TRWISBURG

CHRONICLE.

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

H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Fridays--- at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

TWELFTH YEAR WHOLE NUMBER, 605.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

bright land, through scenes of rural beauty there to swell the anthems of everlasting That its tendency would be good, is to be and magnificence, and then across the freedom. mountain-wave to foreign climes, while every spot echoes the glad song of native freedom. The thrilling strains murmur forth from the many flashing rills and the celebrated "Rejected Addresses" published ocean's silver spray. The many-toned wind in England some years ago, the authorship of first announcement of "peace and good is a wanderer free, a spirit which floats which is ascribed to Albert Smith and a knot will towards men upon earth" was made lightly o'er the liquid waters and fans the parched and burning land. Dancingly upon the crested surge goes the fleet bark, obtaining the prize. They are imitations of majestic in its liberty. Its home is the the style of the most eminent American poets, praise him with a new song." And is great blue deep, and on it glides spreading of which the following is designed for Saxe. its snowy wings to the gentle breeze which bears it through the chainless wild. And here our spirits linger to gaze upon the swan-like motion of the billow queen, till carried on dreamy pinions to other scenes. Hark! hear you those sweet, sad strains of free-born music? As we approach the wild and mournful solitude, the tuneful melody falls in rich harmony upon the listening ear. High born emotions swell within the breast as Nature here lies before us, untouched by human art, ne'er echoing to the voice of mortal man. Upon the bosom of this silver lake, no sails have ever spread, nor feathered our e'er

to lave its leaves in the cooling waters. Around it, dark woods shiver, and dashing, foaming falls, keep music with the mournful sighing of the wind as it whispers softly in the leafy trees. We dream of free and happy spirits hovering ever nigh this quiet and sequestered region; 'tis too charming; we fain would linger where such seraphic minstrelsy swells with each breezy sigh; but we can not, already the beldering scene vanishes from the enraptured sight. Sublimity and grandour fill the soul with awe as the haughty mountain throws its palling shadows on our path. Its sturdy trees seem welcoming our approach, as they bow their heads low and wave gracefully upon its lofty height. Above its

plied; a solemn glory broads over it.

Along its mossy banks, giant pines rear

their tall forms, and the willow bends low

cragged summit is heard the rustling wings of the bright-eyed mountain-bird, undisputed monarch of the realm; here, too, the wild falcons build their lordly nest. The light footstep of the fearless hunter falls not upon its heathery sides, but the slow, majestic tread of the lion has formed a path which it may traverse freed from all human weapons. Here, fleet bounds the chamois and the gleeful stag, where shakes the mountain fir. The lion's lengthened roar mingled with the shrill cry of the wild bird, make nightly serenades with the READ DEFORE THE TEXTRES' ASSUMATION OF LEWISTONN, OCTOBER 27, 1855. murmuring cadence of the mountain stream. As this towering hill recedes from our view, still the mighty chant of freedom's song is faintly borne across the waters on the midnight air, till, at length, it dies away, and in imagination we are transferred to our own native forests. Within its labyrinthian shades, roams the darkeyed Indian maid. Happy heart! Guileless and free she springs from erag to erag. and nimbly rows her light skiff on the dark blue lake, and to the music of her glad heart warbling sweet, wild ditties. Here, too, through these pathless mazes, the chieftain leads his fearless, noble-hearted warriors; together they have stemmed the torrent's force, and with well fifled quiver joined the gleesome chase.

ing in chains. Why, O why should man, thing worthy of attention; and, would under the weight of bondage? What, we is touching and delicate, of all tender sencarnestly enquire, is this captivity? Come timent and feeling, and of all the hallowed while the orb of day is departing behind them a shrewd one, "What's the use?" loved, his distant home; he forgets the standing question, "What's the use?" present, his spirit is wafted to his native Now we propose, in a brief though it skies, where around him gather the friends may be an imperfect manner, to set forth of his childhood. Once more he feels his in two ways its use. air, bu yant with the freedom of all na exalt the human heart. Now, here let us ing in profane and abusive language. His small farm, three miles from Utica. He Shanghais "traveling corneribe." Very

bowers. Fancy's brightest ray steals softly this is the servitude of the body; would our parents give examples and of which we ing him that within twenty-four boars, at in upon the mind, illuminating and embel- that it were all to which this race is sub- have exclaimed, "Oh! they are the best, the farthest, he would be a dead man. lishing the resplendent images discovered ject; but a voice whispers, in accents of after all," and also some of the universal Mr. Burr replied, "Doctor, it can't be so. opens wide its portals for us to enter and that chains not only the mortal man, but wear out. Those sweet and simple songs for several days." "That," replied the revel in its fairy-land. The magic charms with it the immortal soul. Man! Earth's that linger around the heart like child- Doctor, "is one of the surest evidences of sylvan grottos and pearly streams are noblest sons have shared the bitter cup of hood's dreams of heaven; those plaintive that what I have told you is true. Your irresistible, and soon within its dreamy sin. The imprisoned soul is chained in airs that are sung alike over the grave limbs are free from pain, because, they halls the commonalties of life are forgotten, an abyss of darkness. Captive of earth ! and under the maple's shade ; those noble, are dead." Turning his half fiery eyes thought soars to lofty heights, higher, and Slavery's mien will tell its tale of heart- soul-stirring strains, that are song on deck upon the Doctor, he said, "Doctor, I can't still higher, and we dream of all things sick weariness. Thy dreams of freedom and plain. As examples,"Old Hundred," die, I won't die, I shan't die. My father glad and free. Yes, freedom is the soul- are but mockery, for thou art in the gall- "Peterboro," "Sweet Home," "Sweet Af- and mother, and grand-parents, and uninspiring lay, it wakes our thoughts and ing bonds of sin. Chase from thy soul ton," "Old House at Home," "Far Away," cles, and aunts, were all pious and godly fires with enthusiasm; 'tis of this we love the fever of unrest, for thy Deliverer will "Try Again," "Hail Columbia," "The people. They prayed for my conversion to dream. Freely the mind wanders over at last east off thy earth-born fetters, and Marseilles," the breadth of whose fame is a thousand times, and if God be a hearer this broad earth; we range the wide ex- the freed spirit, rising from its clayey pris- only attributable to their music. It is panse, rambling for a season in our own on house, will soar away to its bright home music such as this, we would have taught. til their prayers are answered. It is impos-

ished from triginal Manuscripts. New York: J. C. Paner. Boston: Pountes, Samson & Co.

The design of this work is similar to that of of kindred spirits. This volume purports to be a collection of Odes, written for the opening of the Crystal Palace, but which failed of

SONG OF THE STEAMER - BY J. G. S. Ruching through the scean, holling in the breeze, Riding ever billows, Pitching into seas,

Shaking with the engine, Screaming with the blast, Mighty pleasant made of Going rather fast.

Staggering on deck be-

Now the floor is settling Underneath your feet, Now it heaves you up like Tossing in a sheet.

Tossing in a sheet.
Sallors looking red and
Ludies looking pale.
Captain comes along, and
Bays it's quite a gate;
Passengers impure hose
Long it's like to lost.
Captain shakes bis lead, "It's
Rising very flat."

Gentleman in motion, Looking quite distressed, Says in d give his found for Half an hour's real, Fidnety sid lady Wembers he can sup, Has a poor opinion of his bringing up.

Or has tranging up.
Invalid complaining.
Not the slightest doubt
Another fit of straining
Will turn him inside out;
Lady on the sofa.
Lying dead almost,
Nothing more to give my.
Unless it he the ghost.

Union it let the ghost.
Gentleman in upper berth
Little sloep enjoys,
Gentleman beneath is
Making such a mose;
Gentleman in lower berth,
Timid wart of chey.
Fraid to put his head out,
Fear of some michag.

Cunning visuged Yanker, Looking sharp and slim. Says he guesses falls won't Come it over him: Means to save his dinners, Probest like a monk, Get a pound of caselles Locked up in his trunk.

Swanzenne western rowly

Will do us he seed hit, Means to go to Fention's, Means to stacke and a Keeps a pair of pictors, Wests a Bowle knife,

Lalyagetting nervous, Hopes they will not run us down Sudden in the night;

Gentleman resolving,
If he gets to share,
He'll spend his life on t'other side,
And never steam it more.

Rushing through the crean, Rolling in the breeze,

BY ABRAM D. HAWN.

In this utilitarian age, it is held to be treason to the people's rights to introduce into the school any study, which does not immediately tend to enlighten the youth in the points of knowledge necessary for the accumulation of wealth. The in- rocks and rills? Yes, you could and fluence of the "almighty dollar," and the would trust him who with a smiling face consequent value and importance thereto and joyous, ringing laugh sings the good attached, is leading us as Americans to old tunes of yore, and the national regard it as the "summum bonum," and its airs of the "times that tried men's possession as preferable to the most supe- souls." Then let us cultivate music in rior mental culture. We are as those

"Who hold it heresy to think, Who love no music but the dollars' clink, Who lough to scorn the wistom of the schools, And deem the first of poets, first of fools."

This spirit is seen in that tone of superior they do in Germany, that it is one of the But the mystic spell is broken, the wisdom which would repress all the outphantom of imagination vanished, and we bursts of enthusiasm; would damp the awake to ask ourselves, "Is there nothing fervor of the soul, that would look with to mar the illusion thus happily thrown gratitude and admiration upon the sublime sent to the sentiment of the immortal off the spell that is upon them, and thus around us?" Ah! the unwelcome truth. and grand in nature; would teach it to Shakespeare that The heart of the dreamer is itself bleed- look upon the purely useful, as the only the poblest of God's creatures, thus bend drive it from the consideration of all that with us at the pensive hour of twilight, associations of life, by the question, to

yon blue hills, and the soft moonbeams With this spirit, the friends of liberal tremble on the waters. Before us is a education, as well as those of religion and lonely glen, where may be seen the faint, morality, have to contend. It is this spiflickering light, ever and anon issuing rit that meets us at the threshold of the from that dismal building. The prisoner schoolroom, when we would introduce lies in his gloomy cell, an exile from his music into the school as a study, with the

ture; he wanders by the houghing tills, state, that by music we do not mean that physician, observing that mortification had was industrious, honest, and courted truthful designation.

inferred from its being used in Heaven; for there we are told there is one continued anthem of praise going up to the Eternal. Earth's creation was greeted by a lullaby sung over it by "the morning stars." The by a multitude of the heavenly host praising God. The inspired Psalmist has commanded us to "sing unto the Lord and there nothing elevating, purifying, and exalting in imitating the worship and the employment of the heavenly hosts? in obeying the commands of the inspired one? Who can sing or hear sung the good old tune "Poterboro," without thinking of the intimately associated words, and voluntarily exhorting his soul to pay its tribute to its God? Who can sing or hear sung "Home, Sweet Home," without thinking of the hallowed associations of his own home, and from that, turning heavenward, and longing to be there, or asking himself, Am I prepared for that eternal home ? The evidence of these effects upon the soul, are to be felt in each bosom. We have only to think of it, and we are satisfied. The influence of music upon the hvena's fierceness and the serpent's venom, is still another proof of its subduing and thus purifying effects. Nature is playing a constant tune in some way, and those that listen most to her, influence us most, it be and that for good. Nothing will so soon break through the cold selfishness of the wordly man's heart, and bring out his better feelings, as the songs of childhood. In the counting-room, the desert, or the dungeon, let them be but heard, and they will awaken the little good spirit that was long dormant in his oreast. This is done by music-the music of the tunes heard in childhood; and the more deeply impressed then, the greater the effect now. Then let us have it more deeply impressed by having it in the school, and connect with the hallowed associations of the schoolroom a concord of sweet sounds; and those sweet sounds will leave an impress never to be effaced, and their effects will be good continually.

Second, It makes them better citizens, and truer patriots; because, it makes them love the school-house, the hill, the pond, the wood, and every loved spot which their infancy knew, and in which their infant voices rang in music's sweetest strains. It makes more bright the associatious, and

more deep the love which are entwined around a man's friends and native land. It gives him something above the mere abstruction of life. It makes him more strongly love the voices and faces of his family, and as he sings "thy rocks and rills, I love them well," do you not think that he is made a better man and truer patriot, and would you fear that he would not lay down his life for that family, those the breasts of youth so that its sanctifying influence may be more widely and deeply felt; so that we can feel here as most preservative elements of the government and of the happiness of the million. And in our hearts of hearts, we must as-

"He that hith no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with compare of sweet sounds;
Is it for treasons, strategoms or spells.
The notions of me sperit are as dail as night,
And his altestions dark in Grebus.
Let no such men be trusted."

Death of Aaron Burr.

the closing scenes of Mr. Burr's life, dustrious, thrifty farmer, was yesterday which were told us soon after they occur- and the third time within a week, picked red, by one who received them from an up in the street in a state of stupor. Upon eye-witness, which we do not remember to searching him at the station house, fifteen have seen stated anywhere in print. We blank lottery tickets were found in his suppose that we will not be considered as pocket-book. He was placed in a cell, violating the privacy of the domestic cir- where he slept off the effects of the liquor ele, in referring to them at this remote he had drank, and when "sober reason period after their occurrence.

During Mr. Burr's last illness, he was the most poignant grief. very restless and impatient toward those | His story is a lamentable one. Bates who were about his person, often indulg- married young, and for years cuitivated a

ORIGINAL ESSAYS, and listens to the wind's soft mean, and fashionable music taught and executed commenced in the extremities, thought it Fortune smiled upon his efforts, and his the bewildering music of the leaping cas- scientifically; which at one time is com- his duty to inform him of the fact, and to labors were rewarded with bountiful crops. Communicated for the Lewisburg Chroniste. Communicated for the Lewisburg Chroniste. Communicated for the Lewisburg Chroniste. ness; and now the shackles which bind his tones, and another quivering with cat-like might wish to make for death, should be \$20,000. He was blessed with a goodly Things Free. weary limbs seem doubly heavy, he longs to distraction among the low notes. But we made at once. In as gentle tones as he could number of sons and daughters, and bid fair Shining visious descend from their airy be freed from these iron fetters. Ay! do mean such as we have sometimes heard command, he broached the subject, assurin the temple of Imagination, which now pity, of a heavier, more enduring yoke, favorites of the present time, and will never I feel easier and better than I have felt stop, and from that day to this, he has of prayer, he is not going to let me die unsible that the child of so many prayers will be lost." The Doctor replied, "Mr. Burr, you are already dying." He then went over pretty much the same expressions as given above, sunk into a stupor, and soon slept the sleep which knows no waking until the morning of the resurrection.

We may not have given the precise language used by him, as years bave elasped since it was reported to us. Our informant received the impression, that he had run the rounds of his iniquity, all the while indulging the hope that, like the celebrated Augustine, before he died he would be converted, in answer to the prayers of his pious parents and friends. God in his divine sovereignty, disappointed his expectations, and made him a monument of his wrath, and a beacon to all ungodly children, who are building their hopes of heaven upon their connection with a plous ancestry. When such "crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame," they must not be disappointed if He puts them to everlasting shame and contempt before his Father and the holy angels, and an assembled universe-Presbyterian Herald.

"MY ANGEL LOVE."

There is a poem, written by one of our faster childre or available, or which a six reminded by this question of angelic aid to our moral imperfectness of reach. I am not sure that it has ever been published. "FANNY FOR-Erstan" wrote it, and it has been among my manuscripts unrefreshing to read—for a change—a bit of the old fashioned poetry that had in it both meaning and music. The welvow heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her to heaven—thus exquisitely ills the story of their earthly love and still lineering hold of hands:"

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth, A wildering maze to see, Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew, And wild as wild could be And as I gazed in doubt and dread

An angel came to me. I knew him for a heavenly guide, I knew him even then, Though meekly as a child he stood

Among the sons of men-By his deep spirit leveliness, I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head Upon his proffered breast, And scanned the peril-haunted wild From out my place of rest, I wondered if the shining ones Of Eden were more blessed.

For there was light within my soul, Light on my peaceful way, And all around the blue above

The clustering star-light lay; And easterly I saw upreared The pearly gates of day. So hand in hand we trod the wild.

My angel love and I-With tokens from the sky

Strange my dull thought could not divine Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth I grope my way alone, While wildly through the midnight sky Black, hurrying clouds are blown,

And thickly, in my tangled path, The sharp, bare thorns are sown Yet firm my foot, for well I know The goal can not be far, And ever through the rifted clouds

Shines out one stendy star-For when my guide went up, he left The pearly gates a-jur.

In those last two unsurpassed lines – lines in the golder alence of which lay the lark-song of her own then dawn ing morning in heaven—EMRY JUDSON has expressed the faith for which the imaginative world is now zeniously contending—spirit-states across the grove. I should be reluctant to relinquish my own hold, instinctive rather than philosophical though it be, of faith so precious.

Sad Case of Lottery Gambling. How irresistible, when once acquired,

is the base passion of gambling! Few there are who, when they hazard a sum, have courage and determination to throw save their fortunes and respectability. And how many thousands there are who annually go down to ignominy, and perhaps death, through their insatiable desire to try again !

We have a case in point. Barnabas There were some facts connected with Bates, an aged and in former years, an inhad assumed her sway" he experienced

twelve years ago, he was induced to "try his luck," and purchase a lottery ticket. The passion once acquired, he could not been constantly gambling in lottery tickets-worthless bits of parchments. His farm, his wife, and children, are all gone. The farm for lottery tickets, his wife into the grave, and his children married and scattered in all quarters. He came to this city some two weeks since, having in his posession the last of his worldly effects. Yesterday the last penny was squandered, and he now stands a good prospect of finding a home in the penitentiary. He rearked to the Chief, Morgan, yesterday, that he was a ruined man, that life was indifferent to him, and that he cared not what disposition was made with his case. Yet" said the old man, "I blame no one, twas all my own fault; I brought this on myself; I am 66 years old, and I know I structure dignified with that appellation, haven't much longer to stay." What a lesson does the experience of this old man teach the rising generation !- Albany borers and boys, who possess not the least

Reception of Gov. Reeder. concourse of citizens, with music, to Con- inferior of the fruit. nor's Hotel, where he was received, in a Where well-kept fruit is desired, too short and eloquent address, by Geo. W. much care can not be bestowed on the Yates, Esq., after which the Governor de- gathering and storing. In the former oplivered a masterly and powerfully impreseration, they should be carefully selected sive speech, which was listened to with from the trees at a proper season, which a convincing effect upon his audience.

did history of the whole of the Kansas af- not be allowed to press one upon another tair, showing up the untairness and by- in too great quantities. None but the very fail to grow. poerisy of the Administration on the one prime specimens should be associated for side, and the high-handed and lawless long keeping. All inferior or damaged proceedings of the Missouri invaders on fruit should be put aside, to be used immethe other, with a clearness of narrative diately, or as occasion requires. When and a graphic description which carried your fine fruit reaches the fruit room, delconviction to the minds of all.

He explained satisfactorily, all seeming regarded. They should, one by one, be inconsistencies in his course, and avowed carefully placed where they are to remain; should be taken up, placed again in rows his fixed determination to stand by, at all and not, as is often done, turn them out of as closely as they can be put, and protecthis fixed determination to stand by, at all and not, as is often done, that the hazards and through all consequences, the the baskets into a mass, damaging half the ed by a covering of cornstalks or straw, noble platform of principles adopted by contents in the process. After storing has the Free State party of Kansas. Through- ceased, frequent and careful examination, foot above them, keeping the sides closed; out the whole of his speech, there was not at least among the superior fruits, should one violent or abusive epithet against be made. Different kinds of fruit exhibit had all winter; we adopt this mode and those at whose hands he had received such peculiarities in their mode of decay, and find it to be excellent. Celery can remeasureless abuse. He closed amid a these peculiarities are constant. Some of main in the rows, well banked up until deep and carnest response of cordial agree- them are, however, more infectious than frost shall make it necessary to bury it ment an the part of his hearers.

Poor Speculaton. The Doylestown Intelligencer states that William Beck, the projector and proprieter of the Doylestown Exhibition Enterprise, has made an assignment for the Ground, with immense buildings, and got up Exhibitions on his own book a la Bar-The Intelligencer presumes that the mothough large, were not commensurate excitement among Mr. Beck's creditors, many of them poor laborers who can illy afford the loss.

AUTUMN. Sweet Sabbath of the year!

While evening steps decay, Thy parting steps methinks I hear Steal from the world away. Amid thy silent flowers Where falling leaves and drooping flowers

Around me breathe farewell Along thy sonset skies And, like the things we fondly prize, Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak Thy dying leaves disclose As, on Consumption's wasted cheek, 'Mid rain, blooms the rose. The scene each vision brings Of beauty in decay, Of fair and early faded things

Too exquisite to stay; Of joys that come no more; Of farewells wept upon the shore ; Of friends estranged or dead-

Of all that now may seem, To memory's tearful eye, The vanished beauty of a dream O'er which we gaze and sigh. The Bucks County Intelligencer

ington Union prints Senator Seward's Re. a proper flavor. publican speech in full, and the Star, the It is hoped that no comment is necessary increasing power and influence.

THE FARM: The Garden---The Orchard.

Storing of Winter Fruit.

The gathering, storing, and subsequent care of winter fruit, does not, in the majority of instances, receive that degree of ttention which their importance entitle them to. That such should be so, becomes a matter of astonishment, when we recollect that from such fruit the kitchen and dessert are to be principally supplied for so long a period-at least, so far as the winter produce of the garden is concerned. So that the fruit is gathered and conveyed to the fruit room, or to some nondescript is often all that is cared for. The performance of the operation is entrusted to laidea of the importance of their occupation. or of the manner in which it should be Easton, Pa., Nov. 6 .- Ex-Governor performed. Stems are plucked out by eeder was received at the cars, on his careless gathering, leaving wounds which arrival at Phillipsburg from Philadelphia, soon destroy the fruit. Baskets are heaped people of Easton and the neighborhood, of the fruit, and inducing ultimate decay. who were there to greet him with a hearty Good and bad are huddled promiscuously welcome home, and an carnest and warm together, to be heaped up in the fruit room, approval of his course in the difficult and till leisure, or a wet day, gives a more fitmentous affairs with which he was cred- ting opportunity to assort them. The lat-

baskets, or in whatever receptacle they are He gave a rapid but luminous and can- conveyed to the fruit room, they should icate handling should by no means be dis-Various other kinds, which remain in perfection to a lengthened period, decay natto itself. The nearest approach to the latter mode of decay takes place in the Ribnum, as a matter of private speculation. stone Pippin apple, especially if stored in a damp and impure atmosphere. Many ney invested in the enterprise must have kinds of decay-premature decay, and the exceeded thirty thousand dollars. The most to be dreaded in a fruit-room-arise tacked by minute fungi in the form of with this expenditure, leaving the proprie- mildew. These minute vegetables dissemtor pecuniarily embarrassed to such an inate their invisible germs in myriads, ever extent that a failure had to follow. The ready to establish themselves in suitable storm of Sunday week blew down all the situations for vegetating. Bruised and large but not firmly built Exhibition damaged fruit offer the necessary situabuildings, making a pile only of old lum- tions; and, being once established, their ber. The double crash has produced great progress is rapid. Speaking of the Ribillustrative instance.

symptoms as have been described evinced Journal.

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH .- The Wash- themselves, and the fruit was invariably of

junior Administrative Organ, says, with in a case like this. It may, however, be signifiance and pertinence that the South observed that the fruit-room is often the had better answer Mr. Seward by "calm receptacle of things which good managereason and irrefragable history, and not ment would exclude. A remarkable proof by calling its author disreputable names; that careful gathering and storing have otherwise there is no telling what may be much to do in the preservation of apples the result of his, of late years, so rapidly and pears for a long period, is afforded by the examination of such kinds of fruit, in the hands of good garden amateurs, who possess but limited quantities, and are careful of its preservation. Such persons will produce a dessert of such for their own tables, or to grace the tables of a provincial horticultural show, when the majority of larger establishments are unable to do so. - Gardeners' & Farmers' Journal.

> From the Germantown Telegraph. NOVEMBER.

We have said a great deal to direct astention to the transplantation of treesfruit and ornamental-embracing lists of the best, in our judgment, for that purpose. 'If it should be neglected this autumn, as it was by so many last spring, it cannot be chargeable to any omission of duty by us. November is perhaps to be preferred to transplant in autumn : though December, if the ground is not frozen, can be used with safety. For dwarf Pears we prefer spring; but as a rule it may be laid down, that in heavy soils, or grounds with clay subsoils, which are likely to retain water on or near the surface, during the winter, spring transplanting is decito-day, by a very great assemblage of the one upon another, bruising the majority dedly the best. On the contrary, when soils are light, loamy, and dry, autumn may be the best. As to evergreen trees, about which so much is said as to the time when they should be transplanted, it will be safest that they should come under itably and distinguishingly associated in ter operation is often delayed till sad in-Kansas. He was escorted by an immense roads are in the better, as well as the more series are new teeming with every variety of fruit trees, at reasonable prices, as well as with the choicest ornamental trees, deciduous and evergreen, and as every furmer, particularly, is able, from the high prices he receives for everything he proprofound attention, and evidently fell with practised eye will alone ascertain. In the of trees, the present opportunity should duces, to supply himself with a good stock not be neglected, to procure them. Carefully plant them, as we have a hundred times directed, and not one in fifty will

Garden work for the season should be properly attended to. Flower beds and Asparagus beds should have their dressing of manure: Bulbous Roots should be planted without delay; Beets, Radishes, Salsify and Horse Radish, should be taken up and buried for winter use; Cabbage raised by a temporary frame work one with this precaution fresh cabbage can be others. Many early ripening pears decay for winter. This should be done by fillrapidly, without any outward indications, ing in, in a body, say between two rows, becoming what is technically termed sleepy. the stalk taken from the other rows, mixing in the dirt well, and making the whole firm. Then cap it with plenty of urally in a like manner. The swan's egg cornstalks, bent over in the form of a doubenefit of his creditors. His liabilities pear decays in spots on its exterior, which ble pitch roof, and cover this with two or are said to exceed \$80,000. His assets gradually enlarge, till the whole fruit is three inches of earth, well stanked with fall short of that amount. It seems that rotten. The peculiar flavor of the decaying the spade, as not to fall down by the ne-Mr. Bock prepared an Agricultural Fair portions of this fruit is confined entirely tion of frest or rains. If this is well do no you can eat sound celery to the last of April.

Carrots, Turnips and Ruta Bagas need not be taken up until the latter part of the month, unless severe weather should render it necessary. There is no better way proceeds of last August's exhibition, from the decomposing substance being atthem out in the open air, selecting a perfeetly dry spot. When a pit is opened, it should always be done from the south-east, a board having been previously placed in to answer as a door.

Premium Corn Crops for 1856.

To those desirous of raising large crops stone Pippin as decaying in a confined and of corn next season, we would say one imimpure atmosphere, we may mention an portant requisite is to have a deep soil, and that the fail of the year is the proper time Calling one day at a garden, the super. for several reasons to make a beginning in intendent of which was somewhat of the this direction. Excepting on light ground, old school, we were shown into the fruit we greatly prefer fall to spring plowing. room, and our attention was directed to a The teams are generally in better order, number of this fruit, most of which were and more able for hard work. There is decaying in the manner before described; more leisure to plow carefully, and it and the flavor of those not decaying was greatly relieves the press of spring busianything but palatable. The gardener ness. There is besides a positive advanassured us that he had lost his fruit in tage to the soil, particularly if heavy, or the same manuer every season since the of a tenations texture. The alternate fruit-room was built. We may observe freezing and thawing of the upturned surthat the room, which was very small, face, has a tendency to destroy its adheappeared to be the receptacle of all kinds siveness and make it more mellow; it also of rubbish. On the floor were potatoes in absorbs by exposure to atmospheric influbenps, many of them decaying and emitting enecs more freely the nutritive gasses floatno very attractive odors. In one corner, a ing about, the ammonia of heavy rains quantity of half-rotten apples; in another, and deep snows, and is actually improved. a heap of damp rubbish; there, a quantity in quality. Our advice is, use the Double of cucumbers and vegetable marrows for Michigan Plow, let it go down twelve inchseed, the former half putrid, with numerous es, bring up the yellow clay from its resting other matters equally foreign to a well-re- place of centuries, open it to the sun and gulated fruit room. But of the Ribstone air, and our word for it the corn crop of Pippins: Previously to this fruit-room 1856, under such management, with other being built, the fruit had for several years treatment as we shall take occasion to recbeen stored in a large, airy room, at some ommend in the coming spring, will be a distance from the garden. There, no such very heavy and remanerating one .- Form