

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Fridays— at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

ELEVENTH YEAR.—WHOLE NUMBER, 567.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1855.
To Readers out of the County.

In accordance with the Terms stated two months since, we shall after this week be compelled to drop from our list the names of all who have not paid in advance on the Chronicle, (except those with whom we have running accounts.)

Some of these delinquents are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven years in arrears. For them we have toiled, sacrificed, borrowed money to buy white paper, printed, directed, and mailed as many weeks as there are days in a year. Some of them are ignorant and unable to pay, and of others we have no knowledge but their names. Those who pay voluntarily will be charged at the rate of \$2 per year for the past; if we have to employ the Legal Associations for the Summary Collection of Debts, we shall charge \$2 50 and interest to cover expenses.

Every indebted subscriber we trust will forthwith forward the amount due—and as much in advance as he chooses—and not be waited upon by strangers, perhaps, at times not agreeable. Current notes and gold for full dollars, and postage stamps for cents, are easily and safely sent.

There are due on the books of the late Publisher, \$2000. Is it fair, or honest, or reasonable that such injustice should be continued? We think not, and we trust that all who read this article will not only pay in full, but also in endeavoring to extend the blessings of the REVISED SYSTEM.

We are satisfied, from our own short experience and from the testimony of others, that by this change we shall not only save paper and labor, but actually receive more money than under the old long-gone method of trust-and-wait-forever.

Justice to WINFIELD SCOTT!

The National Legislature, and the Chief Magistrate, have at last conferred upon the "Hero Pacificator" the greatest honor in their power. They have received the office of Lieutenant General, filled heretofore by GEORGE WASHINGTON, only, and continued by the appointment of WINFIELD SCOTT. The office is to expire with SCOTT, as it did with WASHINGTON. In addition to the title, it adds a compensation from the beginning of his Mexican campaign sufficient to make the Warrior Statesman independent in his pecuniary circumstances and enable him (if he desires) to be relieved of the daily duties to which he now rigorously applies himself.

When the Senate Bill bestowing the distinction, passed the House, Col. Preston hastened to the War Department, where "the greatest Captain of the age" was earnestly at work. Upon being informed of the passage of the Bill, the old General dropped his head—his brows rolled down his furrowed cheek—and he replied in these characteristic, nobly-spoken words—

"Let no man say, hereafter, that his country is ungrateful to one who has served her faithfully."

COLUMBUS could forgive the baseness of a monarchy whose minions sent him home in chains from the continent he had discovered—WASHINGTON overlooked the ingratitude of thousands in a Republic whose fatherly service he had "grown both blind and grey"—and unsurpassed SCOTT, after refusing a million of money and the command of conquered Mexico, that he might serve his native Union, still fondly loves the Nation which, by the votes of foreign-born citizens in whose cause he had hazarded life in every form, rejected him for Franklin Pierce!—Honor to the repentant foe, which, during the last days of their existence as a Congress, seeks to atone for their former injustice by heaping honors upon the AMERICAN ARISTIDES!

In the language of the Pennsylvania of 10th May, 1847, "GLORY TO WINFIELD SCOTT! and for ever silent be the ribald tongue that would slander his name with aught that is not glorious in action, invincible in courage, and unflinching in resources and wisdom!"

Western Correspondence.
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 10, '55.
The tidings that the Indiana Legislature has passed a Prohibitory Liquor Law Bill, similar to the Maine Law, will undoubtedly have reached you before this; yet a few lines from the Hoosier Capital may probably be interesting to some of the zealous temperance men among your patrons. If I can by description awaken any enthusiasm, or cause any of the doubting to look forward in anticipation of a similar happy event in the Old Keystone, my object will be gained.

I had the pleasure of being in the Legislative Hall, yesterday, when the Bill was passed. The lobby was crowded with eager spectators. When the Speaker, Mr. Kilgore, proceeded to call the vote, a solemn silence betokened the deep feeling of the assembled multitude. The shrill voice

calling the yeas and noes, and the varied responses to the momentous question, thrilled upon many a heart ready to burst with emotion! And when the Speaker called out, "AYES 55, NOES 41—THE BILL HAS PASSED!"—a loud and prolonged cheer of approbation reverberated through the House. Almost simultaneously, the thunder of a cannon shook the massive columns of the Capitol, and called forth another shout from the crowd. The opposition made an attempt for a re-consideration of the Bill, but their voices were drowned in boisterous mirth, and the House adjourned in much confusion. The news of the event soon spread through the city, and in demonstration of the joy of the people the church bells pealed! The steam whistles shrieked! and the cannon roared! for nearly an hour. During the afternoon, liquor establishments were draped in mourning, and the glorious "stripes and stars" unfurled to the breeze. At night, the city was illuminated, and the booming of the cannon was again heard far and wide.

The general impression here is, that Gov. WRIGHT will sign the Bill.—The following "IMPROVEMENT"—written by a lady of this place—appeared in the *State Journal* this morning:

ON READING THE FINAL CANON PROCLAIMING THE PASSAGE OF THE PRESENT LEGISLATIVE LAW BILL OF THE LEGISLATURE.
Hark! hark! what thunder sound is this?
That booms along the quivering air?
It is the cannon's roar—O, hark!
Let every heart be roused to prayer—
The glorious Temperance Law is born,
Baptized with tears of joy this morn.
Ring out, glad bells! waite, banners, waite
Above the festering demon's grave!
Aye, strap the drum-shop—howl ye volutes
Who rend poor victims on your track
And drag them down to guilt and sin!
Aye! bang your cursed guns in black,
The only color which ye dare
To show that nation in despair.
Weep, if ye can, and shed such hours
As nation from crushed hearts long, dark years.
The *Star* has arisen—see its light
Shining glory on each noble face,
Thrilling the soul as though an angel bright
Giltted its radiance full upon the place.
Sad eyes and weary, wipe your sorrowing eyes,
Join in glad bells! waite, banners, waite
Above the demon's head and festering grave!
Four cannons, near! proclaim with mighty power
The glorious triumph of this glorious hour.

Oh! who that is a friend of temperance would not rejoice over a chance for such a demonstration in Pennsylvania?

There are many applicants for the U. S. Senatorship; I will not hazard a prediction who will be the man.

The Legislature is making very slow progress on the Bank question; it appears difficult; but a stringent law on the Bankers, securing the safety of bill-holders, is anticipated. Messrs. Dejeu & Defrees have an Office here, under the supervision of the State Bank Association, where the Free Bank money is now flooding in, and destroyed.

The Small-Pox is prevailing here to some extent.

While traveling, I seldom get to find the Chronicle, but promise myself the gratification of seeing its face weekly when I locate. My next will be from Illinois, for which State I start on Monday. T. G. O.

NEWTON, IOWA, Feb. 9, '55.
Our place is still going ahead. There have been over 150 houses built within a year; the prospect bids fair for a much larger increase the present year. I think there will be three churches, a female seminary, and a steam flouring mill built next summer. We have now here six dry goods stores, one drug store, one grocery store, three blacksmith's shops, one gunsmith, two chair and cabinet makers, one wagon maker, two bricklayers, twenty-five carpenters, (more coming, and still more needed), two painters, three male and two female school teachers, three lawyers, two tailors, two well diggers, four plasterers, two surveyors, one saddler, three shoemakers, one clock, watch and jewelry establishment, two steam saw-mills, two public houses, (no liquor) one eating and oyster saloon. We want good brickmakers, a printing office, a good hotel, another drug store, a tinner, and hosts of others who will bring plenty of the tin along!

Our Court House was advertised to be let on Saturday last.

We have had a very pleasant winter—thermometer 10 deg. below zero the coldest morning. C. J. H.

"What will People Say?"
BY MRS. J. D. CHAPMAN.

When long years have passed over you, young readers, and the scenes and faces so familiar have almost faded from memory, you will often look back to these days—sometimes with pleasure, and sometimes through dim tears. Thus do your parents now look back, and cherish the memory of their childhood's home, and we doubt not thank God for its sheltering love.

"Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on Memory's wall," there is no one which comes more vividly to my mind than the face of one little playmate. She was the projector of all our plays, the genius of all our sports; and as I now think of her, with her chestnut hair shading her white brow, and her blue, blue eyes, thro' which

you could almost read her thoughts, she seems more like the being of a dream than the child she was, climbing trees, walking beams, or sliding down the fragrant bay-mows. She was the very soul of independence—seldom going far astray, for her native good sense, and the refinements of home restrained her buoyant spirit—yet never asking, "What will people say?"

One day, in her rambles, Maria saw a pale-faced little girl, standing before a miserable looking house, who smiled at the little lady, and held up something she wished to show her. Children use little ceremony, and soon became acquainted. "What is your name?" asked Maria. "Lydia White," replied the pale girl, "you may have that, if you want it," and she held out towards her a piece of broken glass. It was a dark green bottom of a bottle, very concave, and as the children gazed through it towards the sky, it made a dark and mysterious little landscape. Maria was thankful for the gift, and prized it more than she would have done a jewel in years which followed. So they stood talking together, when suddenly a coarse, drunken man turned around the corner, and taking angrily to himself reeled past them into the house. Poor Lydia hung her head, looked very much ashamed, and the tears began to fall from her eyes.

She raised her tattered apron to her face, and Maria, although she was too kind to ask a question, was sure that that dreadful man must be the father of Lydia. So she said, softly, "Don't cry, Lydia, 'tis isn't your fault—you can't help it." Lydia did not reply, but ran away from Maria into the door of the wretched house.

She had been so happy for a few minutes with her new friend, but now she was miserable. No good child would ever come near the house, for fear of her father, and she did not love to play with the wicked children who thronged the court where she lived; and she was sure she should never see Maria again.

But she was mistaken, for one day Maria came to the door and asked the disconsolate looking mother if she would let Lydia go down to her father's birchwood to play by the spring with some little girls. The poor woman was as much pleased as Lydia was, for she longed to see her daughter, like other children, joyful and free-hearted. "Now you can wash your face and comb your hair at the spring before the other girls come," Maria said, "and," untwining her own pink apron, "put this on—for I know mother will give it to you for your own, and you will look as well as any."

Poor little Lydia was much pleased to play with clean children, and to look clean herself, but she could not forget her worn-out shoes, and all the afternoon she tried to conceal them beneath the skirt of her fat frock. Until sunset, that little group arranged and re-arranged their bits of broken china on the velvet moss, and dipped up the sparkling water with which to fill their dorn cups and saucers. But when the dews began to fall, and they talked of going home, poor Lydia whispered to her new friend, "Don't let any of them go round my way—I want to go home alone." Maria thoughtfully drew the others through the meadows towards her father's garden, while the little stranger slipped off to their comfortable home behind the rope-walk.

The following Sunday, when Maria entered her old Class so neatly and tastefully dressed, she was accompanied by Lydia, whose clothes, although shabby and faded, were very clean. They had scarcely taken their seats, when a rude girl leaned over from another seat and said in a loud whisper, "Maria, that girl next to you is old White's daughter; he gets drunk, and whips his wife and children."

"I'm very sorry," replied Maria, "that she has such a wicked and cruel father; for she is a very good girl!"

"Wasn't you afraid to come along the streets with her?"

"Afraid of what?" asked Maria.

"Why, of what people would say, when they saw you walking with her; for everybody knows her; she picks up all their wood at the ship yard."

"I don't care what people say, when I know I'm doing right. My mother said I might go there and bring her with me to Sunday school and church," said Maria.

The poor child hung her head during this conversation; for although she had not heard a word, she felt that she was the subject of it.

Lydia proved to be a sweet and gentle scholar, and when any of the class were rude in their behavior, or remiss in their lessons, the teacher used to say "I wish I could see you all like Lydia White." She was always in her place, and her whole mind seemed fixed on the truths she there heard. Her teacher toiled in hope, while she saw that the good seed was taking root in the heart of the outcast child.

One morning of the next bright May, when the moss was green and the ground dry around the favorite spring, Lydia's seat in Sunday school was vacant; with tears, the loving teacher told her class that it would never be filled again by her. "She was a meek and a gentle child, and the compassionate Savior whom she had learned to love, has taken her to himself, away

from the drunkard's wretched home, from poverty, neglect, and abuse, where she will know no more hunger, nor cold, nor cruelty, nor sickness, nor death. It was a great blessing that she was brought here, to learn of Christ before death came."

After sermon, her class were taken to Lydia's home. There lay the slender form on a broken bedstead, while the heart-broken mother wept in agony over her only earthly joy. The besotted father was sober that day; but he was ashamed to manifest grief, if he felt it; for his neighbors who stood around, all knew how little love he had shown his child while living. So he sat in dogged silence, his garments tattered, the picture of a conscience-stricken man.

O, what a contrast was there between the condition of the miserable father, and that of his ransomed child! When the sobbing mother repeated to them the particulars of her patient suffering and peaceful death, do you think Maria regretted her tenderness towards her; or that she had not stopped to ask, "What will people say?" before she called at the house, and led her where she learned the love and pity of the Savior? Maria herself did not truly love Christ, then; but she possessed by nature that noble spirit which made her fearless when doing right; that spirit which fitted her for future usefulness and endurance.

She was a real child, free-hearted, buoyant and happy-acting, not her feelings and not striving to port herself like the dear grandmother who graced the hearthstone in her huge arm chair. God gave the child this strong spirit of independence, for He saw that she would require it all.

He knew that after her sunny childhood was over, clouds and darkness were to overshadow her, and that she would need strength of heart and firm trust in Him to carry her over the thorny road.

While she was yet young, her father died; and then, although Maria had less of enjoyment and more of care, she never repined. She felt that as she had enjoyed hitherto a life of ease, it was not strange that she should have her turn of care and toil. Hopefully and cheerfully she applied herself to the domestic duties which now devolved upon her. Her out-door exercise when a child, had made her constitution strong to endure her present labor; and the spirit was just as buoyant, the eyes just as clear and blue, when performing her work at home, as when in former days she rowed the boat with her brothers or worked with them in the garden. She asked not the pity of her rich friends, nor did she shun them when in her home attire.

"What will people say?" never troubled her in childhood about her play, nor did it now when in the path of duty.

Long years have passed, since then. Maria has been the mistress of a home of taste and wealth. Love there gathered its treasures around her, and with a keen religion and true gratitude to God did she enjoy her blessings, and retain independence to do right, though it might be strangely at variance with the hollow etiquette of the world.

But change, change, is written on all below. Another Maria, much like the one of twenty-five years ago, now sits by her side to comfort and cheer her as she did another then. The strong arm on which the mother and her little ones leaned, has failed them, and with the husband vanished also the means of support. Then one brother offered to take Maria, and another to take the oldest boy, and a rich but vain cousin to adopt the baby, and somebody else to take care of the mother. But do you suppose that one who dared to do just right when a child, would shrink from a mother's holy work, fold her hands, dim her eyes with unavailing tears, and allow the lambs of her fold to be scattered, for fear of what people would say should she put her hands to toil for their dear sakes? No, her heart is too fond, and her hope too strong for that; so she disdains the hint that in that way she may still seem like a lady—and plies her needle on the tasteful embroidery. Thus she keeps a home, where the spirit of discontent never comes. She neither craves the smile of a false world, nor dreads what people will say of her. Care and sorrow have chastened deeply her buoyant spirit; but they have not broken down her independence, nor shaken her trust in God. You would love, if you knew her, to sit down with her happy children at their fireside, and hear from her lips the tales of her merry childhood. If she weeps—and we know she does—over her buried joys, it is when her little darlings are sleeping; for she will not dim their early years by making their partners of her grief. She knows too well the worth of a free and happy childhood, and therefore would not have them become old before their time.

It is a great gift for any child to have a brave spirit, which will dare to differ from vain companions, or even from older people who are selfish and cold-hearted. Always seek guidance of wise parents or loving teachers, and then never shrink from duty for fear of what people will say. That is a mean and useless bondage, from which we would have our children kept, lest they grow up double minded, unstable in all

their ways, swaying ever between the opinions of others and their own sense of right.—*Macedonian.*

A new and amusing Game.
SINGULAR KNOW NOTHING EXPERIMENTS.

The Know Nothings of Bucks county are an original and funny set of fellows. They recently adopted a very novel way of amusing themselves, at the expense of His Holiness, James Campbell, Post Master General.

The moral certainty that the Americans will elect the next President, already raised the question among the members of the Know Nothing Council at Quakertown, fifteen miles below Bethlehem, "who shall be their Post Master under the next administration?" The subject we learn, was gravely discussed, and finally it was unanimously agreed that, during the present foreign administration, all who consider themselves well calculated for said office, shall have a "short tour"—say two or three weeks, and he who proves the best Post Master, shall receive the united support of the members for the appointment, after the election in 1856.

Mr. Ochs, a Know Nothing, (who since died,) held the office. Information was given to His Holiness, James Campbell, of the fact that Mr. O. is a member of the mysterious office. He was removed, some time ago, and Mr. Peter Smith, who was duly vouched for as a "sound Democrat," received the appointment. He held the office just long enough to prove his competency, Mr. Campbell was apprised of the fact by his brethren that he is a Know Nothing too, and that the interests of the Democratic party and the Pope required his prompt removal. This was done, and Mr. John K. Kaul, about whose "soundness" there was no doubt, received the commission. He is an excellent officer, but his time is, we are informed, about to expire also, and probably in a week or two, another appointment will be made, as Campbell will hardly suffer the Quakertown Post Office in the same house where the Know Nothing Council was organized, and now holds its meetings. Mr. Kaul is a good member, and will cheerfully give way for another appointment.

This may be fun for the Quakertown Know Nothings, but we fear the game is carried too far, as Campbell might take the notion to abolish the office entirely. This would be very bad business. How then would our Quakertown friends manage to get the *Lehigh Valley Times*? We do hope they will play no more Know Nothing tricks upon Campbell, but let him have what he wants—an out and out Anti Know Nothing Democrat. If there are none in Quakertown, let them advertise for one in a European newspaper.—*Lehigh Valley Times.*

Winter Evenings.
How do you spend your winter evenings?
"Tell me how you spend your winter evenings," said a gentleman addressing a congregation of young men, "and I will tell you what position you will occupy in the world ten years hence." This portion of the day is yours for self-improvement, for recreation, or for pleasure; and its use or abuse will affect incalculably your future character. Do you spend it at the drinking saloon, the card-table, or as an idle lounge at low places of public amusement? Do you waste your health, exhaust your energies, and debase your mind by vulgar pleasures? Do you pass your winter evenings aimlessly, listlessly, doing nothing, or doing something just as it happens? Or have you set them apart for some definite and worthy pursuits? Have you resolved to devote some to a course of valuable reading; some to a course of lectures; some to the enjoyments of virtuous society; some to the house of prayer? Have you resolved to pass your evenings in that way which shall tend to make you stronger and better for each tomorrow?

"I never had any time to study but the winter evenings," said a lad who passed an examination for college with marked ability.

"Oh, my God, I was ruined in the winter evenings," exclaimed a young clerk who came home to be laid in a drunkard's grave.

Boys, take care how you spend your winter evenings.
L. A. W. Law.

A correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* from Ottawa county, Michigan, gives the following "Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids," Mayor Church presiding. Witness called up to be sworn:
Clerk. "You do solemnly swear—"
Mayor, (with dignity:) "Stop! The witness will hold up his right hand!"
Clerk. "The man has no right hand, your Honor."
Mayor, (with some asperity:) Let him hold up his left hand, then."
Clerk. "He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your Honor will perceive."
Mayor, (savagely:) "Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man can not be sworn in this Court without holding up something! Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved!" (Witness sworn on one leg)

THE FARM: The Garden—The Orchard.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society was held at the office of S. Weirick, Esq., in New Berlin, on Tuesday 13th Feb. 1855. Present—Messrs. Gundry, Eyer, Lincoln, Laird, M'Creight, Sterner, Weirick, and Reber.

The Treasurer submitted his Report for 1854, which was read. Resolved that it be adopted, and published.

Receipts and Expenditures of the Union County Agricultural Society—1854.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand from 1853	\$73 10
Cash rec'd of M. Kieckhefer, unexpended balance after fixing Fair Ground at New Berlin for 1853	\$138 50
Memberships fr R. H. Laird	45 50
Admission fees do	3 00
Memberships pr O. N. Worden	6 50
Memberships pr S. Sterner	146 25
do do J. B. Cutler	23 45
do do J. Wenzel	14 46 24 19
Order on Treasurer Union County	100 00
	\$441 41

1855.

Feb. 13, Balance in hands of Treas. \$202 91

EXPENDITURES.

Cash premiums awarded by Committees (as per printed Schedule) Oct. 6	\$138 50
Butter Knife	2 00
Five copies Pa. Farm Journal, at 75 c.	3 75
Premium awarded Jacob Gundry for best 5 acres Corn	5 00
S. Sterner and others for services as doer and gate-keepers and night watch	8 50
O. N. Worden, certificates and diplomas	9 00
do printing bills and cards,	
do and stationary, postage, &c.	11 75
Balance in hands of Treasurer	\$202 91
	\$441 41

ROBERT H. LAIRD, Treasurer.

Resolved that the Treasurer be requested to furnish Certificates to the Vice Presidents elect, and request them to fill up vacancies in such districts as are now without Vice Presidents.

Resolved that Capt. John Will be requested to furnish to the next meeting of the Society the process of making the compost manure entered for premium at the last Fair, for the further action of the Society.

HARTLTON being the only competitor for the next Fair, and having guaranteed the sum required, it was Resolved that the next Fair of this Society be held at that place.

Resolved that the President have notice published calling the next meeting of the Society at this place on the first Tuesday of May Court, when the Premium List will be arranged and adopted.

Resolved that these proceedings be published in the *Lewisburg Chronicle*, &c.

A View of American Agriculture.
CHAPTER IV.

What is the available Capacity of the Farming Lands in the United States to feed and clothe the Human Family?

No question, either in rural or political economy, is more important than the above. What the soil can do, and what it cannot do, are questions of fact, about which every American citizen should be well informed. (1. That the principal wealth of the U. S. lies in its vast agricultural capabilities, is apparent to all; but this general appreciation of an important truth fails to impart to the understanding any definite idea of the capacity of any given farm to produce grain, cotton, or provisions, by any system of tillage and cropping.)

As it is a law of nature that mankind shall increase in numbers, and consume a corresponding increase of food and raiment, it is obvious that no system of agriculture that does not improve the soil a little in the lapse of ten or twenty years, can be a wise system for the community at large. Nor is it, upon the whole, of any advantage to a farmer or planter, to work up the raw material of cultivated plants in a virgin soil, in the course of a few years, and then abandon his exhausted fields and clear new ones.

That fortunes have been realized by operations of this kind, is not denied; but no planter who has followed this popular practice has made more money thereby than he might have done by so cultivating the soil, as to increase, instead of diminishing, its natural fertility. It may be conceded that his fresh lands cost him not over three or five dollars an acre; and that after one thousand acres have been so impoverished as not to pay a profit on their cultivation, another thousand acres may be had at the cost of the first; still it can be shown, both by practice and theory, that less profit is attainable by this course than by a system of planting founded on scientific principles.

If the cultivator had to apply to his soil one hundred pounds of manure or other fertilizing matter, for every one hundred pounds harvested and removed in the crop, then to wear out the virgin earth would give one vastly more ready cash than to attempt to feed plants with all the atoms consumed in their growth. Fortunately, no such necessity exists. In the wise economy of nature, it is not probable that more than an average of one pound in ten of the dry weight of cultivated plants, including their roots, stems, leaves, and seeds, is formed of matter which existed as a part of the solid substance of the soil in which the plants grow. Several experiments have been made by the writer for the purpose of determining what per centage of wheat, corn, and potato crops is

composed of atoms derived from mould, silica (sand), lime, potash, &c., extracted from the soil; and what part was derived from water, carbonic acid, and other gaseous elements known to exist in the atmosphere. Wishing to repeat these researches on a larger scale before publishing, no account of them has been made public.

The science of feeding plants is in its infancy; and very little public encouragement has been held out to any one to devote his time and money to investigations of this character. The little attention paid to the feeding of wheat in England has resulted in raising the average product from sixteen to thirty-two bushels per acre. If a small share of the talent and public patronage of this country could be turned to the study of vegetable and animal physiology in their connection with farm economy, and to chemistry, entomology, agricultural geology, and meteorology, unquestionably the average of our wheat, corn, and cotton crops would soon be doubled.

The most important point is to learn what food, and what quantity per acre, will yield the largest annual profit. In addition to this, it is desirable to know what sources of supply of the raw material for making crops, so far as it is lacking in the soil, can be most economically resorted to by the farmer.

His sources of supply are numerous; among others, the subsoil and the atmosphere may be named as always available on the poorest lands. It is very rare, if ever, that a soil is so sterile that when three inches deep, it cannot be made six; and if six inches deep, it may not be made twelve. If the reader will reflect on the facts of the case for a moment, he will be satisfied that the same resources in the earth and atmosphere, in rains, dews, a solar light, and heat, which produce a little mould on the surface, extract a little lime, potash, magnesia, and soluble flint from the subsoil, may reasonably be expected to yield something more of all these elements of fertility, if they are skillfully husbanded from year to year. But, if these elements are all sold and sent off the farm, or if wasted thereon, no matter how, an increase of productiveness is impossible, unless guano or manure from abroad is bought for home consumption. Vegetable mould can only be increased by growing plants, and some of these plants form mould, when they decay, of very unequal value in its adaptation to the peculiar wants of crops. As the science of feeding plants rests on precisely the same principles as that of feeding animals, and as plants alone have the power to subsist on disorganized minerals, such as air, water, sand, and lime, it is important to grow such fertilizing and renovating vegetables as will best furnish nutriment to the plants to be cultivated for market. Thus, one thousand pounds of broom-sedge, rotting on an acre, will yield mould far inferior to that of a like weight of pea-vines. In some respects, the sedge will have the advantage. It will supply more soluble silica than an equal weight of the stems, leaves, roots, and seeds of the pea plant, but much less of sulphur, phosphorus, and organized matter or nitrogen. Theoretically, the slow rotting of broom-sedge, followed by the more rapid decay of pea-vines, will prepare a soil for wheat or corn, better than to have it entirely free from either sedge or pea-vine mould. Different forest leaves furnish mould as unlike in value as that formed from rotting cabbages and decaying pine wood. But if a ton of cabbages or clover will form a mass of rich mould, it will require something better than very very poor land to grow either clover or cabbage. They are both rich in sulphur, phosphorus, and nitrogen, elements that do not abound in sterile soils.

It is difficult to see how one can fairly begin to comprehend the natural capabilities of American soils, before he is familiar with the science of meteorology and the philosophy of manures. An acre of land lying in the latitude of Washington and St. Louis has the capacity to produce nearly double the food for man or beast that an equal area in the centre of Great Britain possesses; assuming the chemical composition and physical character of the soils to be alike in both countries, the fall of rain alike, and the only difference being in the length of seasons and a higher mean temperature and more sunshine in America than in England. There are few, if any, plants which equal our maize or Indian corn, in yielding a large quantity of bread on a small surface. In England, it is impracticable to grow one good crop of this cereal in a year. In the District of Columbia, on choice land, nearly, if not quite, two crops can be made in a season. Suppose the object was to produce milk (an exceedingly valuable article of food,) not only can we grow twice as much corn for soiling cows on an acre, under American sunshine, as can be raised in Great Britain, but after frost sets in and before it is time to plant corn in the spring, a crop of winter wheat, rye, or barley can be two-thirds grown in Virginia, and harvested in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas. An acre of land in central Georgia will both feed and clothe two persons as well, and more economically,