

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

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The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, FEB. 1, 1856.

How long will our Republic survive?

The spread of Romanism, which never yet tolerated a free and prosperous Republic—and the former stealthily but now undisguised encroachments of Slavery, which ever has been and ever must be a cancer eating into the very vitals of true Republicanism—often cause the anxious thought to arise in the bosom of the reflecting patriot, Will the American Republic long continue? or, will it follow in the path of the numerous Republics whose wrecks are strewn along the shores of the past? This question will again present itself on reading the opinion of Ex-Gov. LOUIS KOSSTUTH—forwarded to the 'CHRONICLE' by a friend—as contained in the following extracts from a letter to the NEW YORK TIMES, dated

LOUIS, Jan. 8, 1856.
"I, for one, am amusing in solitude at the midnight hour of the year 1856—to me a year of hardship, friendless, joyless, sad—and I have read the future in the mirror of the past.
"My impression is, that the year 1856 will not pass without great revolutionary commotions in Europe. The camp of the Governments remains divided. In vain has Cabinet diplomacy loaded itself with one atrocious crime more—the crime of having sacrificed Kars to the speculation of paving the road for an 'Austrian peace' by affording to the Czar the prestige of a victory, at the expense of Turkey, over a heroic garrison, more glorious in its fall than the Allies in their success at Sebastopol—just as Saguntum is more glorious by its fall than its victor by conquering it. Peace is impossible. The immorality of Kings will continue to squander the blood and treasures of nations in an aimless war, but the nations will awake, and one of those tremendous commotions which mark an era in history, will shake to its very foundation this our old world. Such is my presentment.

But if the signs of time do not belie us, the prospects of America are not brighter, if not gloomier. We have our despots, you have Slavery. This is the worst of the two; With us, nations will stand against tyrants; with you, the nation will stand divided in itself, and brother will raise hand against brother, in irreconcilable antagonism. For the first time in your history, (which, by its shortness, should warn from preference,) will the Presidential election turn exclusively on the issue of Slavery—that stain on your escutcheon, that curse on your security. A sore trial it will prove, forsooth Slavery will, in all probability, carry the day. The slave-holding interests stand compact; not so their opponents; social and material interests divide their camp. The slave-holding interest is sure of some auxiliary supplement from that quarter. Their victory is more than probable. However, the election is not a solution; it is but symptom, and nothing more; it is but fuel added to flame. Thrice already, since the Constitution was framed, in 1787, thrice already this question has been compromised. But compromises between principles can not last. It is but a palliative. The sickness recurs, and either I am greatly mistaken, or else it will not bear another compromise. Either Freedom or Slavery; the two can not go long together. May the Almighty eye watch in mercy over your trials! KOSSTUTH.

We have never regarded KOSSTUTH as a prophet, or as a man of superior judgment, however much we appreciate his patriotism, his intelligence and his virtues. But we place his surmises upon record, as matters of public interest.

Certainly, never was a people better situated for carrying out the great Republican principle of Equal Rights and Self-Government, than the American people. This, however, is no sure indication of the perpetuity of even the FORM of our Government; much less does it insure that the true SPIRIT of Republicanism will be perpetuated. The Jews as a nation were certainly as much favored as we are; yet they relapsed into idolatry, and rebelled repeatedly, in their forty years' journey. After their settlement in beautiful and bounteous Palestine, they also soon required Kings, by whose oppression and misuse their Union of States or Tribes was broken, foreign nations warred successfully against them, and they were finally dispersed and blotted from the list of nations. The philosophical histories of Greece and Rome illustrate the general truth that favorable circumstances are no security for Republicanism, when men are bent on foreign conquest—regard their personal aggrandizement above the common weal—and live in daily violation of the first principles of the rights of man. Mexico and the South American Republics (so called) have abolished personal Slavery; yet the general ignorance, depravity of morals, and other signs of Romanism, are demonstrated in their unprosperous, unhappy, and turbulent condition.

"And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be cast down to hell."—Notwithstanding the

sickening and indiscriminate adulations of everything American, which are unceasingly offered up on the altar of national vanity by 4th of July orators, 'prophecy-into-us-smooth-things' preachers, and editorial demagogues, the truth is that we as a people are of the same fallen nature as those Jews and the Republics which have flourished and faded before us. The same love of ease, of wealth, of station and of power, which have in all ages made man the enemy of man," are found in a most prolific soil—American hearts. Those who fought for "the INALIENABLE right of ALL MEN to Liberty," are not all dead; yet there are already over Three Millions of Slaves in our land. The principles at the foundation of Republicanism, are scoffed at by Presidents and Senators, and ignored by thousands in the professedly Free States. Blood has been shed to force Slavery upon an unwilling people, and the Supreme Executive power of the Nation has been prostituted to aid the illegal, outrageous, and anti-republican crusade to extend an accursed institution over territory which had been for one generation dedicated to Freedom, "for ever," by a solemn compact.

In the light of the past—and viewing what is now going on before our eyes—certainly our Union MAY soon be shattered; Republicanism MAY be banished in name as it already is in fact from half the Confederacy; and a Slave-holding Oligarchy MAY pave the way for a military despotism like that of Russia, or plunge us into a sea of intestine warfare like that of St. Domingo, or such as France passed through before she sought comparative rest under iron-heeled NAPOLEON.

Yet, let "Hope spring eternal in the human breast." It is the part of Men and of Christians to desire and work for what is best and right, looking for the promised time when

It is our life-long duty, firmly and coolly to resist not only the open but the secret machinations of the Slave Oligarchy, which has so long been strengthening itself by the acquisition of new territory, and now seeks to blot out all compromises and all laws instituted to stay the ravages of an evil whose always-changing, ever-new cry is, "Give—GIVE! Yield—YIELD!" Above all others, this question of resistance to Slavery aggression should be the 'National' question of the next campaign. We are aware that the wire-pullers of Slavery are carefully preparing to entrap all the voters in either its 'DEMOCRATIC' or 'AMERICAN' party net. They expect to mould both those parties to their wills. We hope their plans may be frustrated by one or both. But should Slavery triumph in each council chamber, the REPUBLICAN PARTY will call every true friend of Liberty to its standard. With it, we should HOPE the Right would triumph—Slavery aggressions and agitations be stopped—and the 'plague spot' itself confined to the States where it exists, for them to enjoy or to suffer, as they may prefer.

—And after all, the solution of the great question is with the omnipotent Ruler of the Universe. While we may justly fear that our individual as well as national ingratitude and misdeeds may be visited upon us in civil war or kingly tyranny—still let us, as men and as Christians, hope and pray and vote that the blessings hitherto enjoyed by us, may be continued to the latest posterity—that America may be indeed the star of hope to the world, and become an example that may be safely followed by all the nations of men.

LITERARY TRIFLES.—There are frequently men who get up ingenious little devices about words or letters. The letter "E" is most used of any, but the following stanzas has every letter in the Alphabet except "E":
A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

But the following couplet has Es in abundance, and no other vowel:
(ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS)
"Persevere, be perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten."
WILLIAM OLDYS, an Englishman, left the following for an Epitaph:
"In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD-Y is worth a hundred new."
JOHN BUNYAN concludes his defence against the charge of plagiarism, thus:
"Witness my name; it aggravated it he,
You'll find it reads, NE MOSY IS A B":
The following line reads backwards and forwards the same:
"Lewd I did live & evil did I dwell."

A PARAPHRASE.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

The earth was void, darkness was on the deep,
Earth, without form, was one chaotic deep,
Till God's own breath moved over the mighty tide,
And said, Let light from darkness now divide.
Light called he Day, and darkness called he Night,
And hallowed he made, but not for mortal's sight;
They had called he Earth, waters called he Sea,
All, all things with his first great plan agreed.
The earth was now, the surface scarce was dry,
When God beheld by glancing o'er his eye
That gentle breeze brought no odorous wind
From off the barren hills from whence he hid.
He spake: "Bring forth, O Earth! the Showers fair,
And fill with balmy incense all the air;
And ye, O fruitful Trees! bring forth your kind,"
Then sprang forth trees with graceful vines entwined.
Two great lights were given, for day and night,
(The one that ruled the day, the greater light,
The Sun he made, which fill'd the vaulted skies
Far, far beyond the reach of mortal eyes.)
Earth, sea and sky were made at his command,
Sea brought forth living things, as did the land;
He made the man, which fill'd the vaulted skies
Far, far beyond the reach of mortal eyes.

Man was made, and in Eden's garden placed,
All good was there, for he had been defec'ted;
But man was yet alone, and thus he said:
"To be alone, for man is in need."
Then came the woman, whom the serpent fair,
For Eden's garden, and man's joys to share,
While wrapped in sleep, profaned from man's side
Was woman made—man's helpmeet, and his pride.
The serpent fair, the serpent fair,
The serpent fair, the serpent fair,
No cause had they to mourn, no cause to weep,
Heavenly were their dreams, and peaceful was their sleep.
All things were good, and Eden's garden grew,
Some yielded fruit, some yielded honey dew,
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A Good Recommendation.
"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"
"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."
"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."
"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"
"Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."
"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of it being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the Captain meanwhile watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the Captain's hand. The Captain opened to the blank page and read:
"WILLIAM GRAHAM, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."
Capt. McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said: "You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me; and, if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

The Grand Jurors of Monroe county, at the December Term of Court, made the following unique presentment:
To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Monroe.
We, the Grand Inquest for said county, beg leave, in pursuance of the able charge of the Court, and in accordance with our oath, to report: That nearly every person in said county of Monroe are passing and receiving small notes of Banks of other States, and are, therefore, in our opinion indictable—the present Inquest not accepted.
JOHN DE YOUNG, Foreman.

Capt. Abel De Forest, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Binghamton, on the 24th ult., aged ninety-four years and eight months. He was for a time captain of a West India vessel, and he afterward became Commodore Hull was one of his hands.
A citizen of Lebanon, in Connecticut, has recovered a verdict against the town, of \$2,500 damages, sustained to himself from being thrown down an embankment, for want of a suitable railing along the

A Useful Hint.—The difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days; and sixteen hours a day for exactly ten years of life were added, where we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, and for the dispatch of business.

The Arctic Hero.

[The following complimentary resolutions passed the Legislature of this State, unanimously. They were offered in the House by Hon. E. Joy Morris of Philadelphia.]

Whereas, Doctor ELISHA KENT KANE, a citizen of the State of Pennsylvania, by his explorations and discoveries in the Arctic Regions, and by the energy, intrepidity, perseverance and other qualities exhibited by him in conducting the recent Expedition under his command, has not only made valuable additions to human knowledge, but has attested the benevolence which prompted and the skill which guided said Expedition in such manner as to call forth official acknowledgements and honorable mention from foreign governments. Therefore,
Be it Resolved, That the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do also recognize the services rendered by said Expedition, and the gallant conduct displayed in its management; and do hereby tender their thanks to Dr. Kane and to the officers and crew under his command.

Resolved, That we concur with the Secretary of the Navy in commending the results of these Expeditions as worthy the attention and patronage of government; and further, that the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Dr. Kane, and to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

Dr. KANE.—Graham's Magazine contains a long and well written sketch of Dr. Kane, by Dr. Wm. Elder, which is a well deserved tribute to the enterprising character and useful labors of this gentleman, whose romantic adventures and philanthropic enterprises form an honorable chapter in the history of this country, as well as in his own life. Dr. Kane went a surgeon in the first American embassy to China, and while absent explored the Phillipian Island on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Taal; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope, from the over-hanging cliff, and clambered down some seven hundred more through the scorie, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano. Before he returned from this trip, he had succeeded the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt. He has been in Africa; was sent to Mexico during the war, with despatches to Gen. Scott; was employed in the Coast Survey, in the Gulf of Mexico, and finally has penetrated the waters of the Arctic Ocean further north than any former navigator.

His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1855, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise. The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unremitting labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. Dr. Kane's Narrative of the Expedition, now preparing and in course of publication by Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, and their perilous adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, but borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent considerations which animated and nerve him to his task."

WOLVES IN IOWA.—Two Persons Deceived.—Owing to the extreme cold weather for some time past, the wolves in Pottawattomie county have become dangerous neighbors. Poultry yards and sheep-folds have been robbed to a frightful extent, and in several instances the hungry beasts have not been inclined to spare the human species. About three weeks ago, a man was returning from a prayer-meeting, accompanied by his two daughters, one sixteen and the other twenty-three years of age. They were all riding the same horse, when suddenly a pack of timber wolves assailed them, and being unable to escape by flight, they attempted to defend themselves. But the ferocious brutes attacked the horse, rendering him unmanageable. The oldest daughter was partly thrown and partly dragged to the ground, and instantly devoured. This enabled the father and the other daughter to escape. Several neighbors were soon mustered, and upon repairing to the spot nothing was found but one shoe, and a very few remnants of the unfortunate girl's clothing.—A boy about thirteen years old left his father's house to get water at a spring, which was about half a mile distant, since which time nothing has been seen of him. The pair was found near the spring, also some marks of blood and a lock or two of hair. Several persons have been chased by these savage monsters.—Kewkuk Post, 11th.

A Brought Him Back.—A Mrs. Littlefield had her lover, who was going to Nicaragua, on the Star of the West, arrested the other day in order that she might not lose him. She did not wish him to become an agriculturist in Central America. He had a little field to cultivate at home.

Manmoth Love Letter.—A New England gentleman in California, who corresponds with a young lady of Fall River, sent to his friend a letter, which arrived in the mails of the George Low, on the 28th ult., and which comprises one hundred and forty-six pages of letter paper.

Most of the Democratic Conventions of Indiana recommend Jesse D. Bright for President. Like Douglass and Brodhead, he is allied by marriage to the slaveholding interest.

Nine Irishmen have been arrested in Cincinnati, charged with being implicated in a design for a filibustering expedition upon Ireland.

THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN READER.

Der Englisch und Deutsche Leser.

ADAM'S FALL.

Mr. White, the temperance lecturer, told the following anecdote in one of his addresses, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits ruinous in their effect: Adam and Mary his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of good toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused the toddy. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drank up everything he had and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give the glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect she would be able to answer some of the questions. Mary said yes, and laid the book away very carefully. But Mary, like a good many other church members, thought no more of her book until the Friday that the good minister was to return.

"What shall I do?" says she, "the minister is to be here to-day, and I have not looked in the book he gave me. How can I answer the questions?"
"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with toddy."
Mary took the advice—gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his jug filled and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste brought another, until he tumbled over a pile of rocks, broke the jug, and lost all the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

As soon as he got in the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the jug of rum. "Where is the jug of rum, Adam?" Poor Adam managed to stammer out "that he had stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug, and lost the rum." Mary was in a fix—Adam drank the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. But here comes the minister! It would not do for the man of God to see Adam drunk; so she, for the want of a better place to hide him, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she thought she could answer the question—
"How did Adam fall?"
Mary turned her head first one way and then another, and finally stammered out—
"He fell over a pile of rocks!"
It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question: "Where did he hide himself after his fall?"
"Under the bed, sir!"
"There, Adam, you may come out, he knows all about it."
The good minister retired—not even waiting for a glass of toddy.

GEORGIA (the "Empire State of the South") has increased in population less than 50,000 the past five years, and is still under One Million. (We see it stated, by the way, that the Southern manufacturers of coarse cottons, &c., are failing, or forced to abandon their work. Would it be strange, if we should again see the Southern States coming up and demanding the establishment of the Protective system?)

AN AGED PRISONER.—An Italian newspaper states that a native of Savoy, who was condemned at the age of 41 to the French galleys for life, has just been liberated, at the age of 121. It is said that he has a little property in Savoy, the interest on which has been accumulating exactly 100 years. The old fellow enjoys perfect health, although he stoops so much that his face nearly touches his knees.

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THE FARM---

The Garden--The Orchard.

New-York Premium Farms for 1854.

The last volume of the Transactions of the New-York State Agricultural Society, contains an account of the farm management of W. P. OTTLEY, Phelps, Ontario Co., and of G. W. COFFIN, Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y., to whom the Society awarded the first and second premiums on farms.

THE SOIL.
Mr. Ottley's farm contains 100 acres; soil, a gravelly loam and muck, with a tincture of clay; subsoil about the same with a lighter color, and porous. Mr. O. says: "I consider the best mode of improving my soil is a three year lay of clover, turning it under about the month of June for wheat, or the first of May for corn, with the application of barnyard manure."
Is not clover apt to die out the third year? and would it not, therefore, be better to plow it up the second instead of the third year, as there would be more clover to turn under? If this is cropping the land too heavily with grain crops, the barley, instead of being followed by wheat, could be sowed down for a year or two with clover. Will our readers give us their experience on this point?

Mr. O. usually plows from seven to ten inches deep. He has used the "sub-soil plow," as it is termed in the report, but which, as we learned by corresponding with Mr. Ottley, is in reality the Michigan double plow—a very different implement from the true subsoil plow, which only breaks up the subsoil without bringing it to the surface. The first crop after the subsoiling was unusually light, but the succeeding crops were productive, and the results on the whole satisfactory. Mr. O.

Perhaps few things of like slight importance have produced more wide-spread annoyance than the taste of turnips in milk and butter, from cows fed with this root. There is a plain and easy remedy for this, which ought to be more widely known, one which I met some ten years ago, stating that "grain fed regularly to milch cows with turnips would prevent their milk from tasting of the turnips." When I had occasion to try it, I gave each cow four quarts per day of wheat bran, wet in cold water, night and morning, in addition to the turnips fed them. Perhaps a less quantity of bran would answer as well, but it cost us only five cents per bushel, so I fed thus liberally.

Not the slightest taste of turnips could be perceived, and we sold the butter (carefully made, of course,) to steady customers in Nashville, for from ten to fifteen cents above the market price—pretty conclusive evidence as to its quality. And further, one of the same cows had, some years before, been fed with turnips alone, and the milk and butter were strongly tainted with the taste of them; now they produce no such effect. I find on the trial that any other grain will answer as well as wheat bran—JOHN C. HOLT, near Shelbyville, Tenn., November, 1856. Rural New-Yorker.

Dr. Otley also induced the second premium for experiments in draining, there being none offered which were considered worthy of the first premium. Surely this is not a true indication of the estimation in which underdrainage is held in the great State of New-York! Mr. O. laid 200 rods of stone drains in nine acres, and the result was quite satisfactory. He says: "The increased value of the land, taking the field (twelve acres) together, I estimate at \$5 per acre annually, better than before its being drained. It is safe reckoning that draining will pay for itself with interest of cost in two years."

Mr. O. also laid 100 rods of tile underdrains, from two to two and a half feet deep, and four inches wide at the bottom. The cost was, for digging, 124 cts. per rod; tile on ground, 16 cts. per rod; laying and filling, 3 cts.; total, 314 cts. per rod. The drain laid with stone cost, for digging, 20 cents, and for laying the stone and filling, 20 cents; total, 40 cents per rod, or 84 cents more than the tile drains. Unquestionably high as is the price of tiles, it pays better to use them than stones in most cases.—Geneec Farmer.

Taste of Turnips in Milk.
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has not tried true subsoiling, but intends to do so, and thinks that he will obtain in this way the benefits arising from a deep soil without diminution of crop the first year.

THE CROPS.

Mr. Otley's method of cultivating corn is as follows: "Take a three year lay of clover, cover it with manure, if possible, break it up immediately before planting with a double plow, eight inches deep, harrow with light harrow to avoid tearing up turf, then drill three and a half feet in width of row, together with ashes and plaster: then roll, and as soon as you pass through with one-horse cultivator. Continue to cultivate till the middle of June; hoe once; cut up about the first of September, five rows into one, shocks large, as the stalks will be of a better quality; husk during fall; product usually fifty bushels per acre."

Is it better to plant corn in drills, as above, or hills, three and a half feet each way, four kernels in the hill, horse hoeing each way?
"Barley is sown on corn stubble, plowed as early as possible; seed drilled in, two and a half bushels per acre, from the first of May. Product from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre."
The method of cultivating land for wheat is not given, except when it is sown after barley, when it is as follows: Plow as soon as the barley is off, with double plow, from eight to ten inches deep, in lands two rods wide; harrow fine just before the time to sow, drill in the seed, two bushels per acre; clean out furrows and water furrows. Product usually from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. Clover and timothy seed are sown with the wheat.

Oats are drilled after corn as soon as the land can be got in good order, three bushels of seed per acre; cut when fully ripe with reaping machine, bind and stack the same as wheat. Product about seventy-five bushels per acre.
Potatoes and carrots are cultivated as follows:
One potato in each hill, split; plant as early as possible, harvest when fully ripe. Usually plant but one acre in corn-field; use no manure; hoe once; produce light, owing to the prevalent disease.
"Carrots—sow thick in drills eighteen inches apart; plow ground, manure high with rotted manure, sow the first of June, hoe as soon as up; continue to hoe and thin out till the weeds cease to trouble. Product from 600 to 800 bushels per acre."

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Taste of Turnips in Milk.
Perhaps few things of like slight importance have produced more wide-spread annoyance than the taste of turnips in milk and butter, from cows fed with this root. There is a plain and easy remedy for this, which ought to be more widely known, one which I met some ten years ago, stating that "grain fed regularly to milch cows with turnips would prevent their milk from tasting of the turnips." When I had occasion to try it, I gave each cow four quarts per day of wheat bran, wet in cold water, night and morning, in addition to the turnips fed them. Perhaps a less quantity of bran would answer as well, but it cost us only five cents per bushel, so I fed thus liberally.

Not the slightest taste of turnips could be perceived, and we sold the butter (carefully made, of course,) to steady customers in Nashville, for from ten to fifteen cents above the market price—pretty conclusive evidence as to its quality. And further, one of the same cows had, some years before, been fed with turnips alone, and the milk and butter were strongly tainted with the taste of them; now they produce no such effect. I find on the trial that any other grain will answer as well as wheat bran—JOHN C. HOLT, near Shelbyville, Tenn., November, 1856. Rural New-Yorker.

Dr. Otley also induced the second premium for experiments in draining, there being none offered which were considered worthy of the first premium. Surely this is not a true indication of the estimation in which underdrainage is held in the great State of New-York! Mr. O. laid 200 rods of stone drains in nine acres, and the result was quite satisfactory. He says: "The increased value of the land, taking the field (twelve acres) together, I estimate at \$5 per acre annually, better than before its being drained. It is safe reckoning that draining will pay for itself with interest of cost in two years."

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