

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

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In Union is Strength.

A Convention of Anti-Nebraska Editors is called at Huntington for the 19th inst. We regret that "Court Wood" will detain us, but hope to learn that those who most may agree upon measures that shall tend to consolidate the Anti-Nebraska strength next fall, and the aggression of Slavery be thereby checked. To do this, many of us must yield, or waive for the time, such minor differences as would hinder a perfect union. In times of danger, Christians are wont to forget all denominational peculiarities—to subordinate the minor to greater interests. During the trying era of '76, a hundred lesser matters were forgotten in the great struggle to secure Constitutional Liberty. When that victory was won, a Constitution was perfected, under which the foreign slave-trade was decreed to be piracy, Slavery itself was by silence barely tolerated as a sectional institution, and by the first Congress was indeed abolished in all the (then) slave territory north-west of the Ohio.

Times have indeed changed. Those who fought the War of Independence are not yet in their graves, but already the foundation stone of the Declaration of Independence is scuffed at as a "fanfare of nonsense," by Governors and Congressmen. Now, a large organized party called "National Democrats," repudiate the doctrine that all men have an inalienable right to Liberty, and proclaim as the main plank in their platform that a bare majority may establish Slavery wherever they choose. They have expended millions of dollars in adding thousands of square miles of slave-cursed soil to our domain. They have monopolized the National Offices, and while contributing the least have drawn the most in proportion from the National Treasury. They have decreed Slavery to be a National institution, which they may establish anywhere they choose. They have violated a sacred compact in order to force Slavery upon soil which had been dedicated to freedom "for ever," and in so doing they wink at and encourage the most gross and palpable violations of individual and constitutional rights. Through this party, the Slave Oligarchy—composed of a few thousand avaricious and resolute men—rule the Nation, and some of the nominal Free States. The next Presidential Election will in a measure decide whether this odious Oligarchy under the cloak of "National Democracy" shall extend Slavery indefinitely, or whether we shall be truly a Republic, and like our fathers favor Liberty and oppose Slavery.

In our own State also, there is work to do. A blameless Quaker was shut up in prison three months, by a U. S. Circuit Judge, for telling a woman the truth that by the laws of the State she was free; and four out of five Supreme Court Judges declared they could not relieve him, but coward-like surrendered their own dignity and the rights of Pennsylvania to a creature of the President who had declared that slaves may be held by owners while passing through Pennsylvania, (and if for one day why not for two, ten, or fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand days?) Our State must assert her right to protect the liberty of her own citizens against every agent of the Slave Oligarchy, and prohibit, at once and for ever, all Slavery upon her soil.

—Strange as it may seem, nine out of ten of those who have fled from the despotisms of the Old World, have enlisted in the ranks of the Slave Oligarchy in the New. America has been made the receptacle of the almshouses and prisons of Europe. Far the greater proportion of our paupers and criminals, are alien-born. The mass of adopted citizens—not all—from the first are linked in with the Pro-Slavery influences, and have aided in every triumph Slavery has achieved. Mostly Papists, they voted against and defeated Clay because he was associated with FREDERICK DOUGLASS the President of the Bible Society—and Texas triumphed. They swelled the power which elevated Pierce over Scott, and inaugurated the Slave Despotism at Washington which originated and upholds the Kansas outrages. Linked hand in hand, this Foreign and Slave-craft influence are sapping the foundations of Constitutional Liberty, and would in a few years completely pervert our Republic into an Aristocracy all under the abused name of "Democracy."

The power of the Pope thro' his subjects to aid Slavery in its assaults, must be met and checked. Jackson said, thirty years ago, "It is time we became more Americanized;" and certainly the character of immigrants has not improved since that warning was uttered. An extension of the time for naturalization to all who seek our shores hereafter, and keeping out foreign paupers and convicts, are measures not improper in themselves, and which self-protection would seem to justify, and even compel us to adopt.

—We trust the Huntington Convention may unite upon some concise and simple plan for the next campaign. "In essentials, unity; in minor points, diversity."

Such a union throughout the Free States, would elect a true Liberty-loving President by a large majority. Persevered in, Slavery would be confined to the States which chose to retain it, and gradually be "amplified to extermination." The impositions and dangers of Foreign powers would be checked, and the Pope's hope of rearing anew his tottering throne in this Republic, would be for ever blasted.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Talent without Moral Principle.

How vast and incomprehensible is the goodness of God to man! He has endowed him with noble faculties by which he is enabled to explain the hidden workings of his own mind, and so arrange its numerous qualities, that, like a complicated piece of mechanism, each part appears necessary to the perfection of the whole. It is the mind of man, rightly improved, that exalts him above the brute creation, gives him nobler conceptions of God and his intelligent creatures, renders him capable of exploring new truths in the fathomless depths of learning, makes him the beauty of the world and the companion of angels.

What is talent? It is an invaluable trust committed to man by his Creator, and for the use of which he will have to render an account at that day when the dark and mysterious things of time shall be made manifest. If employed in a proper manner, it will increase to mature age, like the child who found it difficult to conceive of the diurnal motion of the earth, yet who, by careful and diligent research and inquiry, became one of the most profound scholars of his day, and discovered those powerful principles in philosophical sciences, which explained many of the phenomena of nature, and enrolled his name among the great and noble ones of earth.

True dignity of talent, raises man in the estimation of his fellows, makes him happy in himself, and increases his usefulness in the world. His motto is, Onward and upward. Not satisfied with his present attainments, or the knowledge the passing age affords, he endeavors to peer into the dim vista of the future, or perhaps feels he needs a more enduring source of knowledge, and his thoughts are waked to the ethereal world, and there amid its pure and holy beings holds communion with their Creator.

How different the character of this person from one possessing talent without principle, or talent accompanied by selfish and corrupt motives! Instead of striving to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind by dispelling the horrors of superstition, severing the galling chain that binds so many of his race under the cruel tyranny of the oppressor, endeavoring to subvert vice and iniquity, and inculcating love to God and man; we behold him crushing all the better feelings of his nature, plunging into the most debasing iniquity, oppressing his fellow men, and even employing the noble gifts committed to him by his Maker, in striving to set at naught His commands, and wickedly perverting His holy Word. But God has declared that he who will thus abuse his talent, shall be deprived of it; and how forcibly is this declaration fulfilled in the history of individuals of this class! Go visit our penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, and see if their inmates have been persons of good morals and regular habits. There are youthful hearts, and aged heads, who once had powers of mind, that if trained to holy influences, might have been the pride of a fond family, and an honor to their country, but by unrestrained passions and vicious inclinations are rendered unfit for the duties of life, or the companionship of the wise and virtuous, lest others might partake of their qualities; for how can a corrupt fountain send forth a pure stream?

This subject will be clearly seen, if we direct the mind's eye far back to that remote period of the world when the faint flickering taper of science was hardly perceptible, and the many flowery meads, refreshing rivulets, and golden mines of literature, were passed unheeded by, or their ennobling and refining influences were not realized by man; and behold the present mighty march of intellect, and the numberless discoveries that have been and are still being made in the great lyscum of learning. We are led to inquire, Whence comes this change? and by whom is it effected? Is it by those who alio' they have that degree of talent with which they could influence nations, and gain a world-wide renown, yet by immoral principles render themselves contemptible, and rob themselves of those elevating desires men originally possessed? Think you a person of this character would take pleasure in the grandeur of astronomical sciences? in bringing up knowledge from the depths of the ocean? or tracing the order and perfection which characterize the most minute atoms of creation, and contemplating their great first Cause? Who were they who gave to ancient Greece her philosophic lore? and who by their philanthropy are ever striving to ameliorate the condition of mankind? Were they regardless of the laws of God or the feelings of their fellow

men? No, they were those of the opposite character, who strove to suppress evil and promote pure morality.

What a different aspect society would present, if all earth's talented ones had possessed virtuous principles! how little contention! how few strifes!—this world would indeed be a place of contentment and happiness.

Talent increases man's accountability, and influences in a measure his future life. Man is God's steward. All he calls his own, is but given him for a brief period. A strict account of the manner in which he uses these endowments, will be required of him, and he will be rewarded or punished according as he improves or abuses these noble gifts. If the mind of man is influenced by base passions, and subjected to immoral principles, he can never expect to arrive to any station of eminence in this life, or receive the least degree of approbation from his heavenly Father in another world. Instead of finding the beneficent Creator of all as a kind and forgiving Father, he will meet Him as a stern but just Judge, who will award him according to the exact retribution of his folly; while he who has employed the faculties given him for the good of his fellow man, and to the honor and glory of God, will have his soul filled with gratitude and holy love, and his mind, no longer oppressed by the frailties of human nature, or the vanities of the world, will be constantly expanding in infinite progression throughout the countless ages of Eternity.

M A N .

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne
Where reason sits a scepter'd king,
And breathes his judgment long,
O who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel band
That glory and that human mind!

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempest and the trial;
The joyous, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous throne, the desolate,
The seat of love, the fair of hate,
Self-stung and self-bened;
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that starting thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the seeds of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enslaved, the glory crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
Prom heaven to earth in tears thou stole
That starting thing—the human soul!

And this is man—Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven,
While d'er his vision, clear and dim,
The weeks of time are driven—
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the tide or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven!
He bends the knee, he bows the knee—
"Creator! Father! none but thee!"

Spirit-Rapping in the Woods.

The table moving was tried by all placing their hands in a ring, upon a table. Our weight could not hold the table down to the floor. Slowly it raised, but tipping a little, we fell headlong into the paneake batter, the table and butter raising as we went down. Perhaps I can not do better than to give the questions and answers as they occurred:

Are the spirits present?
They are, sir.

Belshazzar was called:
Do you remember the feast when the hand-writing appeared on the wall?
I make out to.

Were you—begging pardon, sir—under the influence of intoxicating liquor that evening?
Drunk, gentleman, as a blind owl.

Drink Champagne, or Monongahela?
Neither. Owing to the scarcity of log-wood, we went it on black strap and clear rot-gut.

Any of the women tipsy?
They wasn't anything else, I reckon. Mrs. Belshazzar was so limber-like that in playing snap and ketch 'em, she fell into the oyster kettle, and broke a turtle shell comb all to smash.

Was it fright that made your knees smite together?
No sir! I was so tired that I couldn't keep them from smiting together now.

Was Cyrus one of the b'boys?
Well, no great scratch. He took advantage of us when we were on a bender. He was a cold water fanatic, and an enemy to the constitution.

Are you in favor of the Maine Law?
Not—by—a—jug—fall.

Do you ever get anything to drink where you are?
Not a drop. I have got a thundering hankering after snifter.

Go to the devil with your cold water. Is Balaam present?
What do you want of Balaam?
How old was that jackass of his?
He would have been four years old the next morning.

Are there any jackasses in your sphere, Mr. Balaam?
No, you impudent puppies. The jackasses are all on earth yet.

This ill-natured insinuation was received with enthusiastic raps by the spirits. Is the boss builder of the tower of

Babel present? Inquired one of the company.

He am.

Was the tower built of brick or stone?

Brick.

How many thousand of brick was in the concern?

An almighty heap of them, you had better believe.

How much did they cost per thousand?

Four dollars and a half at the kiln.

How many Irishmen did it take to carry most?

Nine millions and rising.

That's a lie, I know, muttered H.

A smart rap on his sore shin under the table, made him aware that the foreman of Babel was around. The inquiries were continued:

Was there any confusion of language among the workmen?

Considerable, I must admit; a perfect hellabaloo.

What did the king say when he examined into the matter?

Nix fur stay.

One thing more, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name?

Smith, if you please.

Well, Mr. Smith, one thing more. Was it true that Nebuchadnezzar was made to mix clay on a wheel?

True, and a thundering good ox he was too. He ground all the clay for the tower of Babel.

Did he have brass knobs on his horns?

He hadn't horns; he was a muley.

Was he a—

Go to thunder! I won't have nothing more to say to you.

Was he a short horned Durham or a Devon?

No answer. The foreman of the tower of Babel had evidently believed himself quizzed, and gone off in a huff.

The circle continued its sitting, after H. had filled his pipe, and I had spent a few minutes in the open air.

Noah was now called and found to be present:

Were you commander of that old craft called the Ark?

I was.

What flag did you sail under, English or French?

Dutch.

Who was pilot?

Christopher Columbus.

How many animals had you on board?

Several hundred.

Any Know Nothings among them?

Not one. They were all drowned.

Was it true that Belshazzar hailed you on a life preserver, and told you to go to thunder with your old tub and guessed it wouldn't be much of a shower?

Ho! ho!

Why didn't you take him in?

He was taken in a few minutes after that—all over.

Had you any of Barnum's Fire Annihilators on board?

Two or three hundred of them to put the candles out at night.

One more question, Commodore Noah, what became of the dove that went out and never returned?

Some snipe hunter on Mount Arrarat shot it.

Was there any wharf at Mount Arrarat?

Nothing but a white oak snubbing post and a Yankee grocery.

Was the Yankee there himself?

Yes, he sat on a herring box, whittling.

What did he say when you hove in sight?

H-a-l-o! what craft is that? Been looking for you this two days, by golly!

Say, now, s'pose you don't want to buy any hams, nor Weathersfield anyuns, nor nothing, dow ye?

Adventure of the Kane Expedition.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. K. in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel, they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the north, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with great difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued, seemed extremely small. They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and no land-marks by which their position could be made known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship, it seemed to be impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all his com-

rades, in less than one hour organized a rescue party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to relieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After 19 hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene, as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sewed up in buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance, picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsall and Norton, and even the Esquimaux boy Hance, sank upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger.

A large bear, met on their way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand. They reached the ship after a walk of 62 hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hays, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick, was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of muttering delirium, resembled an hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness, the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepidity like this, has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.—N. E. Journal of Commerce.

The Moral of a Sad Story.

In the *Dollar Journal* of Wednesday, we published an extract from the *Portland (Me.) Journal*, stating the fact that two young men, sons of prominent men, opponents of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, were picked up in the streets of Portland, recently drunk.

One was Charles E. Wells, son of Judge Wells, democratic candidate for Governor, who, doubtless, in a few months, expects to occupy the seat of Chief Magistrate of Maine. The other was Nathan Clifford, son of Hon. Nathan Clifford, ex-Attorney General of the U.S., ex-Minister to Mexico, and chief fagelman at the bogus inquest held at the City Hall, and counsel for the O'Neils and Dungans and Dumphys, low Irish rumsellers, who figure so frequently at the Portland Police Court.

The *Philadelphia Star*, in moralizing on the appalling recital, asks, "if there is not something in it to make a profound sensation on the public mind? The woful record of these two young men, need hardly occasion surprise. What else, with their fathers, men of high social and political standing, scoffed and sneered at the Maine Law, as the quintessence of bigotry, fanaticism and folly. These young men listened to their teachings, and received them as the lessons of wisdom and truth. They concluded to carry out practically what they had been taught, and found themselves, to their surprise, drunk and in the lock-up! Their mistake was not in drinking and carousing *moderately*, which their fathers had taught them was harmless and constitutional, and an enjoyment of inalienable rights; but they went a little beyond the mark, and the prescribed limit of prudent indulgence, and, as a consequence, 'put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.' Perhaps they sought to show their independence, and contempt for all sumptuary laws, and determined to let the world know they were freemen, in a land of liberty, and not to be coerced as to what they should or should not drink!

And, besides, were not their fathers opposed to the Maine Law? We think of those mistaken and misguided fathers 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and could wish this dispensation might come home to them with salutary effect. We sympathize deeply with a parent whose son is found drunk in the streets, and shut up in the lock-up, but when that parent's conscience tells him that the disgrace of his son is clearly to be traced to his own subornance, bad precepts and vicious example, then there must be a depth of sorrow, shame, and remorse, from which he devoutly pray to be exempted."

American National Council in 1856.

CONVINGTON, Nov. 28.—At the annual meeting of the National Council, held in June, 1855, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, shall be held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 23d day of February, 1856, to be composed of delegates elected by the subordinate councils, one from each Congressional district, and two from each State Council.

In consequence of this resolution, it is hereby proclaimed that the councils of each Congressional District in each State shall elect delegates as aforesaid, and also two alternates for each Congressional and State Delegate.

E. B. BARTLETT,

President of the National Council.

Another proclamation to the same order gives notice to the State Councils and delegates to the National Council that there will be a special meeting of said Councils, at Philadelphia, on Monday, the 18th of February, for the transaction of such business as may be brought before it.

THE FARM:

The Garden--The Orchard.

What Draining did.

A Short Chapter for Hired Men and their Employers.

Some years ago the son of an English farmer came to the United States, and let himself as a farm laborer, in New York State, on the following conditions: Commencing work at the first of September, he was to work ten hours a day for three years, and to receive in payment a deed of a field containing twelve acres—securing himself by an agreement, by which his employer was put under bonds of \$2,000 to fulfil his part of the contract; also during these three years, he was to have control of the field; to work it at his own expense, and to give his employer one-half the proceeds. The field lay under the south side of a hill, was of dark heavy clay resting on a bluish-colored solid clay subsoil, and for many years previous had not been known to yield any thing but a yellowish, hard, scrubbed vegetation.

The farmer thought the young man was a simpleton, and that he, himself, was too wise and fortunate; but the former, nothing daunted by this opinion, which he was not unconscious that the latter entertained of him, immediately hired a set of laborers, and set them to work in the field trenching as earnestly as it was well possible for men to labor. In the morning and evening, before and after having worked his ten hours as per agreement, he worked with them, and continued to work in this way until, about the middle of the following November, he had finished the laying of nearly 5,000 yards of good tile underdrains. He then had the field plowed deep and thoroughly, and the earth thrown up as much as possible into ridges, and thus let it remain during the winter. Next spring he had the field again plowed as deep as before, then cross plowed and thoroughly pulverized with a heavy harrow, then sowed it with oats and clover. The yield was excellent—nothing to be compared to it had ever before been seen upon that field. Next year it gave two crops of clover, of a rich dark green, and enormously heavy and luxuriant; and the year following, after being manured at an expense of some \$7 an acre, nine acres of the field yielded 936 bushels of corn, and 25 wagon loads of pumpkins; while from the remaining three acres were taken 100 bushels of potatoes—the return of this crop being upwards of \$1,200. The time had now come for the field to fall into the young man's possession, and the farmer unsuspectingly offered him \$1,500 to relinquish his title to it; and when this was as unhesitatingly refused, he offered \$2,000, which was accepted.

The account stood thus:

Half proceeds of oats and straw 1st year	\$165
Half value of sheep pasturage, 1st year	25
Half of first crops of clover, 1st year	112
Half of second crops of clover, including seed, 2d year	135
Half of sheep pasturage, 2d year	125
Half of crops of corn, pumpkins, and potatoes, 3d year	600
Received for relinquishment of title	2,000
Amount Dr.	
To underdraining, labor and tiles	\$1,225
To labor and manure, three seasons	475
To labor given to farmer, \$16 per month, 36 months	576
Balance in his favor,	\$1,776

Our farmers must learn that knowledge and enterprise and perseverance exercised in their business, will not only add a hundred fold to their own income, but will also confer more permanent benefits upon our country than these qualities exercised in the same degree in any other business whatever.—W. D., in N. Y. Times.

The Wyandott Corn.

We have received from Mr. J. C. Thompson, of Tompkinsville, Staten-Island, N. Y., a full description of this new, and in some respects extraordinary variety of Indian corn, from which we condense the following:

Last spring he planted twenty-four grains, procured from Mr. James B. Thom-

as, of Waverley, Ill., in hills four feet apart, one kernel in a hill. About the first week in May, eighteen grains came up, which at first did not differ in appearance from the ordinary corn. When about eighteen inches high, shoots (not suckers) began to spring up from the roots, the number of seven in some hills. These secondary shoots soon outstripped the main stalk, and grew to the height of ten feet and over. Up to the first week in August there was little prospect of any yield of corn, though there were incipient ears numbering as high as thirty on a hill.

During August these ears developed rapidly, so that seventeen hills contained eighty-two stalks, bearing one hundred and twenty-three good ears and one hundred and five immature sets for ears, which our season is not sufficiently long to mature. All this resulted from only seventeen kernels. One of the hills had six stalks, thirteen mature and eighteen immature ears.

The corn was in an unfavorable location, being shaded on the east and west by trees, which shut out the morning and evening sun. The rapid growth and filling out of the ears in September, is represented as really astonishing to all who watched its progress. The peculiarity of the variety seems to be, first, a full development of stalks and leaves from shoots springing from the roots, and afterwards a rapid growth and maturing of ears during August and September. Mr. Thompson states that he shall have some of the seed to dispose of.

He also forwarded to us a copy of a letter from Mr. Thomas, dated Waverley, Ill., Aug. 17, from which we make the following extracts:

My crop of Wyandott was planted at intervals between the 1st and 15th of May, on a flat piece of land which had been cultivated four years. A cold, wet spell of weather setting in about a week after planting, and continuing some two weeks, chilled the earth to such a degree that the seed was tardy in germinating, and greatly retarded in its growth after coming up. A severe frost cut the stalk completely off, compelling me to replant about one-half my crop. I also had the cut-worm, the mole, and the field-mouse to contend with, each of which attempted to entice the other in their destructive pranks, and all of which were very pestiferous to farmers in this section the first of the season. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, my crop of Wyandott is pronounced by the farmers who have visited it to be one of the greatest wonders ever witnessed by them. The stalk is about twelve feet high, as large in circumference as an ordinary man's wrist—averaging four stalks in a hill, and bearing from eight to twenty ears, and some as high as twenty-four ears to a hill, and all from one grain. Why, my dear sir, it looks or sounds Munichausen-like, but it is here in my crop incontestably demonstrated; and, if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent, will be witnessed by thousands of persons at our State Fair, at Chicago, next October.

I planted five acres, and allowing for devastation before mentioned, I presume I shall have about four acres to gather. My corn is filling out rapidly, though late. I noticed particularly in 1854, that the Wyandott matured much more rapidly, than any other description growing, and this fact has been remarked to me by several this season. I sincerely hope it may prove so in your section. You are situated, I believe, in latitude about 41°; we are in about 39° 40'—a slight difference in our favor. On the other hand, the difference in longitude being 15', is some in your favor. However, a short time will test to the satisfaction of all, whether it will answer in your climate.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Horse Shoe without Nails.

A Yankee by the name of Short has invented a horse shoe which requires no nails. He makes the whole in two pieces, employing, in addition, two small screws to aid in screwing the parts together. Both are made of malleable iron—the lower portion, or "sole," being very similar to the horse shoe ordinarily employed, but with a groove around its exterior, and without nail holes. The upper portion, or "vamp," is thin, and has a flange projecting inward from its lower edge to match the groove in the sole. The parts are so arranged as to secure a tight and firm connection, and the whole is made additionally secure by the aid of the set screws before mentioned at the heel. A shoe of this kind once fitted, the vamp may be made to wear out a great number of soles. The exterior may be highly finished and plated with silver, which gives a very flashy appearance to a team of lively horses, or the shoes may be enamelled jet black when intended for white or gray animals. One practical advantage to be derived from this style of shoes is the facility with which they can be removed or exchanged, so that a skillful hostler may exchange the shoes or rather the soles, on every occasion when the pressure of ice or the like renders it desirable, and it may even be expected in extreme cases of exhaustion, as with race horses, to remove the shoes altogether for a time, and allow of a rest refreshing to a