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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

A Retrospective Thought.

BY EDGAR ELLYSON.

Ye who have never known what 'tis to bend
In silent sorrow o'er a lifeless friend,
Nor pressed the hand that now returns no more
The treasure warm so oft retelled before,
Nor kissed the lips on which the seal of death
Has stamped its print and stopped the vital breath,
Nor gazed intense upon the tranquil face
Which yet has scarcely lost its living grace,
As if that gaze, with fixed and ardent ray,
Could warm with life the cold and senseless clay,
And those closed eyes their languid lids would raise,
And beam upon you as in happier days,
Which still, unmoved, in death's dull sleep repose,
Never in life, oh! never to unclose—
Ye can not feel, and words can never express
The speechless agony, the mute distress,
That this poor bleeding breast so deeply wrung
As over a mother's lifeless corpse I hung.

My heart has bled above a mother's bier,
And I have dropped affection's saddest tear
Over her grave—but, when I saw it close,
Religion whispered, "She will now repose.
In death's calm sleep, by him she loved in life,
And joined again the husband and the wife—
Escaped from all life's ills, no more distressed
By mortal woes, will now together rest;
And never more be parted—never know
The pains we feel in this dark world below,
Whilst their pure souls, in brighter realms above,
Enjoy the bliss of never-ending love."

When those are dead who blessed our early years,
How lone and desolate that home appears
Where once we dwelt—where joy—from the gloom)
That gathers over each still and vacant room.
(Where fond mild voices, silent in the tomb,
Once sounded cheerful—answering to our call)
Where now we only hear the heavy fall
Of our own feet, whose solitary tread
Startles the inmate with objectless dread,
Whilst echo mournfully repeats the sighs,
That, unperceived, from our sad bosoms rise,
We quickly turn away, with sickening heart,
And from the lonely home for ever part!

Oh! I alas! can yet be strongly feel
This grief severe—and time can never heal.
This it may soothe the mind, and dry the tear,
The heart that bleeds over a loved parent's bier
And mine, thus bleeding (were my youth but fled,
Regrets, with contrite grief, the cherished dead,
And while its pulse shall throb or life shall last,
Will breathe the latest sigh over years forever past.

VERVAIN HILL, July 28, 1852.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—Several Indians on the Sacramento road, in a state of intoxication, lately killed a Chinese. One of them was arrested by American, handed over to Chinese, and by them hung. The Chinamen expressed a desire to hang the white man who sold the Indians rum. What queer ideas of justice the Chinese have! but it is like every thing they do, just the opposite of what the "outside barbarians" practice. In China they pay a doctor for keeping their patients well, and deduct the fee for every day the patient is ill. Here doctors are valued by the quantity of drugs they administer, medicines being supposed to be antidotes to sickness, and the more you take the faster you ought to recover, though the theory and the practical operation are often widely apart. If the Chinese had hung the "white man who sold the rum," somebody's liberty to get drunk would have been abridged; and, liberty restricted, where is your boasted freedom? The Chinese notions of trade will not do for the freedom of trade, and the venders of alcohol, any more than the Chinese method of employing doctors would do for our physicians, and their well-earned reputation of snatching you from the jaws of death—into which they sometimes push you, to show their skill in getting you out again.

It is becoming very general on the railroads in Europe to place looking-glasses before the engineers in locomotives, so inclined as to enable them to see the entire trains without looking back. Many roads in France have adopted the plan, the greater part of those in Austria have tried it successfully, and the locomotives on the line from Brussels to Antwerp have been just fitted with the necessary reflectors. Should a car or any portion of the train become detached, should an axle break, or in short any accident happen, the engineer sees it at once.

A candidate for the Legislature from York county, who offers himself through the columns of the York papers, says—"Should I be elected, I agree to do the duties of the office for one dollar per day, and to the best of my abilities." We fear his services are offered at too low a rate to be worth much. Perhaps he intends to board in the market house and sleep in the bridge.

A correspondent of the Portland Transcript, commenting upon the Presidential nominations, says: "My own individual preference for Presidential candidates, would be R. W. Emerson for President, and N. Hawthorne for Vice President; but as my individual preference is not likely to be realised, I cheerfully acquiesce in the nominations already made."

The place for holding the next State Agricultural Fair has at length been selected by the Committee appointed for that purpose. It is a field of fifteen acres, on the property of Dr. Jacob Kurtz and Mr. E. Shober, in Manheim township, about one mile north of Lancaster, on the plank road to Petersburg. There is an excellent Spring of water in the field.

A Mr. Jones, according to the Boston Transcript, has invented a new way of firing off cannon by electricity. This is certainly an improvement, but the Boston Post thinks it would be still better if he would only get up artifical men, and have the whole done by machinery.

Anecdote of Mr. Clay.

A highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, still living, related to us the following anecdote: He had just commenced preaching and had for a few years been married and house keeping. He was in humble circumstances and of limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant, ("Clover Bottom," Woodford county,) to have surveys made of some lands then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of brother B. their home. On the first night they staid with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife by significant gestures suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that "perhaps they wou'd choose bed." But Mr. Clay with great politeness replied, "that he did not feel at all sleepy, and that, unless it was intrusive, would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course brother B. could not object. Still the matter of prayer could not be postponed without sending his children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom; and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire at their option. Mr. Clay promptly and with some feeling replied, "that they would remain by all means—that the earliest recollections of life were associated with such exercises—that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded in his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassment in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said, "Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to your God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for 'the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity.' And what are myself and friend here, but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great Fountain of Good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life? We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the Omniscient. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. For myself, I would rather know that the prayers of a pious man, matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening Senates."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Brother B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He often afterwards heard the great Statesman in all the grandeur of his resistless eloquence, but he insists that in no effort he ever heard was he so impressive as on the occasion named. Bro. B. is, as he has long been, a subscriber of ours, and will correct us if in aught we have mistaken or misrepresented what he told us.—*West. Rec.*

Singular Incident.

The Cincinnati Commercial says that a gentleman of that city was passing along the footwalk on Fourth street, while the procession of the Clay funeral was moving, when his attention was arrested by the familiar appearance of a fresh but melancholy-looking girl, about fourteen years of age, who had a babe in her arms. The girl was standing in the burning sun, and averting its rays, as well as she could, from the face of the infant. The gentleman approached her, and was at once recognized by the semi lunatic, who, calling him by name, asked him to buy a parasol for her, and a fan for the baby. In an instant he discovered, by the peculiarity of the eye, that the girl was affected with the wandering of the mind, and on asking her a few questions, discovered that she was the daughter of a widow lady in Clermont county, with whom his own wife was temporarily boarding, and on looking closely at the infant discovered it was his own child!

He was exceedingly agitated, and for a time was at a loss to know what course to pursue. The infant was, however, taken by a friend who was with him to a lady acquaintance in the vicinity, who gave it nourishment which nature required, and in twenty minutes the whole party, consisting of the father, the lady acquaintance, who was the wife of his friend, the infant and the wandering girl, were in a light carriage, with a fleet span of horses on their way to Clermont.

In three hours they arrived at the farm to which they were destined, and their appearance gave unspeakable joy and surprise. The country for miles around had been hunted over for the missing ones, and many of the people were then out seeking them, the mother had suffered the extremest agony and fear, and which, on the possession of her beloved, was suddenly changed to a dangerous nervous excitement. Yesterday morning, when her husband left her to return to the city, she was composed, but clinging to her infant with hooks of steel.

It appears this simple-hearted girl is what is termed "half-witted," and that hearing about the great Clay funeral, without probably knowing really what she did, she started to attend it, and took the child for company as it lay in the cradle. It is believed that she left about 8 o'clock in the morning, and was brought to town by some waggoner who overtook her on the road; but this is mere conjecture, as she says she walked all the distance.

Burlesque Congress Proceedings.

[The following capital hit at the late mode of conducting Congressional debates, we clip from the Lantern:]

Mr. Facer, (Dem., Ky.,) brought forward a motion for suppression of oral discussion in the Legislature. The honorable member proposed as a substitute, that all questions at issue should be settled by single combat, with bowie knife or pistol. Honorable members were, up to the present period, in the habit of sticking at nothing, and he (Mr. Facer) thought that his proposal would certainly obviate such a state of things, by giving them something to stick at.

Mr. Barker, (Dem., Va.,) seconded the motion, and also would be happy to second any of the combatants in want of his assistance. He believed that his qualifications in this respect were well known to that honorable house:—and the member was here proceeding to give the details of several sanguinary 'difficulties,' when he was interrupted by

Mr. Whittle, (Whig, Tenn.) What does the honorable mean by thrusting the details of his duels on the House? Good wine needs no brush, and a successful duelist needs no praise. There was no danger of the honorable member's deeds not being trumpeted forth to the world, because everybody knows that 'murder will out!'

Mr. Barker. You are a liar and a thief! [No sensation whatever.]

Mr. Whittle. The honorable rascal opposite has called me a liar and a thief. I believe that the House will support me, when I term him a forger and assassin. [Less sensation than before.]

Mr. Barker. Who robbed the man on board the steamboat?

Mr. Whittle. Who ran away from the Reserve House without paying his bill? Eh-h?

Mr. Barker, (shaking his fists.) Silver spoons!

Mr. Whittle. I did n't insure my house for double its value, and then set fire to it!

Mr. Barker. If the honorable member is n't a coward, he 'll have it out with me now.

Mr. Whittle, [jumping on the table.] Come on, you ruffian!

The Speaker. Fair play, gentlemen! Recollect, if you please, that our proceedings will be reported.

The Honorable Members then had a set-to, in which both displayed considerable science, and a great deal of animosity. Bets ran high as to who would win, and we understand that the Speaker speculated heavily. After five rounds, however, Whittle gave in, and Barker was carried home by his triumphant friends. We believe that a meeting between the two gentlemen is arranged for to-morrow. This incident agreeably relieved the monotony of the week's debates, which were growing exceedingly tedious.

THE SLAVE TRADE SUPPRESSED.—The Boston Traveler has the following:

"We are enabled to state, on the authority of Rev. J. L. Wilson, American Missionary at the Gaboon river, now in this country for his health, that the trade is suppressed on the whole African coast. Mr. Wilson is well known as a reliable authority, and the statement comes to us well authenticated as his."

Information Wanted.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR: Please open your columns for a voice for the lost Jacob Horning Benson, who was residing in South Creek town, Bradford Co., Pa. At his request, I, his wife, went with him to see my sister who lived in Colesville, Broome Co., N. Y. He left me to return on the 17th day of March, 1851. He said he would come after me in two or four weeks, and that he would write me in the meantime; but I have not seen or heard from him since that day. He is 34 years of age.

He was somewhere about medium size, had dark brown hair, a high forehead, long favored spare face, blue eyes, light complexion, quite freckled in the summer, sandy whiskers, and in the winter wore a very red beard on his chin. He was a little round shouldered. His left arm is smaller than the other above the elbow, and he can not completely straighten it, owing to the effects of a fever sore with which the bone was affected when he was a boy. He is subject to epileptic fits occasionally. He had a scar over his left eye. He has been a local Methodist preacher for eleven years and more, and has preached in various places in Southern New York and Northern Pennsylvania. He was the eldest child of Dode and Mary Benson, of Chemung Co., near Jefferson. Writes his name Jacob H. Benson. He married me, then Rhoda Dibbles, in 1841. I know not whether he is dead or alive; have been unable by any effort to get tidings from him. Will any that have seen him, dead or alive, make it known to me? If there is such an one who will do so, I shall be very thankful.

His wife, RHODA BENSON.

N. B.—Please help this to be circulated in Pennsylvania and New York.

War in Burmah—News from Rev. Eugenio Kincaid.

Messrs. Kincaid and Dawson proceeded to Rangoon, after its capture by the English, in order to look after their personal effects, in case any were spared in the general devastation, and to learn the state of the native Christians. Mr. Kincaid arrived April 13th, and on the 16th gives the following account of recent transactions, of part of which he was an eye-witness:

"The Governor General, in a communication to the court of Ava, gave till the first of April for an amicable settlement. On the second of April a steamer with a flag of truce was sent up to learn what reply had come from Ava. The flag was fired on from three forts before reaching Rangoon, and was obliged to fight her way back. The troops were brought up on the tenth. Three days were spent in battering down stockades and fortifications for many miles along each side of the river. On the fourteenth, at an early hour, the land forces with the artillery were moving round to the north of Shway Dagong, driving in great numbers of skirmishers that filled all the gardens, tanks and ravines. At the same time the ships of war were throwing shells into the new town. About ten o'clock the field batteries were got into position, and did terrible execution in the rear. For three hours the troops were exposed to a severe fire from the Burman guns at Shway Dagong and Sale's Pagoda. About half-past two Gen. Godwin formed a storming party to seize the heights of Shway Dagong. He had lost the services of all his aids, they having been killed, wounded or stricken down by the sun. The storming party, led by Capt. Latter, rushed up the hill and then up the great stairway, exposed to a shower of musketry. Many fell on the stairway, eight mortally wounded—one officer with seven balls. In an incredibly short time thousands of Burmans were flying, and this immense fortress, manned by 15,000 Burmans, was in quiet possession of 3,000 foreigners. Deafening shouts arose as the flag of England floated gracefully over it.

"Scores of Armenians and Mussulmans, men, women and children, were released from holes in which they had been confined by the Burmans. It was heart-rending to look on them and hear their exclamations of thankfulness for deliverance. Many wept aloud for joy. When they saw me they seized my hands and my feet, and with tears, in broken sentences, told of sufferings that beggar all description. Three months ago they were opulent merchants and were our neighbors;—now they are clothed in rags. Some have sunk to the grave under their sufferings. Many foreigners fled into the country and have been hid in ravines and tangled forests. Gen. Goddard and Com. Lambert are doing all that generous men can do for their relief. A small steamer is going up and down the river and into all the creeks, to pick up the suffering.

"I have seen as yet but few of our disciples, but hope in a few days to learn many particulars. On the evening after the battle I went through the new and old town, amid smoking ruins and the dead and dying. Yesterday my hands were too full to write, and to-day I am much exhausted and bewildered. To the right of the old town and all the way up to the new town, nearly two miles, not a single building is standing except the kyoungs (priests' buildings.) All were torn down by the viceroy and their materials converted into fortifications; 10,000 people inhabiting the old town have lost their all. But I can give you no idea of the desolation that reigns. To-morrow I hope to see many of our dear disciples."

Dr. Dawson states that they were assured of the safety of Ko Thah A, the venerable pastor at Rangoon, and mentions a rumor of the death of the King of Ava.

Ireland.

The rapid progress of Protestantism in the south of Ireland causes undisguised alarm to the organs and instruments of the papacy. The most abundant calumnies are put forth against the "proselyters," and the liveliest apprehensions of their success openly expressed. The Dublin *Tablet*, a Romish organ, thus pathetically calls on the whole Catholic world for help: "It would be charitable and profitable if the bishops and clergy of England and Scotland would consent that for a year or two the preaching of missions should cease in Great Britain, in order that the missionary orders, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists, the Order of Charity and of the Miraculous Conception, might send all their fighting men to do battle with the foe that threatens the faithful here. Those of whom we speak would unite their forces to others in Ireland, the sons of Ignatius and Vincent de Paul. The ranks of the Oratorians and Ireland's own priesthood would supply stout champions to swell the band, and a little army would be formed to scatter like chaff before the wind the forces of good Venter, though they came ten thousand, armed with meal-bag and soup-ladle, and led by shallow Sumner.* What a glorious spectacle would then be seen! the soldiers of the Cross from the sunny south, from the chill north, from the far east; the Italian, the Spaniard, the Russian, the Hollander, and the Frenchman, the Celt, the Saxon and the Sclave, gathered under the banners of Ignatius, Philip, Alphonsus and Vincent, of the sage Rosmini and the holy bishop of Marseilles, to do battle for our holy Mother mourning for her children, slain and wounded in this far isle of the west."

In the midst of this tumult of fears and hopes, the letter of a priest sent over by the Romish Primate of Ireland to report on the state of holy church in America, testifying that great multitudes of the emigrants fall away from their old superstition, has awakened fresh terrors. The whole priesthood are trying to stem the tide of emigration to America—too late. It would seem that popery is not safe anywhere, except under the protection of despotism, and hardly secure even there. Such facts show that while the responsibilities imposed on American Christians with respect to the evangelization of the myriads who throng to our shores, and of their kindred abroad, are great and increasing, the encouragements to hearty effort in this direction are greater. Those who march under the banner of "the saints" must needs retreat before those who "in the name of the Lord" only "set up their banner," even "the word of the Lord which liveth and abideth for ever."

*That the Irish are bribed into protestantism is a standing accusation of the priests.

MIRTH.—It's something even to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that heaven has left the capacity for gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however tightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in jail? Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open in your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when ye drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but in songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million of voices in summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if their can, the scenes of hope and pleasure which every grand return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed your nature, and learn wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are filled up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.—*Charles Dickens.*

Gentility.

The London Comic Almanac has some exceedingly acute remarks on the characteristics of a gentleman—showing what he may, and what he must do, as follows. Those who make it the apex of their ambition to "do the genteel thing," always, and who are shocked at nothing so much as being thought "vulgar" in any sense, will of course, make these hints the subject of profound study:

"He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus, at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside the theatre, but not at a stall outside of one. He may dust another person's jacket, but not brush his own. He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coal-heaver, but he musn't ask twice for soup. He may pay his debts of honor, but need not trouble himself in the least as to getting his living honestly. He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor. He may do anything, or anybody in fact, who is within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent Debtor's Court, or turn billiard maker; but he must never, on any account, carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves."

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—At the celebration at Winchester, Mass., on Monday the 5th ult., the following good sentiment was received with peals of laughter and applause:

"Old Bachelors—Unproductive consumers; scissors with but one blade; odd gloves; fractional quantities that are never found in the multiplication table; beaux without fiddle; irregular substantives always in the singular number and objective case; unruly scholars who when ordered to conjugate always decline; their only recommendation is that like the shakers, they take no pains to perpetuate their own dismal fraternity; if there be any such in Winchester, may they speedily fall victims to a matrimonial epidemic, and thus became integral parts, whole numbers in our flourishing town."

As a striking comment upon the above, and as an encouragement to old bachelors, a lady was present bearing in her arms three promising infants born at one birth.

The Farmer.

August—Work to be done.

THE FARM.—Continue the precautions for protecting sheep from the *œstrus ovis*, or fly, which causes worms in their heads, given in last month's calendar.

Destroy thistles; if they be cut off when in bloom, at about one inch above the surface of the ground, the hollow part of the stem receives water and the roots will decay. In selecting seeds choose only the most thrifty, so that your roots, &c., may be of an improved quality next year; by continuing such a course for a few years, any vegetable may be brought to a high state of perfection. This is the proper season for making under-drains, draining swamps, &c., &c., and the earth taken from low deposits may be placed with advantage into your hog-pens, compost heaps, &c., &c. Weeds should now be removed to the hog-pens, that the hogs may perform their share of labor in rooting them—throw into the hog-pen all potatoe tops, turf, ditch scrapings, &c., &c., and occasionally a handful of whole corn, to obtain which the hogs will keep the whole mass of rubbish in continuous motion. On removing the contents of hog-pens to the compost heap, mix one bushel salt to every cord, and this quantity will prevent those seeds from germinating which may not have been eaten by the hogs.

If the surface of your barn-yard is not so shaped as to save all the liquid drainage, you may consider that you have a hole in your pocket, or at least a waste which will prove equally destructive.

If your potatoes be dug early enough to spare five days before putting in turnips or other late crops, then top-dress the potato ground with six bushels of fine salt to the acre before re-seeding, and you will not be annoyed by grubs the next year, beside improving the general quality of the land. Winter rye should be sowed in the early part of September, and thus give time for the roots to become well established, so as not to be thrown out by frosts during winter. By sowing thus early it may be used as spring fodder for cattle and sheep if desired. Winter wheat should also be sown at the same date. Ruta baga turnips may be sown at any time in August, and even those sowed late, often mature well in open seasons. Strap leaved red top turnips may be sown at any time, and even if too late to perfect, they will more than pay for the expense of seed and labor of sowing by being plowed in at the spring plowing, for as most of their constituents are received from the atmosphere, the ground will be materially benefitted by such treatment. This kind of turnip often doubles in size during October or November, and if the winter be open, good crops are sometimes gathered which have been sown some weeks later than the usual season.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Keep plants well hoed and free from weeds, &c. Plow vacant ground for turnips, spinage, shallots and other late crops, and after plowing cart on manures and plow them in deeply and thoroughly.

Sow cabbage seeds for collards. Earth up celery and cardoons, transplant endive and prepare to blanch early plantings. Sow onion seed to stand the winter. Plant shallots by Sept. 1st. Sow turnips as directed in former paragraph. Gather hops on dry days and cure them properly. Hoe plants in rows frequently in dry weather, for in addition to keeping them free from weeds, these frequent hoeings enables the soil to collect moisture from the atmosphere much more rapidly than if left compact. Pull up early sown onions, and expose for ripening, drying, &c., removing useless parts, and turning them frequently, so that they may become thoroughly dried for keeping. Gather seeds as ripe and place them in proper condition for keeping.

Plant beans for picklers early this month. Early kinds of cucumbers may still be planted for picklers. Sow autumn lettuce. Peas may still be planted. Attend to gathering herbs; dry sage and other late herbs. Globe artichokes which are ripe should be gathered before the leaves begin to open, and the stems should be broken down to encourage the growth of offsets from the root.

In the latter part of the month sow rape, cabbage, fetticus, cress, &c., every week for small salads. Sow cabbage, lettuce, &c., &c., to be pricked out in cold beds for winter protection and spring use. Sow spinage for winter and spring use, &c. Manure grounds intended for spring gardening, especially where bone dust and other slowly decomposable materials are intended to be used.

Preserving Potatoes for late Table Use.

Potatoes are often rendered unpalatable and unfit for use by sprouting. The principles which nature calls into action to consummate the process of germination, are those, unfortunately, which are essential to give it value as an edible, and consequently as soon as germination commences, the roots depreciate in value as it proceeds. To arrest this, or rather to prevent it by destroying entirely the vegetative principle, it is necessary to kill the eyes, which can in no way be so speedily and effectually accomplished, as by immersing the tubers for four or five days in ammoniated water. One ounce of liquor ammonia, to one pint of water, are the proper proportions to be observed. After the potatoes have thus been immersed, they should be spread and dried. The cost of this is but trifling, and potatoes once thoroughly subjected to the process, will keep six, eight or ten months as sound and good, as when taken from the soil. When it is desirable to transport them to other climates, say to the tropics, it is an object of great importance to prevent their sprouting, and for this purpose they are often submerged for days in a strong solution of common salt and water. This stops the insipient vegetation quite effectually, but the salt must be entirely freed from them, which requires much care and many subsequent ablutions and many changes of water to accomplish it thoroughly. Rubbing out the eyes is a tedious process, and can never be effectually adopted where large quantities are wanted for transportation; besides it never destroys the germinative instinct, only temporarily arrests its action, and in warm weather, requires to be repeated every week. One advantage and a very important one in favor of the ammoniated liquor, is, it actually renders the tubers more dry and mealy, and besides gives them a fine exterior appearance, which has its effect in the market, especially in advanced seasons of the year. Many potatoes are rendered bad and unfitable by carelessness in storing them. When they are taken to the cellar, they should be placed in a close bin, and completely excluded from light. No more air should be allowed than is barely necessary, and if none is permitted, the tubers will be all the better, unless there is a liability to heat. This will never occur if they are properly stored, and a sufficiency of soil thrown over them to fill up the interstices between the roots, and form a close covering over the top. In the Spring, as warm weather advances, they should be closely covered, and the lower the temperature, the better and longer they will keep. All rotten or injured potatoes should be carefully picked out before housing.—*Norristown Herald & Free Press.*