LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Personal Criticisms...Public Applause

We observe in one of the newspapers of our State, three or four columns of criticisms upon the public performance of the individuals who composed the Graduating Class of a certain College. In almost every case, the condemnations are very pungent; the encomiums, very chary. The next year, a notice from some other hand may be full of encomiums, and not even a faint condemnation uttered.

It has not been our custom, in conducting the *Chronicle*, to make any invidious comparisons, in speaking of public exhibitions on the part of the young gentlemen and ladies who have represented the Literary Institutions located in our midst. Always taking a lively interest in the welfare of those who leave us to assume the responsibilities of life for themselves, yet we look with much more anxiety for their *future* career than upon their *present* relative position. "Willing to praise, and not afraid to blame," we have had abundant opportunities for the exercise of both prerogatives; but we decline the oft-unwelcome task, for reasons which we submit for candid consideration.

In the first place, opinions of the merits of orations and essays, always differ; and, necessarily, criticisms are the opinions of one person only, and he perhaps not the best qualified to sit in judgement. Like the public applause allowed on some occasions, a public notice of this kind is almost unavoidably modified by friendship, warped by prejudice, or designed for some object or colored by some circumstance inconsistent with impartial, useful censorship. "Clever fellows," or "popular" students, deficient in true scholarship, often receive very inflated "puffs," a large number of heel-taps from gentlemen, any quantity of "clumping" of old boots from boys ever ready to catch at any chance to raise a hurra, and also more or less of "spiritual" if not "spirituous" "rappings" from gold-headed canes: while true merit, modest and unpretending, may be overlooked and forgotten for want of a partial friend in him of the pen, or money to win plaudits.

All who hear public speaking, it should be remembered, judge for themselves as to the merits of the respective performances; and very few if any of those who do not hear, care for dissertations upon the individuals. If the censor be inclined to panegyrics, he is suspected of hypocrisy, or of flattery; and if he chastise where it might be even-handed justice, he is liable to the charge of incompetency, harshness, censoriousness, or want of true feeling, if not accused of being actuated by malice.

Taking the most favorable view of the practice, in nine cases out of ten even just encomiums tend to elevate those sufficiently proud; and depreciative allusions, no matter how gentle or well intended, depress hearts already too much saddened by consciousness of some inferiority of gifts, of fortune, or of desert.

By introducing young ladies and gentlemen from the shades of pupilage to an equal participation in the momentous duties of life, without distinction, we think we act towards them the friendly part.—They will soonest find their level—ascertain their defects, and become conscious of their powers—by continuing in a straightforward course of self-culture, habitually; by contact with the ACTUAL more than the IDEAL; and thus becoming measurably if not entirely the formers of their own characters.

The memory of almost every one, moreover, will recall the names of those who started from the "academic groves" of literature and science with the most brilliant prospects, cheered and applauded to the echo, but who have become lost and forgotten in the crowd of common people with whom they mingled, and above whom all their borrowed plumes never enabled them to soar. What have become of the hosts of "smart fellows"—so many "talented" young men, "prodigies" of erudition and of intellect, who have left the rostrum amidst rapturous smiles, and bright-est tears and showers of boquets? Alas! where you find one such attaining to any eminence, there are half a dozen who left their Alma Mater noiselessly, and to the public almost unknown, who have wrought out or perfected those substantial qualifications which prove the useful, the honorable, the talented MAN.

While, therefore, we seek to avoid overloading with expectations, or failing to do justice to the merits, of *Graduates*, be it our privilege, year after year, to record the progress and the triumphs, in every field of praise-worthy effort, of the ALUMNI of our Literary Institutions. W

☞ An Irishman named SHANNON, who migrated to Missouri a few years ago, and arrived to be a "Rev. Doctor" among the "Reformers," by some mysterious dispensation of Providence became President of the University of Missouri. He delivered a speech at the recent Pro Slavery Convention in Missouri, which was so ultra as to be repudiated by all the members ex-cepting only the worst of the ruffians who captured and hold Kanzas. In a card written, subsequently, this *very* "rev'd Doctor" says he believes this Union is to be the means of the salvation of the world; that Slavery is a divine right, and the safety of the Union depends upon their carrying Slavery where they choose—in short, that the eternal salvation of our race hangs upon the success of Stringfellow and his crew! He also says that in the flourishing institution (numbering less than 100 students, and they dwindling away) over which he presides, Dr. Wayland's works are the text books, but his views on War, Slavery, and the Sabbath, are unsound, and he can't teach them. The Dr. wants our Bible translated anew also, very badly. This Card is stirring up the people of Missouri (who don't believe any such theology, although they hold slaves from alleged necessity or a supposed advantage) considerably, and will probably end by banishing him to be President of the Theological Seminary of the Czar of Russia, or Chaplain to the Emperor of Guinea. He would adorn either station.—Our correspondent, below, however, seems to agree with the Dr., and in accordance with our principle of fair play, we allow him to paraphrase, poetically, the Card of the Most Rev. James Shannon, D. D.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

A Simperthyzing Address,

TO DOCTOR SHANNON.

I simperthyze with U, mi outhern frend;
Yure in a orful fix—and why? Bekase
Ya task 2 do yor dooty like a man,
And the pak nivir kickn't preshoate
Yor nobel labors in the kos of Truth.
Ya shood frone chirpin that 2 bi a sitizun,
And mark him work 2 arm his pek or korn,
B 4 the lorse hav had site of it up
War jest ahedin 2 the golden goal.
Yor nochun is that cold king Jeames Sylvi
Aint no orate chair, in no or tru translashun;
But if I had a chanse, yude mark it jinyul
The klerk shud doktrun like a string or Baltz
Ya hed not ort 2 bi dekadenty with a bone,
... ... tyme 2 mark mun nuther:
The U Unkl war maid by a wile hoss
Inwild Dockter Wulland—full of abberiashun.
Tworst site on Hoss—tworst site on Steady Jepin,
& nuse thurof, tworst site on the prist Assashun
On with this orse Missouri Yunkyun heroy,
I will, viss, mingle, tellin nuz or bo bel.
Yes mark it out, as strate as tiffel chokes,
That this groit Yunkyun war to suiv the world;
& ef wee hadnt ekwot nowhar with niggers
Wood brak the Yunkyun of 2 tarnal smash:
So the merdhen that war to suiv kreashun
Wood fi jest like a rale rode lokor motir
That tokhitt off the trak with ol the steem on,
& piled the karn, & passingirs & bagij,
I upon tuther—tuther upon I;
Sum got thare nex brak, & sum tear thare trowzis,
Sum the stemr chawhid till it shukid the skin off,
& sum war yellin murdor, & sum prayin,
& sum war swarin orful wicked 2.
U tookl mod of this, but the fewject kinder
Larft at yare farmin and yure sollem preechin,
& the hoff kit ov abberishin varmints
Pitchid down upon U like a nest of hornets.
With mobs U jump and rore, and snort, and holler
Jest like a little stum; take I off in ni time
& as I tookl U at the fust beginnin
On the immortal poim, I repeet,
With no hart fullt, as I hot terry in mi ire,
I simperthize with U—al outnit frend.

K. N. PEPPER'S UNKLE.

FORT UNK, HUTTER, MISSOURI, July the 25, 1855.

Judge Kane and the Writ of Habeas Corpus.

[The Press (at least the intelligent and independent portion of it) seems disposed to question the judicial infallibility of Judge Kane. Aside from joking however, we would not be so unjust as to charge Judge Kane with claiming infallibility. We are not aware that infallibility is claimed for any body in this world except a gouty old gentleman called Pio Nino, whose shanty stands in the small village of Rome on the Tiber river, in a country which was once Italy, and which will be Italy again when she shall rise as from the dead, and with a potsherd scrape off from her person the ecclesiastical vermin which have lived upon her for ages. Infallibility belongs to God alone. The doings and the decisions of any earthly tribunal are subject to discussion, and the Press as we observe are disposed to criticise Judge Kane's arbitrary decree by which a citizen of Pennsylvania was committed to prison for an alleged contempt. Here is a noble article from the *Miners' Journal*.]—*Chronicle*.

"It is notable that of the Philadelphia press, the *Sun* alone appears to possess courage enough to speak boldly and openly of the ridiculous if not criminal action of Judge Kane, in the Wheeler slave case, in imprisoning a northern freeman without the shadow of a cause. In speaking of Judge Kane's dilemma, the *Sun* thinks that if the opinion of Judge Kane is sound Constitutional law; if the slave chattel can be carried by its owner into a free State, and right of service despite the local law, be retained—then we are all at sea, without chart, compass or rudder, on the question of slavery. If, as Judge Kane intimates, there is no statute of Pennsylvania which affects to divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it necessary or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania, "which could be recognized as valid in a Court of the United States," then State sovereignty is a farce, and all the old centralizing tendencies of federalism are revived in their full force. Slavery is a local institution, or was, until Judge Kane tried to make it national, and now it must follow, that if the Northern States cannot prohibit its introduction upon their soil, they violate the constitutional compact in their various acts of emancipation. The decision of Judge Kane may involve most important issues, and entirely abrogate our State laws. Under it what is to prevent Mr. Wheeler from selling his slaves here while *in transitu*? What is to prevent them from being levied upon for debt, and sold by the Sheriff? If slaves are "property" all these things may come to pass, and the "doleful sound" from the Toombs that would call the muster roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill, be something more than a vaporing oratorical flourish from one of the chivalry. If Judge Kane holds that slaves are property, he must forget that Madison repudiated the introduction of any thing upon the face of our Constitution, which even indirectly recognized a property in man. If Pennsylvania cannot legislate upon slave property so called, Congress can, under the clause concerning the migration and importation of persons. Let us have the question come up before Congress then, and see where we shall land after the storm has blown over. The most unfortunate day's work for the South ever accomplished—not even excepting the passage of the Kansas bill—undoubtedly was that when Judge Kane showed his servility to the slave holding interest by imprisoning Passmore Williamson. In connection with this subject, we extract from the *Sun* the following pointed remarks upon the writ of Habeas Corpus. The truths contained in them are indisputable. We ask for the subjoined an attentive perusal:

The privileges of the writ of Habeas Corpus, are to Republican Liberty, what the breath of life which the Lord God breathed into the nostrils of man formed of the dust of the ground, was to human existence. Without it, a soulless mass—with a living spirit of intelligence, freedom and self-reliance, imaged like divinity. The Constitution of the United States provided "the privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus *shall not be suspended, unless* when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." This is clear and explicit. Let us try the recent conduct of Judge Kane by this constitutional test, and see if he has not committed so dangerous a violation of the constitution as to demand his impeachment and removal. We do not profess to any sympathy with Passmore Williamson in this argument, but we stand only upon our Magna Charta. Judge Kane commits Williamson for contempt because the legal formalaries of his answer to a writ of Habeas Corpus to test whether Williamson was in contempt of Court, or Judge Kane in contempt of the Constitution of the United States. The act of February 18, 1785, we are told by Chief Justice Lewis, excepts the privileges of the writ of Habeas Corpus, while a prisoner is detained by legal progress for an offence not bailable. This is a violation of constitutional right, and if a citizen of Pennsylvania has appealed to its Supreme Court to protect him in its enjoyment, the Chief Justice has failed to uphold the honor and dignity of the State and suffered one of her sons to be tyrannically misused, on the plea that one Court cannot interfere with the judgment of another! This we do not doubt is law—that law which makes constitutions mockeries of liberty; but it is not right. Pennsylvania never delegated to the United States the power to impose conditions upon the privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus—nor does the Constitution prohibit it to the State, except in cases of invasion and rebellion; and there has never occurred in the history of our country so flagrant an usurpation of power, a precedent so fraught with danger to our liberties—a judicial outrage of a blacker dye. Why, fellow slaves of Pennsylvania, look at it! We under our constitutional freedom of the press, assert that Judge Kane has usurped power. He may choose to consider this is a contempt, and arraign us before him, under his own federal, alien and sedition law interpretation of his powers, condemn us to occupy the cell where Arthur Spring or the Shoopinskis were lodged, incarcerate us without bail or main prize, and no power but *revolution* could get us from his custody! This is monstrous, anti-republican and despotic. Judge Kane can do that which no living being, emperor or potentate in Christendom dare do—imprison a man for a constructive contempt, involved in a legal return to a writ! The Bill of Rights wrung from King John, at Runnymede, provided that if he, his justiciar, or any of its articles of peace and security, the barons and the commonalty of the whole land might distrain and distress the king, in all ways possible, till the grievance was redressed. Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," commenting upon this, as not unusual, cites the laws of both Castile and Arragon, where the express provision was made for the subjects resisting and controlling the king, in case of a breach of his duty. A capitularity of Charles the Bald permits subjects to assist one another, and combine against him if he infringed their liberties, or was guilty of injustice and refused to amend. And in this model republic of the United States of America, the judiciary, representing a co-ordinate branch of the sovereign power, can violate the express terms of our constitution, and the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania refuses to interpose on the plea of courtesy to another Court. May we not then properly say, *"fellow slaves of Pennsylvania!* look at your abject condition!"

Again our State Court of final resort tells us that "every court of competent jurisdiction is an exclusively judge of contempts against itself." Is this true? It may be theoretically, but we have shown that the act of Congress of March 2d, 1833, says if a person makes a false return to writ of Habeas Corpus he shall be deemed and taken to be guilty of a *misdemeanor*, and the act of Congress also defines that the power of a court to inflict summary punishment for contempt shall not be construed to extend to any case, except for misbehavior in presence of the court. Can then a legal misdemeanor be adjudged as a constructive contempt; summary, and unusual—nay unprecedented—punishments be inflicted by Judge Kane, or any other Judge without some redress? We have shown that centuries ago the rights of the people in England, Castile and Arragon could not be so invaded without the means of legal resistance, and yet the law, which the *Pennsylvanian* so fulsomely calls "the ornament, conservator and proudest product of Christian civilization," in this enlightened century is shamed by the manly spirit of the "dark ages." There must be some mode of teaching Judge Kane that he cannot "wrest the law to his authority," or do even a "little wrong" that great political result may follow. The people "know their rights and knowing dare maintain them." We insist that he is a tyrant and usurper, and should be treated as such by all those peaceful and legal means which the Constitution has left us, unless indeed, it be contempt to suggest that Judge Kane has rendered himself amenable to them. Without any reference to the course of Passmore Williamson; without inquiry as to the rights of Mr. Wheeler, or a question as to whether slaves *in transitu* on Pennsylvania soil by the voluntary act of those to whom they owe service, are by that act free, we consider the position assumed by Judge Kane the first giant step taken by Loco-focoism in this country to coerce popular opinion, and subject our citizens to a stretch of power, more damnable and accursed than the terror of the Inquisition. If Law cannot give redress under such infliction, we live under an anarchy, and if we wish to court favor we must throw up our hats and shout "long live Anarch Kane!" Let us deliberate, fellow slaves, whether it is better to do this, or emulous of our fathers of 1776, make another effort for the Liberty they failed to achieve for us their descendants.

THE FARM:

The Garden---The Orchard.

☞ In last week's *Chronicle*, the editorial attached to the article on the Influence of the Moon on Agriculture, the phrase, "taking a calf to be butchered, tail first *out of the cribs*," should have read, tail first *out of the barn*.

Young Farmers—How they may practice Economy.

"I am not *rich enough* to be economical," said a young friend of ours, when we strongly recommended to him the profits of a certain improvement. "The want of means compels me to work constantly to disadvantage, and I cannot enjoy the privileges and profits of my richer neighbors." This is a difficulty in which many intelligent farmers have found themselves placed, and from which they would not gladly be extricated. Innumerable instances are occuring in their daily practice, where they could secure golden results, had they only the lever of capital placed in their hands; but as they are now situated, they seem to themselves like the man who is digging the earth with his unassisted hands, or the one who is compelled to carry water in an egg-shell, while their more fortunate neighbors are turning up the deep soil with the most perfect instruments, or sending streams of refreshment and fertility over their entire farms. Now, we are not about to plan a "royal road" of escape from this difficulty; it must be met and conquered. If the attack is rightly made, the conquest will be comparatively easy; if wrongly, it will be the discouraging and formidable task of a life-time.

The eager inquiry is now made, what is the easiest mode of conquest? We answer, the first and great leading means, is a large fund of thorough and practical *knowledge*. The man who, by a close observation of results in his own practice and in the experience of others, in connection with the immense amount of useful suggestions, (to say nothing of distinct practical directions,) contained in the best publications of the day, possesses, even with a short purse, a vast advantage over a short sighted, ignorant, and unobservant capitalist. He will turn to advantage, even with his very limited means, a thousand resources which others would allow to sleep unemployed forever.

We once had occasion to observe the contrast in the condition of two young farmers, one of whom had a four hundred acre farm "left to him," the other had but fifty acres, which he had paid for, in part, by previously laboring on a farm some years by the month in summer, and teaching a district school in winter. The one had the capital of money which his own hands had never earned; the other possessed the more valuable capital of knowledge and indomitable perseverance. The young heir was more interested in riding about, in parties, balls, and in jaunts to the city, than in the details of farming, and knew the contents of the tri-weekly political newspaper, and of a certain frivolous magazine, much better than of any agricultural journal, or of Norton's Elements. His farm became an exact reflection of his own character. Fences were soon obscured by belts of alders, blackberries and burdocks, and buildings showed marks of premature age, and became dilapidated. There was a 30 acre marsh, which might have been drained, but it never was. And there was a patch of Canada thistles which filled one twelve acre field, and part of another, which he could have destroyed in one season, had he known how others had done. One hundred and eighty loads of manure, as estimated at any one time by a neighbor, were allowed to lie a whole year about his barn, without application. His cattle were of the long-horned, high-headed, sharp-backed breed. His swine were of the long-bristled Racers. His profits in farming may be easily guessed. There was a general complaint among his neighbors, that his debts were never met with in six months after the appointed pay-day, and that he endured a sharp duns with extraordinary patience. It is true, necessity drove him to retrench his expenses, and the improved examples about him induced him to amend his practice, but not until his farm was reduced to less than half its original size, by portions sold off at three different times to satisfy mortgages.

Well, what became of the young fifty acre farmer, we are asked. He has ceased to be a "fifty acre farmer." He began by examining closely what improvements could be made of whatever character and kind, whether cheap or expensive. Among those he was compelled to select first the cheap improvements, or those which promised the largest profits for the smallest outlay. One of those was the draining of a three acre alder swamp, a large portion of which he did with his own hands in autumn, between scoeling and hucking. He had read of Judge Buel's success with *brush drains*; he constructed all the side or secondary channels by filling them at the bottom with the brushes cut from the ground, which enabled him to accomplish the work at less than half the usual price. These brush drains have now stood many years, and the brush being wholly excluded from the external air, has not decayed, and they carry off the little water required, being numerous, and at regular intervals. Now, observe the result: The alder swamp would not have sold originally for five dollars an acre; it now brings crops of corn, broom-corn and meadow grass, more than paying the interest on hundred and fifty dollars an acre, besides all expenses. He doubled his manure by drawing, from the moist peaty portion of this drained swamp, large quantities of muck to his farm-yard, where it was kept comparatively dry till wanted, under a cheap slab and straw shed. By paying a small sum yearly, he was enabled to improve immensely the breed of his cattle, sheep and swine, and which he thinks has returned the money thus expended at least twenty-fold. The same keen attention to his business in other points, enabled him to effect many additional improvements, among which we may briefly mention a cheap and simple horse power of his own construction, consisting of a rope running on the ends of radiating arms, which enabled him by means of one or two horses, as necessity required, to thresh his grain, saw his wood, drive his churn, turn his grindstone, and split picket lath. It is true, he has now thrown this rude machine aside for the greatly improved mills and chain power, but it answered his purpose for the time, before the days of improved machinery. But among all his outlays for the sake of economy, there is none which he thinks has repaid him equal to the subscription money applied in taking two agricultural periodicals, costing him a dollar and a half yearly, besides postage, and which in connection with his own experience and good judgement, have been the chief guides in most of his great improvements. He has been enabled to add sixty more acres to his land, and the whole presents a beautiful specimen of neat, finished, and profitable farming.

None of this is fiction. It was gradually accomplished by years of constant, intelligent perseverance.

A great loss occurs to the majority of farmers from too meager an expenditure for implements—the effective medium for the action of all the labor. The eagerness to secure big farms, at the cost of their profitable culture, is a most fruitful source of bad husbandry. We observe by the last census, that the cash value of farms in the Union is over three thousand million dollars, and the value of farm implements only a hundred and fifty millions, that is, each farm worth three thousand dollars, has on an average, only a hundred and fifty dollars worth of plows, cultivators, rollers, carts, wagons, harrows, fanning mills, straw-cutters, root-slicers, harness, shovels, spades, forks, hoes, horse and hand-rakes, scythes, cradles, axes, hammers, sled, wood saws, hay knives, ox yokes, chains, &c., &c., to say nothing of reapers, grain drills and thrashing machines, which may possibly be borrowed or hired. Instead of only $150, all these cannot be had of good construction and quality for much less than $500, leaving a deficiency of about $350 to be made up by slipshod cultivation and by borrowing. In England, where taxes, poor-rates, rents and tithes, constitute together an enormous drawback on the profits of farming, and where consequently, every operation must be performed to the best possible advantage, no one need hope for success who does not possess an amount of capital equal to forty dollars per acre, for procuring implements, animals, seeds, manure and labor. "No prudent man," says the *Mark Lane Express*, "ought to rent more than he has that amount, at least, of available capital to go on with."

If, therefore, our farmers generally laid down, at the commencement of their labors, the great fundamental principle that capital as well as farms is indispensable to success—that they might as well undertake to run a car on a single rail, as to farm with land only, or capital only—that they must especially lay in a heavy amount of that most efficient of all kinds of capital, *thorough knowledge*—they need no longer complain that they have a machine they cannot profitably manage—a locomotive without fuel, or without a competent engineer to take charge of its levers. *Albany Cultivator.*

We invite attention to the following notice of a visit to a worn-out farm, by one of the editors of the *Country Gentleman*. It presents a subject for serious consideration to those who retreat from a farm which themselves or others before them have "exhausted." *Good tillage* is the talisman which has converted many a worn out farm into the most productive; and this fact will hold good in all time to come with every farm which has been repudiated and denounced as worthless. It is the *farmer* who is worthless, not the land. If you bleed a pig to death, you cannot expect it to possess any vitality. Farms can be bled to death too, and how many suffer martyrdom in this way, it is unnecessary for us to inform the reader.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Cultivation of an Exhausted Soil.

A few years since, it was the fashion of many agricultural writers, especially of those who made any pretention to science to attribute any deficiency of farm products in a county or State to the gradual exhaustion of the "mineral plant food of the soil. "Look," said they "at the eastern counties of the State of New York; especially at Rensselaer, Albany, Columbia Green, Ulster, &c. Half a century has barely passed since these counties produced fifty bushels of wheat per acre and other crops in proportion, now, according to the census of 1845 they produce but a little over five bushels of wheat per acre."

We have just returned from a visit to the beautiful farm of E. B. Kirtland, Esq., Greenbush, Rensselaer county, N. Y., and we would that some of these writers could witness the magnificent crops now growing on this "exhausted" soil. The original farm contained, if we mistake not, about three hundred acres, and had been so "run" by the former owners or tenants that when purchased in 1841 and a part of it sown to oats, the yield at harvest was *ten thirty bushels per acre*, and in 1852, hay had to be purchased for the horses and cattle, now produces for sale fifty tons of hay annually besides a considerable quantity of rye, oats, potatoes, &c. In 1852 a field of five acres of Mediterranean wheat yielded *of thirty bushels per acre*, and four acres of Hutchinson wheat yielded twenty five bushels per acre.

How has this improvement been accomplished? By good tillage and the judicious management and use of all the fertilising material that could be made on the farm. No potash, no phosphate! no "mineral plant food" has been brought on to the farm. Those indispensible elements were lying in a latent condition in the soil; and it is certain that at this present time the soil contains even less of them than it did in 1841; for there has been a constant exportation of them in the hay, grain, potatoes and milk; but they are now in an active, available condition. Underdraining, good tillage, plowing under clover, the free use of organic matter, muck, &c., render the inert potash, phosphates, &c., of the soil available more rapidly than they are exported, and hence the farm increases into fertility every year.

Our excellent friend Johnson writes that he has corn from five to six feet high on his fertile Seneca county farm. Mr. Kirtland has several acres of corn, *over six feet high* when the leaves are stretched out. And a field of oats adjoining will produce eighty bushels per acre. Potatoes will somewhere this year, but [illegible] has been more of [illegible] Farm. More anon of [illegible]

We have rarely seen a crop of potatoes that will be hard to beat. The field had been in grass for twenty years, and for the last ten years had been used as a cow pasture. This spring it was turned over with a Michigan Double Plow, and the potatoes planted in rows, without any manure. If anything, the vines are too luxuriant.

A large quantity choice fruit is raised on the farm. The apple, plum and pear trees are loaded, and prove that the scraping and cleaning of the bark, the cultivation of the soil, and the judicious but free use of the pruning knife meet a rich reward.

What a splendid garden. How healthy and vigorous are those fine beds of melons; an hour dare look at them now, and when they were young they were fenced out with boxes. Here is a fine row of summer celery, and there any quantity of delicious raspberries. Help yourself. This *Pottaty* is very fine. Yes, but this Red *Astercap* is of better flavor and "picks" easier. Franconia is perhaps better than either *for market*. We are too late for strawberries. There is not a single berry left on that large bed of *Crimson Cone*. Is that a good variety? "None better in this vicinity. It is large, firm, hardy and prolific." What fine Early York Cabbage; no grub has troubled them, and here are cucumbers by the bushel. Why cannot every farmer have such a garden? Over the fence there, on rather stiff soil, is three quarters of an acre of orange carrots, dressed with four hundred pounds of Peruvian guano. They are, as they ought to be, a fine crop. For horses, Mr. K. thinks a half peck of oats and a peck of carrots are equal to a peck of oats. Here is a fine lot of onions; but how thick they are; what shall you do with them? Thin them out, dry them and replant them next spring. In this way you get very fine onions.

The barn-yard is supplied with a constant stream of water by an hydraulic ram, from a spring a quarter of a mile distant, and sixty feet fall. Mr. K. contemplates forming a reservoir and using the surplus water, drainings of the barn-yard, &c., for irrigating purposes. No farm could lie better for it,—and we will guarantee that nothing will pay better.

☞ Saving Seed, is a thing to be seen to as it ripens. Annuals, biennials and perennials, are all good in their proper places and should not be neglected among other matters. If collected, dried and cleaned, named and put in papers in a dry place, they will be ready when wanted for use, and come in handy for filling up vacant spaces. Many will come up spontaneously about the flower garden; if biennials or perennials, they should, if crowded, be thinned out, or transplanted into vacant spaces; these will not flower till next year.

Fresco Painting in the Capitol.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American says that a very beautiful and interesting fresco painting is now in process of completion, in one of the rooms of the Capitol at Washington. The painting is the Summons to Cincinnatus—when the voice of his country called him to leave the labors of his farm, to the dictatorship of Rome. The work is not an ordinary water color painting, like those we see in our churches and public buildings, but is a genuine fresco painting, executed upon fresh plaster, and is said to be the only one of the kind in the country. The colors, incorporating with the moist lime, and drying with it, become very durable. As much of the plastering is laid on from day to day as the artist can cover with his colors, and if he does not succeed in painting over all which has been laid, the part which is not painted upon is cut away and re-laid again. The scene of the picture is upon the farm of Cincinnatus. In the back ground, beyond the flowing Tiber, appear the buildings of Rome, and moored in the river floats the galley, which conveyed the delegation of conscript fathers from the eternal city. The chief of the delegation, clothed in his senatorial robe, with a laurel leaf encircling his brow, is in the act of offering to Cincinnatus his helmet, sword and other military insignia. Around him are other senators, including among them one comparatively youthful face, and near at hand are a group of soldiers bearing the fasces. Cincinnatus, the chief figure of the painting, stands in a dignified attitude, with one hand resting upon his plough-share, and the other pointing to his breast, apparently half incredulous of the fact that Rome really wished to confer such honors upon himself, a retired citizen. The accessories of the painting, as well as the principle figures, are said to be admirably executed, and a little boy, who is represented in the fore ground playing with a dog, is said to be a most excellent portrait of a son of Captain Meigs, of the United States Engineers corps, who temporarily occupied the room upon the wall of which the picture is being painted.

The more manly our minds approach to the fact of years, as the life, the greater will be our chance of realizing true happiness.