

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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## Select Poetry.



### Our Whole Country.

The following is one of the standard gems of patriotic sentiment, and very appropriate in these times of sectional and party strife:

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?  
Who would draw the invisible line?  
Though by birth one spot be mine,  
Dear is still the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land—  
Dear the central mountain band—  
Dear New England's rocky strand,  
Dear the glorious West!

By our altars, pure and free;  
By our law's deep rooted tree;  
By the past's dark memory;  
By our Washington!

By our common parent tongue,  
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,  
By the tie of country strong—  
We will still be one.

### Our Creed.

We love religion, not the priest—  
We love our country and our God;  
We love the man who governs least;  
Not one who rules with iron rod.  
Each family should be a State,  
Where all domestic virtues grow;  
The heart an empire—then let fate  
Attempt in vain its overthrow.

We love the farmer, and his toil,  
The talismans of life are there;  
We treasure God's great gift of soil,  
And his creation fair.  
We love bright gold, that it may strew  
Contentment in the paths of care;  
We hate the man who never knew  
That he could have too large a share.

We love both wit and merit fine,  
Though poverty their grace unfold;  
The diamonds in the dirty mine  
Shine just as bright as set in gold.  
We love the beautiful, the good—  
The finished work of nature's plan,  
For when they're rightly understood,  
They constitute the perfect man.

We love in woman, virtue, truth,  
And know such gems would be less rare  
If for her tender youth  
Exposed the tempter's ready snare.  
Her life is often overcast,  
And darkness clouds the future way;  
But heed the lesson of the past,  
"His darkness tells us what is day."

Take off thy sandals, weary Time,  
And lay it at the gates—go in;  
Search for some new and radiant clime,  
Intoxicated by the light of sin;  
We wash thy realm in fire and wide  
As makes God's universe our home,  
That what we loved might there abide,  
And what is hateful never come.

### What Would I Be?

What would I be? Not rich in gold,  
And with a narrow head,  
Or misanthropic, stern and cold,  
Dwell from my kind apart;  
I would not be a man of war,  
Who looks on death unmoved;  
Give me a title dearer far:  
"The well-beloved!"

I would not wear a laurel crown,  
Its leaves conceal the thorn;  
Toss off the children of renown  
Are friendless and forlorn.  
Oh! let me lead a blameless life,  
By young and old approved;  
Called, in a world of sin and strife,  
"The well-beloved!"

God grant me power to guide the weak,  
And sorrow's murmuring hub,  
And never feel upon my cheek  
Dark shame's betraying blush;  
And when, at my Creator's call,  
From earth I am removed,  
Let Friendship broder on my pall,  
The well-beloved!"

Eighteen things in which young people make themselves very impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in company.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking on others in company.
14. Correcting older persons than yourselves, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before other persons are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the Speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

## Tragical Affair.

An affair of a tragical character occurred at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, on Thursday last. The *Star* of that city gives the following version of it, in its issue of Thursday evening: To-day, shortly after 11 A. M., P. T. Herbert, a California member of the House of Representatives of the United States, went over to breakfast at Willard's Hotel, where he takes his meals, and sent a boy from the breakfast room for his breakfast. In four or five minutes after a portion of his breakfast was set before him, and the boy then told him that at that hour it would be necessary for him (the boy) to get an order from the office to have a breakfast sent up from the kitchen. Herbert told the boy to "clear out, you Irish—of a—!" He turned around to another waiter, Thomas Keating, who was standing near by, and exclaimed, "and you, you—Irish—of a—, clear out, too." The answer of Thos. Keating was not comprehended by our informant—an eye-witness.

Herbert, on being answered by Thomas, rose and struck him on the neck behind with his fist. Thos. Keating seized a plate and threw it at Herbert. Herbert seized a chair and threw it across the round table at Thomas Keating, striking him with it. They then clinched and fought. Another Californian, whose name we have not heard, came in at the door and ran to Herbert's assistance, and also struck Thomas Keating with a chair.

Patrick Keating, the brother of Thomas, (and the steward of the house,) at that time coming in the room ran to his brother's assistance, and seized Herbert, who immediately drew a revolver. The other Californian, at that time, was striking both the Keatings with a chair. As Herbert drew his revolver Patrick Keating seized it by the barrel and they struggled over it for some moments, until the French cook of the house came in and separated Herbert and P. Keating, who let go his hold of the pistol barrel.

Thomas Keating and the other Californian were mingled in that particular part of the affair between Herbert and Patrick. After Patrick let go the barrel of the revolver Herbert seized Thomas (who had clinched him and was struggling for the pistol) by the collar, and putting the pistol to his breast, shot him through the lungs, killing him in five minutes.

After the shot one of the other servants threw a piece of Chinaware at Herbert, but none of the others interfered. Herbert and his California companion left the room and house immediately by the Fourteenth street door, where Herbert took a hack and drove away. Subsequently he delivered himself up at the office of Justice Daniel Smith on Eighth street. His examination for killing Thomas Keating, aged about 34 or 35 years, (who leaves a wife and two children,) will take place at the Guard House at 4 o'clock this afternoon.—Messrs. Bradley and Carlisle are counsel for Herbert.

The two Keatings were civil men, and were favorites with the boarders in the house.—This account of the affair we take from the lips of one of the servants, an aged man, who saw all of it.

The testimony on the examination was contradictory. That of the servant was mainly to the effect that Mr. Herbert came into the dining room at half past 11 o'clock, accompanied by a friend, and called for breakfast, but being past the usual hour he was informed by the servant that he could not have his meal without an order from the office. Herbert directed several servants who spoke to him on the subject to retire, calling them harsh names. The deceased made a reply, when Herbert struck him with his fist or napkin. The deceased picked up a plate or tray, making a movement as if to throw it, when Herbert threw his chair at the deceased, the latter returning the assault with the plate.

During the melee, Patrick, a brother of the deceased, entered, having heard of the proceedings, when Herbert seized him, and the two brothers closed on Herbert. The struggle now became intensely exciting, and as it proceeded crockery and chairs were broken profusely by the parties to the contest. The shooting then took place.

Col. McKay testified that he saw, when he entered the dining room, six or seven persons in a scuffle, and thought it was a general fight among the stewards of the hotel, but he beheld one of the servants knock down Mr. Gardiner with a chair. He saw three servants striking Mr. Herbert and holding him by the wrists. One of them struck him with a chair, when witness seized a chair to defend Herbert, who was sinking under the weight of those upon him. Gardiner was beating them promiscuously. After Herbert fired his pistol the other two servants still clinched him. Mr. Smith rushed forward with a cane, saying, "If you don't release him I'll kill you!" Mr. Herbert was injured, and the witness placed a patch on his nose. Herbert's pistol was a single barrel.

DUG OUT ALIVE.—The four men whom we noticed a couple of weeks since as being imprisoned in a coal bank near Zanesville, by its caving in, we are glad to announce were rescued on Friday night last, after being shut up for almost fifteen days. The following is the description given of the circumstances:

"The meeting of the entombed men and the excavators is described as a scene of silent joy—all so nearly overcome on once more seeing each other, as to be able to speak only in the eloquence of the eyes and features. Such a remarkable preservation of life, when we consider all the circumstances, has scarcely a parallel on record. There, nearly three hundred and sixty hours, almost without food, drink or light, compelled to breathe impure air, and use the hard damp ground for their bed, they have lived surely but faint hope of ever breathing again the pure air of earth or seeing the bright light of heaven!

All of them, are, of course, about like men recovering from a bed of sickness, and will find it necessary to be careful in eating and exercising for some time.

At the time of the cave in, the four men had about enough provisions with them to make a moderate meal for one person. This is all they have had in the way of food—none of them drinking any oil except one, whose throat had become sore in drinking sulphur water. After they found themselves closed in from the world, they deliberately went to work and shoveled up a bed of dry dirt, and when they felt like sleeping, prepared the three lamps with oil and laid themselves on their hard earthen bed. When they next awoke the lights had burned out, and they had none afterward. They say that they heard the diggers outside the whole time, and for some days at first called and pounded to make them hear.

The men when brought out were entirely conscious of all around; and when asked if they were hungry, replied that they were not much, but two of them called for tobacco. Two or three of them thought themselves able to walk home, but this they were not permitted to do."

## Destruction in Cape Verde Islands.

Of all the distressing accounts of human suffering which occasionally reach our happy shores from other parts of the world, we have not for a long time read one so afflicting as that given below of the famished and perishing condition of the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands. The account we insert is contained in a letter from a highly respectable officer of the American navy to his friend in Washington, and, therefore, may be fully credited:

UNITED STATES SHIP JAMESTOWN, }  
PORT PRAYA, Cape Verde, March 8, 1856. }

I have spoken in former letters of the starving condition of these islands. The scarcity of rain and consequent shortness of the crops for the last three years, have produced a famine, of which five to six thousand out of the population of one hundred and twenty thousand have already died. Of the twelve or thirteen islands the famine has thus far been confined chiefly to San Antonio, St. Nicholas, St. Vincent, and Sal. Three thousand persons have come from the neighboring islands to this (St. Jago), which is the most productive. The Governor, a most excellent and energetic man, is doing everything in his power for the miserable people. He sends small vessels, as he can raise the means to do so, to the coast of Africa for grain, which he distributes with the strictest economy to the destitute. He has visited, on ship several times, and as he speaks French extremely well, it has fallen to my lot to interpret. He came to-day, in company with the Bishop, to thank the Commodore for his kindness in having gone, ten days ago, to the island of Brava to bring the Bishop, whose presence here as President of the Council he strongly desired, in order to allay discontent, and to satisfy the people with the measures that he has been obliged to pursue in the present emergency. He tells me that whatever money he can collect he sends to the coast of Africa and elsewhere for grain, which he distributes in such a way as to avoid monopoly. He has nearly exhausted his resources. He thinks he will be able to keep starvation in check until July, after which, unless provisions are sent from Europe and America, twenty thousand persons, at the least calculation, will starve to death between then and December: and the crop in December will depend upon the rain in the meantime. The islands, he says, who have been looking to him for bread, do not know, as he does, the terrible calamity that awaits them. In 1852, thirty or forty vessels came from the United States with provisions. With half that amount now the Governor could, he says, prevent all starvation.

He has made a full statement of the subject to his own government, and will draw up another which the Commodore will forward to the government at Washington. Moreover, on our suggestion, the Bishop will address a communication to Archbishop Hughes, as also to the Archbishops in London and Paris.

So distressing is the condition of these poor people, as pictured to me to-day by the Governor, that under the feelings that his narrative has awakened I devote my letter to this subject. It is not probable that the communications of the Governor and Bishop will be ready for the Zeno on Monday morning. They may not, therefore, reach the United States until weeks after this does; otherwise I should not care to anticipate them. These islands can be of little if any advantage to Portugal. There are more people here than can live, or than do live on the produce of the soil. They had, therefore, better abandon some, if not all, shipping the inhabitants to Brazil. Even in this island, the largest and best, the water has almost given out; so that, should the drought continue, our squadron will not be able to water here. Where provisions and money were sent years ago from the United States to Madeira the donors complained, and justly, of the disposition made of them by the authorities. A similar misappropriation of charity would be avoided in the present instance by making Mr. Morse, our Council here, the consignee to receive the provisions, which would thus be sure to reach their proper destination, as they would then be turned over to the Governor, who would direct and supervise the distribution, as he now does that of all the provisions that he imports. The revenues of the islands he devotes to the purchase of provisions, instead of sending them to the home government. His own salary (\$3,000) he has not touched during the two and a half years of his governorship, though he is, as Mr. Morse tells us, very poor, dressing very plainly and living with great frugality. The crumbs that fall from the wealthy tables of Philadelphia and New York would more than fatten these 120,000 islanders.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.—The Birmingham (England) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy:

"During her Majesty's residence, some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea shore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basket full. The young Prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the basket and shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed: "You do that again, and I'll lick you." "Put the shells into the basket," said the Prince, "and see if I don't." The shells were gathered up and put in the basket. "Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare," whereupon the prince again pitched over the shells. And the lad "spit into him," and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might have well become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a straight-forward manner. At the conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said: "You have been rightly served, Sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offence, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment." Turning to the other boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came; and the result of her interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach."

Fall of the Suspension bridge over the Montmorenci Falls—Four lives lost.

Yesterday morning the sad intelligence reached town that the Suspension bridge over the Montmorenci had given way, and that several lives had been lost. Little credence was at first given to the rumor. There had been statements made before to the effect that the bridge was not to be trusted. People crossed it with terror, it was so shadowy, so light and so high. Like a more cobweb, it hung across the chasm over the very brink of the Falls. The superintending engineer had asserted that the structure was safe, and the Road Trust had taken possession of it. Nevertheless, on the northern bank of the Montmorenci, five of the seven strands of one of the wire cables had previously given way, and the cable had been repaired. There was something wrong.

Yesterday morning, while a man and a woman were crossing in a cart, about 8 or 8½ in the morning, and a lad 16 years of age, was crossing on foot, the chain plates attached to the anchors on the south side of the Montmorenci snapped asunder, the bridge dropped down, throwing all upon it over and down the Falls into the pool, 300 feet below, and which is 36 feet deep, swung itself round over the cataract, and there it hangs now like a ribbon from the towers on the south side. The roar, when the bridge gave way, was terrific. The clanking of the iron reverberated like thunder. A Mr. Giroux, who lives a mile off, distinctly heard the noise.

The bridge is a complete loss to the Turnpike Trust. Nothing stands except the towers, one of which is injured.

A Mr. Cloutier was actually upon the bridge with his horse and light cart a moment before the accident happened, and only for his horse would perhaps now have been in another world. The horse perceived something wrong in stepping upon the bridge, hurriedly backed off again, and was scarcely off when the whole structure fell.

The names of the sufferers are, Ignace Cote, farmer, of St. Ignace, and his wife, Angeline Drouin, and Louis Verzina. Cote and his wife were going to market. The boy Verzina had been sent for bread, and was returning to Ange Gardien. The bridge cost £29,000.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—Most of our readers know that the Banbury, England, "Advertiser" know that for some time past Dr. Mill has been lecturing in this town on medicine and the various sciences with which it is connected. Now, we are innocent, in a great measure, of a knowledge of the truth or falseness of what he says about the various schools of medicine, and hope that we may never have to put any of them to the test, (his own included), practically; but all who have heard him must acknowledge that, as a popular, scientific lecturer, the Doctor has few equals. Well, some of our medical men, offended by what he has said, or by the popularity of an orthodox practitioner, have shown symptoms of irritation, and a couple of embryo M. D.'s resolved upon testing his medical skill. They accordingly called upon him, and one of them, a fine, healthy young man, with a roguish eye complained of certain pains in the chest, a cough, night sweats, &c. The doctor heard his tale, and asked a number of questions, and, after a long diagnosis, declared him to be in a deep consumption. This was just what was wanted, and the young gent could hardly control their mirth while Dr. Mill wrote his prescription, sealed it up in an envelope, and directed it to one of our first chemists, pocketed his fee, and bowed them out of the room. To the chemists they rushed to enjoy the pent-up laugh, and handing him the note he read: "This young man is suffering from cerebral hernia in the region marked self-esteem" by phrenologists. Pray, therefore, give him common sense, 6 grains; wit, 1 drachm; horsewhip, *ad libitum*. J. M." We hardly expect the Doctor will get another professional patient here.

## THE WILD MAN AGAIN.

A correspondent of the *Caddo Gazette*, writing under date of the 28th, ult., from Parailita, on Upper Red River, states that the cold during the past winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The river was frozen solid, the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The following story of an attempt to capture the famous wild man, who has been so often encountered on the borders of Arkansas and Northern Louisiana:

"In my travels I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They struck his trail at a cane-brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sun Flower prairie. I learn from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, which consequently gave way. He had, however, crossed, and the dogs were at fault.

One of the party mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue; but found it impossible to cross with his horse; and concluded to follow the lake around until he could ascertain the direction taken by the monster in the lake like a man breaking the ice with his arms, and hastened, under cover of the undergrowth, to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near the place where he had a full view of him until he reached the shore, where he came out and shook himself. He represents him as a stout, athletic man, about six feet four inches in height, completely covered with hair of a brownish cast, about four to six inches long. He was well muscled, and ran up the bank with the fleetness of a deer.

He says he could have killed him with his gun but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the horns of his companions and the howling of the dogs on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him, so as to bring him to bay and then secure his prize. So soon, however, as the wildman saw the horse and rider, he rushed frantically toward them, and in an instant dragged the hunter to the ground and tore him in a dreadful manner, scratching out one of his eyes and injuring the other so much that his comrades despair of the recovery of his sight, and biting large pieces out of his shoulders and various parts of his body.

The monster then tore off the bridle and saddle from the horse, and destroyed them, and holding the horse by the mane, broke a short piece of sapling, and mounting the animal, started at full speed across the plains in the direction of the mountains, guiding the horse with his club. The person left with the wounded man informed me that the party was still in pursuit, having been joined by a band of friendly Indians, and thought that if they could find a place in the mountains not covered with snow, or a canebrake in the vicinity to feed their horses, they might overtake him in a day or two."

## Meeting With a Wife.

The following interesting incident is taken from a California paper:

The arrival of an ocean steamer is always the scene of a large crowd of spectators at the wharf. One afternoon when the Panama came in, a tall individual from the mountains, who, unfortunately had no ticket to secure him admittance on the deck, stood outside the gate, watching through its open panels with great anxiety, as though he expected the arrival of some dear friend. After a full hour thus occupied, his heart was gladdened by the approach of a small furniture wagon, containing several women, among whom he recognized the features of one that made him utter an involuntary ejaculation. The gate was swung back and the wagon passed out. He worked his way up to it amid the dense throng of people, and exclaiming "Sarah!" attracted the attention of a young woman seated along side of the driver. As soon as she saw him, she answered "John!" and losing control over herself, fell forward on the haunches of the horse, from which she rolled sideways into the arms of a fond husband.

Despite the general merriment of the crowd, Sarah and John held each other for a moment in a close locked embrace, after which their lips met, and they indulged in a perfect transport of kisses.

"Who cares?" said the honest spouse; as she resumed her seat in the wagon, "who cares if they do laugh. He is my dear husband, and I'll kiss him if all the world should by."

A Gypsy Thief—\$500 Reward.—A theft has been perpetrated in the neighboring county of Monroe, Pa., under circumstances of an extraordinary character. Mr. Henry Fenner a resident of Fennersville, was called on a few weeks ago by a couple of gypsies, a man and a woman, the latter of whom conveyed to him the wonderful information that an immense treasure had been buried somewhere on his farm by the Indians, and that if he would comply with the terms, she would, by a little enchantment, find out all about it, and put him in possession of it. He believed the story, and with the hope of finding the treasure promised compliance. She told him it was necessary to get together a large sum of current money, as near \$5000 as possible. Mr. Fenner raised the sum of \$4800, chiefly in \$50 and \$100 bills on the Eastern Bank, which she tied up, along with some bread, in a white linen rag, and then gave it to him to put away. Every day he counted it in her presence, after which she would mumble prayers over it, and go through on her knees, divers incantations with the design of breaking the spell under which the buried treasure lay. On the last day her utterances were deeper, and her bodily contortions more severe than usual, but she rose at length, and reported her task accomplished, strictly enjoying upon Mr. Fenner

not to open the bundle for a week, promising that at that period he would find among the notes a written inscription, informing him where to dig. Excited with the prospect and with hopes raised high, he waited the required time, when to his amazement, on opening the parcel, he found the money gone, and a piece of brown paper left in its stead. Mr. Fenner now offers a reward of \$500—\$200 for the apprehension of the man and woman, and \$300 for the recovery of the money. It is thought the thieves belonged to the gang of gypsies encamped during the week past in the neighborhood of Belvidere. The man and woman passed by the name of Jackson; the woman is small in size, with dark complexion, black hair, sharp features, fluent in speech, and follows fortune-telling. The man is about five feet eight inches in height, well made, with dark complexion, and sharp features. They had with them five boys and a girl, and travelled in a spring truck wagon with iron axles and black cover, drawn by a bay horse large and spare.

## ASHES FOR CORN.

From the *Dollar Newspaper*.  
I noticed an article in the "Newspaper" not long since, wherein your correspondent recommends a mixture of ashes, shell, lime, bones, &c., which he has found valuable for corn, when applied as a top dressing to the hill after planting. We have been in the habit of using ashes alone for some years, and have invariably found it of much greater value when put to the hill than on the surface. Some five years since, we had finished planting our corn, with the exception of about five acres left for pasture, which we did not plough until the rest was planted.—We had put ashes in the hills of all we had planted, and had some three or four bushels left. When we were about half done planting the rest, I recollected the ashes which were left, and immediately sent for and had them applied. The rest on both sides had no ashes in the hill, but when the corn was some two or three inches high, we obtained enough un-leached ashes and applied them to the bill on the surface. The corn came up best where there was no ashes, which I have often before and since observed to be the case, ashes oftentimes keeping the corn back. But when the corn became a few inches high, you could observe a change.—That on which the ashes were put in the hill, grew evenly and had a fine color, while on either side you would soon find hills, of almost any required size, from the smallest to the greatest, and of almost all varieties of color.

The difference continued throughout the season, and it was an easy matter to tell at a glance where the ashes were in the hill from the very row. In this case, the ashes on top did no apparent good. I am unable to explain the reason of this, or why a handful of ashes in each hill should make such a marked difference. I noticed numbers of small insects on the hills, and felt some-what inclined at the time to think they had something to do with it. Be this as it may, we believe so much in the beneficial effect of ashes in the hill for corn, that we do not if possible to get enough, put any more corn on without them. We use much leached ashes, which we generally mix with the un-leached, and find it to do as well. We generally add some plaster also.

Some are opposed to the practice of ashing in the hill, on account of the extra time consumed while planting, and so prefer putting on top at a more leisure time. The proper way to determine where it would be of most advantage, would be to try each way, side by side. The experience of others may be different from mine. Or difference in soil may cause different effects. But my mind is fully made up that the best way for me, is to apply in the hill, all things considered, and that will in almost every case pay well. When the corn crop fails, there is generally enough difference in the stalks to make it do so.

THE COMING SICKNESS.—The germs of pestilence are hatching in the elements. Everything points to the approach of a sickly summer and autumn. It should, therefore, be the care of every person to preserve the several fractions of the body in their full tone. Disease falls first upon those whose organism is already disordered through their own neglect. Guard well against constipation and its opposite. Eat nothing indigestible. Avoid all green and half-matured vegetables and fruits. Pay strict attention to the cleanliness of the surface of your bodies; and above all, begin the work of purification around your yards and in your houses early, and do it thoroughly. Cleanliness, simple diet and regular habits will form the strongest protection against the coming epidemic. As no man can tell where the arrow of death may fall first, he is the wisest who first put his house in order.—*Hunter's Medical Specialist*.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The shooting of the waiter at Willard's Hotel by Philip T. Herbert, M. C. from California, has produced considerable sensation. On Saturday it was the general topic of conversation. Some gentlemen of rabid Free and Know Nothing principles found great difficulty in determining the degree of the homicide. Their embarrassment arose from the fact that the telegraphic dispatch did not state the color or nationality of the waiter who was killed. The fact that he was a waiter, however, afforded a presumption that he was black; and on this supposition the killing was pronounced murder, but on subsequently learning that the deceased was an Irishman, they pronounced it justifiable homicide.—*Pittsburg Union*.

A Know Nothing grand Jury in Vincennes refused to find a bill of indictment against one of their oath-bound brotherhood who had murdered a fellow being in cold blood. Herein lies the dangerous tendencies of so proscriptive an order. Their obligations to society and the government are alike swallowed up in their hideous oath of proscription. Beware of them.