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The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

JOHN LUTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1899.

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Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, returning a paper does not answer the law when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment.

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY JOHN LUTZ, OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

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Poetry.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

Well—well! this is a comfort, now,—the air is mild as May, And yet 'tis March the twentieth, or twenty-first to-day; And Reuben ploughs the hill for corn; I thought it would be tough, But now I see the furrows turned, I guess it's dry enough.

I don't half live penned up in doors; a store's not like the sun, When I can't see how things go on, I fear they're badly done; I might have farmed till now, I think—one's family is so queer— As if a man can't oversee who's in his eighth year!

Father, I mind, was eighty-five before he gave up his; But he was dim o' sight, and crippled with the rheumatism; I followed in the old, steady way, so he was satisfied; But Reuben likes neg-fangled things and ways I can't abide.

I'm glad I built this southern porch; my chair seems easier here; I haven't seen as fine a spring this five and twenty year; And how the time goes round so quick!—a week, I would have sworn, Since they were husking on the flat, and now they plough for corn!

When I was young, time had for me a lazy ox's pace, But now 'tis like a blooded horse, that means to win the race. And yet I can't fill out my days, I tire myself with naught; I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with thought.

There's Marshall, too, I see from here, and his boys begin; Why don't they take the lower field? that one is poor and thin. A coat of time it ought to have, but they're a doltish set. They think swamp mud's as good, but we shall see what comes of it!

Across the level, Brown's new place begins to make a show; I thought he'd have to wait for trees, but, bless me, how they grow! They say it's fine—two acres filled with evergreens and things; But so much land! it worries me, for not a cent it brings.

He has the right, I don't deny, to please himself that way, But 'tis a bad example set, and leads young folks astray; Book-learning gets the upper hand and work And they that come along after us will find things gone to wreck.

Now Reuben's on the hither side, his team comes back again; I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain; I had the fields so clean of stones, but he must plough so deep. He'll have it like a tarpaulin soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these New notions of the younger men, who farm by chemistries; But his different stock and other grass; There's a patent plough and cart!—Five hundred dollars for a bull! it would have broke his heart.

The maples must be putting out; I see a something red Down yonder where the clearing laps across the meadow's head. Swamp cabbage grows beside the run, the green is good to see, But wheat's the color, after all, that cheers and 'livens me.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now— Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow, and sow, and plough; Sleep in the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun— I'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it's done!

Well—I suppose I'm old, and yet 'tis not so long ago When Reuben spread the swarth to dry, and Jesse learned to mow, And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with me; But such a man as I was then my boys will never be!

I don't mind William's banking for lectures and for books; He never had a farming sack—you'd see it in his looks; But handsome is that handsome does, and he is well to do; 'T would ease my mind if I could say the name of Jesse, too.

There's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in mine. But I was wrong that second time his bond to underpin; It's less than what his share will be—but there's the interest! In ten years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore; The way I've sowed and saved, I ought to count a little more. I never lost a foot of land, and that's a comfort sure, And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

Well, well! ten thousand times I've thought the things I'm thinking now; I've thought them in the harvest field and in the clover mow; And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish 'twas something new— But this is all I've seen and know; so what's a man to do?

Is like my time is nearly out, of that I'm not afraid. I never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid. They call it rest we shall have, but work would do no harm. There can't be rivers there, and fields, without some sort of farm! —From *March and Home*.

Miscellaneous.

NASSBY.

The Corners Outraged—The Gullible at Work—Capt. McPetter Discouraged and a Nigger Made Assessor in his Place.

POST OFFICE, CORNER OF KENTUCKY, (Which is in the State of Kentucky) April 9, 1899.

ET the Democracy of the North are established by this time that the ultimate intention of the Abolitionist is to subjugate and reduce even to the level of the nigger, the voice of one risen from the dead wooden avail nothing. Yesterday the last outrage which a chivalrous people has been compelled to bear was perpetrated upon a citizen of the Corners. I shall state the case as follows:

The position of Assessor of Internal Revenue for the District of the Corners is the center, he is held since A. Johnson was President, by Capt. G. H. McPetter, late of Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A. That he has filled the position to the satisfaction of the citizens of the Corners, no one denies. He is a distiller, in fact he and Elder Pennbacker run the two distilleries in the town, and they have bin doing a thriving business. McPetter was Assessor, and Pennbacker Collector, and ex a consequente none were the capital of the Corners has bin substrated and carried to Washington to feed the Abolition thieves there. Ex no tax has ever been paid on the whisky at this place, Bascom has bin enabled to continue to sell it at five cents per drink, while everywhere else the regular price is ten and fifteen. There was other advantages in having the Assessorship and Collectorship in their hands. By simply hinting to each that it was his duty as a Federal officer to investigate the tax evaders of the Government, he has bin able to get two million dollars, but I he bin enabled to divers and sundry times to pocket loans of over various amounts, the lowest being \$1,75 and the highest reaching \$20.

This happy condition of affairs is bustled. Gabriel Babcock, a nigger—that is a half nigger—formerly the property of Deekin Pogran, and who looks enough like the Deekin's oldest son Jehu to be his half brother, was last week appointed and confirmed Assessor in the place of Captain McPetter, and immediately he entered into the discharge of his duties.

There are many feeders peckolyerly aggravated in the appointment. To begin with, the Babcock was notoriously ignorant to the corners during the late complex analysis. At the beginning thereof he ran away from Deekin Pogran and entered the Federal service. He was peritlerary active and assiduous.

His knowledge of the country made him useful to the Federal officers as a guide and scout, and at least one Federal victory is chargeable direct to the information he brot. Then his wife was known to her five Federal soldiers who had escaped from Anderson's camp.

Now Reuben's on the hither side, his team comes back again; I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain; I had the fields so clean of stones, but he must plough so deep. He'll have it like a tarpaulin soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

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THE TWO FRENCH QUEENS OF FASHION.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Eighteen years ago the President of the Republic of France betrayed the country which had trusted him, stole its liberties in the night, laid robber hands upon its treasury, dishonored its noblest citizens by carting them to jail in prison vans, murdered in cold blood several hundreds of innocent men and women in the streets of Paris, and transported hundreds more to a hot, unhealthy region of the tropics. This was the Andros of Napoleon. It transcended all that had ever been done in that kind—

joining to the extreme of dastardly meanness the extreme of audacious cruelty, and being totally devoid of palliation or excuse, except that invented by the head liar of the gang who perpetrated it. The man in whose name the deed was done appears to have furnished nothing but the lies; the audacity, and what little courage was shown, being supplied by others. Mr. Kinglake's chapter upon this usurpation (Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. I. Ch. XIV) strikingly confirmed by some American narratives to which the author had not access, exhausts the subject and avenges the human race, which is deeply injured whenever man's faith in man is lessened by the deliberate betrayal of a solemnly accepted trust. Mr. Kinglake, I say, has avenged our outraged race; for which, I trust, we are all duly grateful to him. Nothing remains but for France to bring the penitents wreath to trial for the special wrong done to her, and execute upon him the penalty to which he may be condemned.

As usual in such cases, a woman was found willing to share the bed and booty of the successful robber. She was young, beautiful, well formed, and of just such a mind as to submit joyfully to spend half the day in trying on articles of wearing apparel, and the other half in displaying them to a concourse of people. It became, too, and remains an important part of her duty to amuse, dazzle, and debase the women of France, by wearing a rapid succession of the more gorgeous, novel, bewildering costumes, the mere description of which has developed a branch of literature, employs many able writers, and mainly supports fifty periodicals. Here is a vain, beautiful woman, living in the gaze of nations, who has the plan of a rich kingdom, with which to buy her clothes, and the taste of a continent to devise them for her; for to Paris the *cite de mode* of all tailors, dressmakers, milliners, and hair-dressers go from every capital in Europe. Whatever there is in France of truly noble and patriotic—and there are as many noble and patriotic persons in France, as in any other country—avoids the vicinity of this woman, while around her naturally gather the thoughtless and the interested. The women in this circle imitate her as closely as women can whose husbands have not stolen the treasures of a nation; all except one, it is said, and she is the real queen of fashion.

Both these young women have certain physical defects which they wish to conceal, as well as certain unusual charms, of which they intend the most shall be made. One is short and tall. The other is ugly and beautiful, but graceful, vivacious, and interesting. The hair of one of them growing scant behind, all women felt the necessity of carrying a pound of horsehair under their own, and swelled out in the region of the back hair to an extent that now seems in credible. If the parting of the hair widens, and begins to resemble baldness, then frizing comes in, which covers up the deficiency. A few gray hairs bring powder into fashion. Other insufficiencies demand panthers on their way round the world. For these women, and especially the one who figures in the centre of the group, occupy that conspicuous place to which for two centuries past more female eyes have been admirably directed than to any other; and there reside near them a band of writers who live by chronicling every new device of decoration that appears upon their persons. So able, laborious, and sensible a journal as the *Pall Mall Gazette* finds it necessary to station an industrious member of its staff within sight of these people, for the sole purpose of telling the best women in England what clothes the worst women in France wear. I should suppose, from looking over the periodicals which publish fashion news, that there must be in Paris as many as a hundred writers from describing the dresses worn in the ancient palaces temporarily occupied by the usurper and his dependents; and many of these writers do their work so well, that their letters are a most potent stimulator of the passion for dress which is so easily kindled in the minds of the ignorant and immature.

By agreement of the parties and the decree of Lord Hardwicke, of the English Court of Chancery, the surveys, Mason and Dixon, placed at the end of every fifth mile, a stone graven with the arms of the Penns on one side and those of the Baltimore family on the other, marking the intermediate miles with smaller stones, having a P on the North side, and an M on the South. This was done as far as Siding Hill; beyond that, the line is marked by "vials," cut through the forest, eight or ten feet high, with piles of stones on the mountain crests, as far as the summit of the Allegheny; beyond which the line is marked with posts, with stones and earth heaped around them. Such is the history of Mason and Dixon's line.

In course of time, the northeast boundary of Maryland, was undermined by a brook, and falling down, was removed and built into the chimney of a neighboring farm house. When it was missed, a joint commission was authorized by the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, and Lieut. Col. James D. Graham, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, proceeded to replace it. A "triangular prismatic post of granite," marked with the letters, M, D and P, respectively facing the States to which these letters refer, now marks the beginning of Mason and Dixon's line.

Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777. Mason died in Pennsylvania in 1787.

PEOPLE who want to establish a velocipede park can call it by any of the following names: Amphicyclothron, gymnacyclodromus, velocipedrome or bicyclocyclodromus. No wonder some people are afraid of the machines.

The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

NO geographical line, real or imaginary, during the last half century, has been the subject of more general reference than "Mason and Dixon's Line," and none less generally understood. Constituting the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and the dividing line between this State, and Delaware and Maryland, and thereby the dividing line of the free and slave States of the Atlantic seaboard, until where it struck the Ohio river, "Mason and Dixon's Line" passed into popular use in the fierce discussions which so long agitated the country by reason of the "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery. Now that the contest has been ended in the entire abolition of slavery throughout the Republic this geographical line ceases to have any national importance. Still, in view of the past, a few facts in connection with its origin may not be uninteresting to the reader.

In 1845, Hon. John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, delivered an able and interesting lecture before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in which he dwells at length upon the subject.

It seems that the grants of land to Lord Baltimore, Wm. Penn and the Dutch settlers of Delaware, were somewhat indefinite and difficultly arose as to the boundary of the several grants. The grant to Penn made part of his southern boundary to consist of "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from Newcastle northward and westward, unto the beginning of the 40th degree of Northern latitude."

On the 4th of July, 1760, the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore executed a deed of boundary settlement, under which, together with the decisions of the English Court of Chancery, Commissioners were appointed to run the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand, and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other. The surveyors, under the deed, were Thomas Garrott, Jonathan Hall, John Lukens, Archibald McLean, John F. P. Prizes, Archibald Emory, John Watson and William Shankland; whose original fieldnotes are still preserved in the Maryland archives at Annapolis.

At the end of three years, these Surveyors had accomplished but little more than the adjustment of the southern line of Delaware, half way across the peninsula, the peninsula line North to the intersection of the Maryland line of the 39th degree of latitude, and the tracing of the "twelve mile circle."

It was from the "tangent point" on this circle, that the meridian was to be continued North to a point, fifteen miles South of Philadelphia, whence should be traced the parallel of latitude westward, that was to divide the provinces, and to the difficulty of tracing this line is attributable the presence of Mason and Dixon in America.

On the 4th of August 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn, and Lord Baltimore, being together in London, agreed with Chas. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, "two mathematicians or surveyors," to mark, run, settle, fix and determine all such parts of the circle, lines, marks and boundaries, as were mentioned in the several articles or commissions, and were not yet completed." Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 13th of November following, and began their work at once. They adopted the continental lines, and the radius and tangent point of the circle, of their predecessors. They next ascertained the north-eastern corner of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude. They pursued this parallel a distance of 230 miles, 18 chains and 21 links, from the place of beginning, at the N. E. corner of Maryland, to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard's creek, where an Indian war path crossed their route; and here, on the 19th of November, 1767—103 years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Six Nations that the surveys should cease, leaving 36 miles, 6 chains and 59 links as the exact distance remaining to be run west to the southwest angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Broad Tree tunnel on the B. & O. Railroad.

By agreement of the parties and the decree of Lord Hardwicke, of the English Court of Chancery, the surveys, Mason and Dixon, placed at the end of every fifth mile, a stone graven with the arms of the Penns on one side and those of the Baltimore family on the other, marking the intermediate miles with smaller stones, having a P on the North side, and an M on the South. This was done as far as Siding Hill; beyond that, the line is marked by "vials," cut through the forest, eight or ten feet high, with piles of stones on the mountain crests, as far as the summit of the Allegheny; beyond which the line is marked with posts, with stones and earth heaped around them. Such is the history of Mason and Dixon's line.

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