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Hymn for a Sunday School Excursion.

BY REV. GEO. B. IDE, D. D.
Away, old care and sorrow!
Here is no place for you;
Let labor come to-morrow—
This day to joy is due.
Bright youth and rosy childhood,
With joyful hearts now meet,
All in the fragrant wild-wood,
For song and pasture sweet.
Green wave the broad oaks o'er us,
Fresh blooms the sward around,
And silver streams before us,
Glide on with merry sound.
Each plant and flower rejoices,
The wild birds tune their lay,
And call us, with glad voices,
To be as free as they.
On mossy rocks reclining,
In glen, or dingle deep,
We'll watch the sun-beam shining,
Where shaded waters sleep;
Or, bill and valley ranging,
With eager step and light,
Behold their beauties changing,
Dream-like, upon the sight.
O Thou! whose glory liveth
In earth, and sea, and skies,
Whose word all powers of growth
Their role of sparkling dyes—
With grateful adoration,
We lift our thoughts to Thee,
In all this fair creation,
May we thy goodness see.
Yet, Father! rich as boweth
Thy love where'er we look,
More bright and pure it gloweth
Within thy Holy Book;
May we, that love embracing,
On earth its promises tell;
Then, all its wonders tracing,
In heaven for ever dwell.
(Psalm, Christian Chronicle.)

Washington, July 4, 1851.

Mr. Editor: When I left you under the promise of sending you a few notes by the way, I perhaps should have fulfilled my promise by writing to you before this, but the old adage "It's never too late to do good" may perhaps apply here, using the "good" or "bad" as the readers of your excellent paper may see fit to apply it.
After reaching the cars of the Pennsylvania Rail Road at the Junction, we were whirled over that most excellent road, through one of the most beautiful landscapes to be found in any clime, and in forty minutes were set down in Harrisburg.
The rail road bridge five miles above Harrisburg is a paragon of its kind, and to appreciate it and the beautiful view from its top, it must be seen; a description would fall short of the reality.
As business and pleasure kept me sometime at Harrisburg, I shall briefly note some of its manufactures, &c. It is known to all, that this place is situated in the very centre and garden of the great Cumberland Valley that, commencing at the Delaware, and indeed at the Hudson, is finally lost in the mountains of Tennessee and Alabama. Its location and climate point it out as having been destined by nature to be an inland city of the very first importance, and had its inhabitants but the enterprise of the New Englanders, it would have been ere this, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants instead of ten thousand. Take a look on the map and you will see that the rail roads (both those finished, in progress, or in contemplation,) all point to it as a common centre. The Susquehanna and its tributaries are constantly bringing to it lumber and every other produce of the upper regions of this and New York state.
The best coal mines of the state are in Dauphin county, and I believe that there is no town of any importance in the country that has the opportunities of getting coal and lumber, iron, wood and all the necessities, either for manufacturing or for subsistence, as this place has. The town has sufficient banking capital, and the disposition to accommodate good and true men; and indeed nothing is wanting but enterprising men, of either moderate or large capital, who have the disposition, the will, and the ability to put their shoulders to the wheel.
From indications I have seen, I am however, inclined to the opinion that this place is just waking up from her long sleep. A beautiful cotton mill, built in the most thorough and substantial manner, and furnished with the best machinery that New England can make, has just been set to work, and will soon be under headway. It was built by Gen. James, the Rhode Island U. S. Senator, for the sum of \$200,

000. It is driven by a non-condensing steam engine of 200 horse power, and it, and all the machinery, work in the most beautiful and perfect manner. The directors are men of thorough business capacity, and many of them the best financiers that are to be found in any community. They have not adopted the "penny wise and pound foolish" system, but have in a praise-worthy manner employed experienced men to put up first class work, regardless of the first cost. The consequence of this will be, that after they are under full headway they will not have a daily break down, and be obliged to spend all they make, and a little more, in repairs; it is a well known fact that the very greatest draw backs to a cotton factory, or indeed to any mechanical establishment, are thus continually stopping to repair. The stock of this mill was generally taken by the citizens, not I believe, with the expectation of making money, but of benefiting the place; but bad as the prospects are for manufacturing cotton, from the excellence of the mill and the known abilities of the directors, I shall be very much surprised if they do not make very respectable dividends for the stockholders.
There appears to be quite a number of buildings going up in this place. I noticed one block of about 12 or 15 brick buildings for Wm. Colder, Esq., the old and well known stage proprietor. He has retired to his country mansion, about 1 mile from town, surrounded by about 250 acres of the best land, and cultivated in a manner that is not excelled by any in this region, or any other.
On the rail road and canal I noticed two or three very fine saw mills, and a fine machine shop and foundry lately erected by Mr. J. R. Jones. This building is put in the most approved manner, and I should judge it capable of employing 250 men, and hope he will soon have it working to its full capacity.
The well known furnace of Gov. Porter is in full operation, and notwithstanding the bad prospects of the iron business has I believe, been in constant operation since its erection.
On strolling through town I came across Mr. W. O. Hickok's establishment. From its small appearance I was not under the expectation of seeing much, but on being shown through it by one of its workmen, was agreeably surprised to find that it was filled to its utmost capacity from the cellar to the garret by men and machinery. It is driven by a very pretty 4 horse engine, which has as much of a load as it can carry. In one room he has an excellent serrail saw and machine for planing up timber. In another he has a circular saw and two or three wood turner's lathes running. In a third room has several cabinet makers at work on the frames of his ruling machines; and in the 4th and largest room is located his machine shop. In it I noticed 4 small lathes, and one of the very best engine-lathes I ever saw. This lathe is particularly adapted for cutting screws from 1/4 inch to 10 inches in diameter, and any length up to 10 feet. This is one of the best lathes, it seems, that he could find in New England, and cost about 600 dollars. Besides this he has a massive and superior gear cutting engine, for cutting the teeth in cog wheels from 1 inch to 3 feet in diameter—either spur bevel or spiral cogs. This machine was made in his shop from castings purchased in New Hampshire. The index plate was made in Springfield Mass. If any of your readers want either screws or tap cut, or the teeth cut in cog wheels, they can not do better than by giving him a call. The gear cutter is the only one (I believe) between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. His foreman (a New Englander) assures me that all work done there shall be as well and cheaply done as in New England, or elsewhere. I noticed under way in the machine department, standing presses, copying presses, seal presses, turning lathes (both for iron and wood) ice cream freezers for H. B. Masser, of Sunbury; and a great variety of other work. And, in the room devoted to putting his ruling machines together, I noticed several single ruling machines, and a double ruling machine that was going the next day to New York. This latter machine is mostly his own invention, and rules the paper on both sides before it leaves the machine. He has only been making his ruling machines a couple of years, and now they are used in almost every state in the Union, and in Canada and the West Indies. I almost forgot to mention a very neat and useful machine he has for morticing (or, as some would erroneously call it, a machine for boring a square hole.) It is made altogether of iron, has a square hollow chisel that is forced down by a lever, and inside of that is an auger carried by steam, that revolves about 1200 to the minute, and will readily bore an inch hole in soft wood (pine or poplar) 3 inches deep in two seconds; if a large sized mortice is wanted the wood is carried either

by a screw. The work done on it is true and exact. It will answer for soft or hard wood, and also for wagon hubs.
The machine is made in Boston and costs there \$100, Mr. H. is the agent for its sale.
Having accomplished my business here, I on the 2d at 4 o'clock, P. M., took my seat in Baltimore cars, and was taken by horse power over the Cumberland Valley bridge, and from there by steam to Baltimore; at which place we arrived at 9 o'clock, P. M.: as I only stayed in Baltimore over night, I had no opportunity of seeing that city.
The York & Cumberland rail road, is a most excellent road, running along the river about 17 miles, and then ascending by moderate grades to the dividing ridge, thence by easy descending grades to York. The road is laid most or all of the way with the hollow or Ω rail and when it shall be called to fill up the chain of rail roads from Baltimore to Williamsport, Erie and the New York road, it will be a road of no mean importance.
The York & Baltimore road is in excellent condition, but owing to the face of the country, necessarily very crooked. The cars are good, the conductors gentlemanly, and the time made on both roads was excellent. I left Baltimore at 6 o'clock A. M. for Washington; time there 2 hours, 40 miles, fare \$1.80. This road is an unblushing monopoly and imposition. It pays the State a portion of its profits, who thus compel strangers who pass through her borders to leave their money with her citizens; and also help pay her state debt.

I paid a visit to our gentlemanly President, to Genl Scott, and many others of our men of note, and to-day witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the south wing of the enlargement of the capital. My letter has already extended beyond my original intended limits, and for a full history of that event I shall refer you to the telegraphic reports, which will reach you before this can. The assemblage was very large, the procession and proceedings imposing, and the address of Daniel Webster a great one. * * * * *

To-morrow I shall leave for the east, and may perhaps cruise around for sometime; if I do you shall hear from me again.
Yours,
MECHANIC.

Cowardice.

The veriest coward upon the earth,
Is he who fears the world's opinion,
Who acts with reference to its will,
His conscience swayed by its dominion.
Mind is not worth a feather's weight,
That must with other means be measured,
Self must direct, and self control,
And the account in heaven be treasured.
Fear never sways a manly soul,
For honest hearts 'twas ne'er intended;
They, only they have cause to fear,
Whose motives have their God offended.
What will my neighbor say if I
Should thus attempt, or that, or 't'her?
A neighbor is most sure a foe,
If he prove not a helping brother.
That man is brave who braves the world,
When 'er his life's sea his bark he steers,
Who keeps that guiding star in view,
A conscience clear which never veers! (E. C. HARLEY.)

Party Spirit.

There has probably never been (says the Richmond Republican) a period in the political history of this country as free of acerbity and bigotry which usually characterize party differences as the present. We do not suppose that the millennium has arrived, or that peace has been finally made between Whigs and Democrats, but there is certainly an armistice, and one of unusually long duration. The Cavalier and the Saracen are sitting at an oasis in the desert, and so long do they linger in friendly converse that a casual observer might suppose they had forever forgotten their ancient feuds. They exchange not only pleasant, but complimentary words; they examine and commend the strong points in each other's armor; they talk about past wars with mutual composure, and refer with pleasant raillery to future battles. But time passes, and they must repair to their respective camps, where they will be found none the less faithful to their banners, because they have discovered that "each has a foeman worthy," in all respects, "of his steel." Knightly courtesy does not take away the temper of a good sword, but gives it a brighter polish, and makes it a weapon honorable to the conqueror, and to which the vanquished can yield without humiliation.
We have been led to these remarks by observing various testimonials of respect which have of late been presented from time to time to distinguished leaders of the Whigs and Democrats, and in which both parties have united. Political enemies of Mr. Clay have recently conferred upon him tokens of their esteem, and their journals have passed warm tributes upon his patriotism and genius. In the gift lately conferred upon Mr. Ritchie by the composers of the Union office, Whigs as well as Democrats united. The ordeal through which the nation has lately passed has revealed the two great parties of the

Union to each other as being alike devoted to the welfare and honor of the common country. In the moments of calm reflection which have ensued, men wonder that they could ever have been so blinded by party passion as to deny to those who differ from them all patriotism and regard for the public welfare. It is to be hoped that the truth which they have now discovered may not be forgotten in future contests, and that hereafter political differences may be conducted in a spirit of mutual respect and toleration.

There must always be parties in a free government, but we have never yet seen any reason why difference of opinion upon any subject should be permitted to influence personal relations. Party organization may be just as strong, and party operations just as efficient, if characterized by mutual courtesy, as if maddened by the venom and rancor of party hate. Indeed we think that the latter course impairs the success of a party. You believe that you are right in a certain opinion, and I believe that I am right, while the object of both of us is to bring the other over to his own views. If we assail each other with hard words, is either of us likely to make a convert? If we use only the weapons of reason and argument, accompanied with a kind and conciliatory spirit, even if we fail to convince, we shall at any rate be no worse off than by the use of personalities. But that party which has the truth on its side, and presents it in a charitable spirit, will not fail to convince, for prejudice, passion and ignorance are the great obstacles to the triumph of truth, and when these are removed, men will no more shut her out from their minds than they will keep out the light of day. The two parties of the country have now been at war a long time, and neither has acquired a permanent supremacy. Nor will the policy advocated by either, however wise and just it may be, become the recognized and established policy of the country, until it is set forth in a spirit divested of partizan hate and illiberality.

It is certainly the interest of the great statesmen of both parties, so far as their own national reputation is concerned, to exert all their influence to moderate and soothe the temper of party. The man of real excellence has no chance of being recognized as such by his whole country so long as he is viewed by half his countrymen through the mist of party passion. By one side his merits are exaggerated and by the other underrated. The voice of posterity may do him justice, but unfortunately his own ears will be closed to its music. Let political controversies be conducted in a candid and kind temper, and the truly great man will acquire his just position in the eye of the nation, and the party hack sink to his proper level of insignificance.—(Lewisburg (Va.) Chronicle.)

Just Judgment.

Last fall we gave an account of a most brutal outrage near Wilmington, Clinton county, Ohio, by which a poor man was murdered, in the presence of his wife, by some persons whose wealth and position made them presuming and tyrannical. The facts are these: a laboring man had a judgment obtained against him for a small amount, which he paid, all but the cost, amounting to about \$2.50. On that sum execution was issued, and some standing corn sold improperly, it was said, to a person by the name of Robinson. The debtor gathered and cribbed the corn after it had been sold. Two of the Robinsons, a constable, and some six or seven other persons went after night to bring away the corn. They were met at the bars by the debtor, and forbid to enter, telling the Robinsons that that corn was all he had to feed his wife and little children, and they should not have it. The party commenced taking down the bars to let in the wagon they had with them, when the poor man told his little son to go and bring the axe, whereupon he was set on by the party, knocked in the head and kicked to death in the presence of his wife and children. The one who hit him on the head fled, and has not been taken; the constable has since died of a crushed spirit; four of the others were tried last week, and found guilty of manslaughter. One of the Robinsons was sentenced to nine years hard labor in the penitentiary, another Robinson to seven years, another of the party to five years, and a fourth to three years. They were started off the next morning for the penitentiary, and arrived the afternoon of the same day in the penitentiary, where it is hoped they will remain, without Executive clemency, every day of their sentence. The others remain to be tried.

As the parties are wealthy, we suppose the widow will recover full damages for the loss she has sustained by the murder of her husband at their hands. We hope so with all our heart.—Cincin. Enquirer.

Good Advice.

Do not begin farming by building an expensive house, nor erecting a spacious barn, till you have something to store in it.

Democracy.

This is a democratic land, but it is only partially democratic. Democracy is in our political, but not in our social institutions. The former are on a new model, the latter too much copied from the old aristocratic world. But if democracy be what we believe, it must have a wider and more perfect application. It must create a new social as well as a new political system. It must reform the relations of labor, of property and of social life, nor stop till all servitude, all castes, all inequality of privileges have disappeared to give place to integral liberty, justice and fraternal cooperative relations. Such is the essential meaning of this anniversary. Do you think this a hard saying? It may be to those who have not learned that democracy signifies anything except on election days.

But do you ask how this great change is coming about, and what you can do to help it on? It is coming in every way. Whatever improves, strengthens and educates the people; whatever incites in them a higher sense of manliness and of right; whatever confers on them new means of producing wealth and of transportation and intercourse; whatever breaks down the prejudices of thoughtless Conservatism and prompts to mental activity and movement; whatever favors new ideas and institutions; all these forward the peaceful revolution through which the United States is passing, and you, if you will, may aid the work. But whether you do or not, it will go on. It is the destiny of America. The signs are all around you. You may rejoice or lament, but the fact you can not elude. We are going on rapidly toward a Social Democracy.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Mistake—True Politeness.

On a late Sunday evening, while Dr. Welch, of Albany, was in the midst of one of his most impassioned charity sermons, to a crowded house, an accident occurred which put to test both his politeness and presence of mind.
A pair were waiting to be married after the sermon, in the rear of the audience and were to be called forward by the sexton. But the latter official having become absorbed in drowsiness or contemplation while the Rev. Dr. was preaching, and suddenly brought to his recollection by hearing the Dr. exclaim,
"The Spirit and the bride say COME!"

Off he posted to the wedding party—who (of course) had not understood a word of the sermon—and notified that the moment had arrived for the performance of the nuptial ceremony. They promptly obeyed the summons, and the bride and bridegroom, bride's maid and groom's man, came marching down the broad aisle in the midst of the discourse.

The preacher seeing at a glance that a mistake had been committed, which was likely to terminate unpleasantly, finished his sentence, descended from the pulpit with dignity and composure, tied the irrevocable knot, returned to his pulpit and finished his discourse, and the wedding party were not at all sensible that every thing was not as it should be. This is what we call true politeness under difficulties.

Free Labor at the South.

A Convention of Free Mechanics is to be held at Atlanta, Georgia, to take measures to protect themselves against competition from slaves. The efforts making at the South to establish manufactures are increasing the class of free mechanics, and they are naturally unwilling that slaves should be taught the mechanical trades. On the other hand, the slave owners, as the demand for mechanics increase, are naturally desirous that their slaves should learn these trades, and it imparts to them a higher value. Between these two classes—slaveholders and mechanics—there is a question of discord arising, which will lead to the discussion of the slavery question on Southern ground, and between Southern men. The very effort now making by the South to promote domestic manufactures may have a far more important bearing upon Slavery than they now imagine.—Philad. News.

ARISTOCRACY.—When the French Gen. Foy was once entering, with much fervor, into a political discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, and had just pronounced the word Aristocracy, a loud voice from the Ministerial side sternly demanded its meaning? "Aristocracy," answered he at once, and calmly, "Aristocracy in the nineteenth century, is the league, the coalition of those who wish to consume without working; to occupy all public places, without being competent to fill them; to seize upon all honors, without meriting them. That is Aristocracy."

The wash of the drain from a farm house when well mixed with loam, is excellent manure. Loam will soon neutralize all the foul effluvia arising from the putrid waters.

The Farmer.

Shade as a Fertilizer.

Mr. Editor: In conversation with you a few days since, I incidentally mentioned, that I had made the experiment of covering a grass field with straw. I at the time considered such matter as entirely too insignificant to fill up the pages of your valuable Journal. You, however, appeared to think otherwise—said you wanted facts and desired that I would give an abstract of the plan for your paper. I will therefore comply with your request.

Having a large quantity of wheat straw for which I had neither use, nor room for storage, I, in last January concluded to draw it on a field that had been laid down to grass, timothy and clover, two years previously. The field contained about ten acres, and we spread over the ground as evenly as we could, some 12 or 15 two horse loads. It was regarded at the time by many persons, as a novel mode of disposing of the surplus straw, yet generally believed to be advantageous. This spring it could plainly be seen to have the effect of starting the grass earlier than in fields adjacent, and causing it to grow with greater vigor. I am fully convinced, that straw spread over the ground at the commencement of winter, in a great measure prevents the frost from heaving, or lifting the soil, which from the alternate freezing and thawing, frequently occasions the destruction of wheat, clover &c., the frost drawing the plants out of the ground, and leaving them exposed on the surface. A light covering of straw would in a great measure prevent this.

The practical farmer will say, there is nothing new in this, and it is not worth the room it occupies in your Journal—and we partly agree with them. However, when this simple experiment is taken into consideration in connection with, or rather in confirmation of Mr. Baldwin's theory—that shade alone will fertilize the most barren soils—or considered in the light of mulching, it becomes a question of great importance to the farmer and gardener, and in this light may possibly be interesting to some of your readers.

The shading or covering the ground from the influence of our burning sun, and drying winds—with any decomposable substance, such as straw, leaves, coarse litter, tan bark, and other materials, is well known to be of great and manifest advantage to newly planted trees—to beds of Raspberries, Strawberries, Vine borders, and in fact it is believed that all plants grow more vigorously by having a covering over their roots. We might refer to the forest for a confirmation of these facts. The trees grow much more rapidly and larger in those localities, where an annual layer of leaves is left to shade the ground.

By covering the soil with any refuse matter, it remains in a more equable state, both as regards temperature and moisture, the roots of trees and plants find a more congenial medium to exact nourishment from a cool and moist soil, and grow with far greater vigor—remain in a more healthy and flourishing condition and consequently bear larger and better crops.

J. B. GARNER.
Floral Retreat, Lan. Co. May 21, 1851.

Keeping Meat.

The most efficient way to keep skippers from pork, after being smoked, is to procure six cents worth of red pepper to each pint of boiling water, then put in the pepper and stir it well. When the mixture is cold tie a rag to stick, or take a painter's brush called a sash tool, one about three-quarters of an inch thick, and wet each piece of meat thoroughly with the mixture, and hang it where you wish to keep it. I have adopted this plan, and with complete success.

LARD CANDLES.—A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, gives the following method of making candles of hog's lard, which he says prove of the best quality. Put all the lard, say enough for 5 lbs. of candles, in the smelter; after it attains a heat of about 200 Fahr. throw in 3 or 4 ounces of lime, and about an ounce of aquafortis, and then mould them. The lime purifies the grease and the aquafortis hardens it.

SINGULAR.—A late writer in the Cultivator says, that whether scythes hold their edge well, depends altogether on whether the man works by the day or acre. While the former will be compelled to "stop and sharpen" every five minutes, the latter, he says, will slash away all day without once thinking of a grindstone. Queer, is 'nt it?

To keep preserves, apply the white of an egg with a suitable brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover over the jars, overlapping the edge an inch or two. No tying is required. The whole will become, when dry, as tight as a drum.

"IMPORTANT TO FARMERS"

The Flax-Cotton Revolution.

LONDON, June 4, 1851.
Although I have not yet found time for a careful and thorough examination of the machinery and processes recently invented or adopted in Europe for the manufacture of cheap fabrics from Flax, I have seen enough to assure me of their value and importance. I have been disappointed only with regard to machinery for Flax Dressing, which seems, on a casual inspection, to be far less efficient than the best on our side of the Atlantic, especially that patented of late in Missouri and Kentucky. That in operation in the British Machinery department of the Exhibition does its work faultlessly except that it turns out the product too slowly. I roughly estimate that our Western machines are at least twice as efficient.

M. Claussen is here, and has kindly explained to me his processes and shown me their products. He is no inventor of Flax-dressing Machinery at all, and claims nothing in that line. In dressing, he adopts and uses the best machines he can find, and I think is destined to receive important aid from American inventions. What he claims is mainly the discovery of a cheap chemical solvent of the Flax fiber whereby its coarseness and harshness are removed and the fineness and softness of Cotton induced in their stead. This he has accomplished. Some of his Flax-Cotton is scarcely distinguishable from the Sea Island staple, while to other samples he has given the character of Wool very nearly. I can imagine no reason why this Cotton should not be spun and woven as easily as any other. The staple may be rendered of any desired length, though the usual average is about two inches. It is as white as any Cotton, being made so by easy and cheap bleaching process. M. Claussen's process in lieu of Rotting requires but three hours for its completion. It takes the Flax as it came from the field, only somewhat dryer and with the seed beaten off, and renders it thoroughly fit for breaking. The plant is allowed to ripen before it is harvested, so that the seed is all saved, while the tediousness and injury to the fiber, not to speak of the unwholesomeness of the old-fashioned Rotting processes are entirely obviated. Where warmth is desirable in the fabrics contemplated, the staple is made to resemble Wool quite closely. Specimens dyed red, blue, yellow, &c., are exhibited, to show how readily and satisfactorily the Flax-Cotton takes any color that may be desired. Beside these lie rolls of Flannels, Feltings, and almost every variety of plain textures, fabricated wholly or in good part from Flax as prepared for Spinning under M. Claussen's patent, proving the adaptation of this fiber to almost every use now subserved by either Cotton or Wool. The mixtures of Cotton and Flax, Flax-Cotton and Wool, are excellent and serviceable fabrics.

The main question still remains to be considered—Will it pay? Flax may be grown almost every where—two or three crops a year of it in some climates—three times the present annual product of Cotton, Flax and Wool all combined could easily be produced every next year. But unless cheaper fabrics, all things considered, can be produced from Flax-Cotton than from the Mississippi staple, this fact is of little worth. On this vital point I must of course rely on testimony, and M. Claussen's is as follows:

He says the Flax-straw, or the ripe, dry plant as it comes from the field, with the seed taken off, may be grown even here for \$10 per ton, but he will concede its cost for the present to be \$15 per ton, delivered, as it is necessary that liberal inducements shall be given for its extensive cultivation. Six tons of the straw or flax in the bundle will yield one ton of dressed and clean fiber, the cost of dressing which by his methods, so as to make it Flax-Cotton, is \$35 per ton. (Our superior Western machinery ought considerably to reduce this.) The total cost of the Flax-Cotton, therefore, will be \$125 per ton, or six cents per pound, while Flax as it comes from the field is worth \$15 per ton; should this come down to \$10 per ton, the cost of the fiber will be reduced to \$95 per ton, or less than five cents per pound. At that rate, good "field hands" must be rather slow of sale for Cotton-planting at \$1,000 each, or even \$700.

Is there any doubt that Flax-straw may be profitably grown in the United States for \$15 or even \$10 per ton? Consider that it has been extensively grown for years, even in our own State, for the seed only, the straw being thrown out to rot, and being a positive nuisance to the grower. Now the seed is morally certain to command for two or three years at least, a higher price than hitherto because of the increased