

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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## The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1855.

It is some time since we have had any "Western Correspondence," but the following letter from out there, has been sent us by the person who received it, as a literary curiosity, and contains also some information "for at his time."

Lora township, Stearns Co Ill September the 23 A D 1855

I take My pen in hand to inform you that I Am Well At time and i hope that Dis five lines May find you in the Same State health and i Will tell you Bound over Cops Weate is good and by 1003 one Dollar and 3 Cents por Bushel Corn is good plenty of it i ustarr that they offer fifty Cents por Bushel ry is Sell at 874 por Bushel Aotes is good and sell at 25 por Bushel pota is sell at 25 por Bushel land Sell 5 Dollars to 7 to 10 to 12 to 15 to 20 to 25 to 30 to 35 to 40 to 45 to 50 is the best price of land that is in profo the Bath And that Not in Colozae is 5 Dollars por Aker timber land is sell of 25 to 50 Dollars por Aker i Will you that I haf palanty of Whater Malles i am Evring Now At prasant i had 4 loDe of them and NacChile panty of them there is But A few Apels har but they fCh them from the South and A HIO

Next I Will you that his fokes is Well and his Sun John has God Marit Dis Summer hee Cod Lisbeth Marj fo A Wife Johns hee is Billing A house 89 on his land Next Davit hee has 2 AKers of land 40 of it in Colozay and A house on it and his famel is All Well At Dis time

Samel hee 120 of land his fokes is All Well At Dis time

over 40 fokes is All Well At Dis time

Reember yower Der frand Now More At for Dis time

Det you later yall CrkK Po Lora township Stearns Co Ill

Johnes hee living With Davit

hee his Well at Dis time

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

### Comparative Importance

Of a Classical Course of Study, and the Natural Sciences.

The great end of mental culture, is improvement. This can only be effected, by discipline. The mind, with all its noble powers, is, without cultivation, rude and disproportionate as the newly extracted stone from the quarry; but by rigid discipline may become, in its proportions, as symmetrical and elegant as some noble structure, whose lofty dome and tasteful columns call forth the profoundest admiration. But, what system of education will best produce this change? Will loading the memory with words, and filling it with the thoughts of others, though they be pure as the crystal stream, effect it? Will a course of study, made up of cold, abstruse reasoning, of itself, do it? Neither of these extremes, we think, can bring about the desired end. But a liberal course of training in the classics, in connection with scientific studies, both of a natural and mathematical character, unquestionably will.

There appears to be, at the present time, a growing disposition to regard an acquaintance with the natural sciences, as a better preparation for the practical pursuits of life, than a knowledge of classical literature. It is true, perhaps, that the former would be more desirable than the latter, if one course was pursued to the entire exclusion of the other. The more abstruse sciences taught in the schools, are admirably calculated to discipline the mind; but the study of the classics, not only trains the mind, but also augments its resources. They who advocate an abridged course of study, as recently adopted in most of our colleges, contend that the study of the dead languages, so important three or four centuries ago, is useless now; that, "valuable in its day it has outlived its use, and is now a lumber of the ground." But shall the present and coming generations have nothing but the faint twilight which will be reflected by the past, if such a state of things becomes universal, when they might enjoy its fair sunshine? Shall the records of the past be for ever closed, and no longer interest and charm with their sublime inspirations? No! rather let the master-spirits of other days still live amongst us by their immortal productions, which are clothed with light and beauty, and embellished with all the elegance which genius and taste have so copiously given them.

The natural sciences call forth vigorous mental exertion, and demand the closest reflection. They lead the mind into the great field of nature, and introduce it to a vast multitude of things congenial to its greatness and immortality. The student of nature draws from everything which claims his attention, though seemingly insignificant as the opening rose, or decaying leaf, or floating vapor, something of the action of those mighty laws which uphold the universe. In the great field of his research, he may light upon many a precious gem, unobserved by others, which will compensate him for all his toil.

Classical literature, on the other hand, leads the student into the great field of mind, and makes him acquainted with the master-spirits of other times; and, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The study of the classics throws the thick covering that time has thrown over a large portion of the history of our race, and furnishes a knowledge of their governments, laws, languages, and destiny. They show us human nature, unpolished by romance, and undisguised by art. They lay open to our view the "secret springs of human action," and teach us, by probing it to its very core, what is in the heart of man, and what he is untaught by revelation and unbled by its influences. In short, the classics exhibit man, the crowning work of creation, and develop his steady and onward progress even in the midst of surrounding degeneracy; demonstrating clearly that his intellect, dignified by a divine impress, excels in the symmetry of its proportions, and the utility of its application, the fairest specimens of earthly grandeur.

Classical and scientific pursuits should, we think, be interwoven. The literature of other languages, beautiful in itself, and venerable for its historical connection with nations buried in the past, and men whose names can not be buried, must be interesting and profitable. Interesting, because of the relaxation it affords the weary mind, and profitable, because of the literary taste it imparts. At the same time, let the sciences be pursued vigorously, that the mind may expand, and by patient research discover new truths which shall reflect their light throughout the earth.

Lewisburg, Nov. 1855. T. W. S.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN DIAL.—Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, of Boston, being about to set an antique sun dial, sent to John G. Whittier a request for an appropriate inscription. The poet returned the following gem:

With warning hand I mark time's rapid flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn night,  
But through the day God's love I see above  
Some light abides, by the shade below.

The following narrative, which we find credited to the *Lutheran Observer*, is but an echo of the experience of many who have tested the much-vaunted "Southern hospitality." No doubt there is the genuine article there, and those who do not bear the real burden, if they choose are munificent in their entertainment, and with nothing else to employ them greatly enjoy company. But it will be observed that this generosity is mostly extended to the rich, the titled, the intellectual—in short, to the STATION of the man, and not to the MAN himself because he is a man and needs assistance. That system which makes merchandise of man and sunders the family relation, does not cultivate a pure philanthropy to man as man; nor is the "southern hospitality," of which we so much read, the genuine "Good Samaritanism" of the Bible.

### Two Pictures, in Contrast.

In the latter part of September, on one of those cloudy days which often occur at that season of the year, when the sun was obscured by a thick and hazy atmosphere, while a gentle, drizzling rain was noiselessly falling, the curtains of night seemed prematurely drawn over the hills—shrouding nature in the gloom of night ere the sun had reached the western horizon, on such an evening might have been seen a weary traveler wending his lonely way through the dark forests of the South, on the road towards Charleston. Far from home, in a strange land, anxious to find a shelter from a drizzling rain, which seemed to increase as night drew on, he quickened his pace, hoping to find some human habitation where he might rest for the night.

While thus pressing onward, peering through the gloomy mist, he descried a splendid mansion a little distance from the road. Oh! how his heart was lightened, how his face beamed with joy, as he approached the long-wished-for object. On arriving at the gate, the way-worn traveler hallooed; a negro made his appearance, and the following conversation ensued:

TRAVELER. How d'ye do, uncle—who lives here?

NEGRO. Massa, sir.

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, sir; he's in de house."

"Will you please open the gate?"

"What you want, sir?"

"I wish to stay all night."

"Massa no way you stay, sir; he nobber let traveller stay wid him."

"Open the gate; I must see him."

The darkey opened the gate, the traveler proceeded to the house, and entered the piazza. The landlord made his appearance.

TRAVELER. Good evening, sir.

LANDLORD. Good evening, sir.

"I wish to stop with you for the night, sir."

"Can't do it, sir; don't keep public house."

"But, sir, it rains; the night will be very dark, and I'm a stranger in these parts, and don't know the road."

"Can't help it, sir; you must go to the tavern."

"How far is it to the tavern, sir?"

"About eight miles."

"That's too far off; myself and horse are both weary; besides, it rains, and will be very dark."

"Can't help it, sir—can't be troubled with travelers."

"Well, sir, let me have shelter for myself and horse, and I'll trouble you for nothing more."

"I have told you I could not do it, nor do I wish you to trouble me further."

"Well, sir, just give me shelter for my horse, and let me stay in your negro-houses until morning, and I'll trouble you no further."

"Sir, you must leave my premises, and the sooner the better, for you are only losing your time."

The traveler said no more, but with a keen, discerning eye, cast one long, piercing look at the human form before him, and left.

On a beautiful and bright morning in June, when the sun had reached the summer solstice, and many of the wealthy inhabitants of the Southern States were seeking the cooling breezes of more Northern latitudes, there was seen on a road leading to the Springs, a splendid carriage, drawn by four beautiful glays, accompanied by a postillion. In the carriage were seated a Southern planter and his lady, on his way to these delightful watering places. Suddenly an axle-tree of the carriage is broken, and the carriage with its contents falls gently to the ground without further injury.

The postillion is sent forward to seek assistance; he had not gone far before he came to a farm-house, and made known the catastrophe which had happened. The farmer immediately called together several of his servants, ordered his own carriage and with a few strong hands was soon on the ground where the accident had happened, rendering timely aid to the unfortunate travelers.

The contents of the injured carriage being transferred to the farmers', were soon conveyed to the house, and while a substantial dinner was in course of preparation for the travelers, the broken axle-tree was detached from the carriage and sent to a blacksmith's for repair. Meanwhile, the family did all in their power to render their guests as comfortable as possible.

Late in the afternoon, the broken axle-tree, neatly mended, was re-fitted to the carriage, and in readiness for the road, but it was now late, and the kind-hearted father insisted on his guests tarrying until morning, and then, after an early breakfast, they could make a good day's journey. To this the travelers readily consented, and while mine host was showing the gentleman over parts of his neat and fruitful farm and orchards, his wife and daughters were amusing their lady-guest by a walk in the beautiful garden, then to the spring, showing her the neat and clean spring-house, through which the spring-water was passing, keeping the milk and butter cool and sweet. The Southern lady became so pleased with the place and the family, that she expressed herself willing to remain with the farmer and his family, instead of going to the Springs; but they had engaged to meet some of their friends at the Springs, and therefore must go.

The guests were now summoned to the dining-room, where they sat down with the farmer and his amiable family, to a supper, such as a wealthy farmer is proud to set before his friends. While supper was being discussed, the time was enlivened by generous conversation.

As the time for rest was now drawing on, all the family with their guests being seated in the parlor, "the good man of the house" opened the "good old Book" (as he was wont to call it), and read, for the instruction of all present, the hundred and fourth Psalm. Then in a short, but appropriate address to the Throne of Grace, committed his charge to the care of Him who never sleeps. After which, all retired to enjoy "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Next morning the guests, rising from their comfortable resting place, found waiting their appearance, a breakfast composed of a rich variety of the good things of life, and while our guests were engaged in doing simple justice to their breakfast, servants were engaged in harnessing the horses, now rested, well fed and smoothly carried and rubbed down.

All things being now ready for motion, our traveling gentleman approached "mine host" with "My bill, sir, if you please."

"Your bill? Sir, I never made a bill against a traveler in my life. I don't know how to do it, sir. God bountifully provides for his creatures, and while we have enough and to spare, I believe it our duty to express our gratitude by obeying his word, especially the injunction 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,' and therefore I have never charged a stranger calling at my house, for the bounties which God has graciously given me."

"But, sir, I have been both trouble and expense to you, and being abundantly able to compensate you for your extraordinary kindness, I insist on paying you, and am resolved on doing so, before I leave your hospitable roof."

"Well, sir, as you insist on it, though I never before charged a traveler anything, I will charge you something."

"That's right, sir, that's right—now my bill, sir, and I will pay it."

"Well, sir, this is your bill. All I ask in compensation for what I have done for you, is: That you will do unto others as you would have others to do unto you, and if ever a poor weary traveler calls at your house, on a dark, gloomy, rainy evening, and begs for shelter, only in one of your negro houses, don't turn him away. All I ask, is, that you take him in and do by him as I have done by you. If you will do this, we are even."

The traveler was dumb—almost suffocated; and for a time could not utter a word. Then recovering himself, said, in a subdued and mortified tone, "Are you the man?"

"I am; I knew you the moment I saw you, and acting on principles taught by that same good old Book from which I have already given you a few quotations, I felt bound to 'render good for evil.' I have done only my duty, I am satisfied, paid in full, and wish you a prosperous journey, a long and happy life, rendered useful by acts of kindness to your fellow man whenever you find him in need."

"Oh! sir, I am mortified, I am ashamed, and I promise never again to withhold good from my fellow man when I have it in my power."

"Then, sir, I am more than amply compensated for all I have so gladly done for you, and rejoice in bidding you God speed."

"But, sir, you will accept this from me," holding in his hand a \$10 note.

"No, sir, not a farthing, I am already more than fully paid."

The traveler then approached the side-board, and laying down the \$10 bill, he placed a tumbler on it, to prevent its being blown away; then turning to mine host, offered his parting hand, while his eyes were suffused with tears of mingled shame and gratitude. The farmer cordially shook the proffered hand, and never was there a more feeling farewell passed

between the guest, and the family of "mine host."

We will say nothing of the feelings of our lady-guest during the above conversation; nor will we follow in their carriage to hear their conversation as they left the farm-house; suffice it to say, they never afterwards "forgot to entertain strangers."

### Living and Means.

The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks nor tariffs, in bad public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation. The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife instead of taking hold to help him to earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterwards, you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

Through every grade of society, this vice of inordinate expenditure insinuates itself. The single man, "hired out" in the country at ten or fifteen dollars per month, who contrives to dissolve his ten years earnings in frolic and fine clothes; the clerk who has three to five hundred dollars, and melts down twenty to fifty of it into liquor and cigars, are paralleled by the young merchant, who fills the spacious house with costly furniture, gives dinners, and drives a fast horse on the strength of the profits he expects to realize when the goods are all sold and his notes all paid. Let a man have a genius for spending, and whether his income is a dollar a day, or a dollar a minute, it is equally certain to prove inadequate. If dining, wineing, and party giving won't help him through with it, building, gaming and speculating, will be sure to. The bottomless pocket will never fill, no matter how bounteous the stream pouring into it. The man who being sick, does not save money on six dollars per week, will not be apt to do so; and he who does not lay up something in his first year of independent exertion, will be pretty likely to wear a poor man's hair into the grave.—Ez.

### Recipe for a Modern Bonnet.

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace. A shower of French root-lets to drop over the face. Fine ribbons and feathers, with erape and illusion. Then mix and arrange them in graceful confusion: lounge some fairy, out roaming for pleasure. And let the slight favor of taking her measure. And length and the breadth of her dear little pate. And hasten a miniature frame to create: Then pour, as above, a bright mixture upon it. And, lo! you possess "A LIZZY OF A BONNET."

### THE FARM: The Garden--The Orchard.

LEMONS.—To show how lemons may be raised even in our climate, we notice that the nurseries of Miss Mary Spiker of Lewisburg has a second crop of 20 lemons, one of which now before us measures 9 inches around and 11 lengths ways.

TURNIP.—J. L. Reyman presents us a fair round Turnip, raised in a corn-field by David Meyer of Freeburg in Snyder county, which weighs five pounds and ten ounces. Can Union or Northumberland beat Snyder in the Turnip line?

"Taking pity upon the little 'potato patch' that Union county is according to the 'Miltonian,' Mr. Swengle of Chillis-queha has sent us a couple of specimens of large potatoes, to show what they can raise over in Northumberland county. They weighed near three pounds together, after a portion of one had been cut off, and are a smooth, light-colored 'vegetable.' It was sent over, we suppose, as a challenge to our potato raisers to 'beat it if they can.'"

### Premiums at the State Fair.

The *Farm Journal* for Nov. has 20 pages occupied with Reports of Committees awarding premiums at the late Fair. Most of the competitors appeared to be along the line of the Central Railroad, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; Dauphin, Chester, Philadelphia, furnishing most of the articles; hardly an article from the North. We notice a few of the premiums awarded:

Geddes Marsh & Co., Lewisburg, for J. P. Ross' grain drill without seed sower silver medal.

L. P. Teed, White Deer, for fanning mill \$5 00

W. O. Hickok, Harrisburg, for cider mill and press and cider press diploma

Mrs. Henry C. Hickok, and Mrs. Samuel Wilt, Harrisburg, for preserves, special premiums of (each) 8 00

Wm. G. Waring, Centre county, for a collection of plums silver medal

Samuel Wilt, Harrisburg, home-made cordial (blackberry) 2 00

Job Hayes, Chester Co., for the best hams 8 00

(His mode of curing is to take 10 lbs. of course salt, 4 ounces saltpeter, 2 lbs. brown sugar, dissolved in 4 galls. water, to 100 lbs. meat; keep them in pickle 2 weeks.)

Best quantities of butter to Job Hayes, Chester Co.; Wm. Jessup, Susquehanna;

Sarah J. Logan, Chester; Mrs. Jacob Decker, and Jacob M. Decker, Susquehanna.

### No. 10—MILK COWS.

To James Gowen, Esq., President of the State Agricultural Society:—The undersigned being the Judges appointed on No. 10 of Class 1 respectfully report:

That on examining the list of Judges, and comparing it with the premium list, they find that Judges have been appointed to award premiums for the best cows of all the different breeds exhibited on the ground, leaving the undersigned, as they inferred, the duty of awarding premiums to the best, second and third best cow, as proven by the quantity of milk and the amount of butter made from such within the given periods, and under the circumstances set forth in the instructions given under the head of Milk Cows, without regard to the breed or character of the stock from which such cows spring.

The value of a cow as a milker is best tested by the quantity of milk, and the quantity of butter or cheese, which she will yield during a whole season; but as it could not be expected that any person would keep accurate account of the produce of one or more cows for so long a period, and still less should we expect that two or more persons would keep their cows exactly alike in reference to provender, pasture, &c., during a whole season, the Executive Committee seem to have thought the nearest approximation to an accurate result would be to place the cows upon an equality, as near as could be, in regard to their keeping for a limited time, and ascertain the exact amounts of milk and butter which such cows would yield during the time of trial.

Under this view of the subject, the undersigned did not suppose that it would be required to have the cows entered for competition under the head of "Milk Cows" on the exhibition ground, or that the Judges of Class 1, No. 10, should take any notice of the condition or appearance of the animal, but in their decision be guided and governed by the statement required in the instructions contained in the premium list. On application to the Secretary for statements deposited in reference to this subject, they found that no such statements had been furnished, consequently there was no competition of "Milk Cows" under the instructions given, and nothing left for the undersigned to do.

Whilst the undersigned do not repine at being thus relieved from duty, they cannot forbear expressing their regret that so important a branch of domestic economy should be so little appreciated by the farmers of Pennsylvania. Milk Cows form part of the stock of every farmer, and the difference between a good cow and a bad one, each requiring the same amount of care and feed, is so apparent, that it ought to arrest the attention of every agriculturist. Nor is it the agriculturist alone that is interested in this subject. In this happy land of peace and plenty, every mechanic residing in the country, and every frugal and industrious laborer, can afford to, and generally does, keep a cow; and even those who inhabit cities and towns, where cows cannot be conveniently kept, find milk, butter and cheese indispensable articles for families, and are, therefore, all interested in producing the greatest amount of those necessary articles of food at the least expense. And, although the test proposed by the Agricultural Society would not make the farmers' cows yield more milk, it would have served to show the difference between a good cow and an indifferent one, and it was hoped would arouse the attention of the farming community from the apathy which seems to prevail on this important subject. The Agricultural Society cannot be subjected to any censure for the indifference manifested on this subject; the premiums offered on this branch of the exhibition, when compared with others, taking into the view the risk, trouble and expense to be incurred, will be found very liberal; and if those who are most deeply interested cannot be influenced to make some effort to improve their Milk Cows, we must permit them to go on in the old way, in which they milk their cows one-half the season, and the cows milk them the other half. All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN STRAUM,  
R. R. REED,  
JOB HAYES, Committee.

### Cultivation and Improvement of the Water Melon.

The Water Melon is unanimously considered the most deliciously cool and refreshing fruit we can boast of, and perhaps with the exception of the Peach and Musk Melon most sought after both by rich and poor, each grade of society being anxious for his share of this most grateful summer beverage; the one taking his with wine, etc., after a good dinner, and the other his at the nearest stall to be found at the corner of any street in our large cities.

The whole natural order, Cucurbitaceae, of which the Water Melon is but an individual variety, are so prone to fertilize with each other that when grown in company with Mrs. Pumpkin, Squash & Co. they become so altered in general appearance,

that we very much doubt if that renowned member of modern society, "A Philadelphia Lawyer," could guess which would be the original package to sow for a future progeny, without being sorely puzzled.

The Water Melon may then fairly claim to be classed A. 1 in the estimation of the "million," and should be strictly prohibited from being sent in company with any plants belonging to the same natural family.

Having made selection of a spot for your Melon patch, you will greatly benefit your ground and forward yourself, by manuring in the fall, instead of stopping till the busy spring time commences, and you find you have a dozen things wanting attending to at once. After giving your ground a middling coat of manure, dig it well two spits in depth, throwing it up in ridges to enable it to receive the benefit of a good sharp frost, which will mellow and sweeten the soil, besides destroying millions of insects in the embryo state.

The last week in April, or the first in May, is the most desirable to sow your seed; having levelled and forked over the ground that was manured in the fall, commence by marking off your plots in squares nine feet apart each way—dig out the soil two feet square, spreading it equally all round, then fill up the holes with good rotten manure, and the spit from an old pasture in equal quantities, well mixed and broken with the spade is the best, but any good, light, moderately rich soil will do; fill the holes six inches higher than the surrounding ground; over these place your Melon boxes and sow from eight to ten seeds in each. If you have not the convenience of boxes, four bricks laid edgewise, so as to form a square, and covered with a sheet of glass is a good substitute. As soon as you have sown your seeds, place the sashes on the boxes, and let them remain on till the seed is fairly up, then commence giving air on all favorable opportunities, not forgetting to pull the sashes off in warm showers, and increasing as the plants progress in strength; thin them out four plants in each hill so soon as they have made two rough leaves; keep them free from weeds, and draw the soil about the stems so as to strengthen them against the winds. When they have made four or six rough leaves stop the end of each shoot to make them branch out. As soon as the weather becomes settled remove the sashes but let the boxes remain, as they prevent in a great measure the plants from being attacked by a black and yellow striped bug, and can easily be taken away when they become filled with vines. The best remedy we have found for the destruction of this pest, is a slight sprinkling of a watering pot of whale oil soap, diluted in water. Half a pound of soap to six gallons of water every other day, from the time the plants make their appearance until they begin to grow freely. As every foot of ground is valuable in small gardens, it is advisable to sow a row of early Bush Beans, Turnip Rooted Beets, etc., between the hills, and they will be off the ground before the Melons occupy the whole; attending to hoeing and keeping clear of weeds is all the further assistance they require.—Edward Decker, Horticulturist.

### Earthing up Celery.

The present season has been a favorable one for celery, as indeed it has been for most crops, and celery will no doubt be fine and plentiful. Where only sufficient is grown for the supply of the family, a little extra care should be given to earthing up, which is amply repaid by having clear sticks, nicely blanched. For very early use a small portion should be commenced as soon as large enough to draw earth to taking care of its getting into the crown, which should be carefully guarded against. The bulk of the crop will be better left till towards the end of September before earthing. If any manure water is obtainable before earthing, it is much benefited by having a good soaking, especially if the ground is in any way poor, as it likes a very rich soil.

In earthing, careful growers always go along first with the hand, and pull off any little short leaves that would, if buried, only rot, and draw the earth nicely about each plant. A portion of the soil is then loosened up with the spade and made tolerably fine, and pushed up towards the plants. If they have been planted in trenches, if filled up level, it is sufficient for the first time, giving it one or two good earthings at intervals of one or two weeks.

For field culture, or where the breadth is large, and grown for market, recourse must be had to the plow, or the expense would be too large to secure a return. Many earth up with the plow without