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Correspondence of the Central Christian Herald.

Letter from Siam.

BANGKOK, March 6, 1851.

MR. EDITOR.—An opportunity of sending letters home is rather a rare event to us here, and when it does occur, we are generally informed of it but a short time before the vessel sails. I avail myself of such notice, to send you a brief account of an excursion which we made to Petchiburee—a town about one hundred miles south-west of Bangkok, and situated upon the Malayan peninsula.

Traveling is here generally done in boats—the canals and rivers which intersperse the country serving for highways. Such facilities Siam possesses to a considerable extent; rendering it practicable to travel in almost any direction. Boats of various kinds are in use here, their name and form being determined by the uses to which they are applied, as also from the people who have introduced them. Thus we have the "ra meu," a Pagan boat; the "ra cheen," or Chinese boat; the "ra yuan," or Cochinese boat, etc. Ours was a "ra yuan." It was about 30 feet long, and had a small room built upon it, of the dimensions of eight feet by six feet, and served a very comfortable purpose, as Mrs. S. and our children accompanied me.

I will add that another advantage as regards traveling is found in the fact that the tides extend to a considerable distance inland, causing the water to run part of the time one way, and then to flow back again; thus rendering it convenient to use large boats, without the expense of many hands to work them. When the tide, therefore, turns against us, we have only to stop and wait until it again turns. This time need not be lost, as we may stop near some village or wat, distribute books, etc.

Leaving home, therefore, Feb. 11, we ascended the Memam a short distance, and then turned off into a canal, the general direction of which was southwest, and by a distance of about twenty-five miles, reached its junction with the Yacheen river, at the town Mahachie. This river is but little inferior to the Memam, and its direction is about the same.

We remained at this place over night, and the next morning we ascended the river about three miles, and then entered another canal, running in about the same direction as the former. It is about forty miles long, and terminates at another river, larger than the first, but whose direction is nearly the same. This river is called the Maklang; and a town of the same name is situated at the point where the canal enters. Its population is said to be about 8,000. We reached this place on the morning of the third day and remained until the next morning, in order to have calm weather for crossing the head of the Gulf of Siam—a distance of about two miles, and then by a distance of some ten miles, crossed over to the mouth of the Petchiburee river, where is situated the town of Baulam. Ascending this river, which flows northwardly, we stopped for the night some four miles below the town of Petchiburee, which we reached the next morning.

The country between Bangkok and Maklang is almost a dead level, presenting very little variety of scenery, and elevated but little above high-water mark. Being subject to tidal influences, however, it is healthy, and most of it appears susceptible of cultivation. Parts of it are cultivated, though I could not judge to what extent. The country on the other side of the Gulf, along the Petchiburee river, is higher, and more resembles parts of our own. This characteristic becomes more and more marked, as we advance up the river, until within the vicinity of Petchiburee, we have a mountain, several hundred feet high; and farther off to the west there is a chain of mountains—the boundary between Siam and Barmah, and which I would have loved to cross, to have taken friend Moore by the hand. The country along the Petchiburee river is well cultivated, for Siam, and at this season the farmers are engaged in thrashing their rice.

This labor is performed after night, as the days are very warm. The night that we stopped below Petchiburee, I went to witness this operation. The rice was the property of a man of rank, who, seated in his sala, superintended the work. The thrashing was performed by means of cattle. The straw was placed on a circular

space, about 80 feet in diameter. The cattle were divided into two divisions, of about 20 head each, tied abreast, and then placed upon opposite radii, and made to go around until the rice is threshed off.

While in this part of the country, we enjoyed the desideratum of clear water and sandy banks. Here, too, we saw carabos, and oxen, and good roads—things unknown at Bangkok. And from the top of the mountain before-mentioned, I had a most delightful view of the surrounding country—a perfect panorama of the whole. Rice fields, dotted over with palm trees, etc., and the Petchiburee river meandering through a plain, limited on one semi-circumference by the sea, and on the other by mountains. The whole country presented the appearance of prosperity and thrift, unusual for Siam. But I have no time for description. I will only add that a pagoda is erected upon the summit of this mountain, to which these deluded people resort to obtain merit; and that I saw each growing there from ten to fifteen feet high, but I could not tell the species; and that the rocks which compose the mountain are graywacke and transition limestone.

Along the whole route, from Bangkok to Petchiburee, bans, or villages and wats are situated, at greater or less intervals. At these we often stopped, to distribute books; always taking care first to ascertain if the applicant could read. The number of good readers is remarkably great, considering the few incentives to learn, as well as the want of industry among the people. They have, however, an excellent system of orthography, being almost perfectly phonetic, which may account in part, if not altogether, for this.

But what are the missionary aspects of this field? This is the great question, and this question I am not able to answer. We met, however, with much to encourage us. At Maklang, in particular, we met with several individuals who were quite conversant with our books, and some of whom, we have reason to hope, have become wise, even unto salvation. I was not sufficiently able to converse with them in their own language; although I could understand them, as they repeated portions of the Scripture to me, which they gave me reason to hope that they in their hearts appreciated. One thing is certain: the word of God, so far as it is translated for them, is extensively read by this people. You have heard of that interesting old man, who came from a part of the country, whither Christian books had been taken, to the missionaries here, and testified his love to Christ and of his appreciation of the great salvation; how he exemplified that profession during the remaining few weeks of his life, and then died in faith, and, as they believe, went to heaven. The Lord may have many others such here; but you must remember that the most powerful system of error, perhaps, under heaven, here opposes the Gospel, that the people here are under the authority of masters as heartless as slavery is at home, and who do not suppose Christianity simply because they feel their authority is complete.

Yours, etc. J. SILEBY.

The Northumberland Baptist Association at their recent session adopted the following

Report on Temperance.

That intemperance is a great and growing evil, perhaps all are ready to admit; and in the opinion of your Committee, there are few subjects at the present day, that have a greater claim upon the sympathies, the prayers, and the united, energetic and unifying labors of every Christian and Philanthropist, than that we now consider.

We have long labored with painful emotions the ravages of this monster vice, compared with which other sins are forced to conceal their deformity in the secrecy of retirement, or under cover of the night, but this comes forth in broad daylight, and with unobscured impudence, and death mark its pathway.

For time, the progress of this vice seemed to have been stayed; but late, in our own Commonwealth at least, and particularly within our Associational limits, it is increasing with alarming rapidity. No class of society is exempt from its ravages. The rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the polished and the rude, the man of hearty bold and the youth of promise, are indiscriminately brought by its influence to one common level, and are seen bowing with brutish stupidity at the altar of Bacchus. What Christian, what Philanthropist, what patriot can mark the devastating influence of this moral plague, and be unmoved?

But in order effectually to combat error, in order to cope successfully with an adversary of boasted strength and ability, we must recognize the position and strength of him whom we would overcome, and learn also our own resources. Hence your committee have taken measures to ascertain the number of places at which liquors are manufactured and sold within the limits of this Association; and verify their name is Legion, for they are many.

PRAYER.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING"—St. Paul.

When the ruddy morn is breaking,
And the birds, their notes forsaking,
Songs of gladness are awaking,
Filling all the morning air—
In the general praise partaking,
Lift thy voice to God in prayer.

When the morning sun is glowing,
With'ring dew-drops in their flowing,
Shrinking streamlets in their growing,
And his rays are every where—
With soul enraptured, cease unknowning,
Send on high thy fervent prayer.

When the bright day is dying,
And the birds are homeward flying,
And the evening breeze is sighing,
O'er a world of sin and care—
With heart unweary'd, rest praying,
Wait to heaven thy holy prayer.

When the night her tears is weeping,
And the stars their watch are keeping,
And the moon the earth is sleeping,
With her silver shew so fair—
Humily kneeling, ere thy sleeping,
Pour out thy heart in thankful prayer.

Thus, as down time's stream thou'rt drifting,
And the scenes of life are shifting,
Let thy eyes be constant lifting,
To the great bright glowing throne—
While from sin thy heart thou'rt sitting,
Never cease thy strain of prayer.

Brown University. Wm. Worden.

A Front View of Churubusco.

By an Officer of American Artillery—in the Home Country.

The victory—sudden, unique, complete—had exhilarated us like champagne; the morning sun, as he ascended to his meridian throne, warmed and dried us; the little shops which we found upon the high-road; furnished bread and drink; and the Parthian-like shots from the rear-guard of the retreating army, seemed but an inopportune *feu-de-jolie* in honor of our success. An occasional halt, to rest, as Mexican speed, winged by fear, increased the distance between us, gave us opportunity to speculate upon what was in our front.

"I wonder," says one, "what we are going to do now?"

Did any one ever learn anything by wondering? "Oh," said I, very wisely, "we shall sleep in Mexico to-morrow night." All young soldiers are oracular. "I would to God," said my Captain, "that it were over." The presentiment was upon him—and in two hours, the event which had cast its shadow upon his spirit had transpired: he was a rigid corpse.

"Why, B—," I exclaimed; "why do you wish it were over so dolefully?—it is over: they are scared to death, and are on such a trot-out now, that they will run through Mexico without stopping to look behind."

"High-ho!" and he heaved a deep sigh; it was a lament for his own impending fate.

One word about presentiments. I have tried not to believe in them; I have seen them falsified time and again; I have joined others in laughing them to scorn; I have known those who, like the celebrated Martin Scott, declared the bullet was not moulded that could kill them; I have seen, I say, such men shot, layoneted, torn to pieces—and yet a few marked incidents work upon that superstition which lies deep in some unfathomed compartment of the human soul—and I believe, in spite of reason, knowledge, education and desire; and I thank God that I never had a presentiment. In sickness and peril—in passive endurance and exciting turmoil—amid the crowd, or in solitary meditation—I have always felt sure that I should escape. Depression—the blues—every one has; but if I had ever despaired, I should have needed no bullet to kill me—I believe I should have died a natural death. Nor was this sentiment incompatible with a sense of imminent danger. In the heat of action, among whizzing balls, I frequently expected a shot, and I schooled myself to care as little for it as possible. Ah! there was one place in which I was squameish about being hit: I always carried my large tin canteen in front, over my stomach. Arms, head, lungs, legs, all legitimate and honorable, as one might say—quite professional—but the stomach! just think of it, reader; does it not make one shudder? With this Quixotic stomach-piece, then, as a collateral security, I always reverted to my hope, and it never failed; it shone like a star amid all perils, with ever-increasing lustre.

"Put your trust in heaven, and keep your powder dry." Excellent advice; but let me add another item—curb your fancy: if it must flow, turn it into the channel of cheerfulness, or you will be depressed into presentiment—and then, heaven help you!

Through San Angel, the pursuit poured, being arrested in its course only to recruit our troops, or to exchange shots with the runaways. This little town is a summer retreat for the rich Mexicans; and as we passed through, we caught glimpses of bright eyes through latticed windows, and tansored Monks from the gothic apertures of its convent. Through Coyacan, from the steeple of which the engineers were reconnoitring, we passed rapidly onward, to encounter men and scenes totally unknown.

"Halt!" Hark—a quick and increasing fire in front of our direction of march, was

new signal of action. Our brigade was in advance of the column. The Rifles, as light infantry, had scattered themselves forward as skirmishers over the fields flanking our march, and my regiment was the first heavy infantry of the vanguard. As soon as the firing was heard in our ranks, more than one voice shouted—"The Rifles are engaged, and will be cut to pieces!" and soon a staff officer without drawing bridle, sung out his orders at the gallop—"Forward, the first artillery!" and, at a double quick, the men trailing arms, the First went forward to mingle in the fray.

And here let me interweave a word of explanation and criticism. This was a grievous error, and was most fatally attended. Less than a mile before us, and five hundred yards apart, lay the convent and *tete-de-pont* of Churubusco—so named from the little river flowing through its rear, of which the latter is the guard. Now, Worth, after taking San Antonio, had proceeded by the direct road to the bridge-head, and it was his firing that we heard. The Rifles were not engaged; the First was upon desperate service, as we shall see.

We were rapidly lessening the intervening space which separated us from the convent, when once more a loud cry arose—"Make way for the battery!" and the rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs told that the "light bobs" were coming. We cleared the road, and scattering the clayey mud far and wide, Taylor came down at the full gallop.

A battery of light artillery coming into action is a splendid sight; it makes the blood tingle in the cheeks, and the eye kindle with enthusiasm. Then the drill is tested; then your "left-about's" and "counter-marches," "wheels" and "reverses," come into play "under creditable circumstances;" then your horses are lions on the spring, and your men tigers at the guns; then your smooth and bright little "sizzes" bellow, and quiver, and recoil, and deal death with a venom and a celerity in special contrast to their mechanical repose upon the trim *terre-plein* of some peaceful holiday fort.

Such were the thoughts suggested, lightning-like, by Taylor's compact, swift and graceful movements "into battery." He did not come off so well, however: "two officers and twenty men wounded, and fifteen horses crippled," left the guns short-handed, and the mud of the field in which they were, at each recoil closed around the wheels with such tenacity, that it was with wonderful exertion the pieces were removed. *Mais reconnois.*

We set forward again at the run, as soon as Taylor had passed, and in ten minutes we were being handsomely peppered. Through a corn-field of dense and luxurious growth—(ten feet or more in height, and twice as thick as we plant it)—lay the course pointed out by an engineer, to what was considered a "one gun battery." We marched, or rather ran, in fronting the storm of balls, "by company into line;" you could not see three feet on any side, and the stalks were clipped and torn all around by a scythe of balls. One look I cast at my captain when he sprang into the corn, and when I saw him again, the death-rattle was in his throat.

Onward—spurred almost to madness by the fire, the thick growth, and the uncertainty—unconscious of his fate, on I rushed, with a few men; and after falling into a drain, from which I was jerked by the first sergeant, we at length cleared the corn!

Merciful heaven! we were fifty yards in front of a regular field work—two salients and a curtain—containing at least three thousand infantry, with the whole army in reserve, and *seven guns* in embrasure and barbettes, keeping time to the continued roar of musketry. The rain of the night before had given it a slimy carpet and a novel ditch; and as soon as we showed ourselves, we were a mark for a thousand muskets. "One gun battery," indeed! my heart jumped into my throat. My company had evidently entered through the densest growth, and were in advance of the rest of the regiment, which had been organized by its able commander, in readiness to take advantage of a closer and more reasonable reconnoissance. This I learned afterwards.

"What shall we do, Lieutenant?" screamed the sergeant.

"Blaze away!" said I, temporizing in this answer; for I plainly saw that something else must be done.

He leveled his piece with deliberate aim, and discharged it into the blazing crevice of the work, and was "ramming cartridge" for a second shot, when a convulsive leap, the blood pouring from his breast, and his gun rattling to the earth, told me he was shot through the heart! I caught him to support his fall, and while "laying him out," a second shot penetrated his brain. Ah! he was a doomed man: when he was buried, he had five wounds, and *four were in vital parts!*

looked around me in the direction of these doleful cries; to the right, to the left, behind, like autumn leaves in a gust, were falling the men who had "broken cover" with me. Dragging two of the wounded, we gained the shelter of adobe wall a few yards to the left, which intercepted small shot, but which was riddled by cannon. "Victimized this time!" thought I; but my hope did not fail: and there in momentary chance of being torn to pieces, as the round shot ploughed through, were joined by little Hoffman. He was a gallant little soldier, of birth and breeding, who had received an appointment to the regiment but a few months before.

"Hot work, isn't it?" said he.

"Rather,"

"I wish the members of Congress were here for about ten minutes, to deliberate on army pay—they'd give us fifteen dollars a day and found, don't you think so?"

"Any price to run for it," said I, "I'll be bound."

Poor little fellow! with the humorous smile upon his face, and the words scarcely through his parted lips, his throat and collar-bone were torn out by a cannon-ball, which came through the *adobe*, and like lightning he went to the earth. I looked at the scathed and ruined frame; I turned him over and over, and seeing that life was extinct, I said to my only remaining man, "Perkins, you see that stone house?"

"Yes, sir."

And away we went, a little to the left and rear, between the balls, as the old woman escaped the rain. It was marvellously like a retreat!

There, to my great joy, I found a large portion of my regiment—and old Strange, my servant, yelled out with his hands clasped very theatrically—

"Thank God! there's my officer. Oh! I thought you was kilt!"

Wax melts no more easily in the fire, than did him at Churubusco!

At length an entrance to the work, where the fire was slackest, was found and forced by the third infantry and first artillery, and the "Convent of Churubusco" had fallen: it belonged that day to the church militant but not triumphant. Meanwhile, as all the world knows Worth had carried the bridge-head, and the causeway to Mexico was swarming with the panic-stricken fugitives.

The yard of the convent, when we had time to contemplate it, presented one of those battle scenes to which description is entirely inadequate. In one of the bastions an ammunition-box had blown up, and scattered the human frame anatomically around; mules were lying with their entrails streaming out of large shot-holes; artillery horses, dressed with scarlet trimmings, were flying loose lither and thither, with streaming manes and distended nostrils, snorting at the smoke and the noise; and the dead and dying were in every possible posture of agony. I gazed for a few moments, and my heart sank as I thought upon the misery caused by that battle: through the electric chain of ten thousand relationships, far and near, native and foreign, a shock of grief was passing—its effects no human heart can conceive.

Not long after I entered the yard, a scene occurred of singular interest.

"Is that you, Tom?" cried one of our men to a Mexican, with a leer like that of the Artful Dodger when they caught Oliver.

"Is that you, ye—?"

"What in the world is he talking English to a Greaser for?" thought I.

What was my astonishment, when the person thus interrogated, hanging down his head, said in a low tone, "Yes"—and then baring his breast, he added "Kill me, I want to die." He was a deserter from our regiment, and one of the celebrated *San Patricios*, who had done us more damage than all the rest of the Mexicans put together.

"NO!" shouted an officer, in a voice of thunder; "don't you touch him! let him alone—we'll save him for something better."

"We'll hang you, you infernal dog," chimed in another. "Tie him up to that tree"—and in a few moments, Tom was bound fast with his back to the tree, saved from the death of battle for a darker fate. Ten days after, the army had the satisfaction of seeing him, among others, white-capped and dangling at San Angel, expiating an inextinguishable crime. Life is no recompense for the mortal sin of desertion; a foul and pestilent memory, even, cannot clear the score.

Once more the field was still. The echoes, tired of doing "double duty" that day, had gone to sleep—perhaps to have a nightmare!—and we were weary and sad. The past!—a soldier's past!—to what shall I liken it? To some vast and dimly lit cathedral of the olden time, echoing through nave and transept, and from floor to groin, strange, scarce-remembered melodies, or now discordant notes. Through the tall Gothic windows of richly-colored glass, comes streaming in, a modicum,

checked light: the pleasant yellow and orange of early joy—of her I looked upon in childhood's love, and thought the earth was brighter for her presence, and hallowed by her step—of him, the playmate brother, and the hand-clasped friend; then, mingling in splendor, come the blue and purple of grander reminiscences, telling of awe and majesty—the priest in holy church—the judge—the soldier in his gala dress and nodding plumes—earth's ermine and lawn and blue, and the streaming green of early hope, ambition, honor, love—all but content. But stay! upon the chancel, flooding altar and cross, in ruddy reflection from column and cornice, pours in a deep red ray—crimson, blood-color: alas! it has its memories too, vivid and clear, and grievous to be borne; and as I gaze upon its changing touches, the plaintive, searching tones of the "Kyrie Eleison, *Christe Eleison!*"—*Oh Lord, Oh Christ have mercy!*—come pealing in from the phantom-gallery of that old cathedral of the heart! In that ray, upon that air, I seem to see and hear ye once again—ye who bore your soldiers' hearts so nobly forward upon the maddest wave of battle, and laid them down, in wreck and night, for your country's honor!

Ay de mi! lying upon unplanned boards, stark and grim, that weary night, were Burke, and Capron, and Hoffman; not far off was the body of Johnstone, and the handsome and gallant Irons was grappling with a mortal wound: five, in twenty-four hours, from our little regimental circle. They were gone!—young and lusty, proud and hoping, clever and boon—they were gone! What was the field—what its glory and its laurels—what was Mexico, the city, the territory, the whole peninsula—what were they all worth, when weighed against those gallant hearts?

I threw my arms around the neck of a classmate, and shed bitter, because unavailing tears. But the fountain was soon dried: pride and *mauvaise honte* came to my relief, and I sat moodily gazing upon our dead, and "bitterly thought of the morrow" that was to consign them to their warrior's rest. We cut a lock from each head, emptied the pockets and removed the rings and watches, and left them under a guard of honor until the morning.

And then, for the first time I thought of myself. From the morning of the 18th to the night of the 20th, I was almost without my rest; my feet were cut and bruised by the rocks of the pedregal; I had been twice wet through, and now that the excitement was over, I could scarcely move.

While in this state of mental and physical depression, disinclined to speak or act, a pert little moustachio-twisted Mexican officer approached us, and waving his hand with an air of great importance, accosted us by introducing himself—*Captain —, serdior de re!*—(Captain So-and-so, your servant;) of which no one of us deigned to take the slightest notice.

"*Quisiera saber,*" he continued, raising his voice, "*lo que se ha dispuesto tocante al abatecimiento de los prisioneros. Bien sabe que no lo podemos pagar sin beber y comer.*"

"What does he say, Caspar?"

"He says that he wants to know what we are going to do about the prisoners' rations; and he adds," said I, "most impudently as I think, that it is an anxiety, that men must eat and drink."

"The devil he does!" said another.

We had no rations ourselves; we were in the very sackcloth and ashes of our grief, and his errand and manner were ill-timed to a degree. His flippancy and contempt would have amused us at any other time, as ebullitions of spleen and mortification at being a prisoner; but thinking upon our desolation, and feeling something of the hatred of Cain for the whole race, our first speaker arose, and taking out a pistol, said in a hissing tone, as he cocked it, "Look you, *amigo*, you cowardly young puppy, if you favor this party with any further observations on any subject whatsoever, I'll blow your brains out!"

He understood that English, if he never did any other, for he bowed himself precipitately into the back-ground, and whether he starved that night or not, I never heard. It is to be hoped he did.

I slept soundly in the convent-yard that night—found in the morning that it had rained in torrents. I left a perfect *intefia* in the mud, and felt decidedly *relievo* when I got to the smoking side of a blazing fire where Gen. Twiggs was drying himself.

Soldiers are great sinners, everybody says; but they do terrible penance, sometimes. Ye who have neither the temptation nor the hardship, drop a veil upon their faults and a tear upon their sufferings.

H. C.

The official Census Returns show the number of Fugitive Slaves in the year ending 1st June, 1850, was only 1017. Unannounced in the same time, 1314. 2581.

We think a "divine institution" which increases some 50,000 happy subjects per year, can stand such a small subtraction without "dissolving the Union."

The Farmer.

The Potato Rot.

MR. EDITOR: I have read various Essays on the subject of the potato rot, and as I dissent entirely from the conclusions of these writers, I am induced to put forth my own opinion through the medium of your valuable paper.

My views are entitled to no other consideration than as embodying the result of my own observation and experience, and while these have satisfied me, I do not pretend that they ought to satisfy others. Some suppose that this disease originates from the natural decay of the plant, and that it is necessary to renovate it, by planting the ball, and by this means rear a new seed. Others believe that an insect produces the decay. I repudiate both of these notions, and assert from my own observation that these causes do not generate the disease. The first potato rot, as a general epidemic in this section of the country occurred in 1842. I had a field which looked very promising for a large crop. In August, after the crop was nearly matured we had a heavy rain, succeeded by a hot sun. It was ascertained that the potatoes immediately commenced rotting, and when they were dug, a large portion were found unfit for use. The ground on which this crop grew, was a clay soil, which retained the water, and prevented its rapid escape. Under similar circumstances I noticed for several successive years, a like result; but attributing it to the popular opinion that the plant had degenerated, or that an insect had caused the decay, and adopting the belief that lime would obviate the difficulty, I had a piece of ground prepared last year according to the most approved method of preventing the rot. The land was deeply drilled, and heavily manured. In the drills lime was added, and on this the potato was planted. The growth of the vine was vigorous, and gave indications of a large crop, until the heavy rain the first of September. The ground was level, and the water remained upon the surface until it either evaporated or settled below the surface. This rain was followed by a hot sun, and when my potatoes were dug it was found that at least one-half were rotted. Some were slightly touched, but the process of decay continued, and out of a large crop I had difficulty in selecting enough for my family use. Having adopted every precaution suggested by the different writers upon this subject, I have been forced to fall back upon my own opinion, and maintain that the rot is produced by the peculiar character of the season, and from no other cause. A heavy rain in August, succeeded by intense heat, where the ground is favorable, will inevitably produce the potato rot, and the reason is obvious. The ground is saturated with water—an August sun pours its heat upon it, and the steam process in the ground affects the surface of the potato, and causes its rapid decay. When this process of decomposition once commences, its progress continues, and communicates the disease to others. I have observed that the first affected are near the surface, and I have also noticed that some are struck hardly skin deep. By exposing to the atmosphere the progress of decay may be arrested. Upon sandy soil, such as our river bottoms the rot is unknown, and the reason is, the water settles at once below the potato, and consequently the action of the sun does not affect it.

The only argument against this theory of mine is that the rot has not universally prevailed until within the last few years, and it may be urged that the same cause would have produced the same effect. My only reply is, that the potato rot is not of recent origin. It has always existed under similar circumstances, and though partial in its operations, like causes have produced like effects. Then again our seasons for a few years past have been favorable to the development of the disease, which has caused it to become more universal.

I have now to suggest the remedy. By planting the potato near the surface, upon ground where the water can easily escape, rot will be avoided. I would recommend the process of ridging the land by turning two furrows together and planting upon the top of the ridge. The water will then settle away and prevent the chemical action that produces the rot. By exercising care in planting and in the selection of the ground, I am satisfied this scourge which has so extensively prevailed can be avoided.

While talking upon the subject of potatoes, I am induced to advert to an experiment which I tried last fall. I planted a plot about the middle of November, by making deep drills and depositing about four inches of horse manure, upon which the potato was planted and covered sufficiently deep to escape the frost. The result was that I have had a full supply of potatoes a month earlier than I ever had them before. This may not be new to others, but I took the hint from observing

the official Census Returns show the number of Fugitive Slaves in the year ending 1st June, 1850, was only 1017. Unannounced in the same time, 1314. 2581.

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