

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

VOL. XXIII, NO. 39.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1855.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



SPRING-THE WAKING.

A lady came to a snow-white bier,
Where a youth lay pale and dead,
And she took the veil from her widowed
head,
And bending low, in his ear she said—
Awaken! for I am here.

She passed, with a smile, to a wild wood near,
Where the boughs were barren and bare;
And she tapped on the bark with her
fingers fair,
And she called to the leaves that were buried
there;
Awaken! for I am here.

The birds beheld her without fear,
As she walked through the deepening dells;
And she breathed on their downy citadels,
And she said to the young in their ivory
shells—
Awaken! for I am here.

On the graves of flowers she dropped a tear,
But with hope and with joy like us;
And, even as the Lord to Lazarus,
She called on the slumbering sweet flowers
thus—
Awaken! for I am here.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mead,
To the reeds by the golden pool,
To the moss that rounded the margin beyond,
She spoke, in her voice so soft and fond—
Awaken! for I am here.

The violet peeped with its blue eye clear,
From under its own gravestone;
For the blessed tidings around had flown,
And before she spoke the maiden was known,
Awaken! for I am here.

The pale grass lay with its long locks serene,
On the breast of the open plain,
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,
And cried, as she filled each juicy vein—
Awaken! for I am here.

The rush rose up with its pointed spear,
The flag with its falcon brood;
The dock uplifted its shield unawed,
As her voice ran clear through the thickening
sod—
Awaken! for I am here.

The red blood ran through the clover near,
And the heart on the hills overhead;
The daisy's fingers were tipped with red,
And she started to life, as the lady said—
Awaken! for I am here.

And the young year rose from his snow-white bier,
And the flowers from their green retreat;
And they came and knelt at the lady's feet,
Saying all with their mingled voices sweet,
O lady! behold us here.

Domestic Hints for the Ladies!

TO BOIL HAM.—Cut some slices of ham a quarter of an inch thick, soak them in hot water, for half an hour, or give them a scalding in a pan over the fire; then take them up and lay them on a gridiron, over bright coals; when the outside is browned, turn the other, then take the slices on a hot dish, butter them freely, sprinkle pepper over, and serve. Or, after scalding them, wipe them dry, dip each slice in beaten eggs, then into rolled crackers, and fry or broil.

SUPPERS IN BACON.—Lure my hams with salt, sugar and saltpetre; after remaining down four weeks, as I take up the hams from the salt, I rub each piece on the flesh side with fine black pepper, and then hang up and smoke, a dark brown color, with green hickory wood, and then let it hang until wanted for use. Sometimes they have hung two years. Before I commenced using the pepper, I had to take my hams down and pack in ashes in the spring of the year. The above plan will prevent skippers in bacon.

CORN BREAD.—Everybody who has been at the Mansion House, at Buffalo, New York, has learned the luxury of the corn bread there provided. The clerk is often taxed to write directions for home manufacture, and I thus procured a recipe for domestic use, which I copy for you, so that those who wish may try a piece of bread from the Mansion. It is as follows: "One quart of sour milk, two table spoonsful of saleratus, four ounces of butter, three table spoonsful of flour, three eggs, and corn meal sufficient to make a stiff batter."

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, have a teaspoon of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of table spoonsful of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture and bake the muffins till a light brown.

POUND CAKE.—One pound dried sifted flour, the same of loaf sugar, and the whites of twelve eggs, and the yolks of seven. Beat the butter to cream, beat the sugar by degrees, then the eggs and flour; beat it all well together for an hour, mixing a table spoonful of rose-water, a little nutmeg or cinnamon, two cups of cream, and a teaspoonful of saleratus. To be baked in a quick oven.

BETTER CAKES FOR TEA.—Beat two eggs, put them in half pint of milk, and a tea cup of cream, with half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in the cream, a little salt, cinnamon and a little rose water if you like, stir in sifted flour till the batter is smooth and thick. Bake them on a griddle or in a pan—Butter the pan well, drop the batter in small round cakes and quite thin. They must be turned and nicely browned. Lay them on a plate, in a pile, with a little butter between each layer.

TO SWEETEN RANCHED BUTTER.—It is said that washing rancid butter in milk, and afterwards in water, will restore to former sweetness. The experiment is easily tried, and the "consummation devoutly to be wished," for surely nothing is more repulsive than rancid butter.

TO SECURE BACON FROM THE FLY.—A writer in the American Farmer recommends as an infallible remedy against the fly: When your bacon is smoked early in the spring before the fly has made its appearance, take quick lime slacked to a dry powder, and rub the meat thoroughly on every part with it leaving it adhere as much as possible; hang up your meat, and rest secure from any trouble from insects.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint the chickens, which should be young and tender—boil them in just sufficient water to cover them. When nearly tender, take them

out of the liquor, and lay them in a deep pudding dish, lined with pie crust. To each layer of chicken, put three or four slices of pork—add a little of the liquor in which they were boiled, and a couple of ounces of butter, cut into small pieces—sprinkle a little flour over the whole, cover it with nice pie crust, and ornament the top with some of your pastry. Bake it in a quick oven one hour.

LEMONS PIE.—For one pie, take couple of good sized fresh lemons, squeeze out the juice, and mix it with half a pint of molasses, or sufficient sugar to make the juice sweet. Chop the peel fine, line deep pie plates with your pastry, then sprinkle on a layer of your chopped lemon peel, turn in part of the mixed sugar and molasses and juice, then cover the whole with pie crust, rolled very thin—put in another layer of peel, sweetened juice, and crust, and so on till all the lemons is used. Cover the whole with a thick crust, and bake the pie about half an hour.

DYSPEPSIA BREAKFAST.—Three quarts of unbolthead wheat meal; 1 quart of soft warm water; a gill of fresh yeast, a gill of molasses, 1 tea-spoonful of saleratus. This will make two loaves, and should remain in the oven at least two hours. It will need from eight to twelve hours to rise.

WASH FOR THE HEAD.—The following wash applied with a small piece of flannel to the roots of the hair, will be found excellent for removing dandruff.—Three parts of oil of almonds; one part of lime water; to be shaken up well, and can be procured of a chemist.

Curious Electrical Phenomena.

The *Easton Democrat* (Mich.) of the 20th ult., has come to us marked around the letter of a correspondent, who describes a peculiar phenomenon which he witnessed during a snow storm on the 11th of last month, at about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, when at the house of his brother in Tuscola, Livingston county. His brother, while crossing the street, beheld a bright light like electricity issuing from his fingers, and on attempting to brush them off, they began to issue from his clothes, and his hair. He then called upon the writer to come out and see it, who did so, and found himself also enveloped in light, when he approached him; he was literally covered with small flames, resembling a multitude of minute candles. He says: "We stood in the middle of the street, the storm pelting us in its coldest fury, the night as dark as Egypt, and we presenting the imposing appearance of lamp-posts illuminated by a hundred burning tapers."

Other characteristics of the phenomenon was rather singular. Although we were nearly all in a blaze, or at least nearly covered with a multitude of small flames, yet they did not reflect the least light, nor were they in the least affected by the wind. We called the family out to see the sight, and the lights immediately appeared on them, but in a far less degree of brilliancy than they did on us. The appearance was beautiful indeed, and with its soft, gentle, phosphorescent flickering, contrasted beautifully with the thick darkness of the night, and the hoarse moaning of the storm; lashed into fury by the madness of the storm.

This is the second notice of a like phenomenon observed during the past winter. The other case is that related by H. Ware, of Cambridge, Mass., in a letter to Prof. Silliman, and published on page 273, last number of *Silliman's Journal*. The night on which it was witnessed was the 17th of December last, while he was walking along the long bridge between Boston and Cambridge. His attention was attracted to the iron lamp-posts on the bridge by a loud hissing noise, and by several sharp pricks on his forehead, and on raising his hand to remove his hat, he beheld a brilliant discharge of electric sparks when his fingers touched its rim. He then looked to the lamp-posts, and saw long streams of electric light streaming out from every point of them, although the lamps were not lighted. This was during a snow storm, and the wind blowing very strong, as was the case at Easton.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

FACTS FOR THE TAX PAYER!!!

The people will read with thrilling interest the following exposition of our KNOW NOTHING Legislature, which we copy from a paper edited by one of Gov. POLLOCK'S Office Holders:

Correspondence of the Repository and Whig.
Daylight at Last—A Day Fixed for Adjournment—The Members Increasing their Pay—Removal of the Capitol to Philadelphia.
HARRISBURG, April 28, 1855.

A happy day has dawned at last—a day long to be remembered in the chequered annals of the old Keystone State,—a day that may even eclipse our fourth of July's, our twenty-second of February's, our Christmas dinners and New Year's jollifications—a day big with ease and peace to our trembling tax-payers—I mean the day in which the present legislature will enjoy its last rest and break for its constituents, and, in most instances, for the lonely shades of perpetual retirement. Like the young cub, their troubles are principally ahead! and oh! what a jubilant reception awaits them! They have done nearly every thing they should not have done, and left undone nearly every thing that was demanded and expected by the people. In short this legislature went up like a brilliant rocket in the resplendent reform principle, and came down like a very common stick—no, that ain't it either; it went up like a—a—no use in talking—can't do the subject justice. But thanks to every thing terrestrial and celestial, it's near its last kick, and on Tuesday the 8th, inst. it will wing its way to its constituents, and just help me, Mr. Editor, in the great goodness of your heart, to roll the great wave of oblivion over it—do it for the sake of the State—for the sake of all parties—for the sake of our common humanity.

But there are a few righteous men in it, but it is a nice mathematical problem whether under the last scriptural requirement, they could have saved the city of the plain.

I believe there will be two general bills passed in a laborious sitting of four months. The one is the license law, authorizing a wholesale jug business, and the other is the appropriation bill—one important clause of which will doubtless save it. I refer to the section voting the members of the legislature \$500 each for the session. The old law allowed members \$30 per day for one hundred days, making \$3,000, and but a \$1.50 per day thereafter; but now the session is protracted over four months, and \$3 per day is found to be quite too little to pay for the talent, genius, patriotism, eloquence, poetry, piety and unbecome embodied in its one hundred and thirty-three picked specimens of humanity. Five hundred dollars, Forsyth! I think I see the old farmer wiping his spectacles

as he strikes the balance sheet of the present legislature, and then turns to his tax statement.—Won't the old gentleman be jolly? Won't he be thankful that his lot has been cast in so pleasant a land, where legislatures squander while he sweats and pays?

The House passed a bill last week with a perfect hurrah, for the removal of the Capitol to Philadelphia. Harrisburg has become quite too provincial for the growing excellencies of the Legislature, and it is proposed to try Philadelphia awhile, and if that don't answer the purpose, it may possibly be removed to New York for a session or two! The fact is, Harrisburg is too small. How can the very flower of the State be expected to be cooped up here four months in the year? A miserable little rural town that can scarcely afford a respectable tavern, and other luxuries in proportion, and yet to cramp the resplendent genius of our legislature in it? There must be something done. We must go to Philadelphia—raise the pay to ten dollars a day, and jugs gratis, or the next thing we'll find our legislative halls filled with old blue-stocking Presbyterians, all grey-headed and spectacled, with all their exploded notions of public honesty, instead of the happy blending of progress and economy that stamps its lustre upon our law-makers now. Yes, we must go to Philadelphia.

The house has adopted a clause in the general appropriation bill voting its members each \$300 compensation for their services, instead of the \$3 per diem authorized by the present law. The Senate will doubtless concur, as early in the session it passed a bill with the same provision in it. The members will learn when they reach their constituents how extremely popular this extra compensation will prove. During the same sitting the house refused to increase the salaries of our judges, who are hardly half as well paid as members of the legislature, considering the legal talent and experience they are required to possess.—*Chambersburg Repository and Whig.*

The Legislature will adjourn on Tuesday next. Upwards of six hundred acts have been passed, very few of which are of a public character. More injury to the interests and prosperity of the people of this State has been done during the past winter than can be repaired in the next half century. Banks, Saving Institutions, &c. have been scattered broadcast over the Commonwealth, and all devices by which the labor and toil of the masses can be obtained, have been highly favored by the members of the present Legislature. One universal shout of joy will go up from all quarters of the State, on the day fixed for the adjournment.—*Lancasterian.*

Consummate Folly.

It will surprise no one who has watched the course of the present Legislature, to learn that the house of Representatives has passed resolutions for the removal of seat of Government of Pennsylvania from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. The resolutions passed.—*YEAS 48—NAYS 37.*

Some of the members who made speeches in advocacy of the removal, alleged that they "were not accommodated comfortably" at Harrisburg! We would like to know what sort of accommodations are required for their comfort.—Must they be lodged in a palace, feasted off silver plate and waited upon by troops of liveried lacqueys? Do they want "show beef" for dinner every day? Or are the accommodations they require of the sort that Mr. Joseph Hiss, of the Massachusetts Legislature, had provided for himself at the expense of the State? If "Mrs. Patterson" is essential to the comfort of the members, Philadelphia is just the place where they can be "accommodated comfortably." We shall object, however, to saddling the cost of such extra accommodations on the State.

Many of the members of the present Legislature got their places by hawking reform at the top of their voice. Their first reformatory act was to increase the number of Legislative employees. They have gone on increasing salaries and squandering the public money in various ways, and they seem determined to wind up the serious farce they have been playing these three or four months, by making the treasury bleed to the tune of a million or two of dollars, that they may be "more comfortably accommodated." Some of these men have their homes in one-horse towns, where the "best hotel" is but a story and half high, with parlor and bar room small in one;—and yet they cannot be accommodated comfortably in a town of 15,000 inhabitants, where there are numerous excellent hotels and many respectable private boarding houses. They must go to Philadelphia, and to provide them with comfortable accommodations there we must erect a magnificent marble Capitol and a Governor's House to match, at a cost of a million or two, and increase their daily pay to about ten dollars. The salaries of all the State officers would need to be increased too. It is no wonder the spendthrifts who control the legislation of Pennsylvania at this time are anxious to sell the Public Works at any price. Give them a loose rein a year or two longer, and the public works will have to be sold, not to pay the funded debt of the Commonwealth, but to liquidate the expense of accommodating a set of the most desperate political gamblers that ever held a hand in public affairs, in any country or age of the world.—*Valley Spirit.*

STRINGENT.—One of the amendments of the liquor law in Maine reads thus:

"If an expressman, cartman, porter, or any other person shall carry a bottle, or cask, or demijohn of wine or other liquors to a gentleman's residence, he is subject to a fine of twenty dollars and costs for the first offence. For the second offence fine and costs and thirty days imprisonment is the penalty. If any man carries in his own baggage or about his person a flask or any other vessel containing liquor of any sort to be used by him, the party doing so is made liable to a fine of thirty dollars and thirty days' imprisonment."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Two Tons of Printing Paper belonging to the Doylestown Democrat, totally Destroyed—Great Loss of Horses, Harness, Wagons, &c., belonging to Bucks County Farmers!

At an early hour last Thursday morning, a fire was discovered in the extensive stables attached to the "Seven Presidents" tavern, at the junction of Germantown road and Seventh street, in the Twenty-first Ward, kept by JONAS OTT. The hostler and several other persons were at work in the stables at the time, but so rapid was the spread of the flames that the men about the place were unable to rescue all the horses, and six of the poor beasts were burned to death. Several of the horses that were rescued were scorched.

From Mr. Ott's stable the fire spread to the extensive range attached to the Washington tavern, occupied by Joseph Lodes, a short distance further north. There were thirty-five or forty horses in this stable, and a large number of wagons, at the time of the commencement of the fire. They were all got out safely, but the stables of the Washington, with their contents of hay and feed, were entirely destroyed.

A cluster of four small brick dwellings stood immediately to the westward of the stables of the "Seven Presidents." These were soon on fire, and their inmates were compelled to retreat hastily from their homes.

A heavy male team from Doylestown, belonging to Jacob M. Smith, was loaded with two tons of paper for the *Doylestown Democrat*. It had been driven under the shed, with loads of hay locked in on both sides of it, with several others in front which were all in a blaze when first discovered and produced so great a heat that wagons, hay and paper were reduced to ashes in a few moments. The mules were got out with much difficulty, but the harness could not be saved. The loss of Mr. Smith, is about \$150, and falls heavily upon him. The loss to the *Democrat* was \$351 20, but the person of whom the paper was purchased, remitted all his profits upon the lot, which reduced the actual loss somewhat below that figure.

James Madison Lacey of Washington, was at the tavern with a load of hay, on a new wagon belonging to Job Simpson, Esq. The hay, wagon and harness were all burned but the horses were saved.

William Darrah was also at the tavern with a load of hay for Charles Grove of Doylestown township. The hay, wagon and harness are reported to have been lost and the horses saved.

Henry H. Meyer of Hilltown, lost a new two horse wagon and harness. The wagon was loaded with shad, and many articles purchased by his wife while in this city. His loss is reported at about \$200.

Isaac Jacoby of New Britain, had a load of hay weighing about a ton and a half, but it was in another part of the yard, and some distance from the fire, he succeeded in getting a mule to pull it out in the street before it was ignited.

Theodore T. Kinsey of Doylestown, had a wagon loaded with lightning rods, but the loss is we do not know. We have heard it reported to be \$10 to \$100.

Losses were sustained by several others of our Bucks county friends, whose names we have not been able to obtain.

John Foreman, a furniture car driver, occupied the portion which first took fire; he was only able to save two trunks from the burning building. John Stoll, basket-maker; Jacob Lie, cooper, and Crown, tailor, were the only occupants of these houses. The three last named generally saved some few of their goods.

The dwellings were completely gutted, they belonged to the widow Cope, whose loss is covered by insurance.

Mr. Ott, the landlord of the "Seven Presidents," had an insurance upon his stock.—The buildings of the "Seven Presidents" were owned by John Purcell, of Germantown, and were insured.

The Washington tavern property belonged to J. H. Broksky. It is insured.—The amount of loss is not short of \$10,000 or \$12,000.—*Doylestown Democrat, May 2.*

The Showdown of Death.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we find in an exchange paper:

"All that lives must die,
Passing through Nature to Eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb, is the skeleton at all our feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley although its passage may lead to paradise, and with Chas. Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with the Kings and Princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the fairest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a fraiter hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps.—Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear like the footprints on the shore.

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his betrothed Clemantine asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the

hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantine."

Hydrophobia.

It is no pleasure to a dog to go mad. Quite the reverse. Dreadful as hydrophobia may be to human beings, rabies is worse to the dog. It makes its approach more gradually. It lasts longer, and it is more intense while it endures.—The dog that is going mad feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill but he does not know what ails him. He feels dissatisfied with every thing; vexed without a reason; and, greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those who are most accustomed to him. The sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason which decides his choice of a resting place. The light inflicts upon him intense agony. The sun is to him an instrument of torture, which he therefore studies to avoid—for his brain aches, and feels as if it were a trembling jelly. This induces the poor brute to find out the holes and corners, where he is least likely to be noticed, and into which the light is unable to enter. In solitude and darkness he passes the day. If his retreat be discovered, and the master's voice bid him comfort, the affectionate creature's countenance brightens, his tail beats the ground, and he leaves his hiding place, anxious to obey the loved authority; but before he has gone half the distance, a kind of sensation comes over him which produces an instantaneous change in his whole appearance. He seems to say to himself; "Why cannot you let me alone? Go away! Do go away! You trouble—pain me!" And thereupon he suddenly turns tail and darts back into his dark corner.

If left alone, there he will remain: perhaps frothing a little at the mouth, and drinking a great deal of water, but not issuing from his hiding place to seek after food. His appetites are altered; hair, straw, dirt, filth, excrement, rags, tin shavings, stones, the most noxious and unwholesome substances, are then the delicacies for which the poor dog, changed by disease, longs and swallows, in hope to ease a burning stomach. He is most anxious for liquids. He is now altogether changed. Still he does not desire to bite mankind, he rather endeavors to avoid society; he takes long journeys of thirty or forty miles in extent, and is haunted by all kinds of accidents, to vent his restless desire for motion.

When on these journeys he does not walk. This would be too formal and measured a pace for an animal whose frame quivers with excitement. He does not run. That would be too great an exertion for an animal whose body is the abode of a deadly sickness. He proceeds in a slouching manner, in a kind of trot—a movement neither run nor walk—and his aspect is dejected. His eyes do not glare and stare but they are dull and retracted. His appearance is very characteristic, and, if once seen, can never afterwards be mistaken. In this state he will travel the most dusty roads, his tongue hanging dry from his open mouth, from which, however, there drops no foam. His course is not straight. How could it be—since it is doubtful whether at this period he sees at all. His desire is to journey unnoticed. If no one notices him, he gladly passes by them. He is very ill; he cannot stay to bite. If, nevertheless, anything opposes his progress, he will, as if by impulse, snap—as a man in a similar state might strike—and tell the person "to get out of the way."

He may take his road across a field in which there are a flock of sheep. Could these creatures only make room for him, and stand motionless, the dog would pass on and leave them behind uninjured. But they begin to run, and at the sound the dog pricks up his ears. His entire aspect changes. Rage takes possession of him. What makes that noise? He pursues it with all the energy of madness. He flies one, then at another. He does not mangle, nor is his bite, simply considered, terrible. He cannot pause to treat the creature he has caught. He snaps and then rushes onward, till, fairly exhausted and unable longer to follow, he sinks down, and the sheep pass forward, to be no more molested. He may have bitten twenty or thirty in his mad onslaught; and would have worried more, had his strength lasted—for the ravage of madness then had possession of him. He may be slain while on these excursions; but if he escapes, he returns home and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but with it comes the swelling throat. He will plunge his head into water, so ravenous is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface is covered with bubbles in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity. The throat is enlarged to that extent which will permit nothing to pass. He is the victim of the most horrible inflammation of the stomach, and the most intense inflammation of the bowels. His state of suffering is most pitiful. He has lost all self-reliance; even feeling is gone. He flies at and pulls to pieces anything that is within his reach. One animal in this condition being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and in his fury scratched them. He emits the most hideous cries. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar. It begins as a bark, which soon being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle; and so the poor wretch at last falls, fairly worn out by a terrible disease.—*Mayhew's Dogs.*

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA AND NARROW ESCAPE.—The Oswego Palladium of Friday relates the following incident of the recent thunder storm in that vicinity:

The family of Mr. Ira Skillings, residing near

Bonesteel's saw mill, were up and about preparing breakfast. Mr. Skillings and a little girl, a sister of Mrs. Skillings, were standing near the stove when a tremendous flash of lightning and clap of thunder occurred. The fluid struck the chimney of the dwelling, passed down the chimney, followed the stove pipe to the stove, and thence diffused itself in every direction, passing out through the floor and on one side of the house. Mr. Skillings was thrown down senseless upon the floor, his clothes torn in tatters on one side and the right side of his body severely burned and paralyzed. The little girl, apparently, was not injured; but what is almost incredible, she was thrown down, and the boots which she had on (it is customary for young girls attending school in the country to wear high top boots) were torn apart around the ankle, and the foot of the boots forced off from her feet with the stockings, and thrown some six feet distant, leaving the boot legs entire on the girl.

The chimney was nearly torn to pieces and bricks were thrown eighteen rods distant: the floor was torn up in several places, and one side of the house was very much shattered. The saw mill stands some six or eight rods from the dwelling. Two men, William Stars and Sylvester Spencer, who were at work there, were both struck down and were unconscious for several minutes, but were not much injured. Mr. Skillings was thought not to be dangerously, though quite seriously injured. Mr. Mott saw the effect of the stroke upon the house, immediately after it occurred, in the cloud of dust and smoke which suddenly arose, and he and some other neighbors ran to the house, some eighty rods, with all their speed. Mrs. Skillings happened to be in another room at the moment and escaped uninjured.

EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE.—Charles J. Rich, of New-Albion, N. Y., missed a turkey from his flock on 28th January, and believed it to be stolen. On the 16th of March, on turning over an old tub, which had stood out of doors for a long time, the turkey was found alive, but dreadfully emaciated, having been in duration for forty-seven days, without food. It is likely to live.



Agricultural Department.

CULTIVATING THE POTATO.

The following remarks, in reference to the preparation of the soil for the potato crop, is from Mr. John R. Chapman, of Madison county, New York, communicated with many other suggestions, to the *Country Gentleman*:

"The best soil, in my opinion, for the growth of sound potatoes, under all seasons is a sandy loam, resting upon a porous sub-soil, with the surface flat and sloping just enough to carry away the water proceeding from a very heavy fall of rain. But as every farm will not give this peculiar soil and situation, we must make the best use of what we have, keeping in view one fact however, that it is useless to plant potatoes in low wet ground, for they will surely rot. The best plan is for a farmer to set apart four acres of his highest, driest, and strongest land, and plant the one-half of it with corn, taking care to plow under a heavy coat of cow dung; the remaining half he can sow with any grain that will give a fair crop. If the soil had been run previously, let a top-dressing of twenty bushels of lime to the acre be applied. The year after let him plant with potatoes the half that was corn, and let the half that was grass be planted with corn, and manured if necessary. When plowed for potatoes the land ought not to be more than seven paces wide, and plowed eight inches deep, and after planting, the dead furrows ought to be plowed out, beam deep.—By thus taking an alternate crop of corn, potatoes, and grain, and manuring for the corn only, he will keep one-half this patch of land in the most suitable condition for raising sound potatoes. This system will require the land to be manured every five years, enough if a good heavy coat be plowed under."

Alluding to the potato in general terms, the *Working Farmer*, for April, makes the following remarks:

"A large quantity of European potatoes were sold a few days since by auction, in New York, and at a price which would pay the foreign farmer a very large profit beyond the cost of freight, etc., and this, too, in a country where they might be produced at less than the freight paid by the foreign farmer. Every year since our childhood, we have heard farmers say that their feared potatoes would be low next year, as everybody would be raising them in consequence of the high prices; and thus far has prevented a full supply being grown, particularly during the last few years, when the extra crop required each year for the consumption of the half million emigrants has been a million and a half bushels beyond the requirement of the previous year, and which, at the average crop of 100 bushels per acre, would require 15,000 acres of land for their culture. This is not only true of potatoes, but of other roots, the consumption of which is not only increased from the same cause, but from our own citizens becoming convinced that a larger proportion of vegetable diet is conducive to health. The farmers and lively stable keepers are also feeding roots more liberally to their cattle and horses, and as a consequence carrots are now sold readily in New York market at 50 cents per bushel; and even parsnips and rutabaga turnips bring prices equally large, as compared with those of former years."