small vessel, and murdered, cooked and eaten the crew. Thereupon, an expedition consisting of 60 men, was fitted out, placed in charge of Lieut. Caldwell, with Lieut. Ramsey, of the marines, Assistant Surgeon Trust and Master's Mate, Bartlett, and sent against them. The natives refusing to give up the murderers, and taking advantage of their strong position (a town situated on the top of a high mountain, 1600 feet above the level of the sea) to defy the party sent against them, a landing was effected at daylight on the morning after reaching the island; and after a most fatiguing march of several hours, over declivities, precipitous rocks, and through ravines, the expedition arrived opposite the town. A long halt was made to refresh the men, who were almost prostrated by their exertions.

After resting, the town was assaulted and carried by a flank movement, the natives fleeing to the rocks and fastnesses; the town was nearly destroyed, 115 houses having been fired and consumed. On the return of the expedition they were attacked in the most furious manner in one of the ravines by 300 warriors, who were repulsed with a heavy loss, after a severe action of about one-half an hour, the natives losing nearly 50 men killed and wounded, including two of their principal chiefs. The Americans had six wounded, and one very severely. The seamen and marines behaved in the most gallant manner. The anomaly of their situation (attacking a powerful and courageous mountain tribe in their fastnesses) not moving them, except perhaps to more steady and daring conduct. The Americans murdered and eaten were Louis Brower, a Prussian, naturalized, and Henry Homer of New York.—San Francisco Herald.

MUDDLING A JUSTICE.

Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it."

The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve that did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room."

LIVELY TIMES IN WISCONSIN COUNCIL.

A Catholic Priest Denounces them as Heretics.

A correspondent writing from Shullsburg, Wis., has the following:

"During the session of the County Board of Supervisors for this county, at the November term, there were some rich scenes, one of which claims our serious attention. Some of the lobby members got up a resolution to appropriate one hundred dollars for Roman Catholic purposes, which was rejected by one majority. At the evening session of the same day, the Catholic priest came before the board and remarked:

"I suppose the reason why you refuse to grant the appropriation is, that it is to benefit the Catholics; but I am rejoiced that such things cannot always be, for there is a crisis coming, and sooner than the people are aware of. Yankeeism has had about its full sway, and others are about to rule in this country, and then you, nor any set of base heretics, will dare to refuse us an appropriation for such purposes." Some of the members of the Board explained their reasons for voting as they did on the question.

The priest then said pointing to one, "You voted against the appropriation on the ground of the retrenchment, and you," pointing to another, "say you voted for it, but, having been better informed, would, if necessary, vote against it now. I suppose your information consists in knowing that it is for the Catholics, and that, you consider, reason enough for voting against it. You I never saw before; neither do I ever wish to see you again, and I shall brand you an infamous scoundrel."

During his remarks, he was several times called to order, but told them not to interrupt him, as he was a scholar, and would not be dictated to by a set of base heretics."

THEY SAY.—There is a decision in the last volume of Gray's Massachusetts Reports, which is at once sound morals and a good law. A woman sued for slander, defended on the ground that she only reported. The Court held that to repeat a story, which is false and slanderous, is not a good law, widely it may have been circulated, is at the peril of the tale-bearer. Slander cannot always be traced to its origin. Its power of mischief is derived from repetition, even if a disbeliever of the story accompanies its relation. Indeed, this half doubtful way of imparting slander, is often the surest method resorted to by the slanderer to give currency to his tale.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A Justice of the Peace, seeing a parson mounted on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him—

"Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little: 'Doctor,' said he, 'you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.'"

"Why, really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many asses Justices that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it!"

HORRIBLE GLUTTONY.

In New York, on Thursday night, a negro from New London, Conn., named Albert Corby, while at Cronn's grocery, Five Points, swallowed, for a wager of \$15, five pounds of tallow candles, five of raw pork, a pint of lamp oil, and a quart of whiskey. He was shortly after found insensible in the street and sent to the station house, where a physician attended and administered an appropriate dose. The glutton recovered after a while, but laid his illness to the Five Point whiskey. He was committed to prison for ten days, for drunkenness.

It is stated in Southern papers that the yacht Wanderer has landed as many as three cargoes of negroes upon the Southern coast. The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel says: "We learn on good authority that the original cargo consisted of 420, and that not one of them died or was seriously ill on the passage. It is supposed that the Wanderer acted only as a decoy boat, and that the vessel that brought them is at large. Citizens of our city are probably interested in the enterprise, and those brought up in the river are supposed to be their share of the spoils, and have been distributed on their plantations."

DEMAND FOR THE GOSPEL.

The pews in Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, were rented at auction for the year, on Tuesday, and brought \$24,642 50, about \$8,000 more than they were sold for last year. Very many who were anxious to obtain pews were unable to procure them. The competition among the bidders was very spirited. Mr. Beecher was present during the sale, and appeared to be delighted at the great interest manifested by his congregation to obtain good seats.

At every heart there is a fountain of pure water, and all men at sometime taste its sweetness.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the Genesee Farmer.

Is Stock Growing to be Recommended in the place of Raising Grain?

The two systems of stock-growing and raising grain should go together on all farms and in all situations where stock and grain can be raised. There may be places where the price of stock is so low that it may be more profitable to raise grain; but even then stock-raising, to some extent, will be found to pay better in the end; for it must be apparent to all that continually taking from our farms and returning nothing to them, will be most ruinous to the soil. We may, by applying lime, plaster, and ashes, stimulate the soil to greater activity for a while; but this will only prove the more ruinous in the end, for these articles only supply the inorganic elements of plants; and if no organic matter is returned in the shape of barnyard manure, our crops of grain will by degrees grow beautifully less; and then again, there are some soils so springy and wet that grain cannot be grown to advantage. On all such soils, stock-raising of course should take the lead, but as a general thing, the two systems should go hand in hand. Many farmers who keep but little stock, raise no more grain than others who keep several head of cattle, horses, and sheep; and selling all the grain off their farms, and sometimes even their hay and coarse fodder, and burning up their large stacks of straw, and in these and various other ways continually drawing organic matter from the soil, and oftentimes "wasting" their fragrance on the desert air, their farms are all the time growing poorer; while others, who keep a large amount of stock, consume some of their coarse grains and all their fodder, make large amounts of manure, their farms are all the time growing better—enabling them to raise more grain and keep more stock. There may be, and no doubt is, a limit to this; but I have sometimes thought that the more stock a man keeps, the more grain he can raise, thus realizing more than a double profit—a profit from both stock and grain, and also a profit from the increased amount of both stock and grain he is enabled to raise from combining the two systems.

C. C. WILSON.
Newfane, N. Y., Nov. 1858.

ON THE USE OF BURNT CLAY AS MANURE.

About four years ago, I had my attention called to the use of burnt clay as manure, by an Englishman, who used the ashes of burnt clay on his potatoes and garden vegetables. The good results obtained by him induced me to try the plan. Accordingly I burnt ten bushels of ashes from good clay soils, and applied them to one-tenth of an acre of meadow land. I sowed them broadcast, about the last August. The effect was quite perceptible during the fall and the next season the crop of hay was at least one-third heavier than it was on a meadow adjoining, where there had been no manure of any kind applied.

I was induced by my success on meadow land to continue the use of burnt clay. I burned two hundred bushels during the fall of 1856, and sowed broadcast one hundred and fifty bushels on one and a half acres of meadow land; and the next spring I applied fifty bushels to half an acre of potato ground. The results of the burnt clay on the meadow land was quite as satisfactory as was my first trial of them, and the results of the burnt clay on the crop of potatoes was equal to an increase of one-third over half an acre adjoining, on which no manure of any kind was applied, both pieces receiving the same amount of cultivation, and were of the same variety of potatoes.

Being well satisfied with past experiments in the use of burnt clay, I burned four hundred bushels, in the fall of 1857, and during the past season have used them on meadow land, on potato ground, and on spring wheat. The results on grass and on potatoes were equal to the results previously obtained; but on spring wheat, the effects were not at all perceptible.

I think its effects on grass and potatoes have been equal to the effects of plaster, if not more so. I shall apply some of it on spring wheat, next season, and I anticipate better results than I obtained last season. I shall also continue its use on meadows and potatoes, and shall try it on carrots, oats, and other crops, and watch the results with interest.

BEE.
Hickory Bluff, Erie Co., N. Y. 1858.—B.