LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1852.

VOLUME IX---NO. 32.
WHOLE NUMBER, 452.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,
Issued on FRIDAY mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when the year is paid up.

ADVERTISEMENTS handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $3 a year; two squares, $1 for six months, $7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

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Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Colonization.

Toward the close of the last session of Congress, the following important bill was introduced, and not acted on for want of time:

A Bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit with the several States the fourth instalment of the deposits of the public money directed to be made with said States by the Act approved June 23, 1836.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be and he hereby is authorized and directed to deposit as hereinafter mentioned, with those States that received the previous instalments, the fourth instalment of the deposits of public money, directed to be made with said States, under the provisions of the thirteenth section of the act approved the twenty-third day of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, in sums to which each State was entitled respectively.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That to carry into effect the provisions aforesaid, for the purposes hereafter mentioned, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States be directed to cause to be prepared a certificate of stock for each State, containing the amounts as specified in the first section, to be deposited with it, signed by said Secretary, and countersigned by the Register of the Treasury, bearing an interest of five per centum per annum, payable half yearly on the first day of January and the first day of ——, in the year ——.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That this deposit is to be made with said States, to transport to Liberia in Africa the free people of color within said States respectively, and to educate said people, as each State entitled to said stock may direct: And when any State aforesaid, by an act for that purpose, shall agree to accept the deposit and appropriate the interest accruing thereon for the purposes aforesaid, or either of them, the said Secretary of the Treasury, on being notified thereof by an authenticated copy of the act, shall deliver to the Governor of said State so accepting said deposit, the certificate of stock prepared for said State in manner aforesaid, or to such other officer as the State may designate.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted, When a State that accepts the said stock shall thereafter decline or omit to appropriate and expend the interest according to the true intent and meaning of this act, the interest on said stock so deposited with that State shall cease so long as the State shall thus decline or omit to carry this act into effect.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, The principal of said stock is not to be paid without the express direction of Congress.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That when said States shall have removed all such free persons of color, residing in their respective borders, as hereinbefore mentioned, then the balance of the money to which they are entitled shall be appropriated by said States to the education of the poor, or to internal improvements within their respective borders, as to each State shall seem right and proper.

This is certainly an important bill; and the people should keep it in mind. It seems to open a great door for the relief and exaltation of our colored friends, in a way less liable to exception than most of those which have been proposed. If this measure is adopted by Congress, it will give to Pennsylvania *annually* $955,833—capable in future of application to schools, railways, &c. H. M.

Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

There would be very few dinner parties if the rule were once made only to invite those to dinner who really are in want of one.

THE SAXONS.

BY T. HEMSTEAD.

"All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase."—*The Task.*

O'er the starless tracts of darkness, looking backward far away,
Where a dead world's lamp burns dimly through the ivy of decay:
Where, o'er realms and gorgeous cities, War's triumphant surge hath rolled,
And the thick, grim rust hath settled on the altar-steps of gold;
Gazing back on ages vanished, over History's dreamy land,
Here, at twilight soft and solemn, with my soul and God I stand—
Stand upon a midway summit, where the Past and Future meet,
While two mighty torrents rumble, foam, and glitter at my feet.
Thus, while contemplation wanders o'er each wide and crowded stream,
Temple, city, shrine, and column glimmer in the doubtful gleam,
Tarnished glories, scattered splendors, much of love and more of fear,
All that human heart hath yearned for, wasted, broke and trembled here:
All that woman's soul hath bowed for, waited, wept, and watched, and wrought;
All that potentates have toiled for, cities blazed, and armies fought—
I behold the crumbled fragments, wreck on wreck to ruin hurled,
Of the doomed, dust-leveled empires of the vanquished olden world;
And from out the lurid vapors that above around me roll,
From the darkness, from the silence, speaks a voice unto my soul—
Speaks as when, from troubled Sinai, in the Hebrew's triumph hour,
Through the flash and through the thunder, spoke Jehovah's voice of power—
'Not the men who gleam in purple, not the men who mitres wear,
Fill the earth with crackling cities, and with wails the startled air;
Are the men though all unlaureled, high of purpose, great of mind,
Who, through doubt, distress, and danger, have been beacons to their kind."
Then I hear the clang of armies, feel the fast earth reeling round,
See an empire's turrets crumbling at the trumpet's battle sound,
Hear a million blast of clarions rushing on the distant gloom,
Streams above the grappling legions, like a storm, the haughty plume;
O'er the thick battalions ringing, over hill and plain afar,
Flashes red the falling sabre, flashes likes falling star.
Till the sound grows faint and fainter, till the fading shadows fall—
Till a silence deep, Lethean, settles mournful over all.
And I hear the sweet Egyptian lowing that, through change and time,
His religion, language, arts shall shine and reign o'er every clime;
Hear the plastic chisel falling on the gray, sepulchral stone,
And the Pyramid and Idol glitter in the sinking sun.
I behold the haughty Persian from the India's blooming strand,
To the brow of white Olympus triumphing o'er every land.
Looming through the stiffened darkness, on the vine-hung hills of Greece,
Shouting from the bloody victory, shining in the arts of peace,
I behold her Aristotles, Solons, sages, warriors, seers,
Vaunting that their spoils, their triumphs, shall outlast the flight of years;
Making twilight through the temple, I behold the holy flame,
And I catch afar the shouting for the laureled at the game.
Like a black, indignant torrent bursting from its mountain home,
Bearing down the banded nations, sweep the serried ranks of Rome;
I behold her soaring eagles, her disastrous shout I hear,
Over the crash of tumbling ramparts, rolling nearer and more near.
I behold the turbaned Tartar, fiery Goth, and rushing Hun,
Mingling in the red death-grapple, rousing at the trumpet's tone;
Darker grows the storm of battle, louder rolls the roaring gong,
Till the hills and shrinking valleys quake beneath the helmed throng—
Till a dark, intense oblivion draws around its funeral pall,
Till a silence, deep, Lethean, settles mournful over all.
Starting from this life-oblivion, from this vanished human scene,
One there stands of noble bearing, great of heart, and proud of mien,
And I know the fair-haired Saxon—know him by the kindling eye,
Know him by the fearless manner, by the soul which dares to die.
Fade the groans and die the battle, slowly rolls the storm away,
Gleams the dawn upon the Orient, burn the blushes of the day,
Golden over wave and mountain far the living splendors run,
Light the down'd one in his dungeon, give the slave unto his own:
Gems from the deep fount of knowledge, human rights and laws sustained,
Planets weighed and oceans measured are thy splendid victories gained;
Blessings on the lot of woman, triumphs o'er the foes of mind,
Realms explored and deserts peopled, love unto thy erring kind,
Cities planted, wrong confronted, Error chained to her abyss,
Tidings breathed to savage bosoms, of a better world than this;
Laurels for the brow of Genius, gold from thought's unfathomed mine,
Deeds that link thy name with angels—are immortal trophies thine:
Thus are prouder names than Cæsar blended with thy glorious line,
Thus the world becomes thy debtor, fair-haired Saxon of the Rhine!
Not thy Wellingtons, thy Nelsons, heroes of the breach and sword,
Not thy plains where haggard Slaughter hath her sanguine deluge poured,
Not thy Waterloos, thy Crecys, Navarinos, Trafalgars,
Wreathe thy brow with triple glory, write thy name among the stars,
But thy Miltons and thy Luthers, Howards, Penns, and Washingtons,
Sent from God with glad evangels to earth's sick and weary ones;
Priests in Truth's most holy temple, questioners of fate and time,
These are thine eternal honors, these have made thy race sublime.

Daniel Webster.

We pass to an illustration or two of Mr. Webster's oratorical manner, and a few anecdotes of Mr. Webster, connected with his private life and public performances. No one who has ever *seen* Mr. Webster, will need any aid to memory in recalling his personal appearance, his pre-eminently marked features: the commading height, the large head and ample forehead; the large, black, solemn, *cavernous* eyes, under the pent-house of the overhanging brows; the firm, compressed lips, and broad chest—all these can never be forgotten.

We heard Mr. Webster, for the first time, on the platform of the new Exchange in Wall-street, which was crowded with people; but his voice, in tones rather harsh, we thought, than musical, could be heard to the extremest limit of the vast crowd; and well do we remember his hesitation in the choice of a word, which he seemed determined to have, and which he *did* have at last, and used with a most happy effect. "We want," said he, speaking of the necessity for a national bank, "an institution that shall—an institution that has—*an odor of nationality about it;*" and the applause that followed, attested the force and felicitousness of the figure.

A friend recently mentioned to the writer another instance which happily illustrates this peculiarity of Mr. Webster, when speaking extemporaneously. He seldom would made use of a word or words which did not altogether satisfy him; when that *did* happen, he would strike from his remarks, by a short pause, the word he had first used, and substitute another. If *that* did not altogether please him, he would employ still another, and so on, until he had obtained just the word he wanted, and *that* would be uttered with such emphasis as he alone could give to language.

"A year or two ago," continued the gentleman to whom we have alluded, "I heard him speak in the Supreme Court at Washington, on the great Wheeling Bridge case. In the course of his argument, he alluded to a large sum of money involved in that case, which had been shut up for many years in the vaults of the Bank of Georgia:

"'Now, your Honors,' said Mr. Webster, 'we want the Bank to come out—to show its hand—to render up—to give forth—to disgorge!'"

"Any one," said our informant, "who has ever heard Mr. Webster speak emphatically, will not be surprised when I say that the word 'disgorge,' as uttered by him on the occasion I have mentioned, weighed about *twelve pounds!*"

Many readers of this sketch will perhaps remember hearing Mr. Webster in this city, in that celebrated public dinner-speech of his, wherein he paid that magnificent tribute to the genius and character of Alexander Hamilton. There is a circumstance connected with one of the finest passages in the speech, which, in the opinion of the writer, deserves to be recorded. "You could have heard"—remarks a distinguished friend and correspondent of the writer hereof, who had the pleasure of sitting very near Mr. Webster on the occasion alluded to—"you could have heard the falling of a pin any where in the crowded assemblage, while Mr. Wedster was speaking. When he came to advert to Hamilton's influence in creating and establishing a system of public credit, at a time when it was so much needed, he illustrated his subject with that memorable figure: 'He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth:' and as Mr. Webster said this, he brought his right hand down upon the table, to enforce the simile; and in so doing, he happened to hit a wine-glass, which broke, and slightly cut his hand: and as the blood oozed from the wound, he slowly wrapped a white napkin around it, and then finished the figure: '*He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it rose upon its feet!*'"

It is the belief of our informant that the last simile "sprung from the occasion," and was suggested by the white napkin and the oozing blood. Be this as it may, for mingled force and appositeness, the figure has rarely if ever been excelled, even by the great orator who used it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Despising Household Duties.

From a variety of causes, nothing is so common as to find American women who have not the slightest idea of household duties. A late writer says:

In this neglect of household cares, American women stand alone. A German lady, no matter how lofty her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of the body and mind alike. An English lady, whether she be only a gentleman's wife or a Duke's, does not despise the household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true, her happiest sphere. It is reserved for our republican fine ladies to be more choice than even their monarchial and aristocratic sisters. The result is a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to the servants, pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind."

Telegraph Lines in India.

A line of seventy-two miles of telegraph has been constructed in India, and it is proposed now to connect all the important British possessions in India in the same manner, requiring 8800 miles of telegraph to be built. A different mode of construction has been adopted in that affair. An iron rod five-eighths of an inch thick is substituted for the wire used in the United States, and it is laid part of the way under ground, in a cement of melted rosin and sand. Part of the way it is carried over ground on bamboo canes, fifteen feet high, coated with coal, tar and pitch. It runs through swamps on foot-paths between island villages, and crosses rice swamps, creeks and jeels, on which no embankment exists. At one point it crosses a river 5800 feet wide. Here a gutta percha wire extends across, secured in the angles of a chain cable, which is a safe-guard against the grapnells of the native boats.

Wearing Suspenders.

It is the prevailing fashion, especially in cities, for men to dispense with suspenders, and support their pantaloons by having them made to button tightly around the person, above the hips.

It is our settled conviction, that this practice is decidedly detrimental to health. Much has been justly said against tight-lacing, as applied to females, of the suspending heavy skirts to the hips, they by fastening them tightly around the waist or loins, where there are no ribs or other bony frame-work to resist the compressive power. The changes have been rung upon the heat caused by this close bandaging of the abdomen, the evils of thus cramping that part of the vital apparatus—the digestive system—which nature intends to be free and unrestricted as to room and action—would that these tones could have been heeded in time to prevent the frequent death-knell which such practices have rendered necessary! but who ever thought of sounding the alarm to *men* against a similar practice in respect to their own dress?

We admit that half a dozen skirts weighing many pounds, are worse for the constitution of the wearer than the drawers and pantaloons as worn by men, but worse only because the quantity is greater, and the pressure necessary to sustain them is more. The principle is the same, females should support their skirts mainly by the shoulders.

The hips of boys and men are constitutionally narrower than those of the female; and therefore the clothing thus worn requires to tighter to prevent slipping down.

As we walk the streets of our city we see scores of boys, from twelve to sixteen years old, with their pants buckled very tightly around their diminutive hips, preventing growth at this rapidily growing age, and the result is a generation of slim shanked, narrow-hipped, gaunt-waisted, dyspestic, pale-faced puny apologies for men.

It is evident to every reflecting mind, that the process of digestion cannot be properly performed, when the region of the stomach and intestines is cramped by tight dressing. This soft compressible part of the body should be left as nature has left it—unrestrained, untrammeled.

Tie up the bowels of a horse, and how long could he work? to say nothing of covering him with barrel staves instead of whalebone, and lacing him up with a cart rope from shoulder to hips. What respectable horse would not balk at the manifest infringement of his liberty and the laws of his nature; and is man an exception to physical law?

But, says the ladies, "Our dresses do not *feel* tight." Neither would a ring placed on a child's finger, and allowed to remain on until the child was full grown; but there would be a groove in that finger, and in the very bone within it, so that there would be no room between the ring and the bone for the flesh and for the circulation of the blood. So we get accustomed to tight dressing, the soft parts of the body will not grow against hard pressure, therefore the dress may not feel tight.

We plant ourselves on this point, and claim that our position cannot be disturbed, viz:—the animal economy, from head to foot, should never be dressed in such a manner as in the least degree to cramp the freedom of any action of the body or limbs. Let this be the rule with all, and one half of our doctors might be spared to cultivate the soil.

Faith in Human Destiny.

There are in the United States many exiles from Europe, some who made themselves such in order to find a free home, and some compelled to flee because their unsuccessful efforts to secure freedom to their native soil made them obnoxious to the victorious despotism. Yet these men are firm in the belief that they will live to see the tide of affairs in Europe turning. They look for the casting down of thrones and the inauguration of equal self-government. This is their thought by day and their dream by night. For this they will give their all, whenever a signal which they can credit is given, that the hour and the men are come. With the most of these men, the spring of action is *faith in man*—in his capacity for self-government—in his capacity for unlimited progress—in his destiny to attain freedom and happiness. This never falters, however the prospect may darken, the hope be deferred.

It is often objected to evangelical views of religion that they lower our ideas of man and of human destiny. Nothing can be further from the truth. The gospel recognizes the worth and dignity of our nature as no human philosophy ever did. It does not indeed, shut our eyes to the fact that it is a fallen and depraved nature—a fact which every race of man has recognized independently of any revelation. But it attaches to the soul a value exceeding all the riches of the material universe, ascribes to it a capacity for progress beyond the most gorgeous dreams of philosophy and poetry, offers it through reconciliation to God and the most intimate communion with Him a happiness inconceivable by our immature faculties. That can not be a low view of our nature, which takes its stand on what is most spiritual in man, and affirms that a soul burdened with conscious guilt, whose desires are at variance with each other, with its own highest instincts, and with its holy Creator, can not be happy even amidst the outward splendors of a paradise;—that a soul freed from guilt and in harmony with itself and with God, can not be wretched though cast into the most wretched abode on earth. Above all, that can not be a low or inadequate view of man, which, in the words of Channing, "shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form, for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfection."

Such is our faith in man—not founded, indeed, on any belief of irresistible destiny, nor any supposed absolute law of progress toward earthly perfection, but on the revelations of God's word, responded to by the universal human consciousness—confirmed by the oath of Him who can not lie—and ratified by the blood of His Son.

Now, if a faith merely speculative, and in some essential parts false, has such power over men that they are ready to give their lives and their all for its practical realization, how ought *the truth* concerning our race to nerve all Christian men to the work set before them by the Redeemer! This may not be the highest or the strongest incentive to action; but it is high enough and strong enough, even when distorted by an earthly and sensual scepticism, to make hundreds give up, for its sake, home, ease, wealth, life itself. But how few there are who will live and die for the restoration of a ruined race to the image and eternal favor of God!—*Macedonian.*

Human Sacrifices in India.

The cruelty of heathenism is strikingly shown in the facts which Dr. Scudder relates of the Khoonds, a tribe in Orissa, a district of Hindostan. They are cultivators of the soil, and believe that in order to secure an abundance of provisions they must sacrifice a man, woman or child, and bury a part of the flesh and blood in their fields. The victims are stolen and kept in ignorance of the doom that awaits them, but if they attempt to escape they are confined in irons. When the day appointed for the sacrifice arrives, the victim, intoxicated with ardent spirits, is brought out, followed by all the men, women and children of the district, with wild music and wilder shouting. Some cermonies are performed, when the victim is struck down with a knife. Then they all rush upon him and tear the body to pieces, all seeking to get a part of it to bury in their fields.

The number of persons murdered in this way must have been very large. For a few years the government has tried to do away with the practice, and more than *nineteen hundred* individuals intended for sacrifice have been rescued. Yet there are immense districts where the custom prevails, that have not even been visited. The mission in Orissa have a large school made up of small children saved from this horrible fate. As they were stolen from their parents when very young, they are not able to tell where their homes are, and the mission gives them a home. How truly is written, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

The Coal Trade.

A series of articles, published in the North American, more particularly in reference to the prospects of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, gives an estimate of the probable increase of the coal trade for next nine years, based upon the amount annually brought to market. The following table, showing the total amount of Pennsylvania anthracite coal brought to market every year, from 1820 to the close of 1851, shows the increase, twenty years:

1820,	365	1836,	684,117
1821,	1,073	1837,	862,441
1822,	2,240	1838,	725,697
1823,	5,823	1839,	797,863
1824,	9,541	1840,	841,584
1825,	34,893	1841,	942,312
1826,	48,047	1842,	1,076,649
1827,	63,434	1843,	1,240,710
1828,	77,516	1844,	1,596,378
1829,	112,083	1845,	1,975,113
1830,	174,734	1846,	2,194,656
1831,	176,820	1847,	2,284,852
1832,	363,871	1848,	3,027,708
1833,	487,748	1849,	3,164,667
1834,	376,686	1850,	3,285,980
1835,	560,758	1851,	4,383,730

BURNING THE DEAD.—An association has been formed at the City of London Mechanics' Institution, to promote the practice of decomposing the dead by the agency of fire. The members propose to burn, with becoming solemnity, such of their dead as shall have left their remains at the disposal of the association. The entrance fee is 1s.; and the council meet to enroll members, &c., on the second and last Wednesday in each month.

A Democratic Periodical.

Theodore A. Foster, Esq., proposes to publish a Democratic periodical at New York, to be called the "UNITED STATES REVIEW," the first number of which will appear on the first of January next. In announcing the publication of this work, the publisher says:—Its principles will be Democratic and National, and of the school of Jefferson, Jackson and Polk. It will be decisive in its treatment of political subjects, never losing sight of the opinions of the tried and acknowledged leaders of the Party, and considering carefully the rights and duties of the whole Union.

This Review will be temperately and fairly conducted. In it the Democratic Party can have confidence as an exponent of its principles. Progressive, but indulging in no impracticable ultraism, it will sustain, defend, and attempt to strengthen the acknowledged principles and policy of the Republican party of the United States. It has no object to effect but the substantial benefit of the Democratic Party, and the healthy growth of those principles of Constitutional Liberty which have had their foundation laid in Compromise, Mutual Confidence, and Union.

The Review will be issued promptly on the 1st of each month. Each number will contain ninety-six pages, in clear, bold type, on paper of the best quality. The annual subscription is three dollars, payable in advance, and the Review will be delivered to all of its subscribers *free of postage.* All communications to be addressed to T. A. Foster, 167 Broadway, New York.

Singular Anecdote of Three Robbers.

Where there is no integrity there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.—Three German robbers having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil and retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day which had been appointed for this purpose had arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighboring town, to purchase provisions for the last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might each come in for a whole half of the plunder, instead of only a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might get the whole of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together!—a signal instance that nothing is so perfectly blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD AT THE MINT.—A few days ago a deposit was made at the United States mint, in Philadelphia, of gold from Australia, the first that has been received from there. The Bulletin states that the depositor was a young man from this country, who had been in California for two years, but was unlucky and made nothing. Tempted by the reports from Australia, he sailed for that country and went to the diggings. In two months he succeeded, by great good luck, in getting about five thousand dollars' worth of the dust. The gold is superior in richness to that from California, being worth about two dollars more to the ounce.

The Methodists in France have held their annual conference at Nismes. The system of government is to be somewhat different in its operations than elsewhere. "Each district will name two representatives, who, with the President and Secretary of the Conference will form the stationing committee." It is presumed the French Methodists have thus organized, under the advice of the British Conference. One thousand dollars is to be sent to their aid by the Methodist Missionary Board of this country.

THANKSGIVING.—Twenty-two States celebrated Thursday last, as a day of Thanksgiving. The day was more generally observed in our borough, than ever heretofore. We are glad to observe this fact.—May it continue to grow in the affections of the people. A thanksgiving day, is a feature in National character, which can ever be recollected with pride. It commends itself as a seasonable holiday, when the religious, the social, and domestic elements of our being may be cultivated.

A GOOD FEATURE.—The exportation of precious metals, for some time past, has been much less, than the receipts into the country. Money will consequently, become more plenty—the rate of interest will come down—and industrial pursuits be thereby encouraged. The glorious prospect before us, can only be adversely effected, by over importations, and too much borrowing of money from abroad; and too much credit business at home. Every million of interest paid ahead, is a drain upon the industry of the country.

Donttouchtypeinaprintingoffice.

The Farmer.

NOTICE.—The Officers of the Union County Agricultural Society are requested to meet as Executive Committee, in the room over the Court Room in New Berlin, on TUESDAY the 14th December next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to receive Memberships, provide for By Laws, take into consideration the time and place for holding the First Annual Exhibition, and transact such other busines as may be deemed necessary. JACOB GUNDY, President.

Agricultural Improvements.

Never since the commencement of our editorial labors have we felt so much enthusiasm as during the past season. The days of empiricism seem to be passing away, and farmers now understand that a knowledge of the components of their soil, and of the crops they intend to raise, is necessary to ensure an economical and profitable production. But few intelligent farmers repudiate the use of books; they no longer believe that a fact is less a fact because it is printed. Deep-plowing, sub-soil plowing, underdraining, and the improved methods of planting special crops subject to weeds, with others, which may protect them, from such weedy growth, from their sudden germination, and consequent shading of the crop to be protected, are all passing into general use.

Farmers now know that an oat and a carrot crop may be raised from the same piece of ground and in the same season with less labor of weeding, than if raised on two separate fields. An intelligent farmer can scarcely be found, who does not know that his soil may be deepened by gradually increasing the depth to which he plows. All who have tried it are aware, those who have not are more ready to believe, that deeply sub soiled lands never suffer from drought. The fact that a proper rotation of crops is the true rest of the soil, and that consequently fallows are unnecessary, is no longer doubted by those who are entitled to the name of practical farmers. Practical men (and by such, we do not mean mere farm laborers who have no knowledge beyond that necessary to enable them to handle a farm tool,) know that if soil be properly prepared, that grain crops never lodge from weak straw—that this, like every other fact in agriculture, is subject to remedy. Practical men no longer find it necessary to move, because their lands have ceased to be good wheat lands. If such lands refuse that, or any other crop, they know how to ascertain the remedy required, and how to apply it. The true value of farm-yard manures is becoming better understood, and those who understand the subject best will not apply them alone, to soils requiring such amendments as are not to be found in barn-yard manures in notable or sufficient quantity. If the soil is short of any one of the constituents of barn-yard manure, and repleto with the other eleven constituents, that one constituent is now added, not by the addition of barn-yard manure, and consequent waste of eleven-twelfths of its value, but by directly offering to the soil the missing ingredient. Thousands of acres that have been considered as unwheat-worthy, have been prepared and planted with that crop during the last year, and with results entirely satisfactory to the operators. If the letters we are receiving from farmers this year, should be compared with those we received five years ago, they would be found to give evidence of more study, more correct knowledge, and greater degree of self reliance.

The more intelligent class of agriculturists refuse to entertain a recipe proposing effects desired, but without any attempt to explain the cause of action. Indeed agriculture is no longer an art alone, but is fairly entitled to the name of a science; free from mystery and easily to be understood. In those districts where we first labored as a lecturer, we now have friends by the score; men who have been induced to study agriculture as they would study any other science, and who repudirte empiricism as they would quackery.

Cattle-breeders view cattle as organisms, the composition of which must be studied, and the requirements of which must be furnished to them in such relative proportions to each other as will produce the best and most profitable results. Farmers know that an animal can not become strong and fine bened, if fed on crops raised from soils deficient of the very mineral substances which go to form bones, and they, therefore, add such constituents to the soil as will supply this desideratum. Working and fatting cattle are no longer considered as entitled to the same class of food, but each receives that which will go to form the desired result. The milch cow, too, is fed with a strict view to the production of milk; and those materials of which milk is composed, are resident in the food selected to produce it. In fine, farmers are rapidly learning that, like mechanics, they must possess, on their farms, the raw materials from wich the manufactured articles desired are to be created.—*Ed. Working Farmer.*