



THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY MEYERS & BENFORD,
At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.
The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

POETRY.

THE BROOK.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

A sweet little brook from a shady nook,
Came forth with a merry song,
And clapp'd its pale hands to the flow'r-clad lands,
As it gently crept along.

It was pure and bright as the diamond's light,
That sparkles beneath the sea,
And as free from care as the wavelets there,
That roll in immensity!

'T was sprightly and young, and healthy and strong
And laughed the gay hours away;
And danced by each hill at the music's trill,
And kissed the bright flow'rs all day!

And onward it ran, 'neath the rainbow's span,
Painting itself with its hues,
And frolick'd all day in the rosy ray,
And from its wing shook the dew!

And life was a gleam of a fairy dream,
To the little babbling brook,
As it kiss'd the branch in its upward glance,
That shaded the sylvan nook.

For all the bright day, the birds piped away,
And flow'rs in each little nook,
With roguish dark eyes, looking down in surprise,
Flattered the proud little brook.

But when the dark clouds in their ebon shrouds,
Proclaimed the bright season gone,
The birds had all fled and the flow'rs were dead,
And the brook was left alone!

But then it was young, and healthy and strong,
And knew not the pains of strife;
For where it had gone the sun ever shone,
And it thought it could dance on life.

Miscellaneous.

ANCIENT COURTSHIP.

IN VARIOUS AGES AND VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

The Hebrews were a peculiar people in all respects, and not least so in a matrimonial view. The obligation devolving upon the Israelitish juveniles, before attaining to the joys of connubiality, were emphatically peculiar. For instance, when Isaac desired a wife for himself, his father sent Eliezar, his servant, to court a bride for him. Isaac did not say, "I will make myself beloved of a maiden; I must entertain her with fine discourses, and offer engaging presents; I must incessantly praise her beauty; I must only go by night to see her; when a thing is known to a third person it never succeeds," not at all—neither he nor his father knew Rebecca. But when Eliezar made his proposals, Laban, her brother, asked her if she would go with the man, and she answered, "I will go." We see that love was not consulted in this case; this marriage was rather a bargain between Abraham and Rebecca. Nor was it customary for the affections to rule, there being oftentimes no consultation between the parties. It was usual for woman to be courted by proxy. Thus, Sechem, though strongly moved to love Dinah, did not disclose it in the bosom of his beloved, but made advantageous offers to her brothers. "Ask me never so much dowry, and I will give according as you will say unto me." Jacob, however, made innovation upon this custom, and visited Rachel himself; he drew near and kissed her, and lifted up his voice and wept. Jacob made another advance upon the times. We have said that love had but little to do with their marriages; wives were regarded as a species of slaves, and not at all as companions; hence "filthy lucre" was the charm which ruled the marriage ties. Affection and sentiment gave place to gold and goods. But Jacob was a sentimental lover, and when he found that he had not the treasure equal to the price set upon Rachel, he condescended to purchase her by servitude, and manifested disappointment when the tender-eyed Leah was faithfully imposed upon him instead of the beautiful Rachel.

It had been a custom in all times, for the declaration of love to fall upon the man.—Whether this is proper or not, long usage has given it an authority not to be easily overcome; but there have been exceptions to this rule.

An Israelitish widow had, by law, the power of claiming in marriage the brother of the deceased husband, and he, in return, had the liberty to refuse; under the condition, however, that the woman would come to him, in the presence of the elders, and loose the shoe from his foot and spit in his face.

A similar custom prevailed among the Huns and Iroquois. When a wife dies the husband is obliged to marry the sister, or in her stead the woman whom the family of the deceased shall select. A widow is also obliged to marry a brother of her deceased husband. The same thing is practised in the Ukraine Islands.

In the Isthmus of Darien the right of asking in marriage is lodged in and promiscuously exercised by both sexes, without the least hesitation or embarrassment; and in the Ukraine the same thing is carried further, the women more generally courting than the men. When a young woman falls in love with a young man,

she goes to his father's house and reveals her passion in a most tender and pathetic manner, and promises most submissive obedience. Should he make excuse, she resolves to persevere, and takes up lodgings; should he continue obstinate the church takes her side, her kindred are ready to avenge her honor, and he has no other method but to betake himself to flight, till she is otherwise disposed of.

From the story of Delilah, it would seem that the young men of Israel were denied the power of asking a female in marriage. Samson saw in Simnah one that was beautiful, and he said to his father, "I have seen a woman of the daughters of the Philistines, now therefore get her for me to wife." But his parents objected; he, however, did not elope nor threaten to go to Texas; but merely repeated, "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well."

From the time of the nation spoken of to the Greeks, little is known of this matter. In the East the women being so little seen, the privilege of courtship was eagerly seized, and as there was often a plurality of lovers, it soon became fashionable to fight for a fair lady. As society improved, this barbarity declined, and instead of fighting, a public exhibition in dexterity and in arms was the criterion of desert.—But as it gave rise to animosities, which were handed down from generation to generation, a method of bargain and sale marked the further progress of society. Thus it was among the Greeks. As a lover seldom had opportunity to disclose his love to his mistress, he was accustomed to inscribe her name on the walls of his house, the trees in the public walk, and to deck the door of his fair one's house with flowers and garlands, and to make libations of wine before it, and to sprinkle the entrance with the same liquor, after the manner that was practised at the temple of Cupid. Garlands were of great use among the Greeks in affairs of love; when a man united his garland, or a woman composed one, it was a confession of having been subdued by this passion. Their method of prosecuting their love affairs was still worse.

They resorted to incantations and philtres, the sale of which was extensively carried on; they were so violent as to deprive the person who took them of sense, and not uncommonly of life. They also used to melt wax images before the fire, believing the persons represented by them would be proportionably warmed by love. These, and many others equally foolish, were constantly practised. Plutarch tells us that Lucullus, a Roman general, lost his senses by a love potion; and Caius Calpurnia was thrown into a fit of madness by one which was given him by his wife, Cassia. Lucretius, too, fell a sacrifice to the same folly.

While the Greeks and Romans were found in these foolish practices and narrow opinions, the barbarians, the Cretes, Gauls and Germans, although their wives were a species of slaves, had arrived at a much superior point in the relations of love. They regarded their wives with respect and veneration—they were gallant and sentimental—and desired the affections and hearts of their mistresses. Scandinavian women were chaste, proud and scarcely less emulous of glory than the men, and consequently demanded lovers distinguished in the field.—The Saccæa had a custom, when a young man paid his addresses to a lady, for him to engage in single combat; if he vanquished, he led her off in triumph, if she conquered, he was her husband and slave.

Such are some of the modes of ancient courtship, a full account of which would form an interesting and instructive chapter.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Travelling on the cars from O— to M—, not long since, in the night, we happened by good fortune to get into the same box with a regular blue-devil exterminator, by whom, let it be supposed, our drowsy optics were kept expanded. This individual answered to the name of "Bat," and his description of "Norf Kerlina," her manners and customs, gave the listener any thing but a favorable impression of the tar and turpentine state.—thus:

"Why, gentlemen, a dog with a long tail in North Carolina would be as great a show as a nigger with three heads."
"Why so?" asked several.
"They cut 'em off to prevent them knocking off huckleberries when they are chasing foxes and rabbits that run through the woods."
"Shaw!" came from a listener.
"Fact, certain as rain; and you never see a man or boy there with buttons on his pants."
"What then?" asked one.
"Pegs," replied the ever imperturbable Bat.
"Wear buttons all off climbing after persimmons."
"Go it, Bat," cheered an acquaintance.
"And I'll tell you another thing," he continued, "they have to bell the little niggers there just as we do calves."
"What for?"
"So their owners can tell which gopher hole they're in."

A general scream followed this—the engine squealed, and we all jumped off at M—.

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone West, where the newcomers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—

"Neither of those two men will be afflicted."
"Why not?" inquired a bystander.
"Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it."

An accepted lover one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, along with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his love, remarked:

"How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm!"

"Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other is hanging!"

The following original lines, by C. Chauncey Burr, tell a piquant story of Cupid, which the votaries of the bow-boy may ponder:

Have you seen a little child,
With a face so bewitchingly mild?
Beware!
With his little bow and string,
He's a harmless looking thing—
Beware!
Lovers tell you he is blind;
But 'tis false, as you will find—
Beware!
Once he kissed a pretty maid;
But she boxed his ears, and said
"Beware!"
Thoughtlessly I took his part,
When he shot me through the heart!
Beware!

DOSING A TRAVELLER.

A HOTEL SCENE.

BY H. KOSHOOT.

It was at one of the extensive hostels which are to be "tied up" in most of the large towns in the interior of New York, that the following scene actually occurred, as can be proved by a cloud of witnesses who have heard the landlord tell the story.

The hotel referred to was, on the occasion of which we are speaking, rather full, and the nephew of the landlord lay sick in one of the rooms on the third floor. He was to receive medicine during the night from the hands of a person who had been procured to "watch" with him. The landlord had entrusted the aforesaid watcher to administer a portion of some little physic to the patient at 12 o'clock; the dose to be repeated at certain hours of the night.

"He is rather techy," said the landlord, "and you had better keep out of his room until you go up to give him the medicine."
"Oh, for that matter," replied the watcher, who was a novice in the vocation, "I prefer to sit here;" and he eyed a sofa which was in the apartment, in a suspicious manner.
"Well," said the landlord, "you won't forget the number of his room?"
"No sir."

"Without making such a confounded fuss as he made with the last dose. Tell him that I said he must take it—it's good for him."
"Yes sir."
"Good night."
"Good night."
Boniface retired and the watcher deposited himself on the sofa from which he was roused by the snoring at a quarter before one. In dismay and confusion he seized the potion and hurried up stairs.

The sick man was lodged in No. 52, but the nurse in his haste mistook No. 53 for it, and entering the latter, he saw a person lying in the bed, face upward, with his mouth wide open, respiring with that peculiar gurgle in the throat which indicates strong lungs and a plethoric habit.

"Ah," mentally exclaimed the astute watcher, "he makes a fuss about his medicine, does he? I'm blowed though if he don't take one dose quietly—before he wakens up in fact!"

The idea of giving a potion of bitter physic to a somnolent patient was sufficiently ridiculous; but when we consider that the watcher had entered the wrong room and was about to administer it to the wrong man, the affair becomes still more ludicrous.

Our friend, the watcher, acted promptly, and having filled the bowl of a large spoon with the medicine, he forced it down the throat of the sleeping traveller, who happened to be a healthy Hibernian that had never tasted physic before in his life. The Irishman struggled and bit the spoon severely, but the watcher plunged it still deeper in his throat saying as he did so:

"Oh, but you must take it—the landlord says you must!"

The nasty dose went down, but when Patrick recovered his breath and began to pour forth his objections in his own regular rhetoric, the watcher discovered that he had committed an egregious blunder, and seizing his light fled from the room.

The astonished and enraged traveller sprang from his bed, and was soon heard rushing about in search of the landlord swearing vengeance against him and all connected with his house. On he came, tearing through the passages, banging the doors, and roaring like a grizzly bear.

"Oo-oo-oh! it's killt I am, be dad, any how. Au-uh! I'm chawked with pison.—Divil a bit uv a farum in the wisthern country will I buy now—for I'm a dead man! The pison is eating me up jist. Och! it's enough to make a dog throw his father in the fire! Hooly Saint Patrick! Landlord! landlord! land-lo-o-o-r-r-r-r-r-d!"

Pat had by this time descended to the floor on which the landlord's apartment was situated, and the worthy host, hearing the hillabulloo, opened his door and asked what was the matter?

"Ah! is it there ye are! Come out for a bating or let me come tell ye! A d—d poor house yer kape, to send yer man into an honest traveller's room to pison the innocent divil in his slape! Ugh! the bitter nasty pison—come out here, and I'll lather ye like blazes!"

"What's the matter, my good friend?" inquired Boniface.

"Ow! the matter is!—whin I was waked from my swate slape and a big dirty braggard stood fornt me rammin' a big ladle down me trote full ov pison—an' sez he you must take it, the landlord sez so! An, now what's the matter, sez you! That's one ov yer tricks on travellers!"

"Come out here an' I'll bate ye. Be the blood of the hooly marthers, I'll brake iver yone in yer ugly body! I'll tache ye to pison

a decent traveller, that's goin' to buy land in the wisthern country!"

The Irishman here became entangled in the meshes of a wooden settee which stood in his way, and, at the same time the landlord's wife seized her wrathful lord—although a host in himself, she was not willing to risk him in a rough and tumble fight in the dark—and having plucked him back into her sleeping apartment, she locked the door and bolted it securely.

The prospective purchase of "wisthern lands" having extricated his legs and arms from those of the settee, still thirsted for the landlord's blood.

"Bring me tell the murtherin ould vilyan; let me come at him!"

At this juncture, however, Mick, the hostler, made his appearance with a lantern, which he held up to the physic-smeared face of the enraged traveller with a polite request that he would hold his tongue. But Mick was at last compelled to give his fellow countryman a good beating, which had the effect to restore him to good humor, and when he found that he was not "pisoned" after all, he retired once more to his bed to dream of his "farum" which he was going to buy in the "wisthern country."—*Boston Daily Times.*

THE PROPERTY OF STATESMEN.

Statesmen, who are worthy of the appellation given them, generally fail to secure fortunes. They devote themselves to pursuits, which, if honestly adhered to, rarely yield rich rewards. Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given for it five times its value, he would, with difficulty, have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortunes however, or rather to those of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in this city, so poor that his remains found a resting-place through the charity of one of our citizens. They remain in a cemetery in Second street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the result of industry, prudence, and inheritance. He was a man of

large abilities, and very rich. Throughout his political life, he has studiously looked out for his own interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush, and he caught the bird. True to the instinct of his nature, he believes that charity is a cheat.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his life time, the product of his speculations. He died, leaving his property to his children, and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than twenty thousand dollars—the latter exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded one hundred thousand dollars. He was a prudent manager; and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler is worth fifty thousand dollars. Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office, he husbanded his means, and then married a rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a very strong and safe box. It will never be wasted in speculation, or squandered in vice.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty thousand dollars from his term of service.

Colonel Thomas H. Benton, we are sorry to say, died poor. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says that, "some time since, his house, on C street, was burned down, and he went to the expense of having it rebuilt; but there is a mortgage of \$10,000 on it, which will almost absorb the value of the property.—Colonel Benton was anxious that Congress should purchase 1,000 copies of his Abridgement of the Congressional Debates, for distribution among the various state libraries and foreign exchanges. He was of opinion that such a purchase would be constitutional, and would tend to diffuse a knowledge of the political history of the country. Two members of the House of Representatives have the matter under consideration, by his request, and will bring it at an early day, before Congress, with, as they think, good assurances of success."

We hope that the books will be purchased by Congress. They are valuable—immensely valuable—and should be deposited in different departments at Washington—in the library of Congress, and in the Smithsonian Institute.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

RELIGION A FOUNDATION OF GREATNESS.—Milton makes religion the foundation of some greatness. In promising to undertake something that might be of use and honor to his country, he says:

"This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, and steady observation and insight into all secretly and generous arts and affairs."

"I don't think its any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Missourian, for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed in less than a week after."

At Portland, Maine, a fire company has come within the influence of the revival, and taken two seats at one of the churches in the name of the company, the rent of them to be paid out of the funds of the company.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of the fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all but my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind, and although to you, to others, it might seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet dear George, it is so. Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle so silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley.

But, I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on His arm, I fear no evil."

Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you. I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damp from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest love.

Do not think me selfish, or vain, or proud, or dreading my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom. And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until placed in death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfolding of the better world, where partings are no more.

Well do I know the spot, my dear George where you will lay me. Often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mound around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same sunlight linger and play above the grass that grows over your Mary's grave.—I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches: "I am not lost, but gone before."

Which are the best Horses to Wear.

This is a subject on which there will doubtless be a great difference of opinion, but it all depends upon this; at what work are they to be used, and how are they to be fed? There can be no doubt that for heavy work, such as heavy teaming, plowing, and the like, where horses are driven slowly and well fed, that those sixteen hands will wear best, and what is more, give the best satisfaction to their owner; who does not like to follow the plow after such a team? But there is a fault in too many of the horses which are bred at the present time—they have the extra hand all in the leg, and the man who knows anything about a horse will give all such animals a wide berth, as they are decidedly the worst to wear that there is to be found.

Again if horses are to be sometimes worked hard, at other times driven hard and what is worse than all, and but too often the case, poorly fed into the bargain the small horses, such as the French breed will stand such treatment better than any other with which I am acquainted. They are hardy, easy to keep, and will stand to be driven on the jump the one hour, and draw a heavy load the next. So the man who wants to get horses to wear well had better first consider how he is to use them and the work they are to perform, and then he can easily judge of the horses that will suit him.—*Genesee Farmer.*

A young lady who is well posted in all the fashionable literature of the day, quotes Byron and Tom Moore, and works blue-tailed dogs in sky-colored convulsions, to perfection, innocently inquired of a young gentleman the other night who this Mr. Leecompton was who had occasioned so much trouble at Washington!

Farmers' Column.

TO MAKE CREAM CHEESE.

The following two receipts we copy from the *Gardiner's Chronicle*, an English publication, and we think they will satisfactorily answer several queries made of us on the subject. If any of our farmers' wives and daughters have receipts, we will receive them with thanks. [Ed. Gen. Tel.]

Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water till it is about the heat of milk from the cow, add a small quantity of rennet, (a table spoonful is sufficient,) let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame in which you have previously put a fine canvass cloth; press it slightly with a weight; let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

ANOTHER METHOD.—If cream is scarce, so that a sufficient quantity cannot be had at once, take a fine canvass bag, and pour as much cream as you may happen to have, into it, adding additional small quantities twice a day, and from its becoming naturally sour, the thin part will drain through the canvass, and the remainder will prove an excellent cheese. If one quart of cream can be had at once, and poured into a fine canvass bag, it will make a nice sized cheese.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The *Cincinnati Price Current* has information from all sections of the Western States relative to the extent and present prospects of the growing wheat crop, and reports that the quantity of land sown with wheat in the fall was larger than in the previous year, the weather during September being especially favorable for it. At the commencement of winter the growth was uncommonly forward, and at the close of the month of March the prospect for an abundant crop was never winter, it is generalizing past the usual well until about the first of June, when the next crisis of the crop comes.

Pasture Grounds.

Next to the importance of having good stock, is that of providing good pasturage. All lands are not adapted to this purpose. There is a vast difference in the quality of the grasses, and we consequently find that some pastures in which there is a luxuriant and well sustained crop of herbage, the season through, the animals pastured on them always fatten. Other lands devoted to this use while they appear "short and dry," turn out their tenants in the fall, in a condition obviously improved—they are fat and sleek, and exhibit no signs of having been pinched for food, but the reverse. Low lands which are generally saturated with water which becomes stagnant, produce sedge and rushes, and other species of aquatic, or semi-aquatic grasses, and can never be rendered good for pasturage without draining. Although they produce an abundance of green and apparently succulent herbage, the animals are invariably poor—afford but little milk, and come to the barn in the autumn lean and enfeebled. High grounds, although they are more liable to be seriously affected by drought, have the advantage of producing a more nutritive quality of food. The grasses are short, sweet, and highly nutritive and animals pastured upon them gain rapidly in flesh, and produce not only a larger quantity of milk, but that of a superior quality.

Yet the best pasture lands, like grass and cultivated soils, in general, will nevertheless, in time, become sterile; the more valuable kinds of grass will "run out," and be supplanted by others of a less desirable or entirely worthless class. Nature, in this seems to corroborate the importance of a rotary system of cultivation with respect to all the more valuable productions. After producing a certain class of plants, for a stated or definite period, the soil appears to weary of it, and to demand a change. We see, in our forests, that the oak succeeds the pine, and the pine the oak. So in the minor productions. Corn cannot be cultivated with success on the same soil, more than three seasons in succession, at most. Wheat never succeeds more than two, and clover and the other cultivated grasses deteriorate after yielding a few crops, and finally depreciate and disappear.

By breaking up our pasture grounds occasionally, applying manure and plaster, and stocking down with fresh seed, we should find the soil would be vastly benefited and improved. Where the surface is such as not to favor this kind of amelioration, the use of plaster, ashes, lime, nitrate of soda salt, and other similar fertilizers, is of great benefit. Poudrette and guano, as well as bone dust and ground oyster shells, have been used with good success, especially on sandy pastures. But as to guano, I cannot recommend it for this purpose, as the present high prices.