

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

Fridays--at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

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H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1855.

Representative Meeting.

A meeting of three Democratic conferences from Juniata and one (as we infer) from Snyder and Union, was held at Lewisburg, 11th inst., President and Secretary from Juniata.

McKinstry, nominee of Juniata, and Barber, nominee of Union, were withdrawn, and J. D. HOWELL, Esq., of Juniata, declared to be nominated.

No Platform of Principles was made. A. P. Lusk of Juniata was elected Representative Delegate to the next Democratic State Convention.

The *Register*, the Democratic organ of Juniata, has no Democratic flag up under that name, but sports Mr. Howell and others as "Anti-Know-Nothing County Ticket," and says, "Although the signs of the political horizon betoken disastrous consequences to our ticket at the coming election, let us give it our hearty support and perhaps victory may be our reward. Let us be up and a doing!"

The Whigs don't quarrel with "Sam" in Juniata.

Bad News from Millburg.

The Millburgers' argument has all along been that Lewisburg was too large, too rich, too flourishing, too expensive, too proud, &c., for the seat of justice. The facilities and advantages of our site, were all declared to be reasons for going against us. Every principle of envy and of petty, illiberal jealousy, are sneakingly as well as publicly excited to our detriment. They (easy souls) don't want a large business place, where there is a great deal of money stirring, for fear it might harm them; they don't want a place where the inhabitants are all during the sickly season, and die when their time comes. But they want a snug, quiet, untroubled, unchanging, central place, where they don't sicken and die like Millburg!

Everybody is their liking. But a recent Star, forgetful of all this class of reasons, states that a gentleman of Millburg has erected a house, a store-room, and that "he don't exceed any other in the county." Horrid extravagance! unbecomingly waste! monstrous pride! arrogant attempt to outvie the cities in splendor! No doubt when they get the county seat at Millburg, they will elect all the Commissioners, and thus getting the power, they will use the County funds to adorn and beautify their town, and complete their improvements, superior to any in the county.

Remember the \$200,000 Bonds! Freedom, look out, they got the \$200,000 on you once, and if it had not been for Lewisburg's opposing it, your chickens, and eggs, and farms would all have gone ere this, into the Railroad company's coffers, and we should have had a Railroad along Union county on one side, and through it to Spruce creek. Monstrous extravagance! and the people will have to pay for it if the county seat goes to Millburg. "Remember the \$200,000 Bonds!" All this will compel the people to vote for Lewisburg, where they are more modest in their dwellings and stores.

Again, the Editor, not having the fear of the Fogies before his eyes, says one firm there purchased \$20,000 of wheat in a year. That caps the climax of danger! 'Twill never, never do to risk the county seat in such a grain mart, sure. It will raise the price of oats and of bread, and the hotel keepers will have to charge higher for hotels and messes than before, and it will bring on the Cholera and drive all who hate a business place to that dull little Lewisburg.

Worst of all, the Star has it "from good authority, that about one dozen tenant houses could be disposed of to tenants, if they (tenants) were at hand." No doubt of it. But that settles the question; a town so much crowded, and growing so fast, can't have any room for County Buildings and County Officers. We must go to Lewisburg, where they are not so thronged, but where is plenty of room, and no danger of getting prosperous and stuck up and proud, like Millburg, the Ancient Metropolis!

"All Stuff"

A gentleman from one of the distant townships in our office the other day, said, "We all know that Lewisburg is just as healthy as Millburg; indeed, for some years past, Millburg was supposed to be more afflicted with illness than the other towns in the Valley.—And besides," he added, "if there were any probability of more sickness in Lewisburg, it is not of a character in the least endanger the health of any who should come in on general or county business. Danger in coming to Lewisburg as Jurors—all stuff!"

The School Department at Harrisburg is well conducted, and reflects credit upon the officers at its head. There is a great amount of labor in the Department and it has been faithfully and diligently attended to.—*Star of the North.*

The above is from a Democratic paper, opposed to the present State Administration, and shows that the manner in which the business is done at the head of the Common School Department at Harrisburg gives general satisfaction to the people throughout the State.—*Bellefonte Whig.*

CENSUS OF BERWICK.—The census of our town has just been taken. The present population is 556; that of last report in 1850, was 480—which shows an increase of 76. The number of new buildings erected during the last five years is 24.

Ms. Editor: The following spirited poetry I presume has never been in print. I am unacquainted with its origin. I came by it *promiscuously*. Its sentiments have a tendency to convey the mind back through the vista of past time to the days of the pioneer, and picture to the imagination scenes and incidents of a forest life. Although the early settlers encountered many hardships, endured many privations, and were without many advantages which we at this day possess, it would seem that the writer, in his unaffected nature, and in the true character of his manhood, was the participant of more true happiness than the people of selfishness and mammon-seeking propensities of the present day.

WILD WOOD SONG.

The wilderness was our abode
Full forty years ago,
And when good men we used to eat,
We caught the buffalo;
For fish we used the hook and line,
And pounded corn to make it fine,
On Johnny cakes our ladies dined,
In this new country.

Of deer skins we made mocassins,
To wear upon our feet;
A checkered shirt was thought no hurt,
Good company to keep;
And if a visit was to pay,
On a winter's night or winter's day,
The oxen drew our ladies' sleigh,
In this new country.

Our occupation was to make
The lofty forest bow,
With axes good we chopped our wood,
For fuel we all knew how,
Our land we cleared for rice and wheat,
For strangers and ourselves to eat,
From the maple tree we drew our sweets,
In this new country.

Our paths were through the winding wood,
Where oft the savage trod,
They were not wide nor scarce a guide,
But all the oxen we had,
Our houses, too, were logs of wood,
Rolled up in squares and dished with mud,
If the bark was tight the roof was good,
In this new country.

The little thorn bore apples hard,
When mandrakes they were gone;
The sour grapes we used to eat,
From frothy nights came on,
For wintergreen the girls did stray,
For nuts the boys climbed up the tree,
The chestnut was our ladies' tea,
In this new country.

The Indian oft-times made us fear
That there was danger nigh,
The grizzly bear was oft-times heard,
Where the pig was in the sty,
The rattle-snake was children's dread,
Oft-times the fearful mother said,
Some day my boy will take my babe,
In this new country.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
An onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
The wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod—the sandy shore
Of time—and be to me no more;
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part which wrought—
Of all this that shall soon have thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

To the People of Pennsylvania.
The undersigned, a Committee appointed at Reading, to invite the co-operation of other States in carrying into effect the views of the AMERICAN PARTY of Pennsylvania, beg leave to refer to the following Address of the President of the Order in the State, which is adopted by the Committee in lieu of one contemplated by it, and recommended to your consideration, as a clear, forcible and outspoken expression of the principles and aims of the Party.

Brethren:—The time for action is at hand, and the state of affairs demands that I should address you and urge you to active preparation for the coming election.

The result of our last State election, and our subsequent growth, give every reason for hope of triumph. But the results of the session of our last National Council are well calculated to awaken anxiety. It remains to be seen how far our repudiation of the pro-slavery article adopted by the National Council will enable us to maintain our ground and position in the State. The dissenting members, I am informed, are organizing a State Council, and will probably attempt to contest our right to representation in the National Council. In case of their success, it will depend solely on ourselves how we enter the arena for the Presidential canvass. The time may come, indeed the time has come, for Pennsylvania to assert her rights, and demand concessions rather than make them. We can never submit to be bought or cajoled into a false position or false measures. We must defend the principles we have endorsed, and defend them to the last.

The American party was established for certain clear and well defined purposes. It had the pure and lofty aim to bring back the government of the State and of the country to the purity of former days; to recall, if possible, the national spirit that animated the fathers and founders of the Republic in the administration of public affairs. In order to do this, it was

necessary that the foreign influence which, more perhaps than all other causes, had contributed to the corruption of our politics, should be put down; and that politicians should be taught that the American people must be governed on American principles. Before our glorious party stepped forth in its might and majesty, the interests, the virtue and the integrity of the American masses had everywhere been played with, abused or set aside, by corrupt combinations between ambitious demagogues on the one hand and a political church, backed by hosts of ignorant foreigners, on the other. The evil of these state of things had been seen and lamented for many years; but the old parties each of which had disgraced itself by these corrupt bargains, were powerless to correct them. But the heart of the people was sound; and it answered to the first trumpet call of the American party from one end of the land to the other. That call was—"Let us unite to put down corruption in our politics and to secure America for Americans. Let us manage our local and State politics as the interests of the locality and the State may require; but let us aim, in our National movement, first of all, to put down, once and forever, the Papal and foreign power which has heretofore cursed and debased the politics and administration of the country." To the call, thus honestly made, the people honestly answered. State after State wheeled into line, and there was every reason to expect that the glorious example set by Pennsylvania would be followed by most, if not by all, the States of the American Union.

How has this fair prospect been blasted, or at least, clouded for a time? The answer is easy. In the call which first roused the people, it was understood that each State was to conduct its local politics, and to have its own views as a State, without interfering with those of other States. Pennsylvania, for instance, was opposed to the extension of slavery, was opposed to the Nebraska bill, was opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The American party recognized this feeling, which springs from no temporary or fanciful impulse but is as old as Pennsylvania herself, where the spirit of Penn, Franklin, and of Rush has ever animated the whole party. And on this issue the American party went into the last election—and triumphed.

And on this issue it will triumph again here, as it would have triumphed in every Northern State. In New York, an attempt was made to ignore the popular will on this great question; and the result was, that the American banner there trails in dishonored dust. This lesson should have been enough. But the National Council, at its June meeting, shuts its eyes to the daylight. At that Council, by the votes of States in which no American triumph had ever been gained, and by a vote, too, representing only a small minority of the voters of the United States, the old trumpet call was silenced, and a new element was incorporated into our creed. Had that council left the question of slavery with the States, as it should have done; had it thrown out the banner with the simple and well defined issue originally proposed, there is every reason to believe that our party would have triumphed in the fall elections, from Maine to California. But the 12th article of the Platform adopted at Philadelphia put a cruel end to all such hopes. It committed the American party of the free States to a course of policy which would not have left it a corporal's guard in any of them. It is, in fact, a virtual endorsement of the Nebraska bill; a pledge that our party will acquiesce in that bill, and in the violation of the Missouri Compromise. It stultifies and degrades us before the people; and, more than this, it pledges us to do what we know to be wrong, and to omit doing what we know to be right. Were we to obey the command, we should fall before the people, we should gain no more elections—nor should we deserve to gain them.

The Pierce Administration has been constantly adding fuel to the flame on this subject. It has seen Kansas outraged and overrun by armed ruffians, who took possession of the polls and returned a sham Legislature—but the government had no word of condemnation to utter. It has seen mob-law triumphant—the rifle and bow-knife substituted for the popular vote, but still it made no sign. But when the Governor of Kansas, an honored citizen of Pennsylvania, appointed by Pierce himself, attempts to vindicate the right of the people to choose their own Legislature, and to elect, only in the least degree, the mad passions of the Missouri Colonists, who were overrunning the territory and trampling upon the rights of its actual settlers—the Pierce government wakes up suddenly to activity, and—Governor Recorder is removed! By this act of cowardly submission to the slave power, President Pierce has broken the last link that bound the so-called Democracy of Pennsylvania to him. The great deep of Pennsylvania's sluggishness is at last broken up. Voices of indignation reach us from every county in the State, and from every class of men

except the post masters and government officials, who keep their principles in their pockets; and everywhere the cry is—"Repeal the Kansas bill—restore the Missouri Compromise—admit no more Slave States!"

Would not the American party of Pennsylvania be mad to set itself against this torrent? Would it not be more than mad to set itself against its own convictions of right, and truth and duty? Thank God, no such disgrace is before us! Our State Council at Reading, true to the interests of the State, true to the instincts of freedom and of justice, trampled this 12th section into the dust where it belongs. Our party is, as it was last year, opposed to the temporal dominion of the Pope, opposed to the corruption and debasement of the old political parties, and opposed to the Nebraska bill, and the extension of slavery. This is the issue—the greatest and most pressing issue—now before the people. Let us lead them, in every county, in every township, in every precinct, under this glorious flag of truth, and justice, and humanity, and we shall see that flag in October, as we saw it last year, when the battle is over, fluting over a triumphant and victorious host; and our principles and our party, will be established as the Party and the Principles of the people of Pennsylvania.

R. A. LAMBERTON, Harrisburg.
LEWELL TOWN, Carlisle.
R. M. RIDGEL, Pittsburg.
W. F. JOHNSON, " "
J. L. GOSSELIN, Philadelphia.
T. F. WILLIAMS, " "
J. BOYMAN BELL, Reading.
D. E. SMALL, York.
W. W. WISE, Berksville.
E. BLANCHARD, Bellefonte.
EDWARD SCULL, Somerset.
E. G. FAHNESTOCK, Gettysburg.
JNO. A. HIRSTAND, Lancaster.

The Plague Fly at Norfolk.

A correspondent of the Petersburg Intelligencer says—Since the fatal epidemic has prevailed in our city, a most singular looking fly has made its appearance, which is quite a stranger in this latitude, and has never been known here by the "oldest inhabitant." Its body is about the size of our common fly, of a yellowish color, with long delicate porous wings, of a texture as fine as the softest silk. They fly together in swarms, and may be seen in large numbers on the fig trees—but their great point of attraction seems to be the coffins in which repose the ill-fated victims of "Yellow Jack."

We took a stroll out to the Golgotha of burial grounds, Potters field, yesterday, and was intensely horrified at seeing many of the coffins that lay on the ground, scattered around waiting interment, literally black with these loathsome little insects, that squirmed themselves upon one another so thick as to exclude the coffin entirely from sight. It was the most disgusting spectacle ever beheld, having an ugly, wormy significance of the last of poor mortality about it, that was absolutely sickening! What could have brought these tiny scavengers here? do they follow like camp plunderers in the train of the pitiless destroyer—or are they engendered by the deadly disease, acting upon a peculiar atmosphere? These are questions that we leave to savans, better skilled in such phenomena of nature than we are, to answer—satisfactorily if they can. We only know that dead bodies will create a peculiar worm—and why not a deadly plague create a peculiar fly?

AMERICAN TRIUMPH.—In the French Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, there have been trials of agricultural implements, and among them of various Thrashing Machines. Six men with flails were set in motion, and also four machines, and the following was the result of a half hour's work:

Six threshers	60 litres wheat
Pitt's American Thresher	710 do.
Clyton's English do.	410 do.
Denon's French do.	250 do.
Fine's Belgian do.	150 do.

The French *Rita* is a little less than a quart; 36 litres make nearly a bushel.

Since the last disgraceful riots in the City of Louisville, thousands of the best foreign-born citizens of that city have removed away or are preparing to leave. A Kansas company of some hundred families, is organizing. The responsibility of that dreadful night is handed between one party and another, we really can not conceive ourselves which was most to blame; but it is certain that the respectable portion of the alien-born population are much alarmed for their future safety.

HOW TO BUILD A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite. Integrity must be the Architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

We learn by telegraph from Boston that arrests have been made there of parties charged with being concerned in fitting out the schooner *Mary E. Smith* as a slave trader to the African coast.

Mr. Solomon Malick in writing the *Sunbury Gazette* from Selinsgrove, mentions an inoculate on a peach tree he saw at Freeburg, on the premises of H. C. Moyer, which grew during the present summer 7 feet 11 in height and 35 8 inches in circumference.

THE FARM: The Garden--The Orchard.

Making Butter.

I do not propose to go into all the mysteries of making and preserving butter, but give some general facts which those who are desirous of learning may turn to account. It has already been stated that cream is a mixture of oil, or butter (for, with the exception of a little salt, it is the same thing) and curd. The butter, in small globules, is wrapped up in little sacks, or bags, of curd.

Now the thing to be done, in order to make butter, is to break open these sacks and let the butter out. When this is done, we say, "The butter comes;" and sure enough it does come—comes out of the sacks. These globules which were before kept apart by the sacks, come together, thousands of them, to form a particle large enough to be seen by the unaided eye. And now does the reader say the more violently the churning is done, the sooner will the sacks be broken? Not so. You cannot break them by mechanical force; it is a chemical process. Put them in right circumstances, and they will break open themselves. Pounding will not break them. They will slip away from under the blows unbroken, just as a foot ball will leave your foot when you give it a hard kick, but will leave it whole. Pressure will not break them. Nothing will break them till you put them into the right circumstances, as to temperature and exposure to air.

At 40° Fahrenheit, milk will churn from January to March, or at 100° you might churn from June to September, and no butter would come. Or if you were to exclude the air entirely from the inside of the churn, you might roll that churn, with the cream in it, from Cape Horn to Labrador, and the butter would not come.

All the processes of nature have their conditions. The separation of butter from curd is one of these processes. The conditions must be complied with. We will suppose that the cream is from cows that give good milk. The farmer is unwise who keeps any other. Some cows' milk will not give much butter, for there is not much butter in it. We will suppose also that the milk has been kept at a temperature about medium between freezing and summer heat; that the cream has been taken off while the milk was yet sweet, and has been kept in a cool place till it was a little sour, or was very near the point of souring; that it is now put into a clean churn, and brought up to a temperature of about 60° Fahrenheit, gradually and without much stirring; and that we now begin to lift the dasher, or turn the crank as the case may be, either forcing air into the cream by some patent contrivance, or at least letting air have free access to its surface, and now let us see what happens.

By stirring the cream we change the surface often, and thus bring all parts of it successively into contact with the air. The oxygen of the air combines with the curd, and renders these little sacks, into which it is formed, brittle, so that they crack open, and let out the enclosed globules of butter. These come together forming larger masses, until, if the churning be continued long enough to gather the butter, as it is sometimes called, nearly the whole will be found in one mass. The curd is now nearly separated. It is floating now near the butter-milk. The sugar of milk is diffused through both the butter-milk and the butter, giving a peculiar sweetness to the butter and also to the butter-milk, if the cream had not become too sour before churning. This is an important consideration; for it is the sugar of milk that performs the double office of giving to the butter a luscious flavor, and of causing it to keep well.

Washed butter may have a tolerable flavor at first, for it will retain a part of the sugar of milk in spite of bad management. But it will have given up to the water too much of its sugar of milk to allow of its keeping for any considerable time. Put down a skin of butter that has been washed, and another precisely like it in every other respect, but which has been in water, let them be from the same churning, but put up in similar tubs, and kept in the same place, and the unwashed will keep best for an absolute certainty. No more absurd practice ever came into vogue than that of washing butter in floods of water. There is some advantage in washing very rancid butter, for some of its bad properties may be washed out. It may be made tolerable. But if we wash fresh butter, we wash away that part that is essential to its richest flavor and to its preservation. No water should be put into the churn, and none used in the process of working.

The butter should be taken from the churn with a wooden ladle; should be worked with the same; when nearly all

the buttermilk is worked out, pure fine salt should be added, it should be salted to the taste. More salt than is requisite to gratify the average taste for this article, has no tendency to preserve butter, but rather the reverse, unless the salt is absolutely pure, which seldom happens. Most salt contains a little lime and a little magnesia; and when this is the case, any more than enough to salt to the taste, not only gives the butter a bitter flavor, but actually hastens its putrefaction. It is very important that the best of salts, as pure as can be obtained, should be used for butter.

I will here lay down a rule by which the dairyman can tell whether his salt is sufficiently pure for his purpose. To eight lbs. of salt, in a clean wooden vessel, add one pint of boiling water; let it stand an hour; pour it upon a thick strainer, and let the water pass into another vessel. The lime and magnesia, if any were present, have passed through in the water together with a part of the salt—possibly a quarter of the whole. What remains on the strainer is nearly pure salt. Let that which has fallen into the vessel be put into the cattle's trough. There need be no waste if all the salt used in a dairy were thus washed. Now, with washed salt, let a lump of butter be salted; and let another, from the same churning, be salted with some of the same salt unwashed. If the latter have a bitter taste, from which the former is free, you may conclude that the salt contains lime, or magnesia, or more probably both; and that the whole should be washed, as above described, before being used for butter, or else its place should be supplied by pure salt.

Many a pasture has been blamed for producing bitter weeds, when all the bitterness was in the salt. The pasture was well enough, but the salt manufacturer could make half purified salt cheaper than pure.

We have said that all the buttermilk must be worked out. This is true, but it is liable to be misunderstood. What is buttermilk? It is water with fine particles of curd, a very little oil, and a little milk-sugar in it. The particles of curd give it a whitish appearance. Now, the butter must be worked till this whitish appearance has ceased, but not till the last drop of liquid has left it. The best butter in the world is full of fine particles of a transparent liquid. It would not be best to work these out if you could, for the butter would then become tough and waxy. More butter is damaged by not working it too much. The dairy woman should watch the complexion of what flows from the butter as she works it. When this becomes perfectly transparent, limpid, like pure water, with not the least whitish appearance, the operation should cease at once, for whatever is taken out after that is a damage and not a benefit to the butter. It is not buttermilk, it is water, with a little salt and sugar dissolved in it, and is an essential part of good butter.

I have used firkin butter from Madison County, N. Y., nearly a year old, which was as fragrant and as sweet as new made butter; and on examining it with a microscope, I have found it full of exceedingly fine globules of a transparent liquid. It rubbed with a knife-blade, these would run together and form drops, as limpid as spring-water. Could they have been analyzed, I have no doubt they would have been found to contain salt, water and sugar, but no curd. Had they contained the least curd, it would have putrefied, and would have spread putridity, offensive to taste and smell throughout the whole mass.

I have before stated that the nitrogenous substances, curd (casein), gluten (as the tough stringy part of wheat flour) and albumen (as in eggs), are quick to putrify, and that they always act as yeast, to spread putrefaction. It is on this principle that a particle of curd in butter will create and spread putrefaction all about it. The sugar of milk contained in these transparent globules of liquid is conservative; the salt dissolved in them is conservative, if it be really pure salt; but the curd, if there be any, is destructive. The true idea therefore of working out all the buttermilk, is to work out all the curd, and there to stop, and not go on, and work out all the life and flavor and conservative principle of butter, leaving it as some do little else than a mass of dry wax.—*Prof. Nash in the Progressive Farmer.*

Agricultural Implements.
MR. FARM JOURNAL.—I have more than once been tempted to address you a query in regard to the use of Agricultural Implements, but have been deterred by reasons which it is not necessary should be presented at this time. For some years I have been a tolerable close observer of agricultural machinery, and always an admirer of every thing ingenious and useful. In the course of my observations, I have been forcibly struck with the apparent difference in the working qualities, durability, &c., of machines of the same kind turned out by the same manufacturer. For instance I

have seen two mowing machines made by the same person, and so much alike in all their parts, that the closest scrutiny was not sufficient to enable me to detect the slightest difference between them. These machines were purchased by two farmers who were adjoining neighbors, and whose grass crops were as nearly alike in quality as the two mowers. As

it happened they were put to work in weather decidedly favorable to both, and yet one worked well, and gave entire satisfaction to the purchaser, while the other was pronounced worthless from the very word, go! Why this should be so, I could not for the life of me understand at the time; but subsequent information revealed the truth and satisfied my mind upon one point at least, which was, that farmers are as frequently to blame for the failure of their machines in durability and working as the builders of them.

In the case above referred to, the owner of the machine which worked well was a careful and observant man. His first step when about to start his machine, was to examine every nut connected with the working part of it, and which by getting loose could possibly injure it. The knife had been previously examined, and whetted to a fine keen edge. Every journal box was well oiled and every part of the machine about which there was any friction received like attention. The result of this care was, that the machine worked as well as could be desired.

The course pursued by his neighbor, was almost precisely opposite. Taking it for granted that every machine came from the shop in prime apple pie order, ready for work, he took no pains, examining the nuts, or seeing the condition of the knives, never entered his mind. His horses were hitched to the machine, and with a flourish of his whip, were started off in dashing style, only to be brought to a dead stand before they had advanced a rod. The machine was choked, and more than this, the application of the whip to the horses made them give a sudden start, by which an important working part was strained badly. Without a single inquiry as to the cause of the choking the machine was backed, and a fresh start taken. The whip was again applied to the already restive horses, and the mower with its dull knives, unoiled journals, &c., was brought up against the heavy standing grass with all the impetus which two powerful horses could give to it. It is scarcely necessary to state the result. The eye by which the knife is connected with the putman gave way, and further operations were stopped until it could be repaired. Now this was only the first trial. A second and third succeeded with the same preliminaries, and of course with the same results, and the finale of the whole matter, that the mower was returned to the manufacturer, broken and worthless, with the announcement from the purchaser that it was not worth a cent; that the bolts were good for nothing and that the whole machine was a humbug.

It is to be wondered at, that in the hands of such men, machines fail, and manufacturers lose reputation. I have known instances in which just such men have purchased mowing machines, started them in the same manner and thrown them aside as worthless. At the close of the season, they sold them for less than one-third their original cost. And I have seen these same machines in the hands of other men, who were returned to the manufacturer, broken and worthless, with the announcement from the purchaser that it was not worth a cent; that the bolts were good for nothing and that the whole machine was a humbug.

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It happened they were put to work in weather decidedly favorable to both, and yet one worked well, and gave entire satisfaction to the purchaser, while the other was pronounced worthless from the very word, go! Why this should be so, I could not for the life of me understand at the time; but subsequent information revealed the truth and satisfied my mind upon one point at least, which was, that farmers are as frequently to blame for the failure of their machines in durability and working as the builders of them.

In the case above referred to, the owner of the machine which worked well was a careful and observant man. His first step when about to start his machine, was to examine every nut connected with the working part of it, and which by getting loose could possibly injure it. The knife had been previously examined, and whetted to a fine keen edge. Every journal box was well oiled and every part of the machine about which there was any friction received like attention. The result of this care was, that the machine worked as well as could be desired.

The course pursued by his neighbor, was almost precisely opposite. Taking it for granted that every machine came from the shop in prime apple pie order, ready for work, he took no pains, examining the nuts, or seeing the condition of the knives, never entered his mind. His horses were hitched to the machine, and with a flourish of his whip, were started off in dashing style, only to be brought to a dead stand before they had advanced a rod. The machine was choked, and more than this, the application of the whip to the horses made them give a sudden start, by which an important working part was strained badly. Without a single inquiry as to the cause of the choking the machine was backed, and a fresh start taken. The whip was again applied to the already restive horses, and the mower with its dull knives, unoiled journals, &c., was brought up against the heavy standing grass with all the impetus which two powerful horses could give to it. It is scarcely necessary to state the result. The eye by which the knife is connected with the putman gave way, and further operations were stopped until it could be repaired. Now this was only the first trial. A second and third succeeded with the same preliminaries, and of course with the same results, and the finale of the whole matter, that the mower was returned to the manufacturer, broken and worthless, with the announcement from the purchaser that it was not worth a cent; that the bolts were good for nothing and that the whole machine was a humbug.

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