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H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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The New Orleans Millionaires.

HINTS TO THE LIVING.
Another of the old and wealthy citizens of New Orleans is gone—Cornelius Paulding, who was quite as well known, and in his habits, his notions, and his wealth, much resembled the late John M'Donogh and Joseph Fowler. They were all bachelors, with numerous connections in other States, but living here alone, cheerless, yet apparently content; having no bodily relish for the good things of this world, stinting their tables to the point of starvation, wearing their clothes to the threads, and doubtless would have been as happy as most folks but for the lashing and torturing of the demon of avarice, which had fastened its fangs upon their heart-strings, and tugged at them constantly.

One of these three men, Joseph Fowler, was a cold, selfish, cynical, vulgar man, without a scintilla of soul, who lived for himself alone, thinking neither of his suffering kindred in this world, nor of God and eternity. He was the slave of the shabby dollar all his life, and died, at last, without having the courage to make a will, or the grace to make, by public charities, some expiation for the selfishness of his life. His relations, who vainly in his life time, implored the crumbs that "fell from the rich man's table," will now, it is hoped, receive and enjoy the magnificent estate which he accumulated by extortion, and coined out of tears and destitution.

John M'Donogh for many years affected a sanctimonious air and cant, and in all his acts professed to have in view "the glory of God." His life was a suspicious commentary on these professions. Mr. Peters has indeed made a posthumous parade of his having made a donation to a public library, but it is well known that the portals of his heart were hermetically closed to the appeals of humanity. He had but two passions—notoriety and accumulation. These he pursued, through a long and niggardly and sinful life, and these he exhibited in his will. He clutched at his bonds and titles and money bags in his dying moments, and by a will, both silly and intricate, and fruitful of fraud and controversy—a mirror of his character—he sought to control and administer them after his death. He cut his neglected relations off with a shilling, and bequeathed the enormous aggregate of seventy years of avarice and cunning to communities that will never plant a flower on his grave, or moisten it with a tear.

Cornelius Paulding was a better man than either of these. He was frigid, penurious, and exacting; but he sometimes gave, and gave freely. For many years he had been a member of the Baptist church, and at various periods, after he removed to New Orleans, he provided a place of worship for his brethren, and tendered his house as a residence for the minister. Several clergymen came to reside with him, but notwithstanding their habits of self denial, he starved them all out. Nor did the church thrive any better under his auspices. The church government of the Baptists is a pure democracy. All the power resides in the members, and even the old prejudice that excludes women from a participation in government, is not recognized. All are equals, and the minister in that church, out of the pulpit, has no more power than one of his flock. This form of government was not adapted to the disposition of Mr. Paulding. He was arbitrary and dictatorial; and the result was, that the Baptists of this city, though few in number, and poor, preferred to worship in obscure places, rather than to occupy the splendid church which he sometimes proposed to erect for them.

Mr. Paulding lived long enough to learn a useful lesson from the death of John M'Donogh. He read the commentaries of the press upon his unnatural, selfish, and litigious will. He has wisely bequeathed the bulk of his estate to his impoverished relations; has made generous donations to the Orphan Asylum and public schools; and, we rejoice to see, appropriated \$30,000 for the Baptists of this city.—*New Orleans Courier.*

An unkind word from one beloved, often draws blood from a heart, which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

The Fulton Republican

Is the title of a journal published at Columbus, in the new county of Fulton, Penn. J. MURPHY, Esq., was the original Editor; but, about a month since, he was struck with a paralytic affection, which has resulted in sudden and complete blindness. The following names were composed by Mr. Murphy after his misfortune had occurred, and under the circumstances, passed despatched.

Fair, lovely earth! shall I no more behold thee clad in robes of green? Shall not those eyes trace landscape o'er That they in bygone days have seen? Thy fertile plains, thy woody yet A. Thy rivers and thy mountains high, Thy ocean with their myriad sails— All now to me in darkness lie.

Shall yonder Sun's resplendent light Fall on the diamond dew of morn? And deck each vale with radiant light, And every blade of grass adorned— And shall it pour its golden rays— Deep into every gleamy stream, When sports the trout the live-long day— And I not see its brilliant beams?

When Mowsey turns to childhood's hour, And Fancy paints its scenes anew— When every brook and every flower Shines, familiar to the view— And when the haunts where oft I stray'd, In safety reach life's distant coast— Appear, with all their sun and shade, I think, shall I ne'er see them more?

O what a life, 'tween when we're blind, With sight, and health, and use of limb! To be a dreary day, at best, To wander oft in vain, To see their bark right onward, but are lost: Then how shall mine, in darkness drear, In safety reach life's distant coast?

But why despair? Can He who took, Not render back the sight anew? Can He not open out the book Of Nature's lessons to my view? And should He not, 'tis His to know Why life withheld the light he gave; His purpose may be but to show A light to lead beyond the grave.

Effects of War.
It is stated in the foreign papers, that the census of Croatia, Slavonia, Banat, and Transylvania, recently taken, show that there are in those provinces twenty-five thousand widows, the result of the Hungarian war. Such facts as these are eloquent; and should be known and circulated by every lover of peace. Millions of men have fallen since war began—millions and tens of millions. Caesar sacrificed at least two millions, and Napoleon, directly and indirectly, as many.

The dead are not all. There are the disabled physically, who remain a tax upon their country or their friends. And there are the disabled morally, whose war-tuition unfits them for the arts and purposes of peace. And there are the destitute widows and orphan children, who, if not in all cases absolutely dependent upon society by the death of the heads of households, are less productive to the state, and less useful to the race, than they would be under the culture and direction of their natural protectors. Confusion in commerce, hindrance to the progress of the arts, impeded education, or false education, indifference to suffering, national exclusiveness and hereditary enmity—such are a few only of the evils which follow war, righteous or unrighteous, successful or unsuccessful. In case where war must be, it is only the choice between evils; and we rejoice in the belief that, under the direction of Providence, the purposes for which wars and fighting have been permitted, are so nearly accomplished that their occurrence will become more and more rare, until "wars cease in all the earth."

The expense of war appears a sordid part of the calculation of its evils; but even this should not be forgotten in the account. In our own case, for instance, what millions of money have been consumed in the late war with Mexico! And the account is not yet closed; for, by acts of Congress, so much of the public domain has been given to the soldiers and soldiers' widows, that we do not undertake to compute the amount of acres, or the money value of them. Justice to claimants under the wars of preceding years, respects their account, and increases the vast aggregate. We do not speak as objecting to these grants. Men who peril their lives should receive the semblance of payment—though no payment can be really adequate. And their representatives, when the soldiers have left the world, are entitled to compensation. That these appropriations—that pensions, gratuities, and land grants are among the just and necessary consequences of war, does not weaken our argument, but rather enforces it.

Our policy, as a nation, is peace. In peace, education, industry, frugality, religion, the true elements of national glory and happiness, are best cultivated. The notion that, to preserve independence, our youth must be trained as bull-dogs, and be "sudden and quick in quarrel"—an old time figment, preserved at second and third hand from the Spartans, Goths, Huns, the banditti founders of Rome, and other savages—is giving way before common sense. We are a new nation, living in a new world, and must teach our race better things than this, by precept and example. The war-spirit needs no culture, but is found sufficiently abundant whenever opportunity occurs for its development, as experience testifies.—*Author's Gazette.*

SECTARIANISM.—Little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your neighbor, because he has eggs roasted when you have yours boiled.

The Crocodile Battery.

[The East Indies was the scene of the following interesting but terrible triumph of scientific knowledge. "Nulla" is the name applied to a small river: "Mugger" a crocodile: Sidhoo, was a native servant who had been devoured by a crocodile.]

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water, with their bellies upmost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces we would at all events give him a shock that would render him motionless. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharges its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained, for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and to one of these the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided, took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across, from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and, as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that, if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across, in a zig-zag direction, down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could, and paying out the cord from the reel when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual, he came to a standstill. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him; until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them, and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell—I groaned with disappointment. Presently, my brother came along with them, and brought the battery to my feet, a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but, with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Everything being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I length got hold of the wire. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning that would shatter his scaly bulk to pieces.

Everything being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete!

We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was however, sadly dampened about a week afterwards, when we received the mortifying announcement that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course, it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive; so we were not long in preparing a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was therefore carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beds, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whisky. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream as before; but having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Mill laid down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down, under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive, and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotum—a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contrivance, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, their stool still under the high bank on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labor we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for, as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving, so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires; in another instant, the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's door sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock, then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank, but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighborhood again.

FOREBODINGS.

"Neither be ye of doubtful mind."
BY "NABE BUREAU."

There is sorrow in thy spirit, and a cloud upon my brow, And beneath some fearful influence I low in sadness bow, But, strange to tell, the reason I can not well define, For no newer source of trouble is open to me or mine.

The sun is shining clearly, the air is bland and still, And birds are singing sweetly from the forest and the hill, And blossoms, bright and fragrant, are blowing by the way, [Breathing melody.] While there cometh gentle music from the streamer's side.

Yet upon my drooping spirit hangs now a gloomy pall, And in strange funeral measure those waiting vales fall; And I care not for the flowers—their bloom is sought to me, And as breathing, noxious vapor, the perfume comes to me.

To all of nature's beauty, my mental eye is dim, And her music sounds to me some mournful requiem; 'Tis strange to be so senseless to sweet harmony— That bloom and glorious sunshine should have no charm for me.

I have seen more dreary hours, and the past has brought to me, A heavier cloud of trouble than my heart just now can And I know not at the present why I have come to this [Appear.] End of what dark genius these mysterious shades

It may be, from the future this fearful gloom is sped— The cloud foretelling tempests that will burst upon my head; It may be, 'tis the result of crimes that are sounding in my ear, And the music of the thunder from a storm cloud coming near.

It may be that I, unfaithful, now bow in deep despair, From a fear to trust my future to his guardianship and care, Who ever kindly careth for each creature of his hand, And has spread this life and gladsome over all the smiling land;

Then I would with earnest spirit lift my eye to Him above, And rely with humble confidence upon a Father's love; And my soul would dispel all doubting, to know that he will be Through this sin, uncertain future, a friend and guide to me. [Christian Observer.]

Interesting Original Letter.

GENERAL WAYNE'S OPINION OF ARNOOLD.

[The Philadelphia Sun publishes the following original letter, written by Gen. Anthony Wayne, to a gentleman of that vicinity, which will be read with interest, as containing the opinion of one of the bravest of our revolutionary officers upon the treachery and previous character of Benedict Arnold.]

HAVERSTRAW, near Stony Point, }
1st October, 1780. }

MY DEAR SIR: Will you do me the justice to believe, that neither want of affection or inclination, but a thousand other intervening circumstances have prevented me from writing sooner? Indeed, my dear sir, we have hitherto had but a very disagreeable campaign—what with private feuds and public misfortunes, I am almost distracted and worn down. Just as I had effected a temporary reconciliation among the officers of this line, to measures which had wounded their feelings, and beginning to feel a little happy, the perfidy of Gen. Arnold has opened a new field for anxiety of mind, and distrust of some others, both in the cabinet and the field.

I can't say that I was much shocked on the occasion. I had long known the man; as early as 1776 he produced a conviction to me that honor and true virtue were strangers to his soul—and however contradictory it may appear, he did not possess either fortitude or personal courage. He was naturally a coward, and never went into danger but when stimulated by liquor, even to intoxication, consequently not capable of conducting any command committed to his charge. But however that may be, had he succeeded in the dark affair, Charleston and the other recent military checks we have experienced in South Carolina, would be trifles to the loss of West Point and its dependencies— for by possessing that pass, the enemy would effectually separate the Northern and Middle States, and prevent any possible communication short of Half-Moon, situated 12 miles north of Albany. By this means they might direct their whole force to any point without being in danger of a junction of the forces of these States to molest them in their operation.

The storm was to have taken place last Tuesday night or the next morning. The garrison of West Point was so detached and the work so wretchedly manned and provided, that the whole must have been carried in twenty minutes. His Excellency, fortunately—very fortunately—arrived at that place about half an hour before the treachery was discovered—but Arnold made his escape in a boat and proceeded down the river as a flag, and got on board the Vulture sloop-of-war. The General expecting that as the enemy was embarked and everything in perfect readiness for the enterprise, Sir Henry Clinton would (notwithstanding the discovery,) attempt to carry the works by assault, well knowing the debilitated state of the garrison, and the proper points of attack, and that our army was not within supporting distance—he therefore dispatched an express at 7 o'clock that evening, which reached us by 12 at night, directing Gen. Greene to order the Pennsylvania Line to proceed with all possible dispatch under my command, and endeavor if possible to get possession of the defiles leading from Stony to West Point. We immediately marched, leaving our camp standing, and by sunrise passed that pass, being upwards of sixteen miles in four hours, performed in the night, without a single man being left behind.

Here we yet remain, waiting for Sir Harry's motions—but knowing our position, he will not be hardy enough to persevere in an enterprise (although a favorable one) that would be the price of much blood. I shall not commit myself to the fortifications, but will decide the fate of the day at the point of the bayonet in the gorges of the defiles, thro' which the enemy must pass before they reach the works.

My kindest wishes to sister Sally and her little people—present my best respects to mother Fenrose, and believe me yours, most affectionately, ANTY. WAYNE.

The Farmer.

From the Sullivan County Democrat.

Plank Roads.

In this age of discoveries, it is wonderful that the plank road should have remained so long unknown. Every farmer knew, that on his barn floor, a span of horses would draw many times as much as on the bare ground; yet, until within a very few years ago, no one thought of applying this knowledge to the construction of roads. The application was first made in Canada, but has been most extensive and successful in the State of New York, where more than 2000 miles of plank roads have been commenced within four years past, and in good measure completed.

Experience—the surest of all witnesses—has now fully established, that plank roads are the readiest means of opening the resources of a country—of introducing improvements of every kind—of raising the value of lands—of diffusing general prosperity and wealth. They have been called the "Farmer's Railroad;" and in fact they are absolutely necessary to the perfection of the rail-road system, carrying its benefits to every man's neighborhood, often to his very door. The rail-road, unassisted by his humble plank auxiliary, is but a mutilated trunk without leaves and branches to collect and diffuse fruitful circulation.

That such is the case, that plank roads are what we represent, a brief consideration of their character and advantages, will satisfactorily demonstrate.

The prosperity of every neighborhood, the increase of its comforts and its wealth, depend on facility of intercourse with good markets. The money value of lands springs from the same cause. In the neighborhood of cities, lands of the poorest quality command high prices; while at a distance, without means of easy transportation the best lands are almost given away. The expense of transporting surplus products creates the difference. In proportion as that expense is diminished, the difference ceases. If the lumber and grain of Sullivan county, for instance, could be carried to Philadelphia entirely freight free, our lands would be worth almost as much as those around the city; if for a freight very moderate in comparison with the value of our products, similar results in an inferior degree would follow.

This principle is illustrated by the rise of lands along the line of our State improvements, which in many cases approach the value of farm lands in Philadelphia county. Near Lewisburg, for instance, in Union county, land sells at \$125 the acre; actually higher than the land in Chester or Montgomery, which, being remote from public works, and not nearer than twenty miles of the city, are for purposes of transportation virtually further from the city than the Buffalo Valley lands.

Now let us apply these common place principles to the case of plank roads. The first question is, the gain in the means of transportation—the diminished costs at which the products of the farm and forest may be carried to market. If one half the cost be saved, the land will be doubled in value; if two-thirds the cost, even the most incredulous can have but one opinion. On these points we will cite a work before us, "Kingsford on Plank Roads," where we find many interesting facts collected from the experience of the New York roads.

"Experiment has determined the load which a horse is capable of drawing on a plank road to be so weighty, that one almost hesitates to set it down, for fear of being accused of exaggeration. On the Salina & Central road, a few weeks back, for a wagger, a pair of horses brought iron, without any extraordinary strain, six tons of iron from Beverton, a distance of twelve miles to Syracuse. One and a half cords of green beech is a common load, which is equivalent to 90 cwt., or 4 1-2 tons. There is so little resistance on a properly constructed plank road, that an average team can travel with this load, from thirty to thirty-five miles day after day, at an average rate of from three to four miles an hour. Indeed the farmer does not seem to make any calculation of the weight taken. He loads the wagon as best he can, the only care being not to exceed the load it will carry; whether the horse will draw the load, not being a consideration. The Rome & Turin road passes through a dairy country. Formerly farmers brought 1500 lbs. to the canal, and took two days to go and return. Now they cart from 40 to 50 cwt., and go and return the same day. A farm ten miles off the city is almost as near as one only a mile from it; the surplus being by calculation convertible into time."

One other extract will suffice at present: "Through plank roads, the farmer has what he never had before—a good road every day in the year—the same at all seasons. Formerly, the spring and fall were periods when all avenues to the neighboring cities were closed to him. On the plank road he can select for his journeys days when he can not work on his farm, taking with greater ease, in half the time, three times what he formerly could carry. The

wear and tear to his horse, harness, and vehicle is reduced at least one half. The tolls not only pay for themselves in this saving, but even leave a surplus in the pocket of the farmer, which would otherwise have been spent on repairs. Horse shoes last twice the time. Instead of frequent new shoes, it is only necessary to have the old ones periodically removed. Even the labor of cleaning horses, counts something; one farmer assuring the writer that in very muddy weather he would sooner pay tolls than have to rub down his horses in the state they used to be after travel on the old road."

Are the statements given in these extracts, true? If true, all the advantages of plank roads will be more than realized. Of the truth there can be no doubt; they have been published far and wide without contradiction. The people of New York—on the spot—with every means of examination, give practical proofs of their benefit, by constructing numerous plank roads every where.

If the statements are true, the application is obvious. On a plank road—taking the whole year around—a team can draw, at the lowest calculation, three times as much in the same time, as it can on the best roads we now have, and five times as much as on some of our roads. With a plank road, a farmer or a lumberman can haul as much in two days as he now can in a whole week, and thus gain, out of every week, half four days, while the farmer has this advantage, too—a very great one—that on days too wet to plough, he can use his horses profitably on the road. Plank roads are certainly the most wonderful labor-saving machinery which modern skill has invented for the benefit of the farmer, who has hitherto had but little of the benefits of improved machinery—his threshing machine being almost his only modern advance in labor-saving power.

Our article is already so extended, that we can not finish the subject. We shall next make a few calculations for the farmers and lumbermen, and show them in dollars and cents the advantages of plank roads to every man who owns a farm or a mill, or a tract of land, near their route. Afterwards, we shall explain the mode of constructing them on the simplest and cheapest plans. J.

Exhibition of the State Agricultural Society.

The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, has fixed upon Harrisburg as the place for holding the first Fair of the Society, and as we have before stated, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th days of October, as the time of the exhibition. The applicants for the Fair, were Lancaster and Harrisburg, and the decision rested upon the amount of money which they could respectively contribute toward the erection of the buildings and other necessary expenses of the exhibition. In addition to the sum of \$2000 voted by the Legislature, \$2000 more was required. Toward this sum Lancaster raised only \$600, while Harrisburg subscribed \$1600 and guaranteed to raise \$100 more. This being the case, the committee of course had but one duty to perform, which we learn was a pleasant one, in according to the seat of Government the first Fair of the State Society—a society that the Legislature had promptly incorporated and cordially welcomed by a liberal appropriation.

The time and place being now definitely agreed upon, it is to be expected that the farmers of the Commonwealth will make their arrangements to sustain the exhibition in a manner which will do no discredit to the State, or to the degree of proficiency to which they have brought their pursuit. Pennsylvania has the material to produce as successful and gratifying an exhibition as any other State in the Union. It is true she wants a little practice, and this may not be accomplished until one or two annual shows have taken place; but accomplished it will be.

CORN SOWN FOR FODDER.—Who has tried sweet corn for this purpose? Our own experiments have been limited; but for much oats we believe it is preferable to other kinds of fodder, as it may be sown thickly by using a full dose of special manure, and as, too thickly sown to form cars, the stalks will contain a large quantity of saccharine matter, and may be sown frequently so as to keep a continuous supply during the whole summer and fall months.—*Prof. Meigs.*

OLD TREE.—The New York Commercial Advertiser gives an account of a pear tree, now in blossom in that city, which was planted by Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, two hundred years ago. Its fruit has been eaten by several generations now passed away. "Plant a tree," then.

Put salt water on your cattle often after turning them to grass. The change from dry feed to green, succulent matter, demands this. Ashes mixed with salt should be given to sheep—charcoal and salt to swine. [See Home Journal.]