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Poetry.

THE QUIET SLUMBER.

Lay him gently to his rest—
Fold his pale hands on his breast;
From his brow—
Oh! how cold and marble fair—
Softly part the tangled hair—
Look upon him now!
As a weary child he lies,
With the quiet dreamless eyes,
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,
And on his lip the quiet smile—
The soul's adieu to earthly strife,
And on his face the deep repose
We never saw in life.
Peaceful he lies rest, and deep;
Let him sleep.

No tears for him—he needs them not;
Along life's drear and toilsome road
Finally his manly footsteps tread,
Striving to bear its weary lot,
With such a pride upon his brow,
With such a pain within his heart,
The firmness of the manly will
Veiling the secret smart.
Oh! it is well the strife is o'er,
That thus so peacefully he lies,
Unheeding now the bitter words,
The cold upbraidings,
Fold his mantle o'er his breast—
Peaceful be his sleep and blest,
Let him rest.

No sigh to breathe above his brow,
No tear to stain the marble brow,
Only with tender pitying love,
Only with faith that looks above,
We gaze upon him now.
No thought of toil and suffering past—
But joy to think the task is done,
The heavy cross at last laid down,
The crown of glory won.
Oh! gently heap the flow'ry sod,
And leave his body to the dust,
His spirit to his God.

—Southern Literary Messenger.

THE CLAY WHIGS OF KENTUCKY.

A great effort has been made lately by our opponents in the Southern States, to draw to their support the old line Whigs who have acted with the Democracy since the breaking up of the Whig party. The effort has been especially active in Virginia and Kentucky. What success it has met in Virginia will soon be disclosed by the ballot box. Its failure in Kentucky, is made apparent by the following interesting correspondence. What a high tribute it is to Democratic principles, that the Clay Whigs of Kentucky cling to the "Democratic party as the only political organization which has the will and the power to preserve the Union from dissolution."

Old Line Whigs to Mr. Clay.

HARRISONVILLE, SHELBY, CO., KY.,
March 19th, 1859.

Hon. Jas. B. Clay, Dear Sir: We have all our lives been Clay Whigs, and have seen because we have ever believed Henry Clay the great exponent of Whig principles, and enemies of Henry Clay, as hypocrites. Now, sir, we have every reason to believe that you have as much respect for the memory of your noble father as we, or any others could probably have, and we appeal to you as Whigs, to know what we shall do in the present crisis. We have watched your course as Representative in Congress, and we are proud of you as the noble son of an illustrious sire. We believe, and have reason to believe, that the present leaders of the Know Nothing party, though once professedly Whigs, were enemies to your father, and remembering as we do, their ingratitude, we cannot choose them as our leaders. You have been in Congress, and doubtless you have watched all the party movements in Washington, and we are willing to believe what you may say, because we confide in your honor and patriotism. Please write us your views in regard to Kentucky politics, and what you believe the Whigs should do, and we will thank you. If you wait first to know who we are, we refer you to any one in Shelby county whom you may wish to consult. A prompt answer is respectfully desired.

Truly, your friends,
W. T. KNIGHT,
W. E. COOK,
J. N. EASLEY.

Mr. Clay's Reply.

ASHLAND, NEAR LEXINGTON,
March, 26th, 1859.

Gentlemen: I have received your letter of the 19th inst. Personally unacquainted with any one of you, you refer me, if I desire to know who you are, to any one in Shelby county whom I may wish to consult. Such reference is unnecessary; you write to me as Old Whigs of the Henry Clay school—your letter bears the evident impress of candor and sincerity. I have never been accustomed to disguise any of my opinions, and it gives me pleasure to answer you in the best manner that I am able.

I cannot too highly appreciate the compliment which you pay me, when you say "that you are willing to believe me because of your confidence in my honor and my patriotism." To deserve such opinion has been my aim through life. I should deem myself unworthy of it did I not respond to you truly, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

You say that you "have ever regarded those who professed to be the friends of Whig principles, and were the enemies of Henry Clay, as hypocrites," and "that you have reason to believe that many of the present leaders of the Know Nothing party were his enemies."

In the first of these propositions, you perhaps express yourselves too broadly. Mr. Clay, like all other men, may have had personal enemies, who yet agreed with him in political opinion, and were not hypocrites. I cannot conceive, however, how any man, not his personal enemy, agreeing with him in principle, could be his political enemy without being a hypocrite.

I agree with you, "that many of the leaders of the Know Nothing party were his political enemies." Mr. Clay was essentially a man of principle. "I would rather be right than President," was his motto. No chord of his heart ever responded to other pulsations than that of patriotism and principle; in the language of one not always his friend, "he was the very embodiment of Whig principles." Were there in Kentucky any men, who professing to entertain his principles, were politically his enemies? Let us glance back over the page of history and see.

The last opportunity the Whig party ever had, successfully to assert their principles, and to carry them into practical operation, was in 1848. At that time the condition of things was such that it was apparent that whoever was the nominee of the Philadelphia Convention, would be successful. Mr. Clay was almost worn down by services rendered the country, and by the political conflicts for the advancement of his principles through means of a party which he had more than once saved from utter destruction. Against his own desire, he was induced to suffer his name to go before the Philadelphia Convention. Kentucky, beyond a doubt, as was well ascertained in the convention at Frankfort, a short time previously, was for him; indeed, since 1825 there was no time when she was not for her own distinguished son in preference to any man in the nation. Kentucky sent her delegates to the convention. It met, it nominated General Taylor as its candidate for the Presidency, and it absolutely refused to put forth to the world a platform of Whig principles at the only time when they seemed almost certain of success. Mr. Clay's own opinion of the conduct of that convention may be gathered from his published letters. I refer you to his private correspondence edited by the Rev. Mr. Colton. In his letter to James Harlan, dated August 5, 1848, he says: "How derogatory it is for politicians to attempt to degrade themselves in the presence of General Taylor! And how inconsistent it is to denounce party in the same breath in which the Whig party is called on to support the General, as a Whig, that is a party man! It is mortifying to behold that one great party descending from its lofty position of principle, and lending itself to the creation of a new personal party, with a virtual abandonment of its old principles."

To Nicholas Dean, August 24th, 1848, he writes: "The Whig party presents an anomalous condition—without any candidate who recognizes his obligation to conform to their principles, the members of it are called upon as a party to endorse the no party candidate; and I have been urgently and repeatedly appealed to endorse as a Whig, General Taylor, who while he adopts the name in a modified form, repudiates the principles of a party! I need not say that I have done, and shall do, no such thing."

To Henry White, September, 10th, 1848, he says: "Although I believe that the Philadelphia Convention has placed the Whig party in a humiliating condition—one which I fear will impair its usefulness, if not destroy its existence, I acquiesced in its decision in not nominating me, and have submitted quietly to it."
These quotations show that Mr. Clay thought that the Philadelphia Convention of 1848 had virtually abandoned all principle, and had degenerated into a mere personal party, whose decision as far as he was personally concerned he acquiesced in, but whose action he would not endorse. He whose motto was "rather be right than President," could not admit the Jesuitical doctrine of availability in preference to principle.

And what part in this slaughter-house of principles, and their old neighbor and friend, did Kentuckians bear? Again I refer you to Mr. Clay's own opinion expressed in his letter to a committee of Louisville, dated 28th June, 1848. After telling them that the Philadelphia Convention refused to recognize or proclaim its attachment to any principles or measures, and actually laid on the table resolutions having that object in view, he goes on to say, "I lost the nomination, as I firmly believe, by the conduct of the majorities in the delegations from Kentucky in Congress and in the Convention, and I am called upon to ratify what they did, in contravention, as I also believe, of the wishes of a large majority of the people of Kentucky, I am asked to sanction and approve the course of the seven delegates from Kentucky, who in violation of the desire of their constituents, voted against me, and virtually to censure and condemn the five who voted for me." Well might the old statesman exclaim in the bitterness of his heart, "what have I done to lose the friendship and confidence of Kentucky?"

Were these members of Congress and of the Convention, to whom Mr. Clay alluded when he said "that he had lost the nomination by their conduct," though professing to be Whigs in principle, his friends or his enemies?

Of the seven members of the Convention who on the first ballot cast their votes against him, and of the Whig members of Congress of that day, Senate and House, all without an exception, who have lived in Kentucky, and taken prominent part in politics, have been either members of the Know Nothing party, or have always given it their support, and some, both members of Congress and of the delegates, have been prominent as leaders. As to the

other leaders of the party, many never even pretended to be Mr. Clay's friends. Their candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1856, made no such pretence, nor did John McCalla, nor any predecessor from the Ashland District. Most certainly you are not mistaken when you say "that many of the leaders of the Know Nothing party were not friends of Henry Clay."

You appeal to me as Whigs of the old time, to advise you what you ought now to do. I do not like to advise others. My own course has been taken honestly and conscientiously, according to my belief of what was best for the country. Although I cannot flatter myself that very much of my short political career has obtained consideration, yet I believe it has been plain and without ambiguity. To it I refer you. I believe that the Old Whig party is dead past resurrection; that it was destroyed at the moment when it adopted the doctrine of availability in preference to right. I have not the slightest idea that the name of Mr. Joshua Bell can have a spell potent enough to raise a party which Webster and Clay could not save! I cannot vote for him for Governor, because by whatever name he may choose to designate himself, I have seen him, whilst denouncing the principles of the Know Nothing party, with great uniformity supporting their candidates for office, thus doing all in his power for the advancement of doctrines which he professed to abhor; and because, although in his letters accepting the nomination, he professes to be independent of the Know Nothing party, and running on his own platform, I do not believe him able to create a personal party, but regard him as neither more or less than the leader of the Know Nothings, having accepted the regular nomination of their convention.

You say that, having been in Congress, I have doubtless watched party movements at Washington. My eyes certainly have not been closed to what was passing around me. In Congress there were but two parties—Democratic and Black Republican. The Know Nothings were not a distinct party there, and I believe that, during the last session, they gave a united vote but upon one single question—that of the admission of Oregon. Upon almost every other question the members from Missouri and Tennessee voted with the Democrats and sometimes with the Black Republicans.—In fact, their number in Congress was so small as to render it impossible for them to have any weight at all, except by uniting with one or the other of the great parties, which were always opposed to each other. It was asserted in Washington, and I believe with truth, that, throughout the greater part of the winter, the Know Nothing leaders were in caucus and consulting with the Black Republicans, with the object, by a union of the two, to form an opposition to the Democratic party. What fate those consultations finally had I cannot pretend precisely to know; but this I have seen, that the party in Kentucky, with wonderful celerity, has changed its name of "American" and now styles itself the "Opposition party."

In conclusion, gentlemen, I will say that I have seen no reason to doubt the correctness of the positions which I assumed three years ago. I believed, then, that the only great political contest in the country was between the Black Republican party and the Democratic party—that the stake played for was the Union itself. I believe that next year, under whatever name the opponents of the Democrats may be arrayed, we shall have the same battle over again.—Whilst I cannot expect every measure of the Democratic Administration to accord precisely with my judgment, any more than could the measures of any other party be expected to accord fully with the opinions of each individual member of it; and whilst in the selection of men, I shall feel myself free to vote, according to my own choice, it is my intention, by every honorable means in my power, to sustain and support the Democratic party, as the only political organization which has the will and the power to preserve the Union from dissolution.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
Your obt. servant,
JAMES B. CLAY.

Messrs. W. T. KNIGHT, W. E. COOK, J. N. EASLEY.

THE MISERLY MAN.

Everybody has a bad word to say of a miserly man. The preacher, the moralist, the wit, and the satirist are equally severe on the poor miser—whose very name was assigned to him by the Romans to signify that he is a wretch. Miser—miserable. The author of the *Tin Trumpet* says pointedly enough—"A miser is one who, though he loves himself better than all others, uses himself worse; for he lives a pauper in order to enrich his heir, whom he naturally hates because he knows they hate him." But an old satirist has put the case more pointedly still; yet hardly beyond the truth:

How many a man, from love of pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole,
Saves everything, except his soul;
And always anxious, always vexed,
Loses both this world and the next!

TOUCHING—VERY.—A person following close behind a couple returning from a juvenile party, at a fashionable residence in Pittsfield a few weeks since, happened to hear the young gentleman thus address his companion in a voice of the tenderest solicitude:

"Charlotte Angelina, you must not set your youthful affection upon me, for I am doomed to an early grave—Mother says I'm troubled with worms."

An involuntary cough from the listener interrupted the self-devoted reply which of course was leaping to Charlotte Angelina's lips.—*Berkshire Eagle.*

Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness.

AN IRISH-YANKEE TRICK.

Barney B.—is a resident of the 'Smoky City,' and belonged to that sharp-witted class who are generally 'up to snuff,' and not very easily imposed upon. At one period he was largely engaged in the wholesale and retail grocery business, and among his numerous customers was a contractor on the Pennsylvania canal, (then approaching completion,) who by some means managed to contract, along with his original one, a peculiar liking for Barney. During the course of his interesting acquaintance, he managed to get into the affections of our hero to the tune of eleven hundred dollars, which might be regarded as a slight token of esteem.

The honesty of the contractor had never been questioned until near the close of his job, when it was whispered abroad that he was preparing to take 'French leave,' of his creditors, and for that purpose had collected all his funds, and, perhaps, in a few days would depart for a more congenial clime.

Barney heard the rumor, and gave it full credit. He saw that he could only secure his claim by stratagem, and accordingly he laid his plans for coming to the Yankee over his customer. Passing along the street one day he met Mr. Buck.

"Good morning, Mr. Buck an' how are ye? An' how are ye getting along wid yer job?" was the salutation of our friend Barney.

"Pretty well," said Buck, very confidently, for he did not imagine that his villainous scheme was suspected. "Pretty well, my old friend, I expect the present contract to be finished in a few days, when I will take a new one."

"Is it farther away than this one?" asked Barney.

"No, it's rather nearer," and Mr. Buck colored slightly.

"An' don't you wish to buy a nice lot of goods?" The old stock must be pretty nigh sold.

"Well, no," said Buck, hesitatingly. "I would rather not purchase until I enter on my new contract."

"Och, man, it's a jokin' ye are? Do ye think yer man can live on the wind and drink cold water? Come along wid ye an' let me sell ye about \$3,000 worth."

Thus talking, Barney and Mr. Buck reached the store. After some coaxing, Barney said that a bill, consisting of forty boxes of sugar and whiskey—the latter an indispensable article in those days—and the whole amounting to about \$3,000. The goods were marked and rolled on the pavement. After making out the bill, Barney presented it to his customer, remarking:

"Mr. Buck, dear, don't you think ye could be after letting me have the amount of that small bill that's due. This big purchase will leave me rather bare, an' I must have a little to live on again."

Mr. Buck feeling that \$3,000 was better than \$1,100 with that philosophy so well becoming the man, concluded to pay the old bill, and still have \$1,900 clear in the operation. The money was paid and a receipt given, when Barney remarked:

"I will have the goods delivered for ye im-agety. So ye need give yourself no farther trouble about this."

The place was designated where they were to be taken, and Buck went away. No sooner was his back turned than Barney called to his porter to lead a hand; and 'quick, presto!' the goods were rolled into the store, and the doors locked. Barney remained outside, taking a seat on an empty barrel, to await the return of Buck, who, finding the goods were not forthcoming would come back to learn the cause.

After the lapse of an hour, Barney observed his friend returning in great haste. Instantly our hero placed his hands over his face, and when Buck came up Barney's eyes were suffused with tears, and he looked the very picture of agony. Perceiving the melancholy appearance of Barney, Buck sympathetically inquired the nature of his sorrow.

Barney looked up, while a tear trickled down his face, and replied in a piteous tone:

"Och, Mr. Buck, hav'n't you heard what's happened to me?"

"Not I," said Buck, starting back. "Has any dreadful calamity occurred?"

"Calamity," sighed Barney, "worse nor that."

"It must be dreadful, Mr. Burns—pray explain."

"Why, bless yer dear soul, the sheriff has been here since ye left, an' tuck every dollar's worth of goods I had in the world, an' what's worse, an' s'pites me the most, is, that he tuk yer goods along wid the rest!"

Buck asked no further explanation. He either believed Barney, or fancied the Philistines were upon him. He left instantly.—And as Barney had secured his money he could snap his fingers at the rascally contractor.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE PAST.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the night-fall of age, and the shadow of the past becomes deeper and deeper, as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earliest years. If we have a home shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough place of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the many spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

A SECRET.

"How do you do Mrs. Briggs? Have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, really Mrs. Gad—what is it, do tell?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell for the world! No I—I must never tell on't—I am afraid it will get out."

"No, I will never open my mouth about it—never. Hope to die this minute."

"Well, if you believe it, Mrs. Fundy told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Troubles' oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother heard by a letter which she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat just arrived from the Pelee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wear crinolines made of shark skins."

REMEDY FOR SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"My dear Colonel, I perceive you slept during sermon last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little snuff, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the reply "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the sermon?"

MORAL SUASION OF A RAM.

When a friend of ours, whom we shall call Agricola, was a boy he lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner of which was troubled by his dog, Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, knowing perhaps that he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment, and he could devise no means to prevent it. "I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave." "Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words. "There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep stealing and who stood as much in need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforsaid, by his exploit; his impudence became intolerable; he was sure to pounce upon the sheep, and he would fix his 'bar' said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron cross-bar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost and hung an old hat on the end of it.—You can't always tell, when you see a hat whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? Aries made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."

A SCOTCHMAN'S SERMON "ON MODERATION."

A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against dram-drinking, a vice prevalent in his parish, and from which, report said, he was not free himself.

"What ever you do, brethren, do it with moderation, and above all be moderate in dram drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may take a dram, and another after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morn, you may just brace yourself up with another dram, and perhaps take anither before luncheon, and some I fear, take one after, which is not so blamable; but dinna be always dram-drinking away."

Nobody can scruple for one just before dinner, and when the desert is brought in, and after it is taken away; and perhaps one, or it may be two, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep you from drowsyng or snoozling; but dinna be always dram-drinking. Afore tea and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more than right and good, but let me caution ye brethren not to be always dram-drinking. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye are ready to pop into't, to take a dram or two is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be we may pass the bounds of moderation."

The following notes are said to have passed between Gov. Giles and Patrick Henry of Virginia:

"Sir: I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning."

"Sir: I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

Very respectfully,
PATRICK HENRY."

"Mrs. Partington says, that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the 'Bay of Biscuit;' for then she would have something to live on."

A yankee recently stepped into an academy up town, and informed the principal that he had dropped in to learn French and navigation that afternoon, as he was going to sail, as a mate of a vessel, for the port of Marseilles in the morning.

We did not need to be reminded by an exchange that Fanny Fern says, "there are times when a husband is indispensable." But we did not know there was a country editor who could be so impertinently personal as to ask, "What times are they, Fanny?"

If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.

Agricultural.

CURES FOR HORSES.

For Sweeney, or Big Shoulder.—Two ounces Liquid Opodeldoc, one of Spirits of Turpentine, two ounces Spirits of Hartshorn, three ounces of Alcohol, one ounce Tincture of Spanish Flies two ounces Oil Spike. It should be applied sparingly, or it will blister.

For Brittle feet, or Hoof-bound.—Mix equal parts of tar and some soft grease. Have the foot clean and dry. Apply it quite hot to all parts. Let it run under the shoe as much as possible. In bad cases apply every day for a week, until the foot becomes strong and smooth.

Cure for Bots.—Give the horse one ounce of slacked lime three times a week, for two or three weeks. Mix it with his food.

Grubs in Horses.—One ounce of vinegar, one ounce chalk in powder. Mix it well, and drench the animal with it.

Founder in Horses.—Half a pint of vinegar, one gill of black mustard. Mix and administer it to the horse. Then put him in action for an hour or two, or until he sweats thoroughly. Must be used within 36 hours after the founder.

Gull in Horses.—When horses become galled, or get the skin knocked off, apply a blister to the part immediately. Let it remain 15 minutes, then remove it. Apply to the part burned leather, pulverized and mixed with lard. The application of the blister will prevent the inflammation extending and the roots of the hair will not be destroyed. The ointment will promote the growth of the hair, and ensure its original color.

HILLING POTATOES.

Many of our most intelligent farmers are of opinion that, on lightish land, the practice of hilling potatoes is less a benefit than an injury to the crop. This opinion is doubtless predicated, in part, upon the fact that, by hilling, we expose a larger extent of surface to the air and sun, and, in consequence, expose the crop to the effects of drought in a greater degree than when the surface is kept perfectly flat and level. Where the latter method is adopted, the dews and rains, if in sufficient quantity, penetrate directly to the roots; but where hills are made—and especially if they are high and conical—the fluid is conveyed from them. In planting potatoes on such lands, we should first furrow, drawing the rows three feet apart, and then draw the furrows, so that the rows may run both ways. By adopting this plan, almost the whole labor of dressing the crop may be performed by the horse-cultivator. If the soil is light and friable, it is conceded by the generality of our most intelligent cultivators, we believe, that the deposition of fresh, unfertilized manure, in the hill, is an actual detriment to the crop. When such manure is used, it should be spread and covered with a light furrow, previous to planting or by means of a harrow. A small quantity of old, well decomposed manure or compost, may be placed under the potatoes to give them a start and to sustain the plants till the lateral roots can extend themselves sufficiently to reach the manure contained in the soil. There are few crops more generally neglected than the potato. Thorough cultivation is necessary in its management, however, as in the management of corn or any other hood crop. No weeds should be suffered to foul the soil, and the surface should be kept fine and loose.—*German town Telegraph.*

BUCKWHEAT FOR HENS.

Buckwheat contains a large portion of lime and is consequently one of the best articles that can be fed to hens. It is highly nutritious and stimulating, and when fed to barn-door fowls, never fails to prove highly promotive of fecundity. By supplying fresh meat, lime, oats, water, chopped vegetables, and buckwheat to hens, they will lay as well during the winter as they do in the spring and summer season.—They should be kept in a warm place, and have good boxes in which to lay, with plenty of good straw in which to make their nests.—Many who keep hens, complain that they do not pay expenses. This results from careless and neglect on the part of the owner, for it has been abundantly demonstrated that the hen, when judiciously managed and supplied with suitable food, is not only capable of "paying expenses," but of becoming a source of considerable profit. Eggs and poultry always find a ready market, and sell at remunerating prices.

To Color CRIMSON OR PURPLE.—J. S., of Michigan, inquires how to color Merinoes or Cashmeres some rich, dark color. It may be done as follows. If the cloth is dirty, wash cleanly in soap suds—if not washed, it must be well thoroughly in suds, after which make another strong suds. If you wish to color a dress a rich crimson, put your suds into a brass kettle and add one-quarter of a pound of cudbear, stir well, then put in the garment, set it on the stove and let it scald for an hour or two. If you desire a dark purple, add from one-quarter to one-half of a pound of cudbear, and put into an iron kettle, instead of brass—wash well through two suds and rinse in clear water.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Cure for Scratches.—H. Payne, of Lockport, communicates the following remedy for scratches in horses, which we have seen tried with good effect:

"When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean and rubbed as dry as may be; then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore, apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas the size of a common hickory nut to a quart of vinegar."