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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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the Post-office.
O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

TO THE FIRST ROSE OF SPRING.

A thousand welcomes to thee, lily rose—
With what redoubtful power dost thou bring
The cherisher, half forgotten days of yore,
Delightfully again before me. How rare,
And while thy fragrance does not round me cling,
Let fancy revel in youth's senses once more.
The gentle presence of a loving hand—
The silvery music of a maiden's voice—
The coy, yet burning, half reluctant kiss—
(O who its power persuasive can withstand?)
The walk—thy memory—how these rejoice
My heart. Such memories are brought by this.
Then welcome, thou first rose of earliest spring,
The dew of morn like gems upon thee lie,
And sparkle in the sunlight brightly;
The silent, those of nature seem to be,
Spreading thy blushing beauties to the sky,
While round thee, modest buds hang lovingly.
Soon will the sun unfold them with his rays
And by one, upon the parent stem,
Display their charms beneath an open sky;
With burning ardor will be on them gao,
His warming morning kiss will be to them:
Al most they'll drop, and by the evening die!
But not so thou! I'll bear thee hence, sweet rose—
I'll bear thee hence, and to the color fade,
And all my care shall be to preserve thy bloom:
But I will cherish thee, as do the gods,
I loved when young, and when thou art decayed,
A simple verse shall mark thy mortal end.
BROOKFIELD, Pa.

Death of Children.

With our present imperfect knowledge
of the art of life, and our disregard of the
laws of health, we are compelled to witness
the terrible fact that a large proportion of
all the mortality of our race, occurs with
children of a tender age. It is the buds and
blossoms that death tramples to dust, when
and if his shafts are aimed alike at the
they tell with greatest effect upon the lit-
tle ones. And if his blows fall thickest
and hardest upon the core of the family
circle—nearest the heart of the parent—
the wounds inflicted there are most deep
and lasting. There is in all this checkered
world, no sorrow like that of the parent
bereft of children. David of old said "I
am distressed for thee, my brother Jona-
than;" but over the dead body of his re-
bellious child, he cried, "would God I had
died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my
son!" Only those who have drunk this
cup can realize its bitterness. The sym-
pathy of friends, though grateful to the
object for which it is kindly intended. There
is no consolation to be derived from earth,
and the power of religion itself only en-
ables us to bear the wound which even it
can not heal. How many mothers there
are, whose thoughts under all the circum-
stances of their lives, are every moment
flying to the graves where sleep their little
ones. How many a father is there, who,
since he first rose from the dust in which
he was prostrated by the blow which struck
from his side a darling little son, has cov-
ered the bleeding wound from sight, and
whose very life depends upon hiding it
from himself and the world—who is obliged
with resolute nerve, to hold the grief that
would wrestle with his spirit at arm's
length, lest it should hourly prostrate him
in the dust—who must constantly drive
away from the windows of his soul, the
little pleading face which would come
back to commune with its earthly father;
must ever unclasp those little fingers from
the casement, that the too dearly loved
form may drop into the darkness without
or, must else turn and flee from himself,
and strive in the whirl of the outer world
to escape the haunting vision with which
he ever longs to commune, but dares not—
who prays and waits for the time to come
when he can bear an interview with the
little lost one, and yield himself up fully
to the sweet memories of the past, when
they lived and were happy together. How
many go about with smiling faces, and
plunge fiercely into excitements, while the
parental feeling is dammed up in their
bosoms, ready to overwhelm them with
agony. There are griefs, and this is one
of their mightiest, too deep for tears, too
heavy to bear, and from which we must
fly when possible—with which we must
struggle as best we may when they come
upon us in the lone watches of the night,
and for which our best consolation is, that
some time death will cure them, by bring-
ing us into the presence of those who have
"gone before."—*Yankee Blade.*
Idleness is emptiness; where it is, there
the doors are thrown open, and the devils
troop in.

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Jottings Down by the Way.
NO. II.
ATHENS, Pa., June 9, 1851.

A company of twenty-seven souls on and
in one of those elegant and commodious
structures which, preceded by two for-
lorn-looking mules, constituted the "train
of cars" which took us from all Williams-
port, afforded ample material for observa-
tion, opportunity for the "perfect work"
of patience, food for reflection, and occa-
sion for congratulation when the "ark"
accomplished its journey and landed its
crew safe at Ralston. In our case, a ma-
jority were of that nondescript species de-
nominated "Yankees," in Dutchman, and
of the sub-division "watermen." One of
these had a fiddle, which ever and anon
spoke in mingled tones of joy and sorrow,
according as the car advanced faster or
slower. Another had a little black bottle,
which he circulated as a "propellant" steam
power," whenever the "mule power" in
advance seemed to lack in spirit.

The completion of the projected improve-
ments on the North and West Branch with
the Plank Roads which will be soon found
leading to them down every considerable
valley, will render "Yankee watermen,"
creatures of history. A laborious, jovial
set of men, but generally "living from
hand to mouth," and taking their "largest
liberty" (once or twice a year) when they
"go down the river"—an era as important
to them as ever was "battalion day" in
old Berks—the change will be of no dis-
advantage, either in a moral or pecuniary
point of view. I have mingled with them
in their homes, and in their scenes of
labor, and can bear testimony to the general
intelligence, honesty, and hospitality of
even the roughest in appearance; at the
same time, I have always condemned their
excesses, and in too many cases their crimes,
which have rendered them odious to the
more sober, unchanging citizens of Central
Pennsylvania. Many of these watermen,
both "Pennamites" and "Yorkers," are
unexceptionable in their deportment abroad
as well as at home, while others, with the
swaggering, silly air of rowdies in our
towns, affect a character which belongs not
to attract notoriety, and to keep up a repu-
tation more allowable in the past than at
the present.

Our company complained most of all on
this trip, that the bread of the Dutch was
miserable batches of dough, harrier to pass
their stomachs than their money was to
pass inspection—that they had hardly seen
a christian-looking potato in their "tower,"
but had been "nauseated" death at every
"tavern" by cabbage and sausages in
"some outlandish form or other"—that
they could get no hams, or any smoked
meat excepting flabby, fat fitch, or as they
called it "fitch," which we had to boil in
confish to get it fresh enough to worry
down." In short, they declared they never
gave worse money than the grub they got,
(a hint which I give gratis to our inn-keep-
ers.) Their sorrows were all forgotten, how-
ever, and they revenged themselves for
past aggravations, on reaching the first
public house in Bradford county, (Kings-
bury's, Canton Corners,) where in addition
to coffee and steak, potato after potato
disappeared from the table in rapid suc-
cession, and "more" were called for—
where the bread was pronounced both pal-
atable and passable in deeds more poten-
tial and indicative than words—and where
one large, fleshy, juicy, sweet, fresh, cod-
fish, (brought by the N. Y. & Erie Rail-
road, here 35 miles distant) only three days
from the ocean, was by acclamation voted
worth all the tiny, bony, "nothin' else"
staple of Trout Run, Ralston, and inter-
mediate cities.

Taking up a newspaper at one of our
stopping places, I copied the following
scraps, worthy of attention by farmers:
"Mr. Jacob Loop states, through the
Genesee Farmer, that he formerly sowed
unripe seed-wheat, and always had mud.
Latterly, he lets his wheat for seed stand
till it gets fully ripe, and has no smut."
Such was the practice of our older farmers
generally.
—Canton, Troy, Springfield, and Smith-
field, in Bradford, are all growing, and
that, too, rapidly, (for country communi-
ties.) This county of nearly 50,000 in-
habitants, is by the Erie Railroad now wed-
ded to New York City in all its com-
mercial and social interests. The money
obtained "below," for millions and mil-
lions of lumber from this range of coun-
ties, is expended for goods in New York.
The travel formerly verging towards Phil-
adelphia, now trends northward. Northern
and Eastern small notes circulate here, in
perfect defiance of the laws of the Key-
stone State. I know one mercantile es-
tablishment, which has sprung up in three
or four years, and now sells goods to the
amount of \$20,000 per year; and others
sell from \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year, all
of which have bid good-bye to Philadel-
phia except in selling them lumber, and

occasionally honoring their "old friends,"

with a visit, via New York.
—The Williamsport & Elmira Railroad
may somewhat change this state of things,
so unnatural both geographically and po-
litically, (for, with proper facilities, trade
and travel would go Southerly.) The
Trojans seem to care but little whether the
Road goes through their Borough; and it
is thought by many its best course would
be from the Lycoming down the Towanda
creek, (which head near together,) thence
up the Susquehanna, 15 miles to Athens
or "Tinga Point," striking the Erie Road
on the State Line, at Waverly or "Fac-
toryville," 18 miles near New York than
at Elmira, and by a road 8 miles fur-
ther than through Troy to Elmira. Mr.
Gouder has been at Towanda and Athens,
examining the route, and I understand a
grant was obtained from the last Legisla-
ture, permitting the change. Elmira of
course would object to any new terminus,
but can not prevent it if the Company
deem it advisable.

"Our cares are all today; our joys are all today;
And in a word, our life, what is it but today?"
There is some philosophy in the above
couplet, which I found in the hand-writing
of a youth, written after hearing a dis-
course on the reality of our being—the
futility of borrowing trouble of the morrow.
"Time is the way of life—O tell
The young, the wise, what is it but today!"
—That is an admirable taste which has
led to a change in the colors used for pre-
serving and beautifying buildings in the
country, and in the change of forms in
dwellings. One storey residences are more
comfortable and not more costly than two
and three storey buildings, where land is
not worth its surface in gold. Glaring
white and tawdry red give place to gentler
hues, which are more pleasing to the eye,
and better harmonize with the livery of
nature, whether in its richest bloom or "in
sober russet clad." There is also much
more convenience and elegance in the con-
struction and furnishing of dwellings,
(and room for more, of both improvements
and dwellings) in the weary "overland
journey" from Williamsport to Athens.

Farming lands, even 10 and 16 miles
back from the Erie Road, find themselves
since the construction of that improvement.
The best farms are worth not more than
\$30 or \$35 per acre, now; yet there North-
western counties may, not many years hence,
rival the Southern counties, just as some
of the "hill towns" here, which 40 or 50
years since were held as worthless, are
now equal to those so much valued for
their river flats. Grass grows here, spon-
taneously and luxuriantly, furnishing ma-
terial for cheese and butter in abundance;
fruit can be raised easily; and the com-
pletion of the Canal will furnish more of
your lime, to aid the various means for
augmenting wheat and other crops.

Indeed, the capacity of our whole coun-
try for improvement in agriculture, is un-
known. Horace Greeley writes that in
England, farming lands sell from \$300 to
\$500 per acre, even when one-tenth the
income is forfeited to a forced priesthood,
and under other taxes which an American
would think absolutely insupportable.—
There is as good if not better land in Amer-
ica, than in England; and under as close
and wise culture, and with the markets
we may make for ourselves, who can cal-
culate the advance of our country in agri-
cultural improvement?
INCOG.

Singular Bible Prophecy, Bearing upon Mormonism.

The seventeenth chapter of Jeremiah,
fifth and sixth verses, reads as follows:
"Thus saith the Lord, cursed be the man
that trusteth in man, and maketh
flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth
from the Lord.
"For he shall be like the beast in the
desert, and shall not see when good com-
eth, but shall inhabit the parched places
in the wilderness, in a salt land, and not
inhabited."
The above verses have a remarkable
bearing, to say the least of them, upon
the great settlement of Mormonism at the
"Salt Lake." That country has always
been a "wilderness, in a salt land, and not
inhabited," until the followers of Joe
Smith, who "trusted in man, and made
flesh their arm of support," settled there
from their wanderings. The country, for
a great distance around the present abode
of these people, is encrusted with pure
salt, of sufficient thickness to bear the
weight of man; and the lake whereby they
abide is world-renowned for its saline qual-
ities. The declaration of the Old Testa-
ment prophet is literally verified in the
locality towards which Mormonism, both
of the Old and New World, is now rapidly
converging.—[Camden Democrat.

From the Pennsylvania.

THE REVILER REBUKED.

BY HON. E. T. CORNAN.

At the peace of Utrecht, the English Government
insisted on compensation from the Spanish Govern-
ment for having violated a contract which the Spanish Govern-
ment had established the unqualified and exclusive priv-
ilege to the British Government of importing slaves into
the West India colonies. That was not then repugnant
to public sentiment, but it is now. I allude to it to show
that the introduction of slavery into the Southern States,
is not to be visited upon the generation that achieved the
independence of this country.—Wassara.

ENGLAND: the proud and bright, the ever-gleaming Rome
Of every virtue—every vice the home;
Fierce and insulate as her subject sea;
The mock'd world's foe; and yet great, brave and free!
As drum to drum, or' lorded earth and sea
Soundly round the globeled world her realm;
So she to answering shock still dog her way,
Proclaiming England's crimes and England's way.
Thou busiest merchant in th' inhuman trade,
Who eadest up blood and gold from crushed hearts made,
Whose motto's—'Freedom and the Trade in Slaves!'
Rang through thy streets, and o'er thy walled city waves;
Who, in dark traffic, still secured the right,
Which o'er the Western world has cast a blight;
And brought thy freight of flesh, 'neath whip and chain,
To mark thy young love with the curse of Cain!
Thou canst not approach us—thou' with us thou
Canst taunt us with the wrongs which thou hast done—
Hast done, and would do, though thy victim's cry
Should raise the bolts of prison thy boom loud,
Till the trade ceased to yield the faint slave's wail,
Nor ceased thy hands to press the faint slave's vein,
Until his freedom added to thy gain.
Thou dar'st revile us: who, where India's sun
Shines, but not smiles, upon a realm undone,
Hast, woful, kept up blood, hast meddled at trust;
And built an empire on an empire's dust;
Go, look through history's crimes, and thou wilt see
That Rome, the Robber-den, was meek to thee.
Millions untold have fed thy lust and wrath,
And their wretched souls have paid thy debt of wrath;
And thou revilt us—black! another slave!
Rings o'er the earth and pale creation's cheek.
The China! calmest, meekest child of time;
Whose hundred centuries have watch'd—
And thou revilt us—black! another slave!
One spot where lust of rule thy power had lost,
Strung, yet never cut; strange to wrong or fear;
A land that never ead the world a tear!
Let us have done with thee, and where the robber band
Shine, but not smiles, upon a realm undone,
Hast, woful, kept up blood, hast meddled at trust;
And built an empire on an empire's dust;
Go, look through history's crimes, and thou wilt see
That Rome, the Robber-den, was meek to thee.
Millions untold have fed thy lust and wrath,
And their wretched souls have paid thy debt of wrath;
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One spot where lust of rule thy power had lost,
Strung, yet never cut; strange to wrong or fear;
A land that never ead the world a tear!

Extraordinary Escape.

The last Abingdon Virginian contains
the following account:
The children of Mr. George Hickman, a
gentleman of property, and the wife of one of
them, a boy about eight or ten
years of age, pushed his little brother,
about four years old, headlong over the
edge and down into the deep, dark pit be-
low. It was some time after the child
was missed, before any certain information
could be drawn from the others as to what
had become of him; and it was only by
threats of severe punishment, that finally
overcame their fear and extorted from
him who did the deed a confession of what
had happened. An effort was made imme-
diately to ascertain the situation of the
little fellow and afford him relief, if he
was not beyond its power. Ropes were
tied together with a stone attached to one
end, and an attempt was made to fathom
the depth beneath, but more than sixty
feet of rope were employed in vain, no bot-
tom could be reached. A lighted candle
was then let down, but its light gave no
hopeful indication except that the pit was
free of choke-damp, or impure air, as far
down as the candle descended. Night came
on and all further efforts had to be for the
time abandoned. On the next day further
attempts were made of the depth of the pit,
but with no better success. In des-
pair, the frantic parents were about to
give up all hopes of recovery or relieving
their little innocent, and preparations were
being made to close up the mouth of the
pit, to prevent a like occurrence in future,
when it was suggested and agreed upon
that another and a final effort should be
made by letting some individual down by
ropes to examine the nature of the abyss
and ascertain if there was any encourage-
ment for further efforts to be found below.
A brother of the lost child undertook
the fearful task. Cords were fastened
around his waist and limbs, and one to his
wrist, by which he might indicate to those
above his wishes either to descend or to be
drawn up. He was swung off and slowly
lowered, until having gone to the depth of
about 50 feet, he looked below him, and
there he shone through the thick darkness
two glistening eyes intently looking upward.
In another moment he was standing on a
shelf or angle in the shaft with the child
clashed to his bosom. He fastened the little
fellow securely to his own body, and bid-
ding him take the rope firmly in his hands,
the signal was given to draw up. The
child held convulsively to the rope, and in
a few minutes they rose within view of the
hundred anxious spectators, who had as-
sembled to witness the result; and when
the first glimpse of the little fellow alive
caught their eager gaze, screams and shouts
of joy from the excited multitude, filled
of joy, and nob tears of sympathy started
from the eyes of every beholder. After the
first paroxysms of delight had subsided, the
child was examined to see if it had sustain-
ed any injury, and extraordinary to tell,

with the exception of a little bruise on the

back of his head, it was perfectly sound
and unharmed. The only complaint that
it made was that it was hungry, being nearly
27 hours under the ground. To inquiries
made of it, it replied that it saw a light,
and heard it thunder. From the nature
of the pit, it appears that the little fellow
had fallen a perpendicular distance of 40
feet, upon a slope or bond in the shaft, and
from that place had slid down 20 feet
farther to the spot where he was found lean-
ing against a sort of pillar or wall, and
gazing upward. How he escaped in-
stant destruction is beyond all account.

THE CONDITION OF MEXICO—Rumors

of a revolution are rife in Mexico. The
Government seems to be at its wit's ends,
and Congress is no better off. After spend-
ing many months in a vain endeavor to
revise ways and "means for replenishing"
their exhausted exchequer, they now find
themselves in a worse condition than at
first. The only practicable measure, that
of removing the prohibitions," or restric-
tions which now paralyze the industry and
commerce of the country, has been set
aside. For some time the Chambers have
been engaged in discussing the expediency
of granting the President extraordinary
powers, so that he may be able to raise
funds in his own way, without any neces-
sity for recourse to Congress. This measure
at last passed the Senate, and was, at
the last accounts, still under discussion in
the Chamber of Deputies. A Committee
of that body had reported in favor of it,
and there is little doubt that it passed on
the last day of the session. This would
make Arista a virtual dictator, and will
open the door for the attempts of other as-
pirants. In fact, the country seems to be
in a very distracted condition, and rapidly
approaching a state of anarchy similar to
that which preceded the war with the United
States.

A SONG OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACCART.
A traveler through a dusty road,
Whose weary feet were sore,
To seek his home he sped,
The sun was low, the stars were dim,
The moon was in its place—
A lonely evening.
A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger sought a well,
It was weary more might there!
He walk'd it in, and hung with care
A little at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But thought that 'twould be his drink.
He passed again—and in the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!
A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas said, and yet 'twas new—
A simple plan of the brain,
But strong in being true.
He spoke upon a general mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life to many a rag-
ged wretch of woe.
The thought was small, the issue great—
A welfare on the hill,
It made its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.
A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the breast:
A whisper on the tumult throng—
It raised a brother from the earth,
It saved a soul from death.
O gems! O gems! O work of love!
O thought that random came!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

The Exemption Law—The Credit System.

In a suit in the court of common pleas
of Philadelphia county to recover property
sold by the sheriff, in alleged violation of
the provision of three hundred dollar ex-
emption law, Judge Parsons is represented
to have said that, "All the laws that had
been passed by the legislature for a num-
ber of years back, to protect a poor man
were a retrograde from civilization. For-
merly a poor man could get credit; now
he could get none. Nobody would trust
him."
With all due deference to the better
judgment of Judge Parsons, we think he
is wrong in his opinion of the effects of the
three hundred dollar law, and the law
abolishing imprisonment for debt (which
we suppose is included in the measures he
alludes to) upon the interests of the poor
man. We admit that there are cases in
which credit is desirable and necessary for
the poor man, and that there are also cases
in which he is deprived of it by the op-
eration of the laws in question, but as a
general rule, deprivation of credit is, in
our opinion, an advantage rather than an
injury to the poor man. "Man wants but
little here below," and none but those
who have tried it are aware of how little a
man can get along upon who limits his ex-
penditures to his actual wants. This the
poor man who has no credit is compelled
to do, and gets along, if not so comfortably
as he might upon a larger income, much
more independently, eye and in the end
more comfortably than he would do by
seeking to increase his income by the use
of his credit, but in reality only increasing
his wants and anticipating future earnings,
which when the time comes for their re-

ceipt and necessary expenditure, are al-

ready appropriated.
To the business man the credit system is
unquestionably beneficial, when used and
not abused as it too often is; but our own
experience is, that to the working man,
the day laborer, the journeyman mechanic,
to any one who works for day wages, it is
much more likely to prove injurious, and
that the less they have to do with it, the
better.
The very assertion (no doubt of its be-
ing a fact) that the enactment of the laws
abolishing imprisonment for debt and ex-
empting a limited amount of property, the
bare necessities of life, from execution
and sale, operates to prevent the poor man
from obtaining credit, should show him
the nature and operations of that credit,
and of the friendship of those who will
only credit him on such conditions.

We could not easily be persuaded to re-
gard that man as a friend, or as doing a
friendly act, who would allow us to pur-
chase from him on credit, articles either of
real or imaginary necessity with the de-
termination if we should be unable to pay
at the stipulated time, to raise the money
by stripping our home of its comforts,
taking the beds from under our wife and
children, and the bread from their mouths,
or, failing in this, to compel payment by
confining our body to a prison. Far from
it; but on the contrary, when the
means are used that often are used, to in-
duce men to contract debts, by the pur-
chase of articles that are not necessary, by
the assurance that "the seller don't want
money," relying upon the strong arm of
the law to enforce payment when he does
want it, we look upon the seducer as the
poor man's worst enemy, and the laws that
aid him in the enforcement of his claims
as relics of barbarism, that should not be
suffered to disgrace the statute books of a
free people. "Owe no man anything" was
the wise injunction of the great apostle,
and well would it be if all who acknowl-
edge its inspired source would obey the
precept.

For the working man the cash system
is the best, the only safe system, and it
would be well if those who profess so much
zeal for the poor man, and who are ready
to give him credit, would derive their credit
instead of plundering him of half his earn-
ings by means of orders, trade prices,
semi-occasional payments, and the other
machinery of the credit system. Cash
payments and sound currency will conduce
more than anything else to the comfort,
prosperity and independence of the work-
ing classes. Paid for their labor in cash
they will purchase what they want, and
only what they want, upon the best terms,
if paid in a sound currency, which they
can lay by with an assurance that it will
not depreciate or become worthless in a
day, a month, or a year.
A shipmaster's currency has the same
effect in leading the poor man to dissipate
his earnings that the credit system has;
in the one case he is induced by the desire
of possession, which he is tempted by the
cupidity of the vender to gratify, to anti-
cipate his earnings, and for the possession
of that which he does not really need, de-
prive himself at a future day of the ability
to procure that for want of which himself
and family must suffer privation; and in
the other case he purchases an unnecessary
article, that he may have some value for
that which he fears will prove valueless
before he has occasion to spend it neces-
sarily.

The legislature of Michigan, we believe,
have abolished all laws for the collection
of debts, and we are of the opinion that
they have done wisely. The great blessing
of the credit system is the impetus it gives
to business, the facilities it affords for in-
creased production, and over production
appears to be the very "error of the times,"
the fruitful cause of all the evils that op-
press labor and impoverish capital. If the
effect is really so injurious, the cause can
not be beneficial. We do not believe that
the rapid increase of the comforts and nec-
essaries of life is necessarily an evil; the
evil lies only in their imperfect distribu-
tion; but we do believe that the desire for
gain, the disposition to expand all kind of
business operations, to multiply factories,
furnaces, forges, and even farms, needs
no artificial or legislative stimulus, but
that the interests of all concerned would
be ultimately enhanced by occasionally
putting on the break, as the action of the
legislature of Michigan will most assuredly
do.—[Harrisburg Keystone.

Though sometimes, small evils, like in-
visible insects, inflict pains, and a single
hair may stop a vast machine, yet the
chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering
trifles to vex one, and in prudently culti-
vating an under-growth of small pleasures
since very few great ones, alas! are let on
long leases.
Disinterestedness is the very soul of
virtue.

The Farmer.

From the Pennsylvania Farm Journal.
On Deep Plowing.

Mr. Editor:—The business of farming
differs materially from other pursuits in
that it confines one more to his home, and
his own broad acres, and allows less leisure
to travel and collect from the practice of
others hints for his own management, than
the merchant manufacturer, or even me-
chanic. This disadvantage can only be
remedied in one way, by the circulation
of agricultural periodicals like the "Farm
Journal," which, in fact, are nothing more
than the practice and science of good farm-
ing recorded in a book, certainly not the
less valuable on that account; and thus
reaching many a corner of the land other-
wise inaccessible. The fatal prejudice
against book farming, which is only ob-
servations on culture printed instead of
spoken, has, in a great measure, passed
away, and our practical farmers now find
their true interests to consist not only in
reading agricultural journals, but in writ-
ing for them.

Among other innovations on old systems
brought about in this way, the heading of
this article is one. I have somewhere
seen the observation that there is some ex-
cuse for the yearly renter of a farm to
plough shallow, but none for the owner of
the soil. The one wants to get all he can,
even at the expense of the land, the latter
permanently to improve, while cropping it.
I doubt whether it is to the advantage of
either renter or owner to plough shallow.

In the spring of 1844, I broke up a stiff
sod for corn, with a heavy plough, (Pro-
sty's 5 1/2) drawn by two yoke of oxen, to the
depth of nearly eighteen inches. I then fol-
lowed immediately behind with a subsoil
plough, which stirred up the subsoil to the
depth of six or seven inches more. After
the ploughing and harrowing were finished,
a stick could be pushed down in nearly
every part of it, to the depth of fourteen or
fifteen inches of loose earth. It was well
ploughed and the experiment was a suc-
cess. We may remember that that sum-
mer was a very dry one. Not only were
our pasture fields bare and bare, but
England in the fall. I have seen the
I was told it had been a common remark
of the neighbors and passers-by, how great
and luxuriant it continued through the
season, compared with others around it.
This was an instance of the benefit of deep
ploughing in a dry season, and I hold it
would have been equally perceptible in a
very wet one. The depth of soil, would
have allowed the superabundant moisture
to pass off, and thus relieve the roots of
growing crops. In wet or dry seasons, in
rich or poor land, I contend for deep plow-
ing. To be sure, in an exhausted soil,
or in a naturally deficient one, very deep
ploughing is not to be at once adopted,
but the system is correct, each year to go
a little deeper.

It is surprising to see the practice of
many farmers, working for years, plough-
ing, manuring, and planting but four or
five inches deep, fearful of touching the
hard yellow substratum. Ask the ques-
tion, and it will be admitted, that if there
was twelve inches of depth as rich as four
inches, it would be a fine thing; but how
to accomplish this, unless by plowing and
turning it up to the influence of the at-
mosphere, would be difficult to answer.
The larger the source from whence grow-
ing crops derive their nutriment, of course
the larger the crop. A given amount of
surface representing ten inches deep of
good soil, of course supplies more food to
plants, than the same amount of surface
only four inches deep. A far is
often expressed of burying out of reach by
deep plowing, the shallow surface soil, but
the advantage of turning up the hard sub-
stratum to the influence of the sun and
air and atmospheric gases, and its consequent
speedy deterioration, is lost sight of.
Deep and thorough ploughing, through
pulverization of the particles of soil, allow-
ing of the free admission of air between
them, coupled with the use of plaster and
lime on the surface, and repeated harrow-
ings or stirrings, will soon render productive
and profitable a subsoil hitherto valueless,
and thus greatly augment the supplies and
sources of food for plants.

PAPER CARPETS.

West Chester Pa., 5th mo. 6, 1851.
SINGULAR FARM OF NATURE.—The
Fairfax (Va.) News states, on the prem-
ises of Mr. Cyrus Burson, 6 1/2 miles from Al-
exandria, two fowls, truly "half chickens
and half turkeys," have been hatched from
the eggs of a turkey.
PAPER CARPETS.—The Cincinnati Non-
pareil says that a Mr. L. Howard has dis-
covered a process by which carpets can be
prepared from ordinary wall paper, placed
upon canvases and varnished, which, it says,
are neat and durable, and which can be
afforded at such low prices that we think
they will come into extensive use.