

best for cooking; the yellow for slicing like cucumbers, seasoned with pepper, salt and vinegar, and eaten raw. The seed should be sown in the early part of March, in a slight hot-bed, and the plants set out in the open ground in May. In private grounds it will be necessary to plant them near a fence, or to provide trellises for them to be trained to, in the same manner as for nasturtions; they will, however, do very well if planted out four feet distant from each other every way. But a nice way to keep the plant erect and the nice fruit from the ground, is to drive down four stakes, so as to make a square, sow to feet each way, around the stakes. These will keep the vines from falling, and expose the fruit nicely to the sun for ripening. They will bear till frost.

#### CURE FOR A CANCER—THE VIRTUES OF CRANBERRIES.

It has been ascertained that the application of raw cranberries, applied as a poultice, will cure this most inveterate disease. We know of one instance, a lady of our acquaintance, (says an exchange paper,) who had a cancer in her breast, which had become as large as a pullet's egg, and was an inch below the surface of the skin. In this present case it was an hereditary disease, and she regarded it as a death warrant. She was persuaded, however, to try the cranberries, and they effected a cure. It is now between two and three years since it disappeared, and she had no intimation of a return of the disease. The cranberries were mashed in a mortar, spread on a cloth and laid on, changing the poultice three times a day. In two or three days it became so sore it drew out pustules, that filled like the small-pox, and this process was renewed with the same effect until the whole was drawn away; the cancer becoming softened and decreasing in size at every application until it finally disappeared.

The virtues of cranberries are but imperfectly known they are cooling and useful in removing inflammation, and have been known to cure an obstinate sore throat. We have never known it tried, but are persuaded it might be useful in bronchitis. Hearing of this, brings to mind an anecdote, related to us in the Eastern region.

Some few years since, a bed of cranberries was discovered, within about six miles of Fort Fairfield. It was before the Fort was built, and a party were exploring the country, under the conduct of some Indian guides. The Indians set up a shout, and evinced their delight by such frantic gesticulations, that I was persuaded, says our informant, those children of nature knew of some virtue they possessed, that we were ignorant of, and yet so much was my attention absorbed by the business I was upon, that I never thought to ask them.

**CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.**—We have recently received numerous inquiries respecting the cultivation of the cranberry, and where the plants in quantities could be obtained. Many years ago, and before we ever heard of an attempt to grow this fruit upon upland, we made the experiment upon a very sandy, dry piece of ground, and the result was, we harvested annually an abundant crop of the most beautiful, deeply-colored cranberries we ever saw. Some years since, we introduced some of the same vines (of the common variety from the marsh) into what we considered a remarkable soil, near this city, but the experiment proved a total failure, which we attributed then to the intense heat of the summer's sun. As an experiment may not have been conclusive, and our failure attributable to some local cause, we give the following extract upon the subject from the Albany (N.Y.) Cultivator for the benefit of those who may wish to make further trial.—*Lou. Jour.*

**CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.**—We have received a letter from Mr. F. B. Fancher, of Lansingburg, N. Y., enclosing some remarks from Mr. Sullivan Bates, of Bellington, Mass., in regard to the cultivation of the cranberry. Mr. B. says the variety which he calls "Bell Cranberry" can be cultivated on upland, and that he knows of no other kind that can be naturalized to dry soil. He states that it is necessary that the soil should be quite poor, and that it is generally best to remove the sod or vegetable matter to reduce it to a proper state of sterility; but, if the soil is so poor that grass and weeds do not grow on it, it may be plowed and harrowed and the plants set without any other preparation. The soil is marked in drills two or three feet apart, and the plant set six inches apart in the drill. They should be hoed the first season, and they will cover the ground in three years. He states the produce at 150 to 400 bushels to the acre.—Mr. Fancher can supply plants.

**BEAT THIS WHO CAN.**—On Saturday week last a Sow belonging to Mr. John Stagg, of this town, produced at one litter eighteen young porkers.—The same Sow, in October last, littered 14, which, with the present number, make a total of 32 within the space of eight months.

**STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.**—Mr. Aaron Yeoman of Murray, had a Cow which gave birth to a calf about three weeks since, which had two heads, two distinct necks, one body, one heart, and two galls; it died shortly after its birth.—*Bellville Intelligencer.*

**ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN.**—The *Maine Farmer* acknowledges the receipt of a bag of 'popping corn' which was sent to their office accompanied by the following rhyme:—

"Corn for the richman—corn for the poor;  
Corn for the chickens around the barn door;  
Corn for the master—corn for the dog—  
Corn for his cattle—corn for his hog;  
Corn for the grist-mill—corn for the shop;  
Corn for the "Maine Farmer" devils to pop!"

**TO KEEP EGGS.**—I have seen a variety of different methods recommended for keeping eggs so they may be fresh and good through the winter; but on trial we seldom have them come out "as good as new."

About two years ago I thought I would pack some in charcoal. I pounded the charcoal and packed them in the same manner as recommended in oats, ashes, salt, &c. The result was they kept perfectly good to all appearance as new laid eggs. We have tried the charcoal two years with the same result.—*Maine Farmer.*

According to the *Oswego Palladium*, the Starch Factory in that city is the largest of the kind in the world. It consumes annually 120,000 bushels of corn and 30,000 bushels of wheat. The annual product is 3,000,000 pounds of starch, valued at \$150,000.—*Detroit Journal.*

**TEMPERANCE.**—The Pittsburgh Preacher, alluding to the new interests manifested in temperance affairs, says:—"But while our feelings are awake to this form of dreadful evil, and to the horrible guilt of the men who conduct its machinery, namely, distilleries, tavern bars, wine stores, grog shops, etc., ought not conscience to lift her lash upon those editors who advertise this deadly poison, and this demoralizing, degrading pauper-making murderous business? We are astonished to see respectable editors advertising, from day to day, in different forms, this vile and hateful traffic. What is their example worth after such an exhibition?"

#### UNKIND WORDS.

BY MATILDA.

O breathe them not in passion's hour;  
Let silence chain thy tongue—  
Lest, by their cold unfeelingness,  
Some gentle heart be rung.  
Speak kindly—let no word of thine  
Distress another's heart;  
'Tis easier far to make the wound,  
Than to withdraw the dart.

Speak kindly to thy mother, child;  
She needs thy kindness now;  
The light hath faded from her eye,  
The beauty from her brow.  
Speak kind to her—be strong to guide  
Her bark o'er life's dark wave;  
Beware! let not her head go down  
In sorrow to the grave.

Speak kindly to thy father now;  
His eye with age is dim;  
He needeth now thy utmost care—  
Speak kindly unto him.  
He watched o'er thee when thou wast weak;  
He is all weakness now—  
Speak kindly; let no words nor deeds  
Bring sadness to his brow.


Speak kindly, sweetly, to thy wife,  
Whoever thou may'st be;  
Remember that she left her home,  
Her happy home, for thee;  
Remember that she left her friends,  
With thee alone to dwell;  
She gave her heart's best love to thee,  
O guard it, guard it well.  
What if her eye has lost its light,  
And her fair cheek its bloom—  
What if her brow, so radiant once,  
Now blossoms for the tomb!  
May she not love thee now, as much  
As on her bridal morn?  
Then speak not coldly to her now,  
Because her youth is gone.  
The rose may wither on the cheek,  
The smile of joy depart;  
But love dies not;—it ever holds  
A blossom in its heart.

Speak kindly to thy husband, wife—  
Speak kindly to him now;  
Chase now the shadows from his heart,  
The sadness from his brow;  
Thou knowest not of many cares,  
That on his pathway throng;  
Help him to battle on through life;  
O help him to be strong.

Speak ever kindly to thy friends;  
Speak kindly to thy foes;  
These, thou may'st win with gentleness;  
With kindness fetter those.  
Speak kindly to the erring one;  
Let not thy heart forget  
Its own deceit:—Speak kind to him.  
And thou may'st win him yet.

Speak kindly to thy brother man,  
Help thou to bear his grief;  
Remember one kind word from thee  
May yield him much relief.  
Bear thou his burden—weep with him,  
And when he smiles, rejoice.  
Speak kindly—much of happiness  
Dwells in a kindly voice.

Be kind to all, be kind to all—  
To sisters, brothers, friends;  
Much, much of thine own happiness  
On kindness depends.  
We are like kindred blossoms, wreathed  
Around our parent stem;  
Our Father is so kind to us,  
Let us be kind to them.

 **BUFFALO SONS.**—There are five Divisions of the Sons of Temperance here numbering about one thousand; the meetings are fully attended, and during the past winter an unusual degree of interest in the cause has been evinced.—*N. Y. Organ.*