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POETRY.

MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May! thou month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine—
Bosom rich and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete—
May!—thy very name is sweet!

May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming Hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosy;
Like an actual color bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that to us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet! in books—
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages,
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letter over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever,
May will part from Spencer never;
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern rymes,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with bloom.
Come, ye rains, then, if you will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather than good weather!
And find us in the fields together.

Miscellaneous.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avenger and its seal—the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half desolated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. The wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massive hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death." It was toward the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, slide back nearly to the walls on either side, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the Duke's love of the *bizarre*.—The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of

stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout and so were the casements. The fourth was finished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestry that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. Now, in no one of the seven apartments was there any candle or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illuminated the room. And thus produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or back chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hanging through the blood tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull heavy monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers per force ceased their evolutions; and there was brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and while the chimes of the clock yet rang it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie and meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a high laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly; and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of more fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There were some who would have thought him mad. His followers knew that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be sure that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fete*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masquerades. But sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm much of which has since been seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delicious fancies such as the madman fancies. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, and something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—dreams—writ in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are still-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westward of the seven, there are none now of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gaities of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirling on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chimes had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having stirred itself

whispering around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror and disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out Herod Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum. There are cords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the custom and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved by the mad revellers around. But the murmur had gone so far as to assume the type of Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or disgust; but in the next his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at that moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and steady steps, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad suspicions of the murmur had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterrupted, but with the same slow and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the murderer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gazed in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, unattended by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedecked halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness, and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

Good Humor.—Keep in a good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.—Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind fair and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper.—Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost!—Keep in good humor!

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire, or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor!

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clear skin are the elements of good humor! Get them, and—be sure to keep in good humor!

WE REAR NO WAR-DEFYING FLAG.

BY R. STORY.

We rear no war-defying flag,
Though armed for battle still;
The feeble, if he like, may brag—
The powerful never will.
The flag we rear in every breeze,
Flows where it may, or when,
Waves forth a signal o'er the seas
Of "Peace, good-will to men!"

For arms, we waft across the waves
The fruits of every clime;
For death, the truth that cheers and saves:
What mission more sublime!
For flames, we send the lights afar
Outflashed from press and pen;
And for the slogans used in war,
Cry—"Peace, good-will to men!"

But, are there states who never cease
To hate or envy ours?
And who esteem our wish for peace
As proof of waning powers?
Let them but dare the trial! High
Shall wave our war-flag then,
And we to those who change our cry
Of "Peace, good-will to men!"

NOVEL COURTSHIP.

Three months since, a young Parisian was travelling per railroad, in Germany, from Augsburg to Berlin. The cars, unlike those here, are divided into compartments, like the inside of a coach, the passengers sitting facing each other. In the compartments he selected were four other persons, two mammas and two daughters. The two mothers were face to face in one corner, the young man took the other, and found himself face to face with the young ladies. He soon after fell into a brown study, during which the conductor repeatedly demanded his ticket without success, and the young ladies were laughing at his bewildered air.—Suddenly resorting to a ruse, to avoid ridicule, he pretended not to understand German, and transacted his business with the conductor by signs. A moment after the young ladies commenced a conversation.

"This young man is very handsome," said one.
"Hist, Bertha," said the other, with a sort of fright.

"Why, he does not understand a word of German. We can talk freely. How do you find him?"

"Only ordinary."
"You are difficult. He has a charming figure and distingue air."

"He is too pale, and besides you know I do not love dark."

"And you know I prefer dark to blonde.—We have nothing but blonde in Germany. It is monotonous and common-place."

"You forget that you are blonde."

"Oh, for a woman, it is different. He has pretty moustaches."

"Bertha, what if your mother should hear you?"

"She is busy with her talk; besides, it is no hurt to speak of moustaches."

"I prefer the blonde moustaches of Frederick."

"I understand that Frederick is engaged to you, but I, who am without a lover, am free to exercise my opinion, and to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression."

"You do not know. I am sure he has spirit; it is a pity he does not speak German; he would chat with us."

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and were spirited, well-born and amiable! But I cannot keep from laughing. See he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

"The young man was endowed with great self-control. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. At a new station the conductor came again for the tickets. Our young man, with extra elaborations, and in excellent German, said:

"Oh, you want my ticket. Very well, let me see—I believe it is in my portmanteau. Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect was startling. Bertha nearly fainted away, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man, and her willingness to marry a Frenchman.

They live at Hamburg.

BURSTS OF ELOQUENCE.

One of our exchange papers gathered up the following "bursts of eloquence," which it says were delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

This reminds us of the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey—"Your honors do not sit there like marble statues, to be waited about by every idle breeze."

Another western orator commenced his harangue with—"The important crisis which were about to have arisen, have arisen."

Another: "The Court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus; socked with old Socrates; ripped with Euripides, and canted with old Cantherides—but what, your honor, what does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

A young lawyer in one of our own courts commenced his defence as follows: May it please your honor, the deluge has passed over the earth, the Ark has rested upon the mountain, and the rainbow of justice shines as beautifully upon my colored client as it does upon any in the court, including the jury."

"OLD HUNDRED."

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If they were grey old men they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregations where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air.

The dear little children looking with wonder on this strange world have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure innocent face haunted you with its beauty, loved "Old Hundred"; and as she sung it closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of God, and he who with the faltering step ascended the pulpit steps with the white hand over the laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred."

And though sometimes his lips only move, away down in his heart, so to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred!" Martyrs hallowed it; it has gone up from the beds of the saints.—The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the air is haunted with its spirit.

FIGHT ON A HOUSE TOP—MAN KNOCKED OFF.—The Detroit "Free Press" says:—"Two men named Mike Welsh and John Boyle, were engaged in putting a new roof on the two story house of Mr. Geo. Pattison, when a misunderstanding arose in regard to some part of the work, in which Boyle refused to obey Welsh's orders. Welsh thereupon struck Boyle on the head with a shovel, and then, gave him a kick which pitched him headlong from the roof.—Boyle, who is a little chunky fellow, came down turning numerous somersets through the air, and astonished the passers-by by striking the walk all sound and hearty. After examining himself to ascertain that he was indeed alive he gave his antagonist, a few hearty curses and trudged off to the Police Court. Justice Bagg issued a warrant, tried Welsh, and sent him up for sixty days. The fall was a dangerous one, and it is a wonder that Boyle was not killed.

RESPECTABILITY.—The popular mode of estimating the respectability of an individual or family is very pointedly hit off in the following street dialogue of two "gemmen of color," which we clip from an exchange:—

"Cato, does you know dem Johnsinps up dar in Congo Place is going to be berry 'spectable folks?"
"Wall, Scipio, I thought dey war getting along berry well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is."
"How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?"
"More 'spectable dan dat."
"Wah, how 'spectable is dey?"
"Wey, five thousand dollars an' a house an' lot."
"Whey! good by, Cato, I must give 'em a call."

A ROMANTIC young lady fell into the river the other day and was nearly drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her. "Impossible," said her papa. "What, is he already married?"
"No." "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"
"Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

The learned Professor and Principal of the Academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours every morning in his study, but was very punctual at dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish," said the lady, "that I was a book."

"Why so?" replied the Professor.
"Because you would then be constant to me."
"I should have no objection," rejoined the Professor, "provided you were an almanac."
"Why an almanac, my dear?"
"Because I then should have a new one every year!"

"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk; no, not by any means. But this I will say, when I last seen him he was washing his face in a mud-puddle, and drying it on a door-mat. Whether a sober man would do this, in course I can't say." The Court thought he wouldn't. The consequence was, the defendant went up for sixty days.

"Madame," said old Roger to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries beef is often a legal tender; but, madame," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender."

A beggar was arrested in Boggor, Eng., who had on his person \$40 in specie, was wearing three shirts, three waistcoats, three pairs of trousers, a jacket, a coat, a neck tie, a large blanket, and had several shirts and stockings in his pack.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?"

"Vel, dat is a ting vat I seldom don't like to talk about, put ven I does it seems to be so long as it never vas."

"My character," said an alderman, who had cleared himself from a charge of bribery; "my character, sir, is like my boots—all the brighter for blacking."

No woman should paint except she who has lost the power of blushing.

A father called his son into a crowded stage—"Ben-jam-in!"

Greatness supported by goodness, is hard to be overthrown.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

A COMMITTEE of the United States Agricultural Society, who recently met at Washington, made a report upon the subject of Chinese sugar cane, of which the following is a synopsis:

1. The soil and geographical range of the Chinese sugar cane, correspond nearly with those of Indian corn. It produces the best crop on dry lands, but the most luxuriantly in rich bottoms or moist loams.

2. It endures cold better than corn, and experiences no autumnal frosts. It will also withstand excessive drought. Ripens its seed in September in dry warm soils, in many parts of the New England States; at the extreme south it may be planted as late as the 20th of June.

3. Its cost and culture are about the same as Indian corn.

4. Height of plant when fully grown varies from six to eighteen feet, and stalks vary from half an inch to two inches in diameter. The weight of the entire crop when fully grown, taken before drying, is from ten to forty tons.—Of seed the amount reported from fifteen to sixty bushels.

5. During the early stages of its growth it makes but little progress, so slow, indeed, as to have discouraged many cultivators; but the approach of warm weather imparts to it a wonderful rapidity. The period of growth varies from ninety to one hundred and twenty days.

6. The yield of juice was about 50 per cent. The number of gallons required to make a gallon of syrup varies from 6 to 10; in New Brunswick 10 to one; in Indiana and Illinois, 7 to 1.

7. A palatable bread was made from the flour ground from the seed.

8. By accounts from all parts of the country this plant is universally admitted to be a wholesome food for animals; all parts of it being greedily devoured in a green or dried state, by horses, cattle, sheep and swine, without injurious effects; the latter, especially, fattening upon it as well as upon corn.

9. Paper of various qualities has been manufactured from the fibrous parts of the stalk, some of which appears to be fitted for a special use.

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.

It is almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt enter liberally as an ingredient upon the compost applied to them. When this article is used in conjunction with house ashes there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured around the roots.

If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in whiskey ley and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around the roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale or a higher price in the market. Good plum-sauce present-sauce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing are realizing a heavy profit from them. Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestion, they indicate the only legitimate cure to be pursued.—*New Eng. Farmer.*

CANADA THISTLES should be kept down either by hoeing or plowing. A plant, weed, or tree, can no more live without lungs therefore, if no leaves are permitted to grow, they must die. This I know from experience, having killed several patches on my farm. If a hoe is used, they should be cut off as deep in the ground as you can strike the hoe; and don't leave it for the boys and hired men to do, but do it yourself, and see that no green thing is left. If a plow is used, once in two or three weeks will be often enough. One summer will use them up, if it is thoroughly done. Be sure to attend to them during the months of July and August, for Nature will make powerful efforts during this time to produce seed for the propagation of the species, for that is her great object, and this effort on the part of Nature will draw hard upon the roots, and weaken them so much that if they are cut at this season of the year they are pretty sure to die. I once cut a patch of them regularly once a week. They continued to sprout up all through the season, without any diminution, until the latter part of August, when I cut them for the last time and sowed the ground in wheat. Not a thistle has shown itself there since.—*Genesee Farmer.*

CURE FOR THE AGUE.—A gentleman recently from Central America—a great place for shakes—informs us that he has seen many obstinate cases cured by wearing finely pulverized rock salt between the feet and the stockings. We cannot vouch for the value of this remedy, but consider it worthy of trial.—*Genesee Farmer.*