

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1856.

\$120,000 in jeopardy!

The Harrisburg Telegraph, of 26th ult., states that a recent attempt was made upon the State Treasury, involving a loss of a large sum of money to the tax-payers. It appears that several professional bidders—that despicable class who hang around the seat of government to "make money" at any sacrifice of honor or honesty—pretended to have discovered a Legislative Act, materially reducing the taxes upon Banks of this Commonwealth. In consideration of a large contingency, those bidders proceeded to test the question, several of the monied institutions demanding that the alleged over-payments of previous years should be credited as an offset to accruing taxes. The first appeal was to Mr. BANKS, Auditor General, who gave his opinion in their favor, releasing the Banks of a sum estimated at \$120,000! Their next labor was with Mr. SLIFER, State Treasurer, who however not only refused to allow their claims, but filed a written argument utterly demolishing their pretensions. In cases of disagreement between the Auditor General and the State Treasurer, the Governor is to decide; but finding that POLLOCK was against them, they deferred the prosecution of their scheme until a new State Treasurer should be elected in place of Col. Slifer. Unfortunately for them, however, it is stated that Auditor Gen. Banks, in his final review of the whole question in the light thrown upon it by the discussion, has modified his opinion, and now stands shoulder to shoulder with the State Treasurer in defence of the tax-payers' interests and against the attempted depredations of the agents of "soulless corporations." In this emergency, they quietly yield in the hope and expectation that the next State Treasurer and the next Auditor General will be of their own selection, and grant their demands. In that case, the Governor's interference would be of no avail.

It now remains to be seen whether the Legislature in the selection of Treasurer, and the respective Parties in their choice of candidates, will guard the Treasury in this matter. In the mean time, the Legislature can by a Declarative Act put the matter at rest beyond the control of any man or men.

Coped in our editorial and printorial and telegraphical den, watching the throngs of horses skimming along Market Square, followed by red noses of all sizes enveloped in the robes of various deceased denizens of the forest, there arose spontaneously to our lips a Winter Sleigh Song of "aud lang syne."

We have never heard it in this region, and therefore give—not the simple air, but the words—born by the recollection of fourteen years gone by.

A WINTER SONG.

Winter, glorious Winter reigns,
In robes of spotless white,
And earth is bound with icy chains
Of brilliancy and light;
The snow, the fair and lovely snow,
Around us now it lies,
A mantle pure of light below,
Just fallen from the skies.

CROUSE.
A welcome, then, to winter's reign
Upon the earth below,
For life and joy are in its train
Across the silvery snow.
Resplendent is the glittering sheen
The beautiful day displays
As o'er the wide and dazzling scene
Shine forth the sun's bright rays,
The costly jewels, rich and rare,
As far in eastern mine,
Can never with the gems compare
That sparkling round us shine.
A welcome, then, &c.

And when at night the jeweled sky
Vies with the glittering frost,
And envious Cynthia weeps on high
The glory she has lost,
It thrills the heart to ride along
The fields of boundless white,
While merry bells peal forth their song
To cheer us on our flight!
A welcome, then, &c.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—
Dr. Kane is busily employed on his work describing his last Arctic expedition, and efforts are being made by Messrs. Childs & Peterson, to have it out early the present year. The estimated cost of this production is \$20,000. There will be twenty fine steel engravings, including portraits of Dr. Kane and Mr. Grinnell—2 volumes, at \$5 each.

Enclosed please find a promise to pay \$1 and 17¢ of Uncle Sam's post office boys, in exchange for your valuable weekly for '56. The Chronicle has been a most welcome visitor eleven months, never missing once, coming on Tuesday mornings or evenings; it would really have done you good to see our little girls, Mrs. T., and even myself, all on tip-toe, each waiting for a chance—I doubt whether it is folded in less time than it was unfolded.

It was amusing to witness at a safe distance the cannonading between yourselves and the allied Times and Star with quinine pills; but happy to see the battle is over, the victory won, and success yours. Although we came here entire strangers eleven months ago, we have found good, kind friends, and feel ourselves quite at home. My business is promising. The weather had been very pleasant till

last Sabbath, when it got very cold. On Christmas, we had about three inches of snow, and the cold almost zero—sleighting muddling good, a thing not common here. More snow to-day.

All the Halls here were engaged and splendidly decorated with Fairs for Fire Companies, Churches, or some other money-wanting society—and all well attended and patronized by the 20,000 inhabitants. B. C. T.

[Our correspondent's paper is not sent any more regular than any other one, and during the last year we hardly ever missed a mail a single day. We give this as a general answer to all the complaints to us about the irregularity or non-reception of our paper—the fault is not with us.

"We again remind friends at a distance, that when the time for which their paper is paid, has expired, it is struck off the list: so they need not "wonder" it don't "come" until it is again "sent for." There are many hundred dollars due us, scattered over "the West," and we intend not to increase that mode of "permanent investments."—CHRONICLE.]

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

A VISION.

BY LE BRANC.

His entering-room—how feeble now it grows!
In moments it will fade away from thee—
Alas! his death made his mark upon that brow
Lowly in the grave his noble form to bow,
To sleep amidst the tombs of the slumbering dead,
Where no sound is heard save the sad mourner's wail,
Or the cooling of breaths meaning over his grave,
Or the weeping of willows as they sadly wail.
By his side I stood, watching the passing storm
Venting its maddened rage against his helpless form,
As he calmly slept, without a tear or sigh,
Betraying no fear of death, though soon to die,
But midnight I stood beside his dying bed,
With a thousand visions passing through my head—
The vision of the past, of happy hours I'd spent
"In bright, bright dreams," as when to school I went.
By felicitous dreams, I laid me down to sleep,
And but a quarter of the night I had been
I closed my eyes in sleep, and found repose
In glad dreams of heaven, and end of mortal woes;
I saw from heaven, golden clouds descending,
And from afar their sides hosts of angels leading—
Hark! how they sing, on clouds I could not number,
Fast descending to the sleeper's chamber,
Softly he slumbered, dreams of heaven filled his mind,
The hosts descended, but left their cars behind;
They flapped their gorgeous wings, left their slow cars
Lighting all the heavens with torches made of stars,
When with their wings and feet they sought the sleeper's room,
And with dazzling light dispelled the midnight gloom;
By his side they stood, and whispered in his ear
Welcome news from heaven, (too soft for me to hear):
Then they lifted his bearded brow with wings of down,
And his hands they laid in heaven's bright crown,
Sweetly he slumbered, happy dreams filled his mind,
Carefully with his eyelids keeping the passing wind,
So sweetly he dreamed, no angel thought could tell
What it was his smiling features told so well.
Now they lay their wings and feet upon his eyes,
And waving their wings, they raised his misty eyes
Far, far towards heaven I saw their torches shining,
And pure white robes their graceful forms entwining—
Now from his eyes he waked, and saw the sky
As the dull of death over his slowly creeping,
Toward heaven his eyes are turned with fervent gaze,
And in that heavenly look a thought betrays
As though some living angel were hovering near,
Chanting sweet music to his listening ear,
And now his trembling lips are moving to speak,
And with bright crimson blushes his pallid cheek;
His wasted form trembles as though it would fly
To meet its God—to know its destiny.
Fixed are his eyes, and in vacancy they stare
As though some guardian angel hovered there,
To bear his trembling form, and give an expiring breath
Of one falling asleep in the arms of death,
Midnight is passing—the door is opened wide,
Now stands his mother, weeping by his side;
Bitter tears she sheds by his dying bed—
"She smiles the rough pillow he lies on his head,
All now is still—as still as forgotten graves,
Or the mirrored ocean by his sleeping waves,
All is as motionless as the sleeping air,
When reposing on weary wings everywhere,
But hark! methinks again he tries to speak,
And glancing towards heaven he looks down his cheek;
Now from his hand he takes a ring of hair,
With his golden clasps, and names engraven there;
Saying, "Mother! dearest mother, should I die,
(And a trembling hand-drop sparkled in his eye),
Give this to her, whose name thou dost hear with thine."
And kiss those articles she wears with thine."
Gently upon her breast he laid his head,
And did not move—For now his soul had fled—
He did not move, though long his eyes were closed
In melting tones he slept beneath his shroud—
For he had breathed his last, departing breath,
And the sleep he slept was the sleep of death.

LEAP YEAR.—The girls will have fine times this year, if they choose to exercise the "prerogative" accorded to them in leap year six centuries ago, and sanctioned by custom ever since. If they could induce Congress to enact some such act as the following, passed by the Scotch Parliament in the year of grace 1288, they might get many a gay bachelor in a bad place. The gallant Scotchmen of that age enacted as follows:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the reign of our maist blisist Magestie, ilk fourth year, known as leap year, ilk maidan layde of both high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to take hir to be his wife, he shall be muled in ye sum of an pundis (1 £) or less, as his estat moit be, except and gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to anither woman, that he shall then be free."

Harra for the Scotch of six centuries ago, and—"woman's rights!"—Reading Journal.

Some of the Democratic presses, we observe, are already electing their President—on paper; and counting his majority—on paper. A very harmless amusement; but the Opposition can do the same; and, after all, no one knows how the contest will end, for of all things popular whims are proverbially uncertain, as the last five Presidential elections afford abundant practical demonstration.

"STATE PAPER" is the name of a 20 by 15 sheet, issued in Harrisburg, devoted to the depreciation of James Buchanan for the Presidency, and to the exaltation of Franklin Pierce. With such an antagonist as this, BUCK is sure of Pennsylvania in the National Convention.

"Now tell us all about the war, and what they did each other for."

"The King of France, with forty thousand men, marched up the hill—and then marched down again."

The Kansas Treaty.

When the Border Ruffians retreated from before Lawrence back into Missouri, where they belong, they fabricated and put in circulation various stories to cloak their discomfiture and to hide their chagrin. They had found out that the Free State men would fight, if need be; Gen. Lane, when summoned to surrender his weapons, gallantly replied that he would compromise by keeping the guns and giving the ruffians the contents thereof. They had found, moreover, that Gen. Lane had not served through the Mexican campaign without acquiring a formidable knowledge of the art of war; that his dispositions were well made, and were likely to be maintained. Such a reception they had not calculated on. Then their whiskey was exhausted, and the cold weather setting in, they beat a precipitate retreat.

Meanwhile, Gov. Shannon, finding that he had of his own volition duplicated the ass-shed discriminating Nature conferred upon him, by his complicity with the ruffians, made his way to Lawrence, and again—
We give in full below:

WHEREAS, There is a misunderstanding between the people of Kansas, or a portion of them and the Governor thereof, arising out of the rescue near Hickory Point of a citizen under arrest, and some other matters; and Whereas, A strong apprehension exists that said misunderstanding may lead to civil strife and bloodshed; and Whereas, It is desired by both Governor Shannon, and the people of Lawrence and vicinity, to avert the calamity so disastrous to the interests of the Territory and Union, and to place all parties in a correct position before the world,

Now Therefore, As it is agreed by the said Governor Shannon, and the undersigned people of Lawrence, now assembled, that the matters of dispute be settled as follows, to wit:

We, the said citizens of said Territory, protest that the said rescue was made without our knowledge or consent; but if any of our citizens were engaged, we pledge ourselves to aid in the execution of any legal process against them; that we have no knowledge of the previous, present or prospective existence of any organization in the said Territory or the resistance of the laws, and that we have not designed to resist the legal service of any criminal process therein, but pledge ourselves to aid in the execution of the laws, when called on by proper authority, in the Town or vicinity of Lawrence, and that we will use all our influence in preserving order therein; and we declare that we are now as we ever have been, ready at any time to aid the Governor in securing a posse for the execution of such process. Provided, that any person thus arrested in Lawrence or vicinity, while a foreign force shall remain in the Territory, shall be duly examined before a United States District Judge, of said Territory, in said town and admitted to bail; and provided, further that Gov. Shannon agrees to use his influence to secure to the citizens of Kansas Territory remuneration for any damages sustained, or unlawful deprivation, if any such have been committed by the sheriff's posse in Douglas county. And further, that Governor Shannon states that he has not called upon person residents of any other States, to aid in the execution of the laws, and such as are here in this Territory are here of their own choice, and that he has not any authority or legal power to do so, nor will he exercise any such power, and that he will not call on any citizen of another State, who may be here. That we wish it understood that we do not herein express any opinion as to the validity of the enactments of the Territorial Legislature.

(Signed) WILSON SHANNON.
C. ROBINSON.
J. H. LANE.

To Charles Robinson and J. H. Lane: You are hereby authorized and directed to take such measures, and use the enrolled force under your command in such manner, for the preservation of the peace and the protection of persons and property of the people of Lawrence and vicinity, as in your judgment shall best secure that end. (Signed) WILSON SHANNON. Lawrence, Dec. 9, 1855.

By this agreement, Gov. Shannon repudiates all connection with the ruffians, and in his capacity as the chief Executive officer of the territory authorizes the Free State men to keep up their military organization for the preservation of public order and the protection of their individual rights. He also promises to exert his influence to procure the Free State men full indemnity for whatever losses they have sustained at the hands of the ruffians.

By this pact, the Free State men gain every thing, and surrender nothing. Of course the ruffians are vexed with themselves, and angry with the Governor; but the inclemency of season will prevent any further demonstrations from them for the present, however much they may be reinforced with men or grog.

It remains to be seen what Congress will do about the matter between this and spring. Not much will it do, we opine. From the north there are so many doubt-fractions like Fuller that Congressional help can not be relied on. A thousand more of Sharp's rifles, with a man behind each, will do the business.—Honest Democrat.

Postal Reform.

Everybody has his private and particular quarrel with the post-office. We all lose our letters; we all waste precious time, and more precious temper, over the perpetual breaks and defects of our postal system; but few of us are fully convinced of the fact, that the existence of such a system is a disgrace to the country. We imagine the evils to be less in extent and less remediable than they really are. Mr. Pliny Miles' capital Postal Reform ought to change all this. Mr. Miles has resided several years in London, and he has been connected with our own Post-office Department. He, therefore, speaks of that which he doth know; and the results of his investigations ought to scandalize us into energy.

According to Mr. Miles, we are now enduring a postal system which worries government, vexes and injures the public, demoralizes the officials, and pleases nobody.

At the same time, various European nations, and especially Great Britain, are quietly enjoying a postal system which enriches the government, serves and benefits the public, controls the officials, and satisfies everybody. We commend these facts to the consideration of all our readers, excepting those engaged to deliver orations on the coming Fourth of July.

In 1854, the expenses of the United States Post-office, for carrying 120,000,000 letters, amounted to two millions of dollars over and above the receipts of the Department. Of these letters, about four millions, or one in thirty, died, and were damned to the flames at Washington city.

In the same year, the expenses of the British Post-office, for conveying 450,000,000 letters, amounted to six millions of dollars LESS than the receipts of the Department; and of these letters rather less than five thousand finally died, and were laid aside to await the chances of revival.

In 1854, New York, with a population of three quarters of a million, had to content itself with one post-office—and that a dirty, shabby, inadequate den, far from the centre of population.

In the same year, London, with a population only three as large, was served by five hundred post-offices.

The simple truth is, that some two hundred thousand inhabitants of New York live so far from the post-office as to be not much better off, in that respect, than the people of some small country district which the mail reaches once a week!

In 1854, the "drop letters," or those for "local circulation," amounted to 715,000; which, at one cent, brought in a revenue of 7,150 dollars!

In the same year, the "drop letters" of only six cities in England numbered 74,000,000; which, at a penny each, brought in a revenue of \$2,225,000, of which sum \$1,500,000 was clear net profit!

Mr. Miles states, that in London he has often sent a letter by post to a distant part of the city, and received a reply within three hours. Should we not think the millennium at hand in New York if such a thing could be said of our post?

Mr. Miles does not content himself with attacking this or that abuse, the senseless regulation of compulsory prepayment, or our equally senseless registration system; he shows conclusively that the only conditions on which we can hope for a decent, orderly, and economical Post-office, are the following: 1. The abolition of franking. 2. A uniform rate of letter-postage of two cents on all single letters; and a uniform method of rating and weighing all letters. 3. Letter-carriers and receiving-offices in all large towns. 4. A method of remitting money by post-office money-orders. 5. A prompt return to the owners of all letters not prepaid. He calls upon our merchants, and our leading men generally, to stir at once in this matter, with decision. We echo his call with all our heart; and, with him, we will not despair of the triumph of facts and common sense.—Patnam's Magazine.

H. C. HICKOCK, Esq.—The untiring industry of this gentleman, who is deputy Superintendent of our common Schools in Pennsylvania, in behalf of the system in this State, must be truly gratifying to every friend of education. Besides performing the duties devolving upon him at his desk, in the ablest manner, he is continually visiting different counties in the State, explaining the School Law, and giving encouragement to Directors, Teachers and Scholars, to persevere in the cause of education. It is universally conceded at Harrisburg, that no one has been found better adapted to the post, than Mr. Hickock.—Mancy Luminary.

The State Teachers' Association

met in Philadelphia last week, and was well attended. The meeting of the Association was brought to a close on Friday evening by a splendid banquet, prepared by the friends of education in Philada. as a compliment to the delegates from the interior of the State. We notice that Col. Curtin, Secretary of the Commonwealth, and H. C. Hickock, Esq., Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools, were present and made excellent addresses on the subject of Common Schools on the occasion. The next semi-annual meeting of the Association is to be held at Williamsport, and the annual meeting at Harrisburg.—Mancy Luminary.

The Missouri Legislature has adjourned, after passing not less than 770 acts. Among them was one to loan to the Pacific Railroad Company the sum of \$250,000 for four months, to meet the immediate wants of the Company; and another which prevents the selling or giving away of liquor on Sunday, on penalty of forfeiture of license, and inability to obtain a new one for two years.

One-half of ugliness is caused by want of ventilation. The less oxygen in a room, the more dark becomes our blood; and the darker our blood becomes, the more we take to irritation and ill-nature. The only reason that printers are more crabbed than other folks, is because they allow a big coal stove to rob them of their share of oxygen.

HERMAPHRODITERY.—"O, ma, look!" said a little girl walking to church, pointing to some one before them, "there's a woman with a hat on! and see, she's got on boots, too—isn't that what they call a 'strong-minded woman'?" "Hush! my child—no, that's only a weak-minded man with a shawl on!"

GEN. SHIELDS.—In response to an invitation from the Shields Guards of Chicago to be present at their annual ball, Gen. Shields, writing from Fairbault, Rice county, Minnesota, states that it is impossible for him to attend, his "whole time and energy being employed at present in commencing the world anew."

In the French army, the soldiers during the winter, wear wooden bottom shoes. The result is, that the French army is less afflicted with toothache and rheumatism than any army in the world. A wooden bottom shoe is always dry—a fact that should always give them preference.

It is strange that any family, as a measure of economy, should be without a newspaper. Children see the world cheaply at home, in a newspaper, without the danger of bad association or the expense of travel.—Richmond Express.

It should be known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect, that may enter the ear.

A couple were married in Greenbush, New York, last week, whose united ages were one hundred and sixty-two years. Whether they got the consent of their parents is not known.

THE FARM: The Garden—The Orchard.

Deterioration of our Domestic Fowls

BY INTRODUCING FOREIGN SPECIES. The small amount of poultry exhibited at nearly all the agricultural exhibitions during the past season, satisfactorily proves that the strange mania which of late years has manifested itself for unnatural crosses in our domestic fowls, and which has been so appropriately designated as the "Hen Fever," has at last run out. Its effects, however, we fear, are destined to remain for some time in a deterioration of our native stock, and the introduction of a hybrid, or cross breed, inferior in every respect to their progenitors.

This subject has recently been brought before the Boston Society of Natural History by Dr. Kneeland, well-known as a naturalist and physiologist. He states that it is at the present time a general source of complaint all over the Eastern States, (and the same is doubtless true elsewhere,) on the part of the farmers, who in times past had plenty of eggs and to spare from a small number of common fowls, that since the general introduction of the foreign breeds, they have found themselves with their "improved stock" unable to procure any thing like their usual supply of eggs from the same number of birds; and that they have not only raised the birds at the expense of several dollars a pound, but have been obliged to buy eggs for family use. This has become such a source of annoyance and pecuniary loss, that it deserves to be considered. It is a natural consequence of forcing birds from different countries and of different origins to propagate a hybrid offspring, for this very reason prone to degeneration, which is increased by the impossibility of crossing the hybrids by the supposed pure originals. The admixture of different original species, and breeding "in and in," has been carried beyond the

limits fixed by nature, and deterioration is the result.

Such a conclusion was indeed to have been expected, since it is a principle which it may be considered as well established in natural history, that different species will not produce fertile offspring. The proof of this, says Dr. Kneeland, may be found, "in any part of the animal scale from a barnyard monster to a mulatto; they cannot hold their own; they must and do return to one or the other of the primitive stocks, or must die out, unless crossed by the pure originating blood."

Dr. Kneeland further illustrates this tendency to sterility by the crossing of distinct species, by reference to the present condition of the mulattos. He says: "The mulatto is often triumphantly appealed to as a proof that hybrid races are prolific without end. Every physician who has seen much practice among the mulattos knows that, in the first place, they are far less prolific than the blacks or whites; the statistics of New York State and City confirm this fact of daily observation; and in the second place, when they are prolific, the progeny is frail, diseased, short-lived, rarely arriving at robust manhood or maturity. Physicians need not be told of the comparatively enormous amount of scrofulous and deteriorated constitutions found among these hybrids."

To return to the subject of our domestic fowls. That a great deterioration has taken place wherever the foreign breeds have been extensively introduced, we think every intelligent observer will sustain us in asserting. The question then is, what is the remedy? In the space of time nature will again replace matters in their former order,—the hybrids without a constant foreign importation will die out in time, and the native stock in its purity again be in the ascendant. But we can do something to hasten matters. As this is the season when every farmer naturally expects to thin out his poultry-yard in some degree, we would advise that every representative of the East Indian fowls be extirpated, root and branch, so far as possible, and a return be then made to our native stock, yellow and blue-legged hens, whose good qualities have been abundantly proved and never found wanting. That these may be still further improved by a judicious breeding among themselves hardly admits of a doubt, and opens a fair and profitable field for the amateur.—Farm Journal.

Plan of an Agricultural Club.

A few congenial farmers met together and selected one of their number Secretary. The admission of other members was by the unanimous vote of the club, until the maximum of thirteen was reached.

We met at each others' houses in turn the first seventh day in each month, at three o'clock P. M., in alphabetical order, and when two names commence with the same letter, the eldest has precedence.

The first business in order is the election of a foreman for the afternoon, which is not put to vote, but merely a name mentioned and seconded. This is followed by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting held here (if in operation more than one year). We then rally out to make an inspection of the system of culture; the fences, stock, farming implements, garden, buildings, and indeed every department of the farm, are examined and criticized to the fullest extent, finding all the fault we can with whatever is out of order, which is noted down by the Secretary.

Returning to the house, the next business in order is the reading of the minutes of our last meeting. The foreman then asks each member in turn whether he has any question to propose to the club. When a question is asked, each member is required to give his opinion, and the Secretary notes down the decision of the meeting.

All conversation, except on agricultural subjects, is out of order, unless we are summoned to a plain supper, during which perfect freedom is allowed.

A register of crops, with the number of acres upon which they are grown, is kept by each member, and handed in yearly to the Secretary, who prepares a table, by which at a glance the average increase can be at all times ascertained.

No rules have been found necessary for our government, save that of kindness to each other, and deference to conflicting opinions.

We have been thus associated more than twelve years, with the interest unabated. Each member, and I may add each member's wife, is fully convinced of the great usefulness and good social feeling engendered by its establishment.

A MEMBER.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Hog Manure. Of all the manurial substances made and applied on the farm, none is possessed of greater or more permanent value than the excrement of swine. No matter what purpose it is applied, its results are always such as to sustain its reputation as a salutary and energetic fertilizer. For Indian corn, melons, and pivoting crops, as well as for the whole family of cereals

it is the best application of a domestic character and origin that can be procured, acting with a rapidity and permanence of effect that is highly favorable to both crop and soil. It is thought, by many, to be superior to night soil, for most crops, and in this opinion they are probably correct. When used as an ingredient in compost, it effects a very salutary influence. Muck, mixed with it, is capacitated for supporting almost any plant or vegetable, and for imparting new powers to the soil which it changes constitutionally, as well as stimulates to healthy action. By filling the hog pen with fermentable and decomposable materials in the spring, and allowing the animals to work over the mass, and mix it with their liquid and solid voidings, a very important addition may be made to the manurial resources of the farm, and at comparatively small outlay. The work of filling in may be performed at seasons when there is little else to do, and from sources that will afford ample material without at all lessening the resources of the estate. Sod's, weeds, rotten wood, refuse hay, straw and haim, are all valuable for this purpose, and can be devoted to no more profitable use. If, as these articles are put, a small quantity of grain be sowed over and mixed with the mass, the animals will work it over with their snouts, in their efforts to obtain the grain; it will thus be comminated, and all the ingredients incorporated in a perfectly homogeneous and soluble manure. Gypsum, wood ashes, lime and clay are valuable constituents in such compost. The latter is especially important where the manure is to be used on sandy soils, or those composed principally of sand.

Home-Made Guano.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the deposits of the hen-house, when suffered to accumulate for several years, without exposure to wet, are very nearly of the same nature as the African and Peruvian guano, of which so much has been said. It is concentrated and caustic manure, and should never be applied to crops, without being largely diluted with loam or other substance, to reduce its strength by diffusion, as it will invariably prove detrimental, if not destructive in its effects. If it be thrown into a heap with six times its bulk of muck, or of good loam, and moistened with water, it will be found highly efficient in promoting the growth and healthy development of any plant to which it may be applied; but it should never be used in its raw and caustic state. A few bushels of this manure, properly diluted and prepared, will be found to produce the results secured by a vastly larger amount of the best stable or barnyard manure. For vines and garden vegetables it is also unsurpassed.

In a recent discussion upon the profits of poultry, evidence was adduced by two or three persons, that the manure from the hen-house produced better results on crops than any other fertilizer used on the farm. In one instance, where about one hundred fowls were kept, sand—mere granular sand—was scattered plentifully on the floor, and upon which the droppings fell. Two or three times a week the surface of this was carefully swept, gathering up a portion of the sand with the droppings, and depositing the whole in barrels. In the spring this was in the most convenient form to be taken to the fields and applied to the hills where corn was to be planted, and on a large field where excellent barnyard manure was applied at the rate of twenty ox-cart loads, or about eight cords per acre, the portion where a single handful of the home-made guano had been applied was altogether stouter, and the corn earlier and more sound. But, independently of this source of profit from fowls, the discussion to which we refer afforded satisfactory proof to us, that no product of the farm yields a better profit than its fowls.—New-England Farmer.

SHARPENING EDGED TOOLS.

We translate the following from a German scientific journal for the benefit of our mechanics and agricultural laborers:

"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further but a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained.

"Of late this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman at the beginning of his noon-spell, or when he leaves off in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidified as above, the cost of which, is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting, which moreover wears out the blades. The mode of sharpening here indicated would be found especially advantageous for sickles and scythes.