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POEM.

BY THE JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Obedient to my muse's call, once more I tune the lyre;
Again I sweep the echoing strings, to rouse its wonted fire:
I sing a welcome to all friends, assembled here to-night,
And the joyous walls ring back the cry while sparkling eyes gleam bright.

O'er the green sward, 'neath th' ethereal dome, night throws her curtain round,
Deep silence reigns o'er hill and vale—hushed is each busy sound,
Save when the night bird warbles forth her mournful notes of wo,
Borne on the trembling wings of air in tones distinct but low.

We meet beneath no regal dome, beneath no sculptured pile,
But where the fading twilight glows with softly dying smile,
Beneath this holy, sacred arch, we raise the choral strain,
And as its quivering notes ring out we welcome friends again.

We meet together—but, O think—will all meet here again?
No, ere another summer moon has glimmered o'er the plain,
Hearts that now beat with fervor wild, will chill beneath the tomb,
With vaulted canopy above—around, sepulchral gloom.

Then let us now all joyously pursue the flying hours,
And from old Time, with memory's hand cull never-fading flowers;
Let every fleeting moment but fill the brimming cup,
And send the life-blood coursing through the eager vein of hope.

———————From heaven's azure dome
There dropped a seed—a tiny seed—upon the sterile loam:
It withered 'neath hot, sultry rays; it had not yet been found
Had not a kindly friend stepped forth and plucked it from the ground.

He nourished it with zealous care, but slowly formed that flower,
It swayed beneath chill wintry blasts, it felt the tempest's power;
Yet steadily it raised its head, to drink in heavenly dew,
And loomed through mist and hazy fog bright flushing on the view.

Long months passed on—that plant now shone with radiant splendor bright,
It braved the tempest's sternest force, it stood the wintry blight,
It flourished 'neath the watchful eye of Him who stilled the breeze
And rolled from back the fiery waves of Persecution's seas.

But now an opening bud gleamed forth, sprang from the parent stem,
Like diamond bright in coronet, or pearl in diadem;
It rose in beauty as the stars, which shed their silver sheen
And cast around a mellow glow while Luna rolls serene.

That kindly friend has left the plant, now a proud, waving tree,
Spreading its branches far and wide, o'er sunny hill and lea;
At length sere Autumn laves its flowers with her enchanting wand,
And the first fruit of that small plant pours light upon the land.

God bless our University! long may it raise on high
A light in starry firmament, a banner in the sky;
O never let its radiance be dimmed by sorrow's night,
Ne'er let its sun be clouded o'er by envy's withering blight.

God bless the few, that noble band, our earliest hope and pride,
Who now go forth to meet a world, to stem its raging tide,
O give them strength to combat with all evils hovering 'round,
And let them in the foremost ranks of virtue e'er be found.

May radiant hope, like a bright star, to that young band be given,
A lamp to light their toilsome way, and guide them on to heaven;
May stern oppression's iron hand ne'er love to linger there
On these our earliest, opening buds—our fond desire and prayer.

But as I cast my eager eye the exciting scene along,
One form I miss—nor one alone—amid the joyous throng;
Where Bengal's surge swells o'er the sands of Burmah's distant shore,
Where Irrawaddy rolls her waves to tune with ocean's roar,

O, there he stands—a teacher of the Gospel's welcome truth
Alike to age's darkened mind—alike to sunny youth—
Methinks a change is passing o'er his open, noble brow,
He remembers Susquehanna's banks—his heart is with us now.

God bless that noble veteran! long may his life be spared,
To reap a golden harvest from each peril he has dared;
While Hindu's mountains raise their heights, while India's waters swell,
In the hearts of Burmah's dark-eyed sons will live loved spirit dwell.

And when the victor Death may come to call him to his rest,
E'en as the glorious setting sun [illegible]
Shedding bright rays while sinking fast from the dark gathering gloom,
So may his noble deeds thus gild his pathway to the tomb.

Fain would I linger, but e'en now the pines are gently stirred,
And breezes moaning thro' the leaves in sighings softly heard
Tell me that Cynthia's silvery beams shine o'er the distant hills
And kiss with golden smiles the rocks by plaintive murmuring rills.

They sing of "Home, sweet home," and other memories true
Like lightning from the mountain clouds flash bright upon my view,
I hear again those music words, like spray on ocean's foam,
Still ring upon the midnight air—"My home, my dearest home!"

Farewell! farewell, ye chosen friends! O may we meet again,
Beneath a fairer, brighter sky, free from all earthly pain,
There seraphs tune their sounding harps in tender, melting strains,
Redeemed from worldly sorrow, and free from guilty stains.

Lewisburg University. H. C. F.

Letter from Europe.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

MENS, DEPARTMENT DE L'ISERE (FRANCE)
Among the Alps, July 4, 1851.

Mr. HICKOK: This day, four July 4ths ago, there was a re-union of one division of the chivalry and fair maidens of Lewisburg in a grove by the river shore, just below the town. There was music there that day; music in the murmuring of the river, music in the rustling foliage of the grove, and music in the joyous laugh of the fair daughters of Derrstown, which put music in the fiddle that they and the chivalry danced to, for "the fiddle was a cracked fiddle, the fiddle was," (at least it must have been a cracked fiddle after that day on the green,) but a cracked fiddle was as good as a sound Cremona, at a time when nobody would have listened even to Pagipini, the king of all the fiddlers. The music of bright eyes!! Ah, that's the music after all that has been said, and sung, and fiddled; and whether a pair of them did the business for me that day or not, and whether I was there or not, is no matter: what I set out to say was this, that I little thought as I heard the song, "The wild Chamois' Track," sung that day, that I would be among the Alps mountains this 4th of July, with dog and gun, hunting the chamois, and less did I expect to be invited to a 4th of July dinner among the Waldenses. Right gratifying that, to an American, to be invited by a clergyman of that ancient people the Waldenses, to a 4th of July dinner, and purposely on the 4th too, because it is no less the anniversary of American liberty, than the anniversary of the time since which thrones commenced to crumble throughout Europe, until at last some have toppled and fallen down, and others bid fair to tumble after them. But it is the principle of religious liberty, which no community can appreciate as the Waldenses, that induced the "pasteur" to invite me, that he might tell me of their persecutions in ancient times, and interrogate me on American freedom.

This is but on the borders of the country of the Waldenses. Yet many of their descendants are here, and I shall be able to give you a better account of them after I shall have traveled a week or two on foot among them with one of the professors of the normal school here, who proposes to go with me. Of the "pasteur's" 4th of July dinner, it is sufficient to say that it was after the French fashion with several Alpine variations, and the cookery of the several courses, from the salmagundi kind of soup to the coffee mixed with brandy, was all different from anything I had ever seen before. It looked rather strange to see brandy and half a dozen kinds of wine on the table of a clergyman, but one must remember that in France, wine comes next to water for cheapness, and that this country is where America was 30 years ago, in respect to the stronger liquors, yet there is less drinking to excess even here, where a quart bottle of wine costs but 4 or 5 cents, than in the United States. But saying nothing more of the 4th July dinner or of the grandeur of the prospect of "Alps on Alps," and their tops covered with eternal snow, or of the orchards and vineyards on the slopes of the same mountains, and all within full view of the pastor's garden where the dinner was, and of this little old town of Mens, where I live, and saying nothing more of the dangerous amusement of hunting the chamois or wild goat, (as I am not even an amateur, much less a Nimrod in jumping down precipices or dodging an avalanche;) saying nothing more of all that, let me begin back at London. One is compelled to acknowledge that England is one of the finest nations of the world, and that there is no city of as varied an importance as London. The great Exhibition renders London at the present time still more like a little world within itself, and when one brings this to mind, and that there the principal machinery for ruling more than a hundred millions of human beings is constantly at work, one can excuse a good deal of the English pride of the great, and vulgar pomposity of the small, with which a stranger in London must constantly come in contact, particularly when the great Exhibition or the Crystal Palace is mentioned. That England appears to the best advantage at the Exhibition, every visitor must admit, but that proves nothing, since the victorious nation must necessarily be the one in which the Exhibition takes place. The English occupy more than one half of the Crystal Palace, about 10,000 of the exhibitors are English, without counting those of the English colonies. France has about 1,700 exhibitors; the Zollverein 800; Austria 700; Belgium 500; the United States 500; and so on. But as all such exhibitions are to industry nothing more than theatrical representations are to the manners and customs of a nation, the only means of appreciating the improvements of different nations is to study them in these different publications; in default of which one must travel through the country about which one wishes to know something. But the Englishman travels only to find fault, and whatever he may think, he acknowledges nothing worth his notice unless it is copied from England. Concede every thing to John and he will be very civil to you, and perhaps treat you very patronizingly (to coin a word,) but if you do not acknowledge his superiority over all the world, he pities your ignorance. An American informed me that he attended church one day in London, and that the subject of the discourse was the superiority of England at the Exhibition, but the preacher supplicated his audience not to triumph, but to accept their triumph with christian humility. "The great ideas of union and peace, to which the Universal Exhibition must cause great progress to be made," will not be advanced much by the English, however much it may be by the Exhibition. It is a matter of some amusement to the English editors that Jonathan should have demanded and obtained more room in the Crystal Palace than other nation, in proportion to the number of articles he exhibits there. But John must remember that at home, "no pent up Utica contracts our powers," and that we must have ample room for democratic evolutions, besides chairs and tables to cross our legs on when we want to whittle sticks or chew tobacco, or guess at the small amount of awe with which a pompous Englishman inspires us. A high price of admission on Fridays and Saturdays, gives those days almost exclusively to the "gentry." On all the other days of the week, the price of admittance is a shilling, and on those days the Crystal Palace is like the tower of Babel, where all the languages, all the shades and colors, and all the creeds mingle, fraternize and jostle each other in one grand democracy. But let us take a little of something to eat, and leave. We pass into the refreshment rooms where, for one shilling and sixpence, we have the right to indulge in all the gastronomic eccentricities of Garagantua. There you see tables loaded with viands worthy of the descriptions of Rabelais, and mountains of half roasted beef, which from its redness of color, makes you shudder with horror. There the Englishman devours his roast beef and plum pudding with as much ferocity as the Yankee, except that the Yankee prefers his beef roasted, and there too you see swarms of handsome women seated amidst flowers and verdure eating ham and drinking beer. But we pass out; look in at St. Paul's in passing by it, and reading the *pedigrees* on this, that and the other monument or pedestal of a statue, we concluded that £80,000 a year, is a right comfortable salary for an archbishop, and that Americans can not value too highly the religious liberty that permits them to pay for the support of the different systems of religion that each one may like best. The Tower is without doubt the greatest curiosity of London. Once a palace and castle, but since the time of Elizabeth it has been occupied as a place of safety for the crown jewels, for an arsenal, and for a state prison. For a shilling the warders show you the armor of all the different ages of England, on a long line of life-like looking men and horses; the thumb screws that the Spanish armada brought; the crown of Queen Victoria, worth £1,000,000 sterling; a case of coronation trinkets, valued at £2,000,000; axes and blocks with which kings and nobles have been beheaded; the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was kept a prisoner for 14 years; the bloody tower, where the two infant princes were murdered by Richard 3d; the record tower, where Henry 6th was murdered; the windows which Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scotts looked out of while prisoners, &c., &c. Since the Fair commenced, and the number of foreigners in London has increased, not more than 300 persons are allowed to be in the Tower at one time. As soon as that number is in, the doors are barred on them, and a strong guard is set. The English deny that troops have been accumulated in London since the opening of the Fair, but there is almost constantly in view some flourish of "horse-guards," or some long line of foot soldiers, changing quarters or manœuvering to show that they are on hand; but this locking in the visitors to the Tower, and putting a guard over them at the gates, is ridiculous to say the least.—From London it is 57 miles to New Haven, on the English Channel. Crowds of French are all talking at once, and they are arriving and departing for and from London and the Fair. It is a raining, blustering region down there, and where an American expects to find the handsomest and best furnished steamboats in the world, he finds them small, dirty, and furnished no better than a Philadelphia ferry boat. But these little black, porpoise-like looking steamers, travel fast up and down the waves, and Albion, (named so by the Romans from the lofty white rocks on its coast) soon disappears in the fog. Owing to the smallness of the vessel, one is more liable to be sea-sick than upon a large ship on the Atlantic, and many who escape from the payment of tribute to Neptune on the ocean, are forced to pay for their sea-knowledge on the English Channel. In eight or ten hours you are at Dieppe. Every thing looks different from England or America. Crowds of French are upon the pier, but the gens d'arms, (armed and uniformed police,) soon drive the crowd back. Two ropes are stretched from the boat to the custom house opposite, to prevent the passengers from escaping into the crowd, and to keep the outsiders off the baggage. The passengers (French and Foreigners,) open their trunks for the custom house officers to examine them, and after showing their passports, one at a time, they and their trunks are shown out of the back door, where a countless crowd of hungry porters and hotel agents with open mouths stand ready to devour them. The moment you appear, they thrust their cards at you and yell, "American House," or "Victoria Hotel," according as you may be American or English; and the only way to stop the mouths of these French frogs, is to talk some language at them, no matter it is Choctaw, so that you talk it at them as loud and fast as they talk, for they will be sure to tell you that you are too late for the train to Paris, if you ask them in their own language. Every man for himself in such a melee, so you tell a hackman to take your trunk and drive like Jehu for the Paris depot. If he slackens his speed, you may be sure that he intends to have you there too late, for he gets a small premium for taking you to some hotel in the place; but the French are a people of vigorous gesticulations and animated speech, interlarded with grimaces, and shrugging up of the shoulders, and if you are tame or modest, you will be the loser by it, so you must threaten the hackman. Choctaw will do if you are opposed to swearing in French, provided that you give him plenty of it. When you have put him through, by working your passage in this way, if he asks you two or three prices, (which he will do if you are a stranger,) just point him to the number of his hack, and look around for one of the gens d'arms, and he will be satisfied to get the lawful price. I had just such an adventure at Dieppe the midnight I arrived there, and I got to the depot for Paris just in the nick of time by this process.

But by the bright light of the moon, you almost think that you are flying along through an enchanted garden. You see no fences except rose bushes and flowers, and you almost think that the smoke of the locomotive is burnt incense. But my limited space will not permit me to give you any particulars of the country at present. At Paris, I had the advantage of the company of a Parisian who was my room mate in crossing the Atlantic. He came by Havre from Liverpool, but we met at Rouen, (where the two railways connect) and his uncle, a jolly old coal merchant, met us at the depot in Paris, and bore us off in his old fashioned cabriolet, to his house near his coal yards, by the Seine. I was at home at once with the hospitable old coal merchant and his family, and every day he drove us out in his cabriolet to see the curiosities of the city. He was a very Jehu to drive, but in passing, he would point out to us the places where the barricades were made, and where the battles were fought, in the revolution of 1848. The far-famed Boulevards are long, elevated walks, bordered with trees, and mostly in the middle of the street, but at present you see no large or old looking trees along the Boulevards or in the streets; they were all cut down for barricades in the revolution of June, and it is not unlikely that there will be just such another revolution in less than a year from this time. Guizot caused the last revolution, and Louis Napoleon is pursuing the same course in the suppression of republican journals and pamphlets, and the assembling of the clubs. Many of the departments here in the south west of France are now under military government, owing to their republican sentiments, and but the other day in this place, some young men were forced by the gens d'arms to put out of sight the red caps they chose to appear in. The people are republican, and the alliance of the people is cementing for a terrible vindication of their rights, and especially for a vindication of universal suffrage, which has been taken from them since the establishment of the republic. The priests and their adherents are Bourbonists, Orleansists, or Bonapartists—in fine, any thing that will take the power from the people, for absolutism is the soul of their own system; but the people will never again resign the right of self-government. Republicanism, the vast and profound unity, is growing gradually; the powerful union of forces is fast taking a body that even the standing army of 400,000 men can not overthrow. The people everywhere are at last discovering their rights, and the same heart beats in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and England. From the Vistula to the Gaudelquiver, and from Caledonia to the shores of the Black Sea, the same thought unites the people.

But Paris! There is life there, and a clear sky, when compared with London. A triple riband of gay, animated, and cheerful people carelessly crowd along the Boulevards and side-walks, whilst in London every body either hurries along in a state of breathless anxiety, as if running to a fire, or else stalks along like a sullen ghost enveloped in fog. In Paris, the shops look like the people, full of bagatelles, everything to please for a moment, whilst the follies of London are more substantial, and less juvenile and trifling to Anglo Saxon eyes at least. But the old coal merchant thunders his fast cabriolet through an arched passage, and we are within the hollow square of the Louvre, once a prison, once a palace, and so old that the era of its origin has not come down to us. Enlarged by Philip Augustus, and left incomplete by Napoleon, after exhausting the taste and treasure of six centuries, men are still employed in ornamenting it. Here the finest paintings in the world are to be seen, gratis, and an an amateur might spend a month among them without seeing all their beauties. But I have inflicted enough of varieties on you for the present. They have the proverb here, "Paris was not built in a day," and it would be useless to attempt to describe even its monuments in one letter.

Forum Neronis was the ancient Roman name of this town, where I live, and they say that the tower that contains the town clock was built by Nero. The Protestant church of the place was once the castle of a duke who was the leader of the protestants in the time of their persecutions in the 15th century; and most of the houses of the place yet have the iron grates in their windows, that were used in those times as a defence against the persecutors of the protestant inmates. But that reign of terror, in France at last, is for ever passed, that would forbid the mind to investigate under pain of a spiritual ban; and the rack, the *question*, and the stake, of those times that tried men's souls, have made many a protestant as well as many a republican in France in these latter days, since men have began to think for themselves.

R. C. ROSS.

Atrocities in Italy.

The pamphlet of Gladstone, a member of the British Parliament, exposing the atrocities, committed by the Neapolitan government in punishment of alleged political offences, presents a picture at which humanity shudders. Not less than twenty thousand persons, it appears, are immured in prison, where they suffer the last extremities of physical and mental anguish. A large proportion of these victims to despotic rage have been condemned in violation of every form of law; many are entirely innocent; while the worst have been guilty only of striving to obtain the enjoyment of liberty, that blessing which is here free as the air we breathe, and which, on that account, alas! we scarcely value as we should. The prisoners, according to Mr. Gladstone, are chained two and two, and these chains are never undone day or night. The filth of the cells, in which the sufferers are confined, is intolerable. Disease, as a consequence, rages with terrible fatality; but death, instead of being dreaded, is welcomed by the miserable victims; for anything, even the grave and the worm, is better, they declare with dying breath, than the horrors of their prison vaults. Many of the prisoners have been wealthy and accustomed to every luxury of life, so that the pangs of their present condition are thus infinitely exaggerated. In fact, the worst cruelties of the worst ages would seem to have been imitated by this royal beast of Naples.

In Rome, where christain charity should prevail, if anywhere, cruelties almost as inhuman prevail. A late article in *La Presse*, translated for the New York Tribune, exposes, with terrible severity, the horrors of political imprisonment in the religious capital of the world. The once meek Pius IX, whose first act, when he assumed the tiara, was to "proclaim liberty to the captive," and "open the prison doors for them that were bound," has, since his return from Geata, placed himself in the hands of ministers, who surpass, in his name, the cruelties of his predecessor, and crowd the jails with helpless victims of political rage. In silence the accused is arrested, and in silence he is condemned. No complaint meets him in open court; no witnesses are confronted with him; no choice even of a defender is accorded, for the consul, if obnoxious to the court, is set aside, nad one pleasing to the judges substituted. Those who are familiar with the judicial murders perpetrated in England, when a less arbitrary method of proceeding was in vogue, can imagine what little chance of justice, a person accused of political offences, has in Italy now. The very charge is, as it were, a condemnation. And wretches are continually found, who take advantage of this condition of affairs, by sacrificing, to personal revenge, innocent and honest men, by perjuries the most base. Informers even pander to their own, or others guilty lusts, by threatening to accuse husbands, fathers, or brothers, and thus triumphing over a wife's, a daughter's, or a sister's virtue.

The prisons in Rome are not less horrible, it appears, than the crowded jails in Naples. Those who have no money to purchase luxuries from sordid jailors are thrust into a common apartment, the *Segretta piana*, where they are compelled to herd promiscously together, with no bed but rotten straw, in the midst of uncleanness impossible to describe. If a prisoner, indignant at an unjust condemnation, or at the loathesomeness of the hole into which he has been thrust, ventures to complain, he is tied to a post, and beaten with a club on his bare back, after which an iron weight of one hundred and five pounds is attached to his feet, which is frequently not removed for weeks. Sometimes the victims are placed, in pairs, in narrow and noisome cells, where an insufficiency of air, creeping through a confined opening, stifles, as it were, the sufferers perpetually, prolonging life only to wear it gradually out, amid tortures of thirst, and heat, and slow strangulation. Often the feet, corroded by the irons, become a prey to worms, while breath yet remains in the body; and thus the actual horrors of the grave are begun before the pangs of parting. What wonder that while some have attempted suicide, others have gone mad! What wonder that some, dying thus by slow torture, or others starving, have cursed the hour that saw them born, the minions who condemned them, and even the Pontiff who permitted the atrocity.

The article in *La Presse* enumerates many specific instances of the injustice and cruelty of the Roman judges. In one of these cases, that of Michael Lucetelli, the unfortunate prisoner does not even know his crime, nor can all his importunities procure the knowledge of either accuser or accusation, so that he will probably die without having the opportunity so much as to defend himself. In another case, that of Silvestra Campetti, the prisoner has been kept in irons for more than a year, and by a refinement of cruelty, has been made to suffer all the agonies of death, by being afforded just bread and water enough to keep him alive. We might multiply examples of similar atrocities, but our heart sickens, our pen refuses to proceed. It is sufficient to say that human imagination can not conceive a more awful picture of combined filth, misery, disease, anguish and despair than that proved, on reliable authority, to be actually existing in the prisons of Rome, at this hour. Over the gates of those gloomy cells there might be written, with even more justice than Dante wrote over the entrance to his infernal realm, "who enters here, bids farewell to hope." It would seem, indeed, as if, in the times of the great Italian poet, human cruelty had not attained its climax, and as if even genius could not imagine the future reality; for while Dante describes his victims, in that terrific vision, tossing from ice to flame, as the acme of agony, his soul fell short of the awful picture of living men, on whom the horrors of the grave had already begun.

In reading these painful accounts of human suffering, we exclaim involuntarily, "How long, oh! Lord, how long." No people, even though overpowered, can submit always to such cruelty; a day of reckoning must come—and, as brutality begets brutality, wo! wo! when the people, tiger-like, turn on their oppressors. We would not, indeed, countenance revenge; but men are human; and we fear that a terrible retribution is preparing for Naples and Rome. It is as much fear as cruelty, we believe, that dictates these enormities; and as the storm grows more threatening, the rage and terror of despotism increases. Thank heaven, the sky still darkens, the thunder rolls, the lightnings begin to flash, for in the convulsion that will follow, Italy, perhaps, may regain her freedom. It is this assurance alone, that enables us to hear of these miseries. Over the groans of agonized prisoners, over the moans of the starving, over the sobs of women sacrificed to lust, over the curses of men dying in chains, we fancy we hear the growl of the coming earthquake, in which thrones and dungeons will go down, while nations shall leap, fetterless and free, to their feet, clapping their hands in gratitude to God.—*Philad. Bulletin.*

Begin Early.

Sir Robert Peel's father determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When quite a child he would frequently place him on the table, and promise him a cherry if he made a speech. The applause that followed his efforts stimulated exertion, so that before he was ten years old he could address a company with some degree of eloquence. As he grew up his father made him repeat every Sunday, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached, by which his habit of attention grew powerful. It was little known afterwards that his power of remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, and of answering his arguments in correct succession, was originally acquired at Drayton church.

One of an Editor's Miseries.—"How excrutiating is it," exclaims the Chicago Patriot, "when in some happy hour, an editor has elaborated a thought that he loves as his own child, and hopes somebody else will love it too, to have the paper that contains it, yet damp from the press, sent home to him, carefully enveloping a pound of candles!"

The Farmer.

From the New York Working Farmer.

Agricultural Fairs.

The season of Fairs is fast approaching, and preparations are making in all the states for extended usefulness, by exciting the farmers to competition.

In New York we find several institutions at work betimes. The State Society and The American Institute, are both busily engaged preparing for their forthcoming fairs, while the county societies are competing with each other for the general benefit.

The State Horticultural Society of New Jersey, will hold a fair at Jersey City, where, in addition to the fruits of New Jersey, we may expect a large assortment from the horticulturists of New York. No society in this country has as yet produced so great a display of superior fruits as this society, and they will doubtless call together a large meeting.

The Essex County Institute will hold their annual fair at Newark, and, as usual, a fair display may be anticipated.

Massachusetts, and indeed all the eastern states, are busily engaged in the good cause, and the volume of reports of county societies published by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and collated by their Secretary of State, is doing much to induce action.

Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Delaware and Ohio, have already published the programmes of their fairs, and indeed a general spirit of advancement is rapidly pervading the public mind.

Our Legislators, like stubborn school boys, are receiving slight touches from the rod of puplic opinion, and stubbornly muttering, we wont! we wont! but as the flagellation increases to wholesome intensity, they will burst into tears and yield what they well knew in the beginning was their duty.

One word to our brother farmers, many of whom as yet have taken no part in their county or state fairs.

Let them reflect why they wish their children to associate with others of superior education and moral worth, and they cannot but admit that it is because they may benefit by example, and so will it prove with themselves in the prosecution of their calling, when, witnessing the products of superior farms and conversing with their proprietors on their modes of culture, &c., new facts are ascertained, and improved modes of culture adopted. No farmer ever visited a public fair without obtaining a knowledge of some new and useful fact.

Improved agricultural implements are exhibited and generally put in operation, and thus the ingenuity of practical mechanics for the preceding year is rendered available for the use of the farmer.

Every farmer, when visiting a fair, should take with him seeds of superior quality, if he have them, and distribute in exchange for others, thus rendering and receiving benefit. At most fairs addresses are delivered, and the current improvements of the day are made known. Such information saves the farmer from the necessity of traveling long distances to observe modes of culture adopted by the more successful, and indeed the who'e results of public exhibitions of an agricultural kind, are invariably valuable and instructive.

The improvements in plows within the last two years, have been greater than during all time preceding; all these will doubtless be exhibited at the different fairs. Many other plows of merit have been improved upon, and the improved cultivators and other implements cannot but materially facilitate the cultivation of the soil. Farmers should, with one accord, lend a helping hand by attending these fairs. The public are alive to this all-important branch of national industry, and nothing is required to ensure action on the part of our politicians, but a unanimous movement by the farmers themselves.

Guano for Wheat.

The editor of the *American Farmer*, who well understands the subject, is inquired of by a correspondent as follows:—"Would it be proper to fallow your land, harrow it, and sow the guano, or guano and plaster, with the wheat, and put them in with the shovel plow?" He replies:

"The guano should be mixed with plaster at the rate of 100 lbs. of guano to 25 lbs. of plaster, sown broadcast, and plowed in as soon after as possible; the ground then to be harrowed until a fine tilth is obtained, preparatory to sowing the wheat, which may be either plowed or harrowed in, provided the seed is not covered more than two or three inches. Water furrows should then be formed and the field rolled across the furrows. Unless the soil be very poor, 200 lbs. of guano will be enough—if very poor, 300 lbs. to the acre should be applied. The depth of the furrow is not material, as the plants will find the guano whether covered 4, 6 or 8 inches."