LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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Thoughts on Autumn.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art;"*
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart—

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow;

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy mortal Winter ne'er departs,
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

J. G. WHITTIER.

From the Musical World.

All's Well.

"Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well!"

False prophet!—Still and statue-like, at yonder window, stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours; yet her face is prest closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing; she *hears* nothing—but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a small Bible and seeks from it what comfort she may while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous, with mute supplication.—Hist! there is an unsteady step in the hall; she *knows it!* Many a time, and oft, it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and, in mandlin tones, pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to honor." Oh! all-enduring power of woman's love!—no reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed around that reeling figure, (once erect in "God's own image.") With tender words of entreaty, which she is powerless to resist, if he would, he leads him in. It is but a repetition of a *thousand* such vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance *too common* and every-day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"All's Well!"

False prophet!—In yonder luxurious room sits one whose *cares* it was, to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was, when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own, in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! *where are they now?* Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen—"Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more?" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than *God?*

"All's Well!"

False prophet!—There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where that lonely dove could fold its wings, when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. *Love* was its life; and so—it drooped!

"All's Well!"

False prophet!—Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers and shivers, and thirsts, "while the publican stands afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice;" and, *unpunished of Heaven*, the human tiger crouches in his lair and springs upon his helpless prey!

"All's Well!"

Ah yes, all is well!—for He who "seeth the end from the beginning" holds *evenly* the scales of justice. *"Dives" shall yet beg of "Lazarus."* Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pit-falls from which our *hedge of thorns* has fenced us in! and, in the maturity of our full grown faith, we shall *gratefully* say—"Father! not as *I* will, but as *Thou* wilt!"

FANNY FERN.

A Boy Shot by his Father.

We do not remember when our feelings were more touched with an account of a catastrophe, than on listening a few days since, to the relation of the circumstance of Mr. John Williams, of Covington township, in this county, mistaking his son for a deer, and shooting him, on the 11th ult. Mr. Williams left his house in company with Mr. James Parry, for the puapose of showing him the woods to a point for which Mr. Parry had started, and took with him a loaded gun. After going about 400 yards from his house, he thought he saw a deer, and taking close aim, fired.—His horror can be better imagined than described on instantly hearing his little son Isaac, a fine boy of about 12 years of age, cry out, *"Father, why did you shoot me?"* The father exclaimed to his companion, "Oh! did ever man shoot his boy before?" Both men ran and met the boy approaching them, about 20 yards from the place where he was shot. It was observed that the ball had entered the back, near the shoulder blade, and passing thro' the body, passed out a little on one side of the centre of the breast. No hope was entertained that the boy would live an half hour. Mr. Parry was so confused and confounded that he knew little of what passed, and only recollects that it was proposed to carry the boy into the house, about 400 yards distant, to which the little fellow objected, and asked that he might lie down. With his father's coat for a bed, his request was granted, when he cast an anxious look at his frantic parent, and said, *"Father, you will bury me on the farm, won't you?"* Immediately Mr. Parry hastened for a physician, and on his way gave notice to a neighbor who hurried to the spot and carried the boy into the house against his will. The physician arrived, and believed the boy would not survive through the night. He did however, and as late as one week after, when we last heard of him, was doing well, the physician and friends strong in the hope that he would recover, having come to the conclusion that the ball did not touch a vital part. The little fellow is cheerful and patient, breathes well, has a good appetite and talks freely. No doubt many a hearty prayer has been offered up to Heaven for his recovery. Poor little fellow, may he be restored, and yet be a great blessing to his deeply sorrowing parent.

The lad was gathering chestnuts in the woods. The color of his clothes closely resembled that of a deer, and the wristband of one shirt sleeve projecting a little below the coat sleeve, the father mistook it for the end of a deer's tail, which is frequently white, and fired.—*Wilkes-Barre Advocate.*

Diving Dress.

The mode adopted to reach the property in the wreck of the steamer *Atlantic*, now lying at the bottom of Lake Erie, is a curious and interesting one. Mr. Maillefert, assisted by his skilful diver, Mr. Green, it is known, has been for some time occupied in the endeavor to recover the safe of the Express Company, which contains much valuable property. The Buffalo *Commercial* published the following description of the attire worn by Mr. Green, on the occasion of his descent to the bottom of the lake. As an evidence of the perfection of science, it is full of interest.

The marine armor consists of a perfectly air-tight India-rubber dress, topped by a copper helmet, with a clear, thick plate of glass in front. The pipes which supply and exhaust the air, lead from the top of this helmet. The pumping requires much labor; four, and sometimes six, men being employed upon it at the same time, and compelled to work hard at that. A great pressure of air is experienced by the diver on his lungs, equal to 75 lbs. to an inch, and very few individuals could bear it for any length of time. When first going into the dress, the sensation of oppression is very overcoming, but passes away in a great measure after entering the water. When a depth of ten feet is reached in the descent, the dress becomes entirely emptied of air, and collapsed to the body, causing a pressure all over the diver equal to the heft of a ten pound weight, excepting as to the head, which is protected by the copper helmet. The difficulty in breathing now becomes great, and a painful sensation is experienced by the diver, jaws becoming distended, and the head as if splitting. This continues until after descending another ten or twelve feet, when the pain is relieved, the diver feels comfortable, and experiences no further inconvenience. When about sixty feet from the surface, hundreds of the legitimate inhabitants of the water surround the diver, nibbling at the strange visitor as though he were "food for the fishes." After reaching seventy-five feet, all is perfectly dark—a black impenetrable darkness—an electric flame plays around the inside of the helmet, caused by the friction of the pump. At about one hundred and sixty feet the water is very cold, being in the present season within four to five degrees of freezing.—*Evening Citizen.*

An Affectionate Spirit.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than any one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish the boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than to entomb his parental affection? Cherish then your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love; love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You can not make them too numerous. You can not make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God—love to all men.

A Song for the Farmer.

BY J. T. BARRETT.

A song for the Farmer!—and, pray, tell me why—
If he pleases—he may not drain Hesiom dry?
Or, combining the useful and culiet, pursue
At once irrigation and poetry too?
Nay, plow up Parnassus, and make it a farm?
Vegetation, enchanted, would "thrive to a charm;"
Beans would climb as they did in the days of young Jack,
The squash-vine become to the railway a track,
The potatoe grow fair, and the pumpkin genteel,
To the breast of the onion compassion would steal,
Till that hard-hearted chieftain no longer inclined
To deluge with anguish the eyes of mankind.

What a pasture for cattle! Mild ruddy-cheeked Pan—
That man—shall favor the plan!
Down the path of the milky-way, star paved and bright,
Bold Taurus would rush like an meteor—
In natural state—from his stall in the heavens—
The sublimest of bulls—to our Ayrshires and Devons,
And, mingling his blood with terrestial kine,
Make our strains celestial, our rumpsteaks divine.

A song for the farmer! He rose forth to the fight,
Armed with blade and with battle axe, genuine knight,
His Titan-like foes fill the forest abroad,
Implacable Nature their chieftain and lord!!
They have stood there, impregnable, clad in their mail,
For those hundred years, proof against lightning and gale;
But let the primeval old oaks lead the van,
For they've done to encounter the valor of man!
Mark! the crash and the roar! Nature's veterans yield,
And the lord of creation exults o'er the field.
So shall fall every foe at the march of mankind,
Thus end every conflict of matter with mind.

If to stamina so chiffless a meaning belongs,
It is this, (though no meaning's asserted of songs,)
Let the farmer look upward—a dutious line,
And a streak of the awkward, pervade him, the true;
He leaves barbers to Tuimouse, and tailors to Toots,
And you don't catch him growing his corn in his boots.
Hence, those hot-house phenomena, seen in the town—
The white-feeled dandies—pronounce him a clown.
But Dr Aine was the earth and all living things made,
And he stands like a giant 'mid the pigmies of trade.
Let his life, then, be beautiful, upright, and grand,
For he's God's own viceregent, who plant th the land.

The Lost Daughter—A Thrilling Incident.

A letter dated Detroit, Oct. 14th, in the Cleveland Plaindealer, says:

An incident occurred on last Thursday afternoon, which filled the town with much excitement, and which called forth many a legend of the kind remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

A few boys who had been out on a hunting excursion, called at one of their neighbor's and began shooting at a mark. A little girl about eight years old, who had formerly had an illness that had affected her head, got alarmed at the firing and ran into the woods.

In a short time she was missed, and it was remembered that she had been running toward the woods, and consequently a search began, but night came on, and with it rain, which rendered further search impossible. Morning came, and yet the little wanderer had not returned. Its frantic parents, with one other child, made further search till the sun had passed the hour of twelve, and yet no tidings of the lost one were had. The neighborhood was alarmed, and dogs, horns, and every instrument of the rustic kind, were marshalled for the search, but again night, with its Egyptian horrors, set in, without restoring the little cherished one. Minutes seemed hours, with its distracted mother.

At length the long wished for morning came, and with it a hundred men and boys, who, notwithstanding the still continued storm, went forth into the depth of the woods, in search of the child, with an eagerness that was commendable beyond the compass of words to express; and yet again the night set in and still the lost was not found. What the agonies of the mother were, as the marshalled force returned without her little charge, tears, shrieks, groans, incoherent ejaculations, and a picture of despair, can only portray, words are inadequate. Another dreadful night passed. An increased force was raised, who marshalled themselves with the dawn of the Sabbath, before the door of the bereaved parents. Prayers were offered to Almighty God, and the aid of heaven invoked, to direct in the search. The preliminaries being arranged, a long line was formed upon the section lines, and the march renewed. Hour after hour passed, and not a vestige of the missing was discovered.

Every tree, stump and log, possessing a suspicious cavity, underwent the closest scrutiny; every bush and thicket, thickly foliaged, every fir and cradle knoll was visited as the band pressed onward. Long and ardent was the search, and many fears for the lost little one were entertained. The sun had far passed the zenith, and was hastening behind the Western hill, when an elderly man and his son, partly discouraged, as well as wearied with the search, were drawn as by the hand of an invisible pilot, in an opposite direction, far from the band, and while standing and discoursing upon the propriety of abandoning further search, a distant sound broke upon their ear. They hastened in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and having traveled as far as practicable, they halted and listened a few minutes very intently; again that sound was heard, and turning a few steps in another direction, what was their surprise to behold the little object of their search sitting upon the ground, having just awakened and arisen from a bed of leaves, which she had collected by the side of an old log. There the little innocent sat, in her tattered dress; sobs and sighs heaved her little bosom, and large tears rolled down her swollen cheeks.

As she caught the first glimpse of the deliverers, she asked for something to eat. "Oh," said she, "I had to go to bed nights without my supper; please to give me something to eat." They took up the little sufferer, and started for home, which was about four miles distant. While passing through a snarl of tall grass, they asked the girl if she had passed through any such tall grass. "Oh, yes," said she, "I went a great way through much taller grass than this, and I would call for my father to come and get me, but he would not; then I would call for my little brother, and he would not come after me. So I traveled on." On being then asked if she slept warm at nights, said "yes, but the first night my little brother went to bed with me, and in the night he pulled off the clothes, so I got cold." Arriving in sight of the house, the distracted mother rushed forth, her haggard countenance now irradiated with the gratitude of heaven for the deliverance of her child, and as she received and pressed the little wanderer to her breast, exclaimed, "my daughter is safe!"

Potato Disease.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1851, offered a prize of $10,000 to any one who should satisfy the Governor and Council that, by a test of at least five successive years, he had discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot. Several communications have been received on this subject, which are published by the authority of the Legislature, of which we publish the following summary by Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State:

Although these communications may not furnish any perfect cure or preventive of the potato disease, yet they agree in so many important points, and offer so many valuable hints relating to the nature, cultivation, preservation and improvement of the potato, that they can not fail to be of great public utility. The similarity of views expressed by the most intelligent and experienced writers, relating to the nature, cultivation, disease and cure of the potato, is truly remarkable, and we think auspicious. Among the principal points, relating to which there is a general concurrence, are the following:

SOUNDNESS AND VITALITY OF THE SEED.—Renewing the seed from the ball of healthy vigorous plants every few years, even resorting to the native place in South America, and taking the seed from the wild potato, is considered important.—When potatoes are to be raised from the tuber, sound, healthy, whole potatoes are recommended for planting. Cutting the potatoes is decidedly condemned. Anything which impairs the vitality of the seed increases the liability to disease.

QUALITY OR KIND OF SOIL.—A dry, light, loose, warm soil is considered necessary to the soundness and health of the vegetable, as well as its richness and flavor, the latter depending as much on the quality of soil as the variety of seed. A wet, heavy, compact soil directly promotes the disorder. Far up on the side of a mountain or hill is a favorable location for the growth of the potato; and new land contains more of the qualities requisite for its nourishment and health than old or worn out soils.

INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE.—Potatoes should be as little exposed to the air as conveniently may be. Their natural place is under ground. By too much exposure they become poisoned and turn green. Some recommend depositing them for the winter in holes under ground in a dry soil, or if kept in a cellar, to preserve them dry, in small quantities, in sand, and to keep them cool. Keeping large quantities in a body in the cellar is by some supposed to promote heat and putrefaction. Planting in the fall is recommended by some, as potatoes left in the field over winter are observed to come forward earlier in the spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blighting rains in August, and to be more sound, fair and healthy.

MANURES.—All antiputrescents, such as lime, wood-ashes, pulverized charcoal, plaster, salt, nitrogen, &c., are believed to contribute directly to the health of the potato, as well as to add to its richness and flavor, and of course to prevent putrefaction and disease. Of other manures, well-rotted compost is preferred. Stable manure is too strong and heating, and produces ill-flavored, unhealthy potatoes, and is decidedly condemned.

DISEASE, CONTAGION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.—These are common to vegetables as well as to animals. All are liable to disease, some more, some less, according to circumstances, predisposing causes, and preventive means. Some vegetable diseases are believed to be contagious. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disorder from another field. Potatoes are predisposed to disease, by bad cultivation, old age, bad soil, bad manures, sudden changes of weather, warm rains, etc.

RAVAGES OF INSECTS, FUNGI, ETC.—The best writers consider the ravages of insects as at most but a predisposing cause, rendering the potato more liable to disease by enfeebling the plant. By many writers, insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all. The fungue on potatoes is not the cause of the rot. It finds the potato, previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusions to which the facts presented in these various communications seem to lead us, are:

1. That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered; but

3. As in cholera, certain preventives are well ascertained, by the application of which, the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened.

4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable.

5. That we may expect, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic, if that term may be used in such a connection.

The several points on which there is an unanimity of opinion, are worthy the especial attention of farmers. By a careful selection of seed, and locality, and particular reference to the kind of manure used, very much of this disease may be avoided. If facts like the above, well substantiated by experiments in all sections of the country, could be presented to the entire mass of farmers, and they would govern their modes of culture by rules so established, we can not well estimate the increase which would result in a single year in a crop so extensively cultivated as the potato.

A Comparison.

A gentleman in the country, upon the occasion of some signal benefit a servant had done him, gave him a curious silver cup. David (for that was the man's name) was exceedingly fond of the present, and preserved it with the greatest care. But one day, by accident, his cup fell into a vessel of aqua-fortis: he, taking it to be no other than common water, thought his cup safe enough; and therefore neglected it until he had despatched an affair of importance, about which his master had employed him, imagining it would it be then time enough to take out his cup. At length, a fellow servant came into the same room when the cup was near dissolved, and looking into the aqua-fortis, asked David who had thrown anything into that vessel? David said that his cup had accidentally fallen into the water. Upon this, his fellow servant informed him that it was not common water, but aqua-fortis, and that his cup was almost dissolved in it. When David heard this, and was satisfied of the truth of it with his own eyes, he heartily grieved for the loss of his cup; and, at the same time, he was astonished to see the liquor as if nothing at all had been dissolved in it or mixed with it. As, after a little while, he saw the small remains of it vanish, and could not now perceive the least particle of the silver, he utterly despaired of ever seeing it more. Upon this, he bitterly bewailed his loss with many tears, and refused to be comforted. His fellow servant, pitying him in this condition of sorrow, told him that their master could restore him the very same cup again. David regarded this as utterly impossible. "What do you talk of?" said he to his fellow servant "Do you not know that the cup is entirely dissolved, and that not the least bit of silver is to be seen? Are not all the little invisible parts of the cup mingled with aqua fortis, and become parts of the same mass? How then, can my master, or any man alive, produce the silver anew, and restore my cup? It can never be; I give it over for lost; I am sure that I shall never see it again." His fellow servant still insisted that their master could restore the same cup, and David as earnestly insisted that it was absolutely impossible. While they were debating this point, their master came in, and asked them what they were disputing about? When they had informed him, he says to David, "What you so positively pronounced to be impossible, you shall see me do with very little trouble. Fetch me," said he to the other servant, "some salt water, and pour it into the vessel of aqua fortis. Now look," says he, "the silver will presently fall to the bottom of the vessel in a white powder." When David saw this, he began to have good hopes of seeing his cup restored. Next, his master ordered a servant to drain off the liquor, and to take up the powdered silver and melt it. Thus it was reduced into one solid piece; and then, by the silversmith's hammer, formed into a cup of the same shape as before. Thus David's cup was restored, with a very small diminution of weight.

—It is no uncommon thing for other men, to imagine that to be impossible, which yet persons of greater skill and wisdom than themselves can easily perform. David was as positive that his master could not restore his cup, as unbelievers are, that it is "incredible that God should raise the dead;" and he had as much appearance of reason on his side as they. If a human body, dead, crumbles into dust, and mingles with the earth, or with the water of the sea, so as to be discernible no more, so the silver cup was dissolved into parts invisible, and mingled with the mass of aqua fortis. Is it not, then, easy to be conceived, that as a man has wisdom and power enough to bring these parts of the silver to be visible again, and to reduce them to a cup as before, so God, the maker of heaven and earth, must have the wisdom and power to bring the parts of a dissolved human body together, and to form them into a human body again? Nay, even if a body be burnt, and consumed by fire, the parts of that body are no more really lost than the invisible particles of the dissolved cup. As David, then, was wrong in thinking that it was impossible for his master to restore his cup, it must be at least equally wrong for us to think it impossible that God should raise the dead.—HALLETT, *cited in Dr. Brown's Resurrection of Life.*

FATAL RESULT OF GAMBLING.—The weekly report of deaths, last week, records one suicide. The victim was a young man 22 years of age, who returned to his home late on the night of the 2d ult., taking immediately before or after reaching his home, a quantity of laudanum. Previous to retiring, he called up his mother and informed her what he had done, but, in order to prevent her sending for a physician, he assured her that he had not taken a sufficient quantity of laudanum to kill him. It was not long, however, before the mother ascertained that she had been deceived. A physician was sent for, but the fatal drug had done its work. Notwithstanding every effort was made to save the life of the young man, he died before morning. For about two months previous to his death, the deceased had been in the habit of visiting some one of the many gambling houses of this city, had become infatuated with the game, lost large sums of money, and at last, in a moment of desperation, committed the act we have recorded.—*Boston Post.*

A SINGULAR DEATH.—At St. Louis, a few days ago, Mrs. Bolton lost her wallet in the market. It was picked up soon after by a German woman, named Mrs. King, who returned it to the owner. She opened the pocket book, examined it, and declared that Mrs. King had taken ten dollars of the money. The latter seemed much confused, and denied it. Mrs. Bolton then threatened that she would have her arrested and searched, when Mrs. King fell dead at her feet. The death was as sudden as has ever been known. Mrs. King was the wife of a steamboat man, and the mother of several children.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if this "Southern Bolt" the papers talk of, is any kin to "Ben Bolt," that used to spark "Sweet Alice."

Thanksgiving Day—A Proclamation.

{L. S.} Fellow Citizens: The Almighty and merciful God has continued his guardianship over our Commonwealth during the year that is past. Except in a single community which claims our sympathies, "The pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," has not had his leave to smite. Health has generally prevailed. The tumult of internal strife has not been heard. Unexampled prosperity has attended the peaceful pursuits of our citizens. "Seed time and harvest has returned;" our garners have been filled with the finest of the wheat.—Our cup of blessings has overflowed. The educational institutions of our Commonwealth are growing in the affections of the people, developing the youthful mind, and elevating our National character. General intelligence and morality are on the advance. Our holy religion, through its own institutions, continues to exert its sacred influence on the public mind—to administer its consolations to the contrite and pure, and inspire them with the hopes of immortality.

As a nation, we are at peace with all the world, and eminently prosperous. The free institutions of our government have been strengthened by the trials of the past, and a brighter promise dawns upon the future. To God, most great and good, we owe all our blessings. To him our thanks are due.

Under this solemn conviction, and in conformity with the wishes of many good citizens, I, WILLIAM BIGLER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint *Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November next*, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Prayer throughout the State, and earnestly beseech the citizens of the Commonwealth, of all classes, that, setting aside all worldly business on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for His blessings, and invoke the continuance of His goodness.

Given under my hand and the great Seal of State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-seventh.

BY THE GOVERNOR:
E. S. GOODRICH,
Dep. Sec'y of the Commonwealth.

Chapped Teats in Cows.

There are many recipes for curing chaps and other sores on the teats of cows. In your May number of the Farmer, I learn that to dip them in goose grease is a sure remedy against chaps. This no doubt will do very well; but who will furnish the *soap?* I fear that there ain't goose grease enough in all Illinois to dip half the cows' teats in—either sore or well. If the Farmer Boy of Farmington can supply us—or his friend Cooper in N. Y., that he speaks of—very well; we will try it, if we find nothing better.

I have used various liniments, and as many kinds of ointments as can be picked up anywhere; but none in my experience comes up to the mark like *clean, cold water.* This matchless medicine is not resorted to as it should be in the curing of many diseases, and particularly too much neglected on the teats and bag of the cow. My practice is to take clean cold water into my milking yard as often as I do the milk-pail. Every teat and the lower part of the bag, whether sore or sound, should be washed clean before you commence to draw the milk. The teats are then soft—the cow stands quietly, and no dirt falls into your pail.

If the teats are chapped or sore in any way, as they often are in the spring of the year, sop them in *soft butter* after milking. Your milk is clean: your kicking cow has become gentle, and your patience is not riled.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A CHILD'S EYES!—Those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child can not understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself as it were, on the feelings of the hour.—*Mrs. Norton.*

THE LARGEST HOG IN THE WORLD.—There is now on exhibition at Calais, Me., a hog raised by Nathaniel Lamb, of Milltown, which stands seven feet six inches high, and girths six feet eight inches, and weighs 1200 pounds. It is one year and six months old. If this hog was fat he would weigh 1100 lbs.