LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

To the Loved Ones at Home!

Loved ones! I think of ye
When first my eyes behold
The glowing tints of the morning sun
From the radiant east unfold,
And banish from the shrouded earth
The gloomy, ghostly night—
O then I think of ye, loved ones!
In memory so bright!

Loved ones! I think of ye
When the sunbeams touch in pride
The quiet, glistening face
Of the *Cedar's* gentle tide;
And when Aurora's golden rays
In midday glow appear,
O then I think of ye, loved ones!
To memory so dear.

Loved ones! I think of ye
When the sun is sinking low,
And last upon the mountain tops
Reflects his fading glow;
And when the twilight's sacred hour
In stillness draweth near,
I think of ye, beloved ones!
Your memory doth cheer.

Loved ones! I think of ye
When wintry winds may blow
And all this proud and lovely vale,
With *Nittany*, shroud in snow;
And when I view the rising height
Of *Tussey* from afar,
Thy memory, beloved ones!
Is like a golden star.

Loved ones! I think of ye
When midnight's hour draws nigh,
And stars shed forth their silvery flakes
In gladness from on high;
And when o'er all the firmament
Grim darkness spreads her pall,
Kind memory, beloved ones!
Still cherishes ye all.

Loved ones! though far away,
Yet do ye think of me!
Whene'er I bend the knee in prayer,
Then most I think of ye.
And when sweet slumber seals my eyes,
And drives away the tear,
E'en then I think of ye, loved ones!
In dreams so strangely dear.

CEDAR CREEK, CENTER CO. PA. FEB. 1858. M*****.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1858.

"The King can do no Wrong."

Throughout the Free States just now, there is a wonderful unity of effort among the Buchanan men to prevent all freedom of thought and action on the absorbing Kansas issue. The following, from last week's *Union Argus*, is a fair specimen of the sentiments advanced:

"Mr. Buchanan and his able Cabinet, composed of the WISEST and BEST men of the NATION, ARE NOT LIKELY TO ERR on so simple and plain a question as the expediency of admitting Kansas as a State; and *that Democrat who sets his own opinion up against theirs*, must not only have great confidence in his own ability, but MUST HAVE SOME OTHER OBJECT in view besides the peace and welfare of Kansas and his country."

Look at the letter and the spirit of the above—so insulting to the manliness of every intelligent American—and say if they do not betray the very *animus* of old fashioned Toryism and Kingcraft? The truth is, Buchanan and his slavery-propagating Cabinet are only men—no wiser, but more ambitious and less disinterested than the masses. They have a right as freemen to "set up their opinion against" President, King, or any one else, without being snubbed for their temerity by a party slave who controls a press, or denounced as acting from bad motives. Were the base and servile spirit of the *Argus* and its kindred sheets embodied in the form of law, the relentless, crushing power of Napoleon over the press and the speech of France, would be felt in America.

But People will Think!

"W. G. S." of Rushtown, North'd Co., writes respecting Wm. L. Dewart's vote for the Kansas Elections Investigation, to the editor of the Sunbury *Gazette*—

"You tell your readers that a majority of his constituents are opposed to that vote. Now, sir, I ask you how you know that fact? Do you suppose that they are such *blockheads*, and know so little of Democratic *principles*, as to *deny an investigation* into frauds committed by a set of unprincipled cut-throats who want to deprive eight-tenths of the people of Kansas of the right to form their own Constitution?"

That is plain talk, from an old-fashioned Democrat, who voted honestly for "Buchanan and Free Kansas," and who WILL *think*, *speak*, and *write*, on that or any other question, despite the sneers and the anathemas of partizan editors or Cabinets. There are tens of thousands like him, yet!

MORE "GIFTS!"—The following rare "*inducements*" are copied from an "enterprising" Dentist's Circular, hailing from Bloomington, Ill.:

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—Dr. J. Payne, Dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform operations on teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful SILVER CUP will be presented to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted—and a splendid GOLD WATCH will be awarded to the one having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth extracted for $1 per dozen."

☞This is about equal to the scheme of the "agent" recently in Lewisburg who offered splendid premiums!!! to the lucky persons who should buy the most of his *ex-tra-or-di-na-ry*—Pills! (recommended, *he said*, by troops of Clergymen and Lawyers in Philad.)

"Levi J. North, the great circus rider, is the Democratic candidate for Alderman in the Third Ward, Chicago."

Levi is a capital Lecompton Democrat; he can turn a somerset as quickly as his party! Together they will

"Wheel about and turn about and do just so,
And every time they turn about the farther South they go!"

The Turks have a proverb, that "the devil tempts other men, but that idle men tempt the devil."

The Most Audacious Falsehood.

Mr. Green's U. S. Senate bill for the *unconditional* admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, begins thus:

"WHEREAS, the *people* of the Territory of Kansas, *by their representatives* in Convention assembled at Lecompton * * * *did form for themselves a* Constitution and State Government, republican in form, and the said Convention has, in their name and *behalf* asked the Congress of the U. S. to admit the Territory into the Union," &c.

We take it upon ourselves to say that there was never a fouler falsehood—a more black and blistering lie—penned, than the foregoing!

The Legislature which called the Lecompton Convention, it is well known, was not elected by the people of Kansas, but of Missouri. The Convention itself was not elected by the people of Kansas—only a small portion of her people taking any part, and most of the votes—under a fraudulent apportionment—being from non-citizens. The people of Kansas at a fair election held on the 4th January, called by an honest chosen Legislature, gave 10,000 majority against that Lecompton Constitution. That Legislature has solemnly protested against said Constitution, as not the act nor the choice of the people of Kansas, and has declared itself in favor of the punishment of any citizen who shall attempt to force it over the heads of the people!

In face of all these facts, the assertion that "the *people* of Kansas" ask Congress for admission under that Constitution, is a palpable falsehood—an unblushing lie—fit only for the last act in the drama which has been bad faith, deceit, and oppression from its inception.

SEVEN WITNESSES.—George Bancroft publishes in the New York papers what he said at the Anti Lecompton meeting in that city, and in so doing presents seven witnesses against Lecompton, as follows: The circumstantial evidence of the Lecompton Convention; the Kansas Press; the Kansas Delegate in Congress; the series of Kansas Governors—four in one year; the Kansas Legislature; the Kansas People. All, all, he maintains and with truth, declare that the People of Kansas reject the Lecompton Constitution.

[The Kansas Senate, after rejecting the bill passed by the House of Delegates, imposing the penalty of *death* upon any officer acting under the Lecompton Constitution, unanimously adopted the following resolution:]

"*Resolved*, That in the event of such admission, we, in behalf of the people of the Territory, as reflecting their fixed and unalterable determination upon this subject, will view the same as a declaration of war; and relying upon the justice of our cause, and the united strength of those who are bound to us by their sympathies and interest, both East and West, we will go into the fight, despite the disparity of our position, for extermination or success."

WHAT DOUGLAS SAYS.—[A Kansas correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes as follows:]

One of our prominent Free State men, who has just returned from Washington, had several long interviews with Douglas while there. He states that during one of them the following dialogue took place:

Kansas Man.—There is one thing, Judge Douglas, which you should clearly understand. We, in Kansas, intend to use every regular and legal means to throw off this Lecompton Constitution. But, if these all fail, and the Administration persists in forcing the infamous measure upon us, contrary to the wishes of nine-tenths of our people, we *will not submit* to the outrage. We shall not stop to think of the Union, or anything else. We will fight the Missourians, the devil, or the United States troops.

Douglas.—OF COURSE, YOU WILL—YOU OUGHT TO!

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY BOOK.—We learn that an octavo volume of 450 pages, from the pen of Mrs. C. W. DENISON, the popular authoress, is now in press, and will be immediately issued in New York, by *A. B. Burdick*, 8 *Spruce street*. It is called "OLD HEPSY," and will contain ten original illustrations. A friend is already engaged in dramatizing the work, for popular representation. It touches on some features of slavery not developed by American authors, and bids fair to have a wide circulation in the Free States, and in Europe. Mrs. D. we believe accompanied her husband in his official sojourn in the West Indies under the Administration of Pres. Polk, and we suppose understands the Slavery question, in its domestic relations, practically.

☞"T. C. L," in behalf of an association of New York Literati (doubtless in some Grub street attic) offers to give us an editorial on anything desired, for $5 per column! Well, we propose a conditional bargain: write us a column weekly, for a month, showing that every delinquent patron of other days should "pay up," and if it prove 50 per cent. efficacious, we will pay $10 a column; if not efficacious to that amount, nothing.

JOKE.—A New Yorker sends us, as an evidence of the "improvement of the times," a lot of advertisements worth $30 or $40, for which he offers a batch of brass rings, galvanized "gold" pencils, pictures, and a magazine—all worth about $5 to any one who wants them. He must think country papers are hard up to bite at such *tempting* baits!

A Union Movement.

Pennsylv'a Republican Convention.

A Convention of Delegates representing the city of Philadelphia and many of the counties of this Commonwealth, assembled at Herr's Hotel Harrisburg, on Monday, 22d Feb. 1858.

The Convention organized by appointing JOHN ADAMS FISHER, Esq., of Dauphin Co., Chairman, and GEO. S. KING, of Cambria Co., Secretary.

Various propositons were discussed before the Convention, all of which were finally referred to a committee of seven, and the Convention adjourned till half past eight in the evening.

After a full and free interchange of opinions among the delegates, the following Preamble and Resolutions were introduced, read, fully discussed, adopted and ordered to be published:

WHEREAS, It is desirable that all opposed to the misrule of the National Administration, and especially to its atrocious attempt to force Slavery upon Kansas against the will of the people, should unite at the ensuing election on the State and County tickets, without regard to differences of opinion on *other subjects*, and without regard to the *mode or form* of effecting said object: therefore,

Resolved, That the State Committee, of which Lemuel Todd Esq., is Chairman, be requested to call a Convention of all those willing to unite to effect the above object, to be held at Harrisburg, on some day not earlier than the first of July next.

Resolved, That such call should distinctly state that, in thus inviting, no individual or party is expected to sacrifice any principle, nor to approve of any principle of those with whom he acts, *saving only earnest and practical hostility to political despotism and the extension of human Slavery* over the free territories of this Republic.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention be signed by the Chairman and Secretary thereof, and that the same be published in all the journals of this State friendly to the cause of Freedom, justice and right.

JOHN A. FISHER, *Chairman*.
GEO. S. KING, *Secretary*.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The action of the Republicans assembled in State Convention yesterday at Harrisburg, Pa., is deemed judicious. I learned from a gentleman who was present that the leading Republicans of the State consulted with some of the principal Anti-Lecompton Democrats before the Convention assembled; and it was agreed upon, in Convention, that they would not proceed to take any action against the Lecompton Constitution as Republicans, but adjourn *sine die*, with instructions to their State Central Committee to call a Convention, at an early day, of all those opposed to the Lecompton fraud. This will be done, and the Convention will, probably, be held some time during the last of June. This action of the Republicans meets the wishes of the Anti-Lecompton Democrats of Pennsylvania, and is viewed by the Anti-Lecompton Democrats of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania as a wise movement in the right direction.—*Evening Post.*

Snyder County, Organizing.

Pursuant to notice, the American Republican County Committee met in Middleburg, the County Seat, on Tuesday, the 23d Feb., and

Resolved, That the Party stand as firm as they did in the days of WEBSTER and CLAY.

Resolved, That our principles are the same as they were then.

Col. JERE. KLECKNER of Centerv'e was appointed Chairman of the committee; and JACOB AURAND of Middleburg, Secretary.

A PATRIARCH GONE.—The *Honesdale Democrat* notices the death, at Clinton, Wayne Co., Pa., on the 12th ult., of MICHAEL GRENNELL, aged *one hundred and six years*. A native of Saybrook, Ct., he was a soldier of the Revolution, and escaped unharmed. Settled in Wayne county in 1823, where he leaves three children born during the Revolution. He was a long time a devout and consistent member of the Baptist church, and shared largely in the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens. One grandson, (Judge Virgil Grennell) signed the present Constitution of Pennsylvania, and two great grandsons (Virgil M. Blanding and Myron Grennell) were students of the University at Lewisburg. He lived to see the population of these then Colonies increase from about one to thirty millions of people, and was followed to his honored grave by *five* generations of descendants.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our western States to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs."

"Sal," said one girl to another, "I am so glad I have no beau now." "Why?" asked the other. "'Cause I can eat as many onions as I please!"

[Copied for the CHRONICLE by HARRY HARWOOD.]

LINES...BY MRS. NEAL.

I've been thinking of my faults till my heart is like to break.
How very many are the foes, how few the friends I make!
And still, within my hidden heart, sincere affection lies;
The priceless gift of human love, I well know how to prize.

Yet often those I love the most, have not one thought for me;
When looking up for kindly smiles, indifference I see:
And then the pleasant words that rose upon my lip have died,
Leaving me mournfully to crush my sorrow and my pride.

I strive that I may not offend, I check each careless word,
I seek to hide from other ears dark tales my own have heard;
I would not, even by a thought, add to another's grief,
Yet sometimes have I given pain where I would bring relief.

And often as my changeful mood brings feelings wild and gay,
When in my eagerness I cease to guard whatever I may say,
A word which in itself is naught, is made to seem unkind,
Kind tho'ts for evil ones are changed, or tears for smiles I find.

I am lonely, very lonely; my heart is throbbing fast,
And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past;
Yet know I that by suffering the spirit is made pure,
So I would calmly bear the pain God wills I should endure.

THE LOST BOY.—On the last day of January, near Waterville, N. Y., a little Irish boy of five years was sent to call his father to dinner, and the distance being small he went into a wood, alone, and clad only in thin cotton. He lost his way. His father came home in the afternoon, when the alarm was given, and fifty men soon started to hunt for him, all that evening, and that night. The next day he was found, *eight miles distant*. He had been seen, the evening before, standing still, as if glued to the earth—was taken to a house, but could not speak or see. After reviving, and partaking of some food, he began to sob as if his heart would break, but all the kind strangers who had found him could get out of him, was, "My name is Tommy Doyle, and I want papa to come to his dinner." The hunting party at last found him, when one wrapped him up in warm blankets, mounted a fleet horse, and took him to his agonized, distracted mother. Her joy at receiving him, unharmed, instead of his lifeless little corse, can neither be described or understood by any but a mother.

SUICIDE.—Our Washington correspondent informs us that one of these terrible cases of suicide which have of late become so common, forms at present a subject of conversation in all circles in that city. A man named James Buchanan, somewhat advanced in years, and dwelling, if we are correctly informed, in a tenement called the "White House," recently cut his throat, while busied with a "gouge," which had been sharpened up to what is known as a *message*. Only a few minutes [illegible] conversing in tones of hilarity with several Southern Senators, after which he went to his workshop. In two hours after, the dreadful deed was done. An inquest was held by Coroner Sam and a lot of Republicans, but the most searching investigation failed to show what *motive* Buchanan had for the rash act. The jury gave as a verdict: "The deceased came to his end by cutting his throat with a Message, while laboring under an attack of political insanity."—*New York German Paper.*

HINT TO ADVERTISERS.—The leading partner in a house, who was rapidly pushing his advertising during the dull season, being interrogated by the editor in regard to the policy, replied, "The very time of all others to crowd, sir; give us the field when few advertisers occupy it, and we care not how hard the times are; it pays us well at all times, because we know how far to go, but especially it pays us in times like the present, when the most of business men in our line have taken their hooks out of the water, thinking no bites to be had; we are satisfied that nothing has kept us a constant run of trade for the last ninety days but pushing our notices through this dull season."

[Lord Bacon is said to have frequently told the following anecdote:]

A proud, lazy young fellow once came to an old man who sold broom-besoms at Buxton, and asked to have one on credit; to whom the old man said: "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly; they'll never ask thee again; I shall be dunning thee every day."

THE BEST PLACE FOR BABIES.—"Mother," said a little three year old, whose nose had been "put out of joint" by the recent arrival of a baby brother, "Mother, if the baby should die, would it go to Heaven?" "Certainly, my child," responded the parent. "Then, I think heaven is the *best place for him*," was the affectionate sister's conclusion!

The *New England Courant*—Benjamin Franklin's newspaper—in 1726, contained the following advertisement:

"*Just published and sold by the Printer hereof.*"
***HOOPED PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. *Price* 3d."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

A glutton continually adds fuel to the fire, and all the physic in the world can not extinguish it.

The man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

HAPPY NANCY.

THE TRUE SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage so small that it looked like a chicken coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, set His royal seal.

"Well Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think, as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact. I am just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I havn't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their familes and houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I aint got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars night after night, make the garden things come up the same, season after season, He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost *should* come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, this is certain, you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our wordly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it, again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demons of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike toward the great Father who created you; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not your own, and above all, "wait till the *suppose* comes and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.—*Salem Register.*

LUNATIC HOSPITAL.—The Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital, at Harrisburg, has been sent to us. Under the care of the Trustees, and the excellent Superintendent, Dr. Curwen, the institution is admirably fulfilling the hopes of its projectors. During the year 1857, there were admitted 143 patients, discharged 126, leaving 250 under care at the close of the year. Of the latter, 150 are supported by the public authorities, and 100 by their friends. Of the discharged, 25 were cured, 32 improved, 44 stationary, and 25 died. The capacity of the institution is for 300 patients, and this is regarded the largest number that should ever be collected in one hospital. In view of this, the Superintendent thinks that it will shortly become necessary to erect another hospital in the western part of the State. The report announces that the new water works for the institution have been completed, and admirably answer their purpose.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company publish a report to the shareholders. It will require additional capital to pay for the 700 miles of cable now making. The report eulogises the zeal of Cyrus W. Field and is very hopeful of success. Mr. Field has been appointed General Manager of the Company.

THE FARM---

The Garden---The Orchard.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Potato Culture---No. 2.

Many persons have felt a curiosity to know which part of the potato is the best for seed, whether its middle portion or its butt or seed end. And this curiosity has led to the following experiments.

In 1847, Charles Lee, of Yates county, New York, planted whole potatoes and also butt-end and seed end cuttings of the Long Pink Eyes and large Flesh Colored varieties, in hills and in rows of equal length on the same ground, manured and cultivated exactly alike, thus, to wit:

2 rows with long Pink eyes,	2 whole potatoes	in each hill
do	do	1	do	do
do	do	2 seed ends	do	do
do	large fresh-colored	2 potatoes	do	do
do	do	1	do	do
do	do	2 seed ends	do	do

And he informs us that on harvesting the crop he was astonished in not being able to discover the slightest difference between the rows in any respect, either as it regarded the *quantity* or the *quality* produced by these different plantings. And he assures us that he on each returning spring repeated the same experiment and with the same result until 1850, and then adds:

"It will be seen that when the 'seed-end' merely answered for seed, that at least two-thirds of this valuable esculent is saved; and I may safely say that four bushels of seed under ordinary circumstances, will be sufficient to plant one acre of ground; and the product will be equal in amount to that produced from twenty bushels of seed, when the whole or any number of potatoes to each hill are planted." (See U. S. Agricul. Rep. of 1849, p. 100.)

So John Brown, of Belknap county, N. Hampshire, planted one row of potatoes with nothing but the butt-ends of the Pink Eye potato and another row with nothing but seed-ends of the same potato—the seed ends being so cut as to retain about the one-third part of the entire potato. And he at the same time and on the same ground planted two similar rows (the rows being all of equal length) with the butt and seed-ends of the Peach Blossom potato. And the yield of potatoes in each row in pounds weight was as follows:

Pink Eyes—butt-ends	217	pounds.
do seed-ends	170¾	do
P. Blossom—butt-ends	225	do
do seed-ends	189	do

Thus showing, that, in his case, the butt-end seed produced the largest yield. [illegible] much larger potatoes than [illegible] seed-end ones and also appeared to ripen from about a week to ten days earlier than the other—a result corresponding exactly with a like experiment previously made by him. (See U. S. Ag. Rep. 1855 p. 218.)

And "W. H." of Allegheny county New York, in writing for the Dollar Newspaper of Phila. recently (1857) says he took twelve pound Pink Eye potatoes and after dividing them into six parcels as nearly as he could, cut and planted them as follows, to wit: No. 1, consisting of two whole potatoes into two hills, one in each hill. No. 2, potatoes were cut into two pieces, crosswise, and planted half a potato to each hill. No. 3, potatoes were cut lengthwise and planted like No. 2. No. 4, potatoes were cut into quarters lengthwise and planted two quarters to a hill and six inches apart in the hill. No. 5, potatoes were also quartered and planted one quarter to each hill, and No. 6, potatoes were cut into twenty pieces and planted one piece to each hill. And the yield of stalks and potatoes of these plantings on the same ground and under the same culture was as follows, to wit:

No.	Stalks.	Potatoes.	Weight.
1.	33	61	8½ lbs.
2. Butt ends, 18 } Top ends, 22 }	40	37 } 68 31 }	8½ } 8 } 16½
3.	47	81	15
4.	52	90	20½
5.	48	88	23
6.	62	122	36½
	282	520	120

And then by way of comment he adds:

"From the above it is plain to see that those who use large, whole potatoes use too much seed. At the same time I planted two Meshanicks, weighing nineteen ounces each. One I planted whole; the other I cut into seventeen pieces, and planted one piece in a hill, eighteen inches apart. The result was, the whole one produced thirty-seven stalks, forty-three potatoes, weighing eleven pounds. The cut one produced forty-five stalks, seventy-seven potatoes, weighing twenty-eight pounds."

Now from this experiment of W. H., we see that the butt-end and seed-end cuttings of the potato produced nearly the same amount of yield, thus corroborating the above experimental result of Mr. Lee—and we also see, what is a very important subject of consideration for our potato growers, that the *increase* of the potato crop was exactly in proportion to the *smallness or number of pieces* the potatoes were cut into for seed. So let our West Branch farmers now prepare themselves to test these questions still farther by their own experiments next season. Perhaps it may be proper to say that the butt ends are the big ends of the potato, the ends immediately connected with the roots, while the seed ends are the small ends, the ends containing the most eyes or buds.

Dec. 1857. WEST BRANCH.

Improving Old Orchards.

Break up the ground, and if it is not thought best to let it lie fallow, then give it a coat of manure and raise some kind of hoed crop upon it. If possible, mulch the roots of the tree with old straw or chips. Once a year, at least, scrub the trunks with wet ley, or potash water, to remove the moss and rout the insects which harbor there. Then, as to pruning, there is often enough to do, but it must be done in the right way. It will not answer to mount the tree with rough nailed boots, and axe in hand, hack away like a woodsman felling a forest. Tread on the limbs carefully, so as not to start the bark. Use a fine-toothed pruning saw; thin out the branches so as to leave an open symmetrical head, and where large branches must be taken off, cover the wounds with grafting wax, or a solution of gum-shellac. If the fruit is of inferior quality, graft in choicer sorts, beginning at the top and grafting only one third of the tree each year. It costs no more to raise good kinds of fruit than poor; the satisfaction and the income are ten-fold greater.

Drainage.

A correspondent of the Lancaster *Express* says: "I see a good deal in the agricultural papers upon drainage—drainage of swamp land. None of them seem to go to the bottom of the subject. I knew a farmer who had a large piece of swampy land, with a pond at a certain point of it. He sank a shaft of a few feet, at the right place, near the pond—i. e., he dug a hole through the potter's clay that underlaid the soil. The pond soon disappeared; he added a few little drains to that shaft, and the swamp became dry ground. The philosophy of it was now plain. The water could not trickle through that potter's clay. This was the cause of its being swampy. Is not that always the cause? It now became very fertile—more so than any of the rest of his farm—paying an immense interest upon the expense of draining. Query: would not most pieces of swampy land, with a few shafts judiciously sunk through the clay, become the same? Some would need but one, others several. Land is so dear here, and there is so much such land, that if this view be true, it is of immense importance—even to those who merely rent."

Cutting and Preserving Grafts.

When is the best time to cut grafts, and which is the best way to preserve them?

They may be cut at any time during winter, or even before, if growth has ceased. We have preserved late summer cut buds, which had matured well, till the following spring, and used them successfully as grafts. Such kinds as are liable to be injured by the cold of winter, would be cut late in autumn, or before the usual advent of the severest days.

For preserving them, we prefer to place them in successive layers of damp moss—the grafts being previously tied in small bundles. Damp sand (not wet) answers a good purpose. In either case they may be laid in boxes in a cellar.

Another, and a good way, is to fasten them in a box open at the top, without any packing, and then bury the box, grafts and all, inverted, on a dry spot. The earth preserves their moisture, but does not touch them.

LICE ON CALVES.—The best resort that I have ever found to rid my calves of lice, is very simple, easy, and only this: take a few dry ashes from the stove; rub them well into the hair of the animals, and all those troublesome little creatures will soon become harmless and disappear. Calves, or any other animal to which ashes are applied, should be kept dry for a few days.

CATHOLIC CHURCH ON DRUNKENESS.—Bishop Bayley, the Catholic bishop of New Jersey, has issued a manifesto bringing the machinery of the church to bear against the vice of drunkeness. His letter on the subject has been read in all the churches, in which he calls attention to two classes—the drunkards themselves, and the dealers in liquor. Leaving the pastors the choice of the particular means to be used, he suggests that each should keep a list of the drunkards and liquor dealers in his church. He says:

"I am determined to make use of the most severe measures against all who are addicted to this scandalous and destructive vice; and if they continue in the practice of it they must do it as outcasts from the Catholic Church, who have no right to the name of Catholic while they live, nor to Christian burial when they die."

GALES & SEATON, of the *National Intelligencer*, Washington, partners for forty-five years in the publishing business, have never had a difference of opinion on political questions, and never a jar or misunderstanding of any sort. They have never known a division of interest; from their common coffer each has always drawn whatever he chose, and for more than thirty years past there has never been a settlement of accounts between them.

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