

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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

TWELFTH YEAR....WHOLE NUMBER, 609.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TO OUR PATRONS.

TWO WEEKS from this time, the FIRST YEAR of the *Chronicle* under the present firm, and on the Advance system, will close. No. 612, (Jan. 1, 1856) will make up the Year for which a large number have paid.

We give this **TIMELY NOTICE**, that all who choose to continue to favor us with their custom, may have ample time to prepare to pre-pay for another year, half year, or longer, as they may see proper. In accordance with our present manner of doing business, all with whom we have no other account, who do not signify their intention to pay at an early day, and desire a little time, will be discontinued from our books, with our best wishes for their prosperity.

We are aware that, in some instances, by this rule we lose honest, responsible patrons; but there must be a uniform system, and unless we have some reliable proof of the desire to continue, we shall take it that our paper is no longer wanted. In two weeks, any one can secure \$1 or \$2 and send us, either in town when he calls, or forwards, by the mail where he receives his paper. Articles for household or merchantable use, generally as acceptable as Cash.

"How does the Advance Plan work?" It may be asked. We say, emphatically, WELL. It is cheaper to *honest patrons*, for they get their paper at a less cost, are not delayed, and at the end of the year are not in debt to the Printer. It is better for *dishonest patrons*, for they have to go to work and do justly, and thus, harms nobody. It is better for the *Printer*, for they get more money, have it in time, are less harassed by creditors, and save paper, ink, labor, and wear and tear of type and other materials. And forty-nine out of every fifty of our patrons say, "It is JUST THE RIGHT THING."

The City printers have almost entirely adopted the Advance system, and the best and most flourishing Country papers are following in their wake. We can, therefore, earnestly recommend it to all, as mutually advantageous. It is true, this change will require some resolution—some sacrifice. We struck off TWO HUNDRED names from our list, in default of advance payment; and yet we have realized more money than during any previous year. Some of them—the best, we doubt not—have returned, paid up the old score, and taken a new, like men. A very few have paid up, and not renewed. Some of those still in arrears, have sent their cash to the City for news and other journals, as we happen to know; others "legionize" and grow (if they do not know) of subscription books, of our flourishing contemporaries. From others, we have no returns. And yet, the saving of paper, ink, &c., and the actual cash in hand, far exceed the honor as well as the profit, of sending to men who do not pay their paper debts once a year, if ever.

THE FUTURE. Notwithstanding the erasing from our list of over 200 names, we have still kept handsomely in advance of all our county competitors; added more names than we have erased weekly; and the quality of our list commands itself to shrewd business men everywhere as the **BEST ADVANCE METHOD FOR ADVERTISING** in Real Estate, Merchandise, &c. As those who pay in advance, are invariably the best business men, and the men who advertisers delight to deal with.

Heretofore, also, our patronage has been somewhat circumscribed by our advocacy of certain *Local Questions*, which repelled large numbers of citizens, who would otherwise have been our patrons. Those issues being, as we heartily trust—now fully decided, the future will we hope give more opportunity for advancing our own "causes." While we have no apology to make for our successive defenses of Railroads, Divisions and Shortcuts, it is true that in none were we promoting our individual interest. Hereafter, we shall pay more attention to that branch of progress and improvement—our own pecuniary advantage—by seeking an extension of the patronage of our establishment. We ask, and certainly it is not unreasonable, those for whose interests we have so long and ardently labored, now to aid us in our "good cause."

With the County Seat at Lewisburg—Foreign News by Telegraph when the Philadelphia papers fail—and all County News given as fast as they transpire, there are hundreds who will desire this print, who have not, heretofore. The continued high price of paper, and of everything printers use and eat, forbids any reduction in our Terms; and if a change does not occur, it will be a matter of course to be raised. For the present, we shall continue our existing rates. But, to enable a large class of non-subscribers to try the *Chronicle* for one year—and to encourage efforts for its circulation—we make the following offers:

FOR CLUBS.
For any club of NEW Subscribers, \$1.00 over face and less than ten, we will send our paper, ONE YEAR ONLY, for \$1.25 each. To a club of ten, we will send the same, ONE YEAR ONLY, for \$1.25 each. And for over ten, a copy gratis. This offer for one year ONLY, that a fair trial may be had, when the old price of \$1.50 in advance, will be \$1.00 all alike.

COURT WEEK at Lewisburg—17th Dec. will afford a good chance to all in the County to bring in or send in pay on old accounts, renew subscriptions, or make new ones. And to those at a distance, the Post Office is always open, at a trifling expense. Gold may be sent safely, and fractions of dollars in postage stamps.
Thankful for the liberal and constantly increasing encouragement accorded to our *Independent Journal* for a term now covering eight years, we respectfully ask its continuance, confident that it will more than repay its cost, and determined to improve it as fast and as far as our talents, our time and our patronage will enable us so to do.

WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight,
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!
The fall thou dar'st to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
As free a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.
And judge none lost; but wait, and see
With hopeful eye, not dim and dry,
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may rise
This soul to God in after days!

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, DEC. 11, 1855.

A Wrong.

A gentleman recently directed attention to a system of business which prevails not in our community only, but which is a species of injustice as wrong as a direct fraud would be. It is, to delay payment of honest debts to persons needing them, and at the same time have money out at interest, on trade, or in speculation—thus in truth wronging a debtor out of the use of his money, and getting all its benefit himself for the time being. "Mr. Q., will you pay me that \$25 you owe me to-day?" "Really, I would, but I had a chance to put it out last week, and I did, and I haven't it by me now."—Such occurrences are not uncommon, but are unjust and often cruelly oppressive to those most in need. There are few worse modes of fraud than this, and few ways of oppressing the poor more abhorrent to the God of justice. Let every one be sure when making any kind of investment that the money is really and truly *mine*, and not the rightful property of some one else. "DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY."

HOW CHANGED!—We have frequently been told that when, over forty years ago, the county seat for Union was canvassed, it was a subject of public wonder that a town so advantageously located as Lewisburg put forth so little effort for the prize. The then uncertainty of land titles had retarded its proper development; and its most influential citizen—the late Hon. George Kneiser—it is stated operated in favor of New Berlin, for the reason that he owned a valuable property at Middleburg as well as at Lewisburg; and as New Berlin is almost equidistant from the two points, it best suited his convenience and views of ultimate personal advantage to go for that central location; so that most of all to a Lewisburger was New Berlin under obligation for forty years' county seat privileges. Be that as it may, to-day sees both of Mr. Kneiser's properties in county towns, and the central point no longer the meeting place for the people of each.

WOMEN'S AGE AT MARRIAGE.—The following, from an English paper, on the authority of Dr. Granville, are the ages at which 876 females married, according to the official registries made from their own answers:

3 at 13	20 at 27
13 at 14	22 at 28
16 at 15	17 at 29
43 at 16	1 at 30
55 at 17	7 at 31
66 at 18	5 at 32
115 at 19	7 at 33
113 at 20	6 at 34
86 at 21	2 at 35
85 at 22	0 at 36
59 at 23	2 at 37
58 at 24	0 at 38
36 at 25	1 at 39
24 at 26	0 at 40

Allowing an average addition of two years to the above, to cover the foolish desire of appearing to marry early, yet it is apparent that most women marry too soon. Not one in a hundred, is physically and mentally fit to enter upon the matrimonial state before the age of twenty, and most would do better at twenty-five. The scores of broken-down young mothers and scrawny children verify the warning, "Marry in a haste and repent at leisure."

—Eels weighing five pounds are caught in the blue waters of the Juniata.

We have often heard of the "blue Juniata," but this is the first we knew of its "blue waters." We wonder if those eels are blue, too? whether the waters will dye blue? whether they make so many blue noses and blue accounts down that way? whether drinking so much water makes so many men get blue? whether they are bluer than other waters? and whether the "blue waters" and "blue Juniata" are not both "poetical licenses," anyhow?

RIOTING AT LAND SALES IN MINNESOTA.—The Land sales at Winona, on the 27th ult., were attended by about 1500 persons and much excitement. A serious difficulty occurred, in which two men were shot. A settler on a piece of ground persisted in bidding for the same though in defiance of the threatened peril of being thrown into the river if he did. On the attempt to put the threat in execution, he drew a revolver and shot two of his assailants.

AUSTRALIA.—Later advices from Australia give most encouraging accounts of the progress of the gold production. The shipments this year, up to the 1st of September, had amounted to £5,500,000, and were expected before the close of the twelve-month, to reach £10,000,000.

MISSOURI POLITICS.—A meeting of the Democratic members of the Missouri Legislature was held at Jefferson City on the 12th ult., to elect delegates to the National Democratic Convention. The Benton Democrats refused to act with them.

On the 30th of October, John E. Clark, an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum at St. Johns, New Brunswick, killed with an axe Barry Mills and William Carroll, two of the attendants in the institution.

Monument to George Taylor.

We find in the *Easton Whig* the Oration of Hon. Alexander E. Brown, delivered at Easton, 25th Nov. 1855, at the dedication of the handsome monument to the memory of GEORGE TAYLOR, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. By it, we learn that George was born in Ireland in 1716, and was the son of a poor and respectable clergyman, who gave him the rudiments of a good education, designing him for the medical profession. Whether from choice or necessity we know not, but for some reason that design was abandoned, and before the year 1740, George had migrated to America as a "redeemtioner," binding himself out to labor for a term of years to pay his passage money. He first engaged himself to Mr. Savage, one of the proprietors of Darhan Furnace, and was set at work wheeling coal and limestone to the Furnace, and filling it. Mr. Savage, soon discovering his education and talents, and observing by the effects of hard but manly toil that he was unaccustomed to it, gave him a clerkship, which he filled with entire satisfaction. Mr. Savage dying, Mr. Taylor subsequently married his widow, and became lessee of the Furnace. He acquired a fortune, by means of which he was enabled, very opportunely, to furnish Congress a needed supply of cannon balls at the commencement of the Revolutionary War; but the owners of the Furnace property adhering to the cause of the King, it was finally confiscated.

In 1763, George Taylor's name appears as one of the agents for the erection of the Court House in Easton borough; and he was subsequently one of the Justices of the Court. From 1761 to 1770, he represented Northampton county in the General Assembly of the Colony, and was placed on the most important committees, guarding well the people's interests against the encroachments of the Proprietary Government as well as of the county.

On the 18th June, 1774, eight thousand people assembled in Philadelphia to make known their sympathy with Boston in her sufferings and to cooperate with her in efforts to preserve their common liberties; and three days afterwards, the 21st of the same month, a similar demonstration was made in Easton, over which George Taylor presided. In 1776, he was elected to the Congress, and on the 24 August signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1777 he retired to private life, his personal interests having suffered greatly during his attention to public affairs. His children were all dead: sorrows thickened around him: and on the 25th February, 1781, he closed his eyes in death. Twenty-five years ago, his particular grave could not be designated. The inventory of his personal effects showed that he died but poorly surrounded with comforts. His house is still standing, a rough stone building, on the corner of Hamilton and Ferry streets.

Although little is now known of George Taylor personally, yet the old men used to say, "He was a fine man, and a furious Whig." This, with the public records of his career, is a grand eulogy. "No man knoweth his sepulchre," but his name is engraved on many thousands of hearts, and this monument to his memory is claimed to be the first one put up by public effort in honor of the Signers. The Orator alluded to the good influence a monument to each of the Signers would exert—a work which should be attended to soon, if ever, as each succeeding year is bearing away the materials for their history.

But what (Mr. Brown asked his youthful hearers) would have been the fate of George Taylor, had he upon his arrival been ignorant and uneducated? His blistered hands would at last have become hardened to their work: days of labor and nights of rest would have followed each other; and no one at this day would care to inquire how or when or where he had done his life. Little did that father anticipate that the education he was by his own sacrifices conferring upon his son, was to make that son able to assist in moulding the destinies of a mighty empire. Little did he think, that when he and his flock were all sleeping, in their old kirk-yard, a hundred years thereafter, thousands of freemen would say of him, as we do this day, Honor to the memory of the good old man who awoke the soul of his son to a sense of the divinity that was within it! who gave him education, tho' he could not give him wealth! and through whose training of heart and mind that son rose to become one of the bright galaxy of American worthies!

Too little has been thought and said of the influence of the educated men of '76 upon the destinies of our country. They had a very large and important place to fill, and well were their duties performed. The poor "redeemtioner," George Taylor, had a part to act in the comparatively rude population by whom he was surrounded; his early school knowledge, sharpened by want and business discipline, had well fitted him to be a popular leader; and although the reverses of fortune were hard to bear, and he died before Independence was achieved, he acted well a noble part; and a just public tribute stands erected to perpetuate his memory.

A Second Whitfield.

A gentleman traveling in England sends the Philadelphia *Christian Chronicle* the following account of a gifted and useful pulpit orator just past the age of legal infancy:

LONDON, Nov. 2, 1855.
MR. EDITOR: I have been employed in reading to the family part of a sermon just published, from "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations"—the production of a minister, twenty-one years old, settled, about twelve months since, by New Park Street Baptist Church, London, (late Dr. Rippon's) to which I originally belonged as a member. This surprising youth, whose name is SPURGEON, attracts the largest congregations I ever witnessed. During the present year, the chapel has been enlarged, and will now hold, with the vestries, nearly two thousand persons. During its enlargement, Mr. Spurgeon occupied Exeter Hall, ministering to an overwhelming audience of upwards of three thousand, for about three months; and at the enlarged chapel, five hundred persons are obliged to go away on the Sabbath for want of room. His ministry is attended with great success: about thirty persons are baptized and received into the church every month. He has a clear, melodious and powerful voice, a brilliant imagination, and ready utterance. Here are a few sentences from the conclusion of his sermon above noticed:

"Do you know, poor soul, that you have not a house to live in? You have a house for your body, but no house for your soul. It is something to have a houseless body, but think of a houseless soul! Methinks I see you in eternity, sitting at the doorstep of heaven. An angel says, 'What! have you no house to live in?' 'No house!' says the poor soul. 'Have you no Father?' 'No! God is not my Father, and there is none beside Him.' 'Have you no mother?' 'No! the church is not my mother; I never sought her ways, nor loved Jesus. I have neither father nor mother.' 'Have you no house, then?' 'No, I am a houseless soul!' But there is one thing worse than that—houseless souls have to be sent to hell; a dungeon, a lake that burns with fire. Poor, houseless soul, dost thou want a house? I have a house to let this morning, for every sinner who feels his misery. Do you want a house for your soul? then I will condescend to men of low estate and tell you, in homely language, that I have a house to let. Do you ask me what is the purchase? I will tell you. It is something less than proud nature will like to give. It is with-out money, and without price. I have told you enough of the house and its excellencies, but I will tell you one thing, that if you feel you are a houseless soul this morning, you may have the key to-morrow; and if you feel yourself a houseless soul to-day, you may enter it now. If you had a house of your own, I would not offer it to you, but since you have no other, here it is—will you take my Master's house, on a lease for all eternity, with nothing to pay for it, nothing but the ground rent of loving and serving him for ever? will you take Jesus, and dwell in him throughout eternity, or will you be content to be a houseless soul? Come inside, sir; see, it is furnished, from top to bottom, with all you want. It has cellars filled with gold, more than you will spend as long as you live. It has a parlor where you can entertain yourself with Christ, and feast on his love. It has tables well stored with food for you to live on for ever. It hath a drawing room of brotherly love, where you can receive your friend. You will find a resting room up there where you can rest with Jesus, and on the top there is a look-out, whence you can see heaven itself. Will you have this house, or will you not? Oh, if you are houseless, you will say, I should like to have this house, but may I have it? Yes, there is the key, the key is, come to Jesus. But (you say) I am too shabby for such a house. Never mind, there are garments inside. Even though the house is too good for you. Christ will make you good enough for the house, by-and-by. He will wash and cleanse you, and then you will be able to sing with Moses, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place throughout all generations.'"

(A correspondent of *Zion's Herald* says of this young man—as much needed in the pulpit as *LUTHER* or *WESLEY* were in their day—)
Of all the great men in England's metropolis, C. H. Spurgeon is the most popular, having at one bound distanced Dr. Cumming, Tho's Binney, Newman Hall, Robert Young, John Attenbury, William Arthur, and Holyoke. I must confess that I went to hear him with some degree of prejudice, on account of what I had heard of his out-spoken Calvinism, and his censorship of other ministers; yet, altho' differing with him in some of his opinions, I am no longer prejudiced; for he has an endowment of the choicest gifts of eloquence, genius, and passion, and appears "filled with the Holy Ghost." Already hundreds have been converted under his ministry, and I was informed that at the week-night prayer meeting of his church it is not unusual to see at least one thousand persons present. If preserved in humility, Mr. Spurgeon must be the instrument in achieving a great work. He has much of the union of Whitfield, the path of Jay, the eccentricity of Rowland Hill, and the dramatic power of John B. Gough.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Cultivation of the Social Affections.
Affection is one of the crowning attributes of our mental and moral nature. To cherish feelings of sympathy and reciprocity toward one another, is productive of a high degree of pleasure, and in accordance with the dictates of reason. He who formed the human soul, designed that it should be the seat of strong social affections; that it should find enjoyment in their cultivation; and that they should be promotive of virtue.

That the social affections exist, and form a part of our nature, is evident. They are not confined to persons of taste and refinement, but have a place in the breasts of the rude, unlettered and uncivilized. The ties of affection which bind together the hearts of savages, however uncouth their manners, are sufficient to awaken our admiration. But especially among those, who, by their urbanity send a fragrance through society, do we find the finest touches of social feeling.

The affections of our nature may be cultivated; and on their judicious cultivation depend many of the fairest productions of the human heart, the solace of sorrow, and the happiness of life. We envy not the man who sympathizes not in the joys and sorrows of his fellow man; who feels no glow of delight in another's success; who has no tear to shed over another's misfortune, or at the grave of a friend. Nor do we envy the ascetic, whose reclusive manner of life makes him a hater of mankind, and of himself. It is true, retirement has its pleasures and advantages, but absolute seclusion from society is derogatory to a law of our nature, and precludes the certain attainment of happiness.

The social affections should be cultivated because of the pleasures they afford. Mutual intercourse between those who are bound together by tender and sacred ties, and a close and permanent union, forms no small part of the sum of human happiness. It is natural for man to love society; to be united in interest and feeling with those to whom he can make known the secrets of his heart, who feels an interest in his welfare that approximates to his own, who may sympathize with him in his anxieties, and participate in his pleasures.

When a person witnesses scenes that fill his mind with emotions of admiration and sublimity, how greatly his pleasure is enhanced if he has those to whom he can reveal those emotions! The traveler, as he gazes upon the beauties of nature, or the embellishments of art, feels happy in discoursing of them to those whom he has by the cultivation of the social affections made his friends. The lover of study, or the admirer of eloquence and poetry, tho' he may penetrate far into the former, and witness the sublimest exhibitions of the latter, though his mind and senses may be delighted, is still uneasy and unsatisfied until he has imparted to others a knowledge of his investigations, or descanted on the noble efforts of the orator, and the sublime productions of the poet.

How tediously would pass the years of childhood, were it not for the social affections! What is more irksome to a youthful mind, than solitude? To be without any with whom to share the sports and amusements of juvenile innocence? And when the social affections are cultivated at the altar of virtue, what a source of enjoyment do they become, not only in the season of youth, but also when the mind lays aside the habiliments of childhood, and becomes sufficiently matured to engage in the sterner occupations of life. The past, with its pleasant pastimes and loved associations, will often break the spell of corroding care which settles on the mind oppressed with the anxieties attendant upon a responsible station, or overwhelmed with transactions of a business nature. Associations formed in early life by the judicious cultivation of the social affections, will cluster around the memory as holy reminiscences, and embellish the soul with the finest touches of humanity. They who rightly cultivate the social affections, will realize many advantages, aside from a large degree of pleasure. The interchange of thought and impartation of judicious counsel on the part of sympathizing friends is calculated to improve the faculties of the mind—augment its stock of mental resources—and adorn the character with the fairest ornaments of human nature.

But there is connected with this subject a pleasing thought, and that is the durability of those connections founded on religious principles. The fashion of this world will pass away—the grandeur of human actions will cease to be remembered—the elements that compose this beautiful earth will be dissolved; but the union of believers, formed in the present and consummated in the future state, will be in the highest degree tender and endearing, and will exist as long as the throne around which the redeemed will cluster.

T. W. S.
Lewisburg, Dec. 1855.
The Austin (Texas) State Gazette says Benjamin H. Green of that town, recently killed in twelve consecutive mornings before dinner—thirteen bears, one panther, one wild cat, and seven deer.

Punch says a man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit on the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels and scrubbed upon the soiled spot until it is made clean.

Dr. Theodore Romeyn Beck, an eminent scientific gentleman, and well known for his connection with the cause of Education in New York, died in Albany, Nov. 19, aged 61.

The American & Foreign Bible Society last month, granted ten thousand copies of the New Testament for distribution to the slaves, principally in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The Russians say that the English are an army of lions led on by asses.

Hog raisers at the West are beginning to bristle up at the prices.

THE FARM: The Garden—The Orchard.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

TOO MUCH LAND.

MR. FRENCH—Nothing can be more impressively apparent at the present time, than the fact that a very preponderating majority of our farmers attempt to cultivate too much land. The general complaint among practical agriculturists is, that farming is unprofitable business. Why it is so, is sufficiently explained by the fact first stated. The disadvantages, indeed, resulting from this error, are numerous and obvious. No man can doubt that the soil now under cultivation in the United States, would, with proper management, produce twice the quantity of vegetables it now does. From twenty to thirty bushels of Indian corn, twenty to twenty-two of wheat, thirty of oats and one hundred and fifty of potatoes, are as much as most farmers expect from an acre; yet with improved modes of cultivation, embracing liberal manuring, and a judicious rotary system, this amount of produce is frequently doubled, and, in many instances, quadrupled, on lands which, under the old systems, could scarcely be made to produce sufficient to defray the expenses of fencing and "carrying on." Let our farmers but reduce the quantity of their arable land,—let them accord more attention to the quantity and quality of their manures, and introduce an enlightened system of rotation, which will not exhaust the fertility of the soil beyond the power again producing without an expensive outlay of cash for manure, and they will soon find that farming will assume a different estimate. The cost of plowing, planting and hoeing an acre of land capable of maturing fifty or sixty bushels of sound corn, would be no more than in the case of land capable of producing only twenty. The average yield of the grass land in well managed regions, is said to be less than one ton per acre! and yet there are acres and acres in many places which have produced four tons. Here is an increase of three-fourths, resulting from superior cultivation, for the superior yield is by no means to be attributed to superiority of soil, for in several instances these heavy crops have been taken from fields surrounded by others from which less than one ton was the average annual produce. The premium crops of Indian corn rarely fall short of one hundred bushels shelled corn to the acre; yet the average of the popular corn is less than twenty-five! And in this diminished ratio we are to estimate all the other ordinary cultivated products of the farm. Wherever an effort is made to produce a remunerating crop, success invariably attends the undertaking. Now, if a farmer who cultivates twenty acres, would diminish the extent of his fields one-half, and bestow upon the remaining ten acres, the manure and time required to cultivate the twenty, there can be no question that he would, in a short time, be able to realize from the circumscribed area, as much and ultimately more than he now obtains from the whole. Let him also reduce the quantity of his grass lands in the same proportion, and he will not only save one-half of the labor of securing the crop, but an important item in fencing, and besides get more tons of hay, as the manure and labor expended originally upon two acres, will be concentrated upon one.

The wonderful effect of good tillage is exemplified in our gardens. Here a few rods produce, annually, ten times the weight of produce afforded by the best managed fields. And why should not every inch of soil the husbandman cultivates, be as fertile as his garden? Look at our wealthy amateur farmers, and see what immense products they secure from their lands! But it will be said such men sink fortunes in farming. True, this is frequently the case. But why? Simply because they hire everything done. They are generally "men of leisure," wealthy merchants, or professional men who have acquired affluence, and perhaps can afford to farm at an outlay. But this result would not be experienced by the careful, prudent, judicious, intelligent and working farmer, who superintends every arrangement and detail of his business himself. He would know how every dollar was applied, every shovelful of manure appropriated, and every product turned to the most profitable account.

I have often thought that if government would make an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars, to defray the expense of sending one hundred of our best and most liberal minded practical farmers to Europe on a tour of observation, the money would be appropriated to good advantage. These men would return to their homes and farms imbued with new ideas, and a change highly favorable to themselves, and to the interests of our national agriculture, would be the inevitable and happy result. If selected from the different States, the dissemination of useful, practical information would be far more rapid and thorough, than it now is by books, essays and periodicals, which are too often the productions of empirics and tyros, who have no higher object in view in writing them, than the procurement of money, or a livelihood. Such a sum would never be missed from the treasury, and would in a short time be returned with compound interest from sources which would ultimately pour millions on millions into the revenue.

The following remarks upon the subject of small farms were made years since by a Mr. SLEEPER, in the course of an agricultural address before a society, I think in the State of New York:

"Not only the dictates of sound philosophy, but numerous facts drawn from experience are calling upon the farmer to OCCUPY A SMALL FARM, AND CULTIVATE IT WELL. The densest population in Europe is in Flanders and Lombardy, where the land is divided into small farms, and, thoroughly tilled, produces abundant food for the inhabitants. And the experience of a quarter of a century in France, proves, that the occupation of the country under small working farmers, the land produces one-third more food, and supports a population one-third greater, than when it was possessed in large masses. The secret of success in agriculture, consists in thorough cultivation of a small piece of ground, well manured and well worked. In almost every section of this country, one capital error runs through the whole system of farming: A great deal of money is invested in land, and a very little employed in its cultivation. And it is sad to see the proprietor of a large farm pride himself upon the number of acres which he possesses, but undertakes to cultivate without sufficient means. Such a man, has been compared to a merchant who expends all his capital in building, for his own use, a large and roomy store, and is then seen gazing with complacency on his bare walls and empty shelves. He has chalked out to himself a hard lot, and voluntarily enters on a state of servitude worse than Egyptian bondage. He has not time to accomplish anything thoroughly. What a harassed, unhappy being must be the owner of such a farm! He is doomed to the treadmill of life, with his spirits depressed, despondency stamped on his haggard lineaments, and the worm of discontent gnawing at his heart; with him there is no pleasant association with the past; the present is full of anxiety, care, and heavy labor, and a dark cloud rests upon the future."

A PRACTICAL FARMER.
Bald Eagle Farm, Nov. 24, 1855.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Hartford Times says: An experiment, which has been tried by some enterprising gentlemen not far from this point, the present summer, establishes conclusively the value of deep plowing, and the economy of deep fertilizers; and it also shows that it is better for Connecticut men to go to work on the poor and "worn out" fields constituting so large a portion of the surface of their own State, than to start for "the West" to farm it, where half the profits of their crops are absorbed in the expense of transportation to a market.—We have said this a hundred times to those in Pennsylvania who are always itching to go somewhere else; and our opinion has always been sustained, that if a farmer can't get along here, where he receives the highest price for his produce, and cash at that, he will turn out good-for-nothing anywhere.

CORN COB MEAL is really good food for cattle when mixed with oat straw, fodder, or hay, and when thus used operates as a great saving. We advise farmers not to sell their corn on the cob, but to have it shelled, and sell the grain only, reserving the cobs as food for their cattle. In view of a scarcity of the grass crop, it is the part of humanity as well as of interest to economize everything on the farm in the shape of cattle food.

WAGONS, CARTS, IMPLEMENTS, TOOLS, &c.—Have everything of this kind overhauled under your own personal inspection and all necessary repairs made. Put all not in use carefully away under cover. If before putting them away you have a coat of cheap paint given them they would last much longer.

OILING MACHINERY.—The wearing out of machinery, is more to be ascribed to neglect of oiling, or to the use of bad oil, than to any other cause. In winter, none but the best cold-pressed sperm oil should be used. In warm weather, lard oil will answer.