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Jacob Biddle 11/10/97

The Bedford Inquirer

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

LUTZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors.

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Inquirer Column.

Bedford Inquirer.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON'S TEMPTATION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There are many days in winter when the air is very soft and balmy, as the early days of summer, when glad maiden May seems to blow warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was one morning like that the morning sunbeams streaming over a high rock that frowns far above the Wash-

A high rock, attainable only by a long and winding path, fenced in by the trunks of giant pines, whose boughs in the coldest day of winter form a canopy overhead.

And near this rock—the chamber in the forest, for it was nothing else—at an old man, separated from it by the trunks of the pines, whose boughs concealed his form.

That old man had come here alone to think of his two sons now freezing at Valley Forge, for though the father was a Tory, his two sons were patriots.

And now, on this bright morning in February, he had come here to think the matter over. While he was pondering this deep matter over, he heard the tramp of a horse not far off, and looking between the trunks of the pines, he saw a man dismount and advance into the quiet nooks of the moss covered rock.

Leaving this aged man to look upon the intruder himself, let us look upon him with our own eyes. As he comes through those thick boughs he beholds a man over six feet, with his many forms enveloped in a coarse grey overcoat; a chapman on his bold forehead; and beneath the coat you may see the military boots and also the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone to pace this moss covered recess with drooped head and folded arms? Washington!

As he meditates upon the awful condition of his starving army at Valley Forge, another form, tall as his own, emerges from the boughs, and unperceived gazes upon the warrior.

A moment passes, and as Washington turns and meets the stranger's gaze, a strong resemblance is noticed. The same height, breadth of chest, limbs, nay, almost the same face; save that of the stranger in outline, and lacks that calm consciousness of a great soul, which stamps the countenance of Washington.

Washington's countenance is most strange they are clad in the same coarse grey coat; their costumes are alike—yet hold—The stranger throws open his overcoat and you behold that hangman's dress, that British uniform, flashing with gold and stars. Washington starts back, and lays his hand upon his sword.

And as those two men, so strangely alike, met there by accident, under that canopy of boughs, one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia, let me tell you that the stranger is none other than the Master Butcher of the idling King, Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they met, the one the imperious son of freedom, and the other the tinseled lackey of a tyrant's will. We will listen to their conversation; it is brief but important.

For a moment the British General stood spell-bound before the man whom he had crossed the ocean to entrap and bring home; the Rebel who had lifted his hand against the right divine of the British Pope!

That British General there was something awful about the soldier who could talk with his God as Washington had a moment ago. "I cannot be mistaken," at length said Sir William Howe. "I behold before me the chieftain of the rebel army, Master Washington!"

Washington coldly bowed his head. "Then this is a happy hour, for we to gether can give peace and freedom to this unhappy land."

At this word, Washington started with surprise, advanced a step, and then exclaimed: "And who, sir, are you that thus boldly promises peace and freedom to my country?"

"The commander of His Majesty's forces in America," said Howe, advancing along the wood hidden rock towards Washington. "Oh, oh, sir! let me tell you that the King, my master, has heard of your virtues, which alone dignify the revolt with the name of a war; and it is to you that he looks for the termination of this most disastrous contest."

Then Washington, whose pulse had never quickened before all the panoply of British arms, felt his great heart flutter in his bosom, as that great boon was before his eyes peace and freedom to his native land!

crushed that parchment into the sod with the heel of his warrior boot; yes, trampled that title, that royal name, into one mass of rage and dust.

"That's my answer to your King!" And there he stood, with scorn on his brow and in his eyes, his outstretched arm pointing at his minion King George.

Wasn't that a picture for the pencil of an angel? And now that British General, recovering from his first surprise, grew as red as his uniform, with rage.

"Your head," he gasped, clenching his hands, "will yet respond to the traitor's block."

Then Washington's hand sought his sword, then his fierce spirit arose within him; it was his first impulse to strike the arrogant quivering in the dust. But in a moment he grew calm.

"Yours is a good and great King," he said with his usual stern tone. "At first he is determined to sweep a whole continent with five thousand men, but soon finds that his five thousand men must sell to twenty-five thousand, before he can even begin his work of murder;—then he sacrifices his own subjects by thousands—and butchers peace."

One word with regard to the aged tory, who beheld the scene from yonder bushes, with alternate wonder, admiration and fear. "That tory went home," he said to George Washington at prayer, "he said to his wife, 'The man who can trample upon the name of a King as he did—praise to God he prayed—that man cannot be a rebel or a bad man. To-morrow I will join my sons at Valley Forge.'"

Why Aunt Sally never married. "Now Aunt Sally, do please tell me why you never married. You know you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised that you would tell us all about it, sometime. Now, Aunt, please do."

"Well, if I ever did see such girls in all my born days. It's true, there from morning till night, but what you must know all about everything that you haven't a right business to know anything about. Such inquisitive, pestiferous critters as you are! When I was young, girls were different; they minded their business and didn't go gawling around with a whole string of beaux, getting their heads filled with all kinds of nonsense. I never dared to ask my aunts, married or single, to get into their affairs. Pretty messy I'd have got in if I had. When they were of age I tell me anything of their own accord. I kept my mouth shut and listened. Everything is different now—a-days, young folks have no respect for their elders. But as I see I am not going to have any peace till I tell you, why just listen, and don't tell me how you would do it in one of your months till I get through."

"That's right, Aunt Sally, go right ahead, and we'll keep perfectly still."

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old, I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself I was quite a good looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy most was a young minister, a very promising young man and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a great deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him and things ran on till we were engaged."

"One evening he came to me yesterday. When he came into the parlor, where I was sitting alone, he came up to me and—now, please I don't like to tell the rest."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, for mercy sake, don't stop; tell us what he did."

"Well, as I said, he came up to me and put his arms around me, and rather hugged me, while I got excited and some frustrated, and it was a long time ago, and don't know but what I might have hugged him back a little. Then I felt—but now just clear out every one of you, I shan't tell you any more."

"Goodness gracious, no, Aunt Sally! Tell us how you felt. Didn't you feel good, and what did he do next?"

"Oh, such torments as you are! I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know that the house where I lived was one of the best streets in town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened right over the street, and no balcony or anything of the kind in front of the house. As it was in the summer season these doors were opened and the shutters just drawn in. I stepped back a little from him, and when he edged up close I pushed him away again. Don't you think girls, the poor fellow had his balance and fell through one of the door into the street? Yes, it's so. As he fell I saw a scream and caught him—but I declare I won't tell anything more. I'm going to leave the room."

"No, no, Aunt Sally! How did you catch him? Did it hurt him much?"

"Well, if I must, I must. He fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pants into a whole parcel of ladies and gentlemen passing through the street. Yes, it's so. As he fell I saw a scream and caught him—but I declare I won't tell anything more. I'm going to leave the room."

"There, that's right; girls and signal as much as you want to. Pigeon that can't hear about a little thing like that without tearing around the room, and he-ing in such a way don't know enough to come home when it rains. A nice time that man that ever marries one of you will have, wont he? Catch me telling you anything again."

"Bar, Aunt Sally, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?"

hurry. I tell you it was a sight to remember to see how that man did run. Father had been to come up the street at the time, and he said he never saw anything to equal it in his whole life. I heard others say that he did the fastest running ever known in that part of the country, and that he never stopped or looked behind until he was two miles out of town. He sent me a note a few days afterward saying that the engagement must be broken off, as he never could look me in the face after what had happened. He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. He never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that he never dared to trust himself near a woman again. That girls is the reason I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time, for he was a real good man, and I often thought that we should always have been happy if his suspenders hadn't given way."

AMERICAN PERFUMERY. Of late years the use of fine perfumery has become very general in the United States. The sales to many firms, in many instances, is an enormous business. Its manufacture, especially of American colognes, by the leading chemists of the Union within the last ten or twelve years, has become a specialty of trade.

Acknowledged, within that period, some of the very best Cologne water at present manufactured in the world has been made in this country, and now bears, either blown in the glass, or labelled upon its papered front, the name or names of some of our superior American druggists. Indeed, to such an extent is the manufacture now carried, that the best metropolitan chemist-laterally furnish printed circulars to their customers, containing the names of half a dozen or more species of scented water, of their exclusive manufacture, in lieu of their former French, English, German, Swiss, &c., brands. In fact, for foreigners, to-day, choice brands of either the old favorite German or Parisian Colognes are but little called for.

Corn spirit, although of much more value than the grape for many of the lighter essences, such as the violet, lavender, &c., which latter delicate bouquets are universal conceded to be much finer of English than of French, has never by connoisseurs been admitted upon a par, for general use, with the grape spirit, now exclusively used by the French in the preparation of the world-famed Cologne. Some Americans—and usually the best chemists—follow the Parisian choice in spirits. Others, again, and some far from an inferior class, are the advocates of our own grape spirit. Some of our chemists, keep their manufacture of Cologne from first to last a close secret in the firm. One can barely, now-a-days, visit an American pharmacy possessed of any business pretensions to enterprise, but that, if the inquiry be preferred for Cologne, a dainty little bottle of "our own exclusive manufacture" is tendered with glowing words of recommendation for the questioner's trial.

And still with this growing national interest in this one special branch of manufacture, the perfume of art is said to be a lucrative one in America. The perfume in the United States complains bitterly that no business is now so heavily taxed as his. Every ingredient is now doubled, in some instances trebled, its cost within eight or ten years since. Especially is the tax on alcohol, as also that upon the stamps and sales, felt to be the greatest strain. For example, in 1850, alcohol was selling at forty cents per gallon; it now brings three dollars. Tallow, also, has risen to a most exorbitant figure. Few manufacturing perfumers, as may readily be imagined, at these high prices, have survived the pressure. Hence the fact, that within the last six years, no single manufacturer has permanently entered into perfumery as a business in this country.

In the preparation of essences the following list of fine extracts is considered stock-in-trade enough, and sufficiently varied to manufacture five hundred "bouquets" from—viz: Rose, Jessamine, Tuberose, Cassie and Orange Flower. Two articles, very much patronized abroad, and especially in Paris, have comparatively but limited sale in the United States, and absolutely no American manufacture. Allusion is made to the "Cold Cream" which is the Frenchman and woman's ideal cosmetic, and Panacea coupled with the almost innumerable varieties of toilet vinegars, with which—and oftentimes to the almost total exclusion of Nature's cosmetics, pure water—perfumers, and particularly French perfumers, indulge so lavishly in. It is an indisputable fact that by American ladies neither of these compounds are much sought after. In their place glycerine of late years, plain and in every conceivable form and combination, may be said to be the more strictly national, sine qua non, for the toilet. In fact, this ingredient, which is simply the sugar of fat, now enters largely into almost every known cosmetic.—New York Mail.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS. Will the Catholics be Satisfied When the Bible has been Banned? Not many men, we suppose, are thinking that, when once the reading of the Bible in the public schools is prohibited, the Roman Catholic will be content with our American system of instruction by the State. If any one entertains that opinion, he has only to take a look at the Roman Catholic papers to learn that he is much mistaken. Says the Freeman's Journal, under date of December 11: "Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil." "We do not and will not," says the Tablet, "accept the State as educator." "There is no possible programme of common school instruction," says the Freeman's Journal of November 20, "that the Catholic Church can permit her children to accept." "It is the Catholic Church," and then the writer goes on to quote from the Syllabus to the effect that no Roman Catholic is at liberty to believe otherwise than that it is a most dangerous error to think that any school is a fit school for Roman Catholic children which is not entirely under the control of the Church. That the teaching in State schools regards only or chiefly the mere knowledge of natural things and the purposes of our social life on earth, is wholly beside the question, says the Journal; the children are immortal, and the whole object of teaching them anything is to prepare them for an eternal life. The same paper says: "If the Catholic translation of the books of Holy

Writ which is to be found in the homes of all our better-educated Catholics were to be dissected by the ablest Catholic theologian in the land, and merely lessons to be taken from it, such as Catholic mothers read to their children, and with all the notes and comments in the popular edition, and others added, with the highest Catholic endorsement, and these alone, were to be read in all the public schools, this would not diminish in any substantial degree the objections we Catholics have to letting our children attend the public schools." In short, if the Roman Catholic press does not misrepresent the Roman Catholic feeling and opinion about our common school system, the school must be the priest preaching, or else our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens will be advised by their clergy to refuse its support.

DEADHEADS. The term "deadhead" is not to be found in Webster, but it is taking firm root in the language. "Deadheads," as we understand the meaning, are not confined to the priest system, the school must be the priest preaching, or else our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens will be advised by their clergy to refuse its support.

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