

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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Our business columns contain all subjects of general inter-
est not within the range of party or sectarian concern.
All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real
address of the writer, to receive attention. All those
relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be di-
rected to H. C. HICKOK, Editor, at his residence, No. 10
Market street, between Second and Third, over
the Postoffice. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

The following is certainly the best
anti-bacchanal song we have ever seen.

Some of the best lyrics in the language
are on the other side, and the efforts of
temperance song writers, however truthful
and sound in their philosophy, have been
anything but songs. We think, however,
the enemy has been fairly met in this
instance, and we hope the author will
adopt his verses to one of his own beautiful
melodies.—Commercial Journal.

Oh! Comrades, Fill no Glass for Me.
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me
To drown my soul in liquid flame;
For if I drink, the toast should be—
To blighted fortune, health, and fame,
Yet, thought I long to quell the strife
That passion heeds against my life,
Still boon companions may ye be;
But, comrades, fill no glass for me;

I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care—
I know a heart, but once was bright,
But drooping hopes have made it drear;
Then, while the tear drops slightly steal
From wounded hearts that I should heal,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

When I was young, I felt the tide
Of aspirations undelimited;
But manhood's years have wronged the pride
My parents centered in their child.

Then by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me!

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Great peace in Europe! Order returns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"
So say her kings and priests; so say
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear,
The tramp of measured marches hear,
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shouted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-carey step in hut and hall,
From Polar sea to tropic fire,
The dying groans of exiled men,
The belted cell, the galley's chains,
Order—the lash of brooding slaves!
Peace—in the dungeon vaults and grave!

Oh Fisher! with thy world-wide net
And snare in every water set,
Whence fished keels of heaven and hell
Dalt land the patriot's prison cell,
And open wide the banquet hall
Where kings and priests hold carnival!
Weak rascal, tricked in royal guise,
By Kaiser with thy lip of lies;
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
Barricade on his dead renown!
There, Bourbon Neapolitan,
Crowned scoundrel, leech of God and man;
And thou, fell spider of the North!
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations, eaten up like flies;
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar,
If this be Peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet;
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free.
Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred, and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet thy wilderness!
Oh! that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry, as of the Hebrew seer:
REPENT! GOD'S KINGDOM DRAWETH NEAR!

At Bath, recently, they wanted a
man to come from Portland and "bring
his wife." The telegraph rendered the last
clause—"bring his wife." So the musi-
cian and his lady duly arrived by the next
train.

[About as unfortunate as the lady was
who solicited "the pleasure of the company"
of a militia captain at her house on a
certain evening when she desired a select
party; but was over-honored by the en-
trance of his little army with drum and
file, "lagganets" and regimentals.]

An Ohio paper says there is a Post
Master in the town of Palestine who does
not know the use of postage stamps. He
thinks that they are "merely a city orna-
ment." He has charged five cents on all
letters, and which were prepaid—making
eight cents on each letter. Palestine, we
believe, is in Dark County.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger
than his father? Because he is a little Big-
ger.

Original Papers

From the Theta Alpha Society, University at Lewisburg

The Drummer Boy.

When fierce Oppression swept the land,
And Freedom called her sons to will,
A patriot left his native town
To join the troops on Bunker Hill.

His watchful mother, as she wept,
And bade him trust to Heaven still,
With wringing hands and aching heart
Beheld him march for Bunker Hill.

No fears had he—for as he stooped
With water his canteen to fill,
"Dear Mother, wipe that tear," he cried,
"Till I return from Bunker Hill."

He went—and ere that foe was taught
The depth and strength of Freedom's will,
A murderous shot had spent its force
On him who fought on Bunker Hill.

"Benevolent of Freedom!" (was his gasp
As through him rushed the death-like thrill,
"Tell her who shed a Mother's tears
I died for her on Bunker Hill."

"Bear up my limbs while now I send
One last farewell, loud and shrill—
Let it perform its faithful work,
For 'tis my last from Bunker Hill."

They wrapped him in the rampart's robes,
And after dark, when all was still,
In solemn silence dug his grave,
And buried him on Bunker Hill.

The Beach Party.

Any one who has ever visited the sea-
shore, knows that the States, from Maine
to Florida, are skirted with long, low,
sandy beaches, covered, when the sand is
not too thick, with groves of cedars, and
when the trees are scarce, with sand-hills.
Well, on these beaches, the wives and
daughters of the "hard-hearted wreckers,"
—(remember, all who dwell on the sea-
shore, especially those in Jersey, are
called, by your excellent Pennsylvanians,
who are so innocent and pure, "wreckers,"
"wretches," and all the hard names
in your vocabulary)—the wives and
daughters go with their husbands, brothers
and lovers, in the warm days of summer,
to bathe in the cool waters of the ocean,
and forget for a while the cares by which
they are surrounded. It is one of these
parties that I am about to propound to
you—not exactly one at which all were
old women and children, but a small col-
lection of the youth and beauty of the
nicest place in the world.

As was to be expected, however, the
latter part of last summer, that this party
collected at the side of a fine large boat.
As the tide was falling out, we hurried on
board, and started from the wharf, as soon
as we could possibly extricate ourselves from
the sand, and got comfortably seated. As
we glided down the stream, we contempla-
ted (as the novels say) "the face of Na-
ture." A stranger perhaps would have
said she had a dirty face, but we did not
care for a little mud; it was nothing but
a little clean dirt, after all—and then the
stillness that reigned there!—nothing was
heard but the shrill scream of the great
sea-gull, as he swept over us; or the voice
of the osprey gliding swiftly through the
air, now rising high up in the clouds, now
darting with the speed of an arrow into
the water, and the next moment a poor
moss-bonker was taking such an aerial
flight as even the thought of which had
never before entered his cranium. Every
oyster bowed its head, and squirted water
at the little crabs as they crawled sideways
through the mud. Every little "fiddler"
danced a hornpipe over the hole of his
neighbor, or ran about, like a kitten chas-
ing its tail, as it appeared to us without
any definite object. Every living thing
appeared to be enjoying itself, and why
should not we?—we had started with that
intention, and were now the more encour-
aged to carry it out.

We had by this time entered the deep
water, and as the breeze was freshening, we
were running along at a rate that would
appear perfectly marvelous to you fresh-
water animals who never saw a better boat
than an old tub. I now had time to
notice our company: there were only four
young men, and eight or ten girls; and
however pleasant this circumstance might
have been to one portion, I have my doubts
whether the ladies would not rather have
had at least one gent. apiece.

But we soon reached the beach, and had
the pleasure of unloading. First, we had
to carry the girls, through mud and water
up to our knees, to dry land; next, the
same thing with something much more
substantial—namely, the dinner: then,
having selected a place to have the dinner,
and having there deposited our bundles,
we separated to prepare for the surf. We
were soon in it, and then the fun!—
splashing, and kicking, and ducking; get-
ting knocked down, and nearly drowned
by the breakers, and getting up, puffing
like a porpoise, and at it again—and all
those things of which one who has never
seen the ocean and revelled in its waters
can have no conception. While the girls
were playing in the shoal water, I busied
myself in catching a halfpenny clam
about as large as the minutest particle of
nothing.

We soon collected at the rendezvous
again, and the dinner was set out. It

gives one a ravenous appetite to go in the
surf, and from a time immemorial it has
been a practice for those who attend beach
parties to eat about twice as much as they
can cram into their stomachs. At this
time, we did reverence to the memory of our
forefathers—chickens, sponge cakes, pie,
&c., vanished as if by magic, and we never
ceased until nothing remained but skele-
tons.

After the dishes had been put away, I
soon perceived the other fellows—mind, I
say the other fellows—with their heads in
very close proximity to those of the ladies,
and looking very foolish. As this practice,
much as it is in vogue, has never found
favor with me, I did not trouble them long
with my presence, but, ascending the
highest sandhill in that region, I was soon
"alone with my thoughts," like Robinson
Crusoe on his solitary isle, or that equally
celebrated man on St. Helena. Before me
were many objects which not only "fond
recollection" but a good eyesight "present-
ed to my view" in the distance. Turning
around, I gazed far out on the blue ocean,
studded in every direction with white sails,
and stretching as far out as I could see—
and a little farther, I guess. I was fast
getting into a philosophical mood, when I
was startled by a loud laugh, and found the
whole party by my side.

We soon started home, but the sun set
long before we got there, and as the moon
had gone to visit our dog-eating brethren,
it was very dark, and the night air damp
and cold.

Now, Mr. Editor, my paper is full, and
I shall have to stop, but just let me say
that I shall be very glad to see you, and
will be happy to take you to one of these
parties if you will visit me at my home by
the side of the Ocean.

Reveries and Dreams.

What perfect god sends are Reveries
and Dreams! How it sickens one to
listen to the tedious abstract reasonings of
philosophers upon these—to hear them
reduced to mere general principles, every
particle of witchery, every particle of
mystery withdrawn! If this be punish-
ment, what blasphemy to hear mere book-
ments of twilight—to hear danger and
destruction prophesied to the mind by
indulgence in such pleasures!

Oh! could such men ever have enjoyed
the sweets of a reverie on a summer's
twilight—every hoisterous feeling lulled—
every painful emotion soothed—all vanity
scattered—every external object in sweet
harmony with the soul—the breeze gently
wafting toward one the fragrance of Flora's
offerings—the mild beam of the happy
fire-freely revealing his gambols in mid-air—
the pleasing monotony of the cricket's
song: all these combined, form an immeas-
urable source of pleasure. 'Tis at such a
moment as this the mind feels itself free
from the mould, and soars far away;
at such a time, old scenes are revisited,
old companions greeted, old pets caressed,
actions reviewed, and bright scenes
drawn out for future gratification. The
mind is only brought back by some sweet
strain voluptuously floating on the western
gale; or, perchance, by the appearance of
the moon, which has just "climbed the
highest hill."

And, again, there is the reverie before
a sparkling coal fire, where we trace land-
scapes in most brilliant colors—where
each crevice presents some scene of our
childhood's hours. Here we see the old
homestead overhung with the willows—the
old porch with its rude bench—the
house dog lazily dozing in the sunlight—the
well, with its rusty, creaking chain—
everything in the exact position we last
saw it, years ago. In this piece of
anthracite, we trace the benign features
of a dear old man we used to hail as "our
Father;" in its neighbor we recognize the
loving countenance of an old lady, who,
with her spectacles on her head, and her
knitting in her hand, used to answer
when, in our boyish griefs we called aloud
for "Mother." In that blazing coal that
has just dropped through the bars of the
grate, we see the form of a lovely and
only sister, with whom on one day we
sporting, and on the next carried "Forget-
me-nots" and roses to decorate the sod
that rested above her pale face. (Oh! how
desolate were we then.)

All through the fire, we witness the
representation of our boyish exploits, and
as each spark hurries up the narrow flue
but to be extinguished by the first breath
of air, we are reminded of our airy castles,
and brilliant schemes, which faded away
at the mere touch of reality.

In the particles of heat thrown out, to
render comfortable the room, we see our
good actions, which have bestowed pleasure
upon others, and happiness upon ourselves,
the recollections of which still remain to
gladden and cheer our reflections.

The dead cinders and ashes at the bot-
tom, serve to remind us of those deeds
that have benefited none, and still prove

dull weights upon our memories. But a
fresh supply of fuel is flung on, and the
vision vanishes.

How we pity those who never experi-
enced this delight! God grant we may
never outlive our love for Reveries.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for not writing
upon the whole of my theme. I fear to
weary your readers; but at some future
essay will contain my humble opinion of
Dreams.

Distinctions in Society.

Our political axiom, that all men are born
free and equal, is one that we live to have
engraven on our hearts, inscribed upon
our banners, chiseled upon our monuments,
and written in indelible characters upon
the pages of our country's history. Our
statesmen and orators proclaim it with
patriotic pride. It is a welcome topic of
conversation in the social circle, the lofty
and inspiring theme of the American poet,
and a rich and fertile material for the
American author. But when we test this
boasted axiom by the facts that are pre-
sented by our daily intercourse with the
world; by the practice of society, we are
compelled to conclude that it exists more
in name than reality. Outward circum-
stances have much to do in giving an
individual, distinction. Wealth is a
certain passport to the smiles and caresses
of society, and it seems to matter little
what a man may be in other respects,
provided he is rich: this is a sufficient
recommendation, and completely hides all
defects of character, and the millionaire is
welcomed to the parlor of many a fair
one, is the centre of attraction in many
a company, where the poorer but much
more virtuous would be looked upon with
derision.

The man who has stained his hands in
the blood of some thousands of his fellows,
deprived wives of their husbands, mothers
of their sons, and children of their fathers,
and has marked his course with desolation
and ruin, becomes the public favorite; his
glorious deeds are trumpeted from the
Atlantic to the Pacific. Our papers and
magazines are filled with accounts of his
mighty exploits, and these accounts are
read with the most intense interest by
and towns with all the pomp of martial
display, and amid the loud buzzes of the
people, public dinners are given to honor
him, and the loftiest powers of our great
orators are brought into requisition on
such an occasion. His pathway is strewn
with flowers, and the beautiful, the lovely,
the fair join their sweet voices in the
general jubilee.

But all such distinctions are vain, or as
one remarks, "Vanity of vanities," they
are but for a day; wealth takes to itself
wings and flies away, or its possessor by
a common fate must soon lie beneath the
clouds of the valley; the man, who to-day
is lauded by the world, may to-morrow
like Columbus, be thrown into chains and
die in a dungeon, or like Napoleon be
transformed from the crowned monarch
to an exile upon a barren island.

The question may here arise, that if
neither wealth nor regal power entitle one
to distinction, what does? We answer,
virtue, education, and refinement, or in
short intellectual and moral worth. These
are neither the endowments of fate, nor
can they be inherited from ancestors, but
they are the result of laborious personal
effort; in attaining these every man is
truly "the architect of his own fortunes,"
these awaken, bring into action and im-
prove the finer and nobler feelings of the
soul, smother the asperities of our nature
and cause us to love and venerate what-
ever is good and right. Let us then be diligent
to cultivate and improve the high and
noble faculties, with which kind heaven
has endowed us, and thus gain true dis-
tinction, confer lasting good upon our
race, secure the esteem of wise and good men
and the favor of God.

[We frequently receive letters from
abroad, which we think too good to be en-
joyed all alone, and believe would be en-
tertaining to the acquaintances of the
writers. We give a specimen below, and
should be glad to hear again from the same
writer.]

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

FREEDOM, ILL., Feb. 2, 1852.

MR. EDITOR: Enclosed please find Two
Dollars, the amount due you for my invalu-
able paper, which I commenced with Feb.
26, 1851. I say your invaluable paper,
not because I am a farmer, but the perusal
of it affords many of my clients who
are farmers, food and instruction in that
branch of business, especially those of them
whose native residence was Union county.
But I might add that it affords me pleas-
ure to pay for the perusal of a paper which
recalls my own native home so vividly.
Besides, your sheet advises me of many
facts transpiring in that part of the coun-
try of which without it I might remain in
utter ignorance. It also bears the deli-
cious intelligence that some of my fond
young friends and school companions are

fulfilling Holy Writ by getting married
and being given in marriage. On the
other hand, it bears to me the sad intelli-
gence that many have been visited by
death, and called to participate in more
lasting enjoyments by the payment of that
debt which none of us can avoid—a debt
which is not exempted by any process
known to statute or common law, but ren-
dered doubly sure by the revealed and
Divine law. It also establishes the fact,
that whilst I am separated hundreds of
miles from my friends, in imagination I
am weekly conversing with them, and
learning of their daily avocations in life.
It tells of the defeats and success of some
of my old wandering friends in political
life. It shows, further, that the land in
which I was reared from my infancy is
rapidly progressing in agriculture, manu-
factures, and commerce, and improving in
literature, science, and knowledge, by
establishing institutions for the promotion
of the interests of the young and rising
generation, carrying upon its face the
honor of an intelligent community.

This country, when compared with
yours, is yet in its infancy, as far as erudi-
tion, learning, and arts are concerned. I
would, however, say that this is yet de-
signed to rank with many of the other
States of the Union in religion, learning,
and arts. Freeport has a population of
about 2000 inhabitants, with a number of
common schools, besides six houses for the
purpose of worshipping God, while some
others are in contemplation and under
process of erection. It is true our country
is yet new, but all our wants can easily
be supplied, as far as luxuries are con-
cerned, from the fertile bosom of the prair-
ies of the west.

But it matters not in what clime we are
situated; when we bow the knee, the dis-
tance is the same, throughout the universe,
from Him who witnesses our every action.
Then permit me to add, thus far I am well
pleased with the regions of the west, and
my prayer has been like that of the Spar-
tan of old, that I might not be overcome
with the overflowing torrent of good news
from California, lest some great misfortune
should overtake me.

—flowers are to be seen blooming sponta-
neously throughout the length and breadth
of our wild yet fruitful prairies. Our
winters are something colder than yours,
yet this winter so far has been mild, with
the exception of a few weeks since, when
the weather was for several days intensely
cold, the thermometer standing twenty-
four degrees below zero. To-day old Sol
pours down his effulgent rays with such an
impression as to make us almost come to
the conclusion that fire is not essential to
our comfort.

In fuel, Pennsylvania surpasses Illinois.
Your mountains are imbedded with coal,
and your iron ore is extensive. But per-
mit me to lead you along the winding
course of the rivers of this State, and I
will show you the dark mineral treasure
drawn from beneath the surface, while in
other portions of the State the bowels of
the earth groan underneath the heavy
pressure of the lead.

Adieu for the present—may prosperity
always attend my native place, as well as
my present home. H. B.

Floods since the Christian Era.

The following chapter, we copy from
a volume of MORTIMER'S Dictionary, pub-
lished in London, A. D. 1789.—Ed.
Chron.]

INUNDATIONS AND VIOLENT RAINS.—
Of the Tyber at Rome, destroyed part
of the city, and a multitude of people and
cattle, A. D. 164. Again, 717. In En-
gland a great inundation of the sea,
overflowed a tract of land containing many
thousand acres in Lincolnshire, which
have never been recovered, though many
schemes have been proposed for draining
off the waters, A. D. 245. [Cauden.

Another, by which 5000 persons, and
an innumerable quantity of cattle perished,
353.

At Glasgow, Scotland, by which 4000
families were drowned, 738.

The Tweed overflowed its banks, and
laid waste the country north and south
upwards of 30 miles, 836.

Continued rains in Scotland for five
months, 918 [Fordun. Hist. Scot.

A prodigious inundation of the sea on
the English coasts, which demolished a
number of sea-port towns, and great num-
ber of inhabitants, 1015. [Speed.

Earl Godwin's lands, said to consist of
4000 acres, overflowed by the sea, and
prodigious sandbanks formed; now known
by the name of The Godwin Sands, on
the coast of Kent, 1100. [Caden.

Flanders almost overflowed by sea; the
town and harbor of Ostend totally im-
mersed (the present city was built above a
league from the channel, where the old
one lies overwhelmed) 1108. [Histoire de
Flanders.

At Newcastle upon Tyne, 120 laymen,
several priests, and others, were drowned,
by an inundation, 1339.

In the 9th and 12th of Edward III,
the violent rains destroyed the corn and
fruits of the earth; and in his 23d year,
1348, it rained almost incessantly from
Midsummer to Christmas. [Carta.]

Of the river Severn, which lasted ten
days, and carried away men, women, and
children, in their beds, and covered the
tops of many mountains; the waters set-
tled upon the lands, and were called The
Great Waters for 100 years after, 1 Rich-
ard III 1483. [Hollingshed.

Again, 4 James I. 1607, the waters
rose above the tops of the houses, and
above 100 persons perished in Somerset-
shire and Gloucestershire.

The dyke broke, and let in the sea at
Dort in Holland, by which accident 100,
000 lost their lives, in 1440.

A general inundation happened by the
failure of the dykes in the same country,
1570, and the number drowned is said to
have been 400,000.

Part of Zealand overflowed, and 1300
inhabitants drowned; it likewise did incre-
dible damage at Hamburg, 1717.

At Madrid, several of the Spanish
nobility, and other persons of distinction
perished, 1723. [Dufresnoy.

The tide in the Thames rose so high
that the lawyers were obliged to be car-
ried out of Westminster-hall in boats: the
parade in St. James's Park was under
water, and a quantity of cattle was de-
stroyed in the marshes in Essex, besides
other considerable damage, owing to heavy
rains, February 16, 1735.

The heaviest rain fell at London, and
the country around it, that had been known
for upwards of a century, and did consid-
erable damage, as well at land as in the
river, being preceded by a violent storm
of wind, Sept. 1, 1768. [Annual Register.

A most violent rain destroyed all the
produce of the earth, beat down a great
number of houses, and bulged a number
of vessels in the harbors at Virginia, Sept.
11, 1793.

In the north of England, dreadful inun-
dations, occasioned by heavy rains, de-
stroyed great quantities of cattle, above
700 vessels, and many persons were drown-
ed Dec. 1771. [where it carries away a
wrecked vessel, and 200 of the inhabitants
drowned, 1773; in Calcutta, 1773; at Bat-
tersea and Chelsea, 1774; in Kent, 1776;
in Languedoc, 1776; north of England,
when Hexham-bridge, &c. were thrown
down, 1782; in different parts of Ger-
many, when some thousands had their
houses and property destroyed, 1785; in
different parts of England, 1785; at
Brighton, when the blockhouse was
washed down, 1786.

The Farmer.

Value of Fruit—Fruit Culture.

After a lapse of nearly two centuries
since the settlement of the country, the
cultivation of fruit is just beginning to
assume a character its merits deserve.
This rising estimate of the fruit is not
founded on any false basis, and is not
destined, like many other objects of
general and eager interest, to endure only
for a season, and then pass away. So long
as substantial and cheaply furnished food,
and the most desirable and wholesome
luxuries shall be objects worthy of attain-
ment, so long will the fruit culture main-
tain its importance.

As an article of food, and more espe-
cially apples, have been proved of great
value. Some farmers save annually, in
various ways, from fifty to a hundred
dollars by the use of green and dried
fruit upon their table—not merely by the
amount of aliment afforded, but by adding
to the variety, and to the list of
luxuries, enabling them to reduce the
amount of other and more costly articles.
By a free use of the best sweet apples
through autumn and winter, for baking
and for puddings, some families have
avoided large expenditures. The aggre-
gate saving in the millions of American
families who might enjoy the privilege of
plenty of fruit, with a general cultivation
of the best kinds for a succession the year
through, might perhaps be set down,
without extravagance, as more than the
whole expenses of the general govern-
ment.

Not less important is the value of fruit
as an article of food for domestic animals.
Although direct and careful experiments
by weighing and measuring are still want-
ing, enough has been ascertained to
prove that apples, especially the richer
sweet varieties, as food for cattle and
swine are fully equal to potatoes, and
some of the most careful trials already
made, indicate their decided superiority,
being about as seven to five. The chemi-
cal analysis of these two productions
shows the superiority of the apple in the
aliment it contains, and also proves that
some sorts excel others in richness and
value. Hence the importance of ascer-
taining, by careful trial, those sorts best
adapted to feeding and fattening.

For fattening swine, apples are particu-
larly excellent. Some farmers have
saved three-fourths the expense of pork-
making, by allowing their hogs the run
of a part of their orchards while the
autumn fruit was falling from the trees.
A neighbor sold forty dollars' worth of
pork, fattened by the "droppings" of only
half an acre of good grafted orchard. The
process was completed by a week or two
of feeding with grain. In one experi-
ment, 500 pounds of pork were made
from 120 bushels.

While, therefore, the apple possesses a
high value from its inherent qualities for
feeding, the cheapness of its production
far exceeds that of nearly every other
article for that purpose. Taking as an
average the value of land at fifty dollars
an acre, we have the following estimate,
giving the actual cost of one acre of
orchard:

Cost of land, \$50 00
Cost of fifty apple trees, 10 00
Cost of setting out, 5 00

The crops from the land will more than
pay the yearly interest for the first few
years, and the product of both land and
trees, will more than pay it as they be-
come larger. An acre of full sized bear-
ing trees would therefore cost no more
than sixty-five dollars. With the selec-
tion of the most productive sorts, in
connection with the vigor imparted by the
good cultivation, the trees will yield upon
an average, at least eight bushels each,
or four hundred bushels from the acre. The
annual interest on the orchard at 6 per
cent, would be about four dollars, the
necessary cultivation and manuring, to
maintain a most fruitful condition, would
not exceed six more, making ten dollars
the whole yearly cost of the four hundred
bushels, or two and a half cents per
bushel. In the more fertile parts of the
country, the only cultivation required
would be one plowing and two or three
harrowing annually, reducing the cost of
the ungathered crop to about one cent and
a half per bushel—a sum much lower than
the same value of autumnal yield by
grain or root crops. No land owner need
for a copious supply—beating not, like
other crops, the yearly attention of
procuring seed and planting. Such crops
never suffer by a glutted market, so long
as the growth, maintenance and fattening
of domestic animals form an important
portion of agricultural economy. Nor is
the time required for an orchard to come
into full bearing so great as common
opinion regards it; for through the vigor
imparted by good culture, trees will attain
a full bearing age in a third of the time
requisite where the soil is neglected, and
the trees allowed to take their own course.

As an article of comfort and luxury, the
value of fruit can scarcely be estimated.

The few who have learned by actual ex-
perience the enjoyment of the best, and
most delicious sorts for the whole twelve
months, would not willingly relinquish
the privilege. Many it is true, have fur-
nished themselves with occasional supplies
of their own raising—they possess only
a few scattered fragments of the yearly
circle of fruits; but the number is yet
much too small, although rapidly increas-
ing, who may place upon their tables
delicious sorts on almost any day of the
entire year.

Is not abundant provision for this yearly
supply an object worthy of much exertion?
What commodity is more calculated to
increase the comforts of country life, and
add to the pleasures, and to increase the
attractions of home to young people, than
fine and refreshing fruit of one's own
raising, during a whole season? The en-
joyment yielded by a single bed of straw-
berries, supplying a few quarts daily for
the table, we have never yet known to be
despised; but this is but a single specimen
in a rich and profuse cluster, when com-
pared with the whole assemblage, embrac-
ing delicious and ruddy cherries, golden,
perfumed apricots, juicy and refreshing
apples, luscious bloom-dusted plums, but-
tery and melting pears, fragrant and
crisp nectarines, clustering and trans-
parent grapes—all diversified with their
many and varying sorts.

The value of fruit for market, as a
source of income, has been proved by
many striking instances. Farmers, whose
orchards do not occupy a tenth of their
land, often make more by the sale of fruit
than from all other crops besides. We
have already seen in what manner four
hundred bushels of apples may be relied
on as an annual crop from one acre of
land. Admitting only half this amount
of good fruit for market, and that the un-
gathered crop is worth only twelve and a
half cents per bush