THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 5. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 29, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1409.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
(A Weekly Newspaper,)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
J. C. MILLER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.
Two Dollars if paid within the year.
Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ALVERTISING.

One square, one week, - - $0,50
" each subsequent week, 0,25
Business Cards per annum with paper, 3,00
***A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

"Poet's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.

"Death loves a shining mark."

Before his little feet had trod
Upon the dusty paths of life,
His soul has passed away to God,
Far, far from mortal care and strife;
He has laid him down by the crystal river,
To bathe in its waters of life forever.

We weep—but not, sweet child for thee—
Our tears in silent sadness flow;
'Tis only for ourselves, that we
One bitter thought of grief can know.

We weep, that we no more can press
That little hand to us so dear;
No more can feel thy soft caress,
Thy bird-like voice no longer hear.

We weep, for He who came to save
Our souls from endless floods of weeping,
Shed tears of sorrow at the grave,
Where he He loved was sleeping.

We weep—but hark! methinks I hear
Celestial music round me float,
And while I lend my list'ning ear,
I seem to catch a seraph's note,

"O mother, if you could but hear
The golden harps around me ringing,
You would not shed a single tear,
But join the songs which we are singing.

"And could you see the shining train
Who met me at those pearly gates,
And led me o'er the golden plain,
To where my God, my Savior waits,
Twould make you long from earth to flee,
And seek this radiant home with me.

"Sweet mother, father, brother dear,
All—all whom I so fondly love,
With patience will I wait you here,
Until we meet again above.

"About your steps, with watchful eye,
Will I your guardian angel fly;
And when you've shed your latest tear,
When all your griefs and cares are o'er,
How joyful will I meet you here,
Where sighs and pains are known no more.
Where ties so sweet are never broken,
And parting words no longer spoken."

Selected Miscellany.

FIRST AMBITION.

BY IK MARVEL.

I believe that sooner or later, there comes to every man dreams of ambition. They may be covered with the sloth of habit, or with a pretence of humility; They may come only in dim, shadowy visions, that feed the eye, like the glories of an ocean sunrise; but you may be sure that they will come; even before one is aware, the bold, adventurous goddess, whose name is Ambition, and whose dower is Fame, will be toying with the feeble heart. And she pushes her ventures with a bold hand; she makes timidity strong, and weakness valiant.

The way of a man's heart will be foreshadowed by what goodness lies in him, coming from above and from around—but a way foreshadowed, is not a way made. And the making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolve, which we call Ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with Destiny: it is Heaven's only incentive, to make Purpose great, and Achievement greater.

It would be strange if you, in that cloister life of a college, did not sometimes feel a dawning of new resolves. They grapple you indeed oftener than you dare to speak of. Here, you dream first of that very sweet, but very shadowy success, called reputation.

You think of the delight and astonishment it would give your mother and father, and most of all, little Nelly, if you were winning such honors as now escape you. You measure your capacities by those about you, and watch their habit of study; you gaze for a half hour together upon some successful man, who has won his prizes; and wonder by what secret action he has done it. And when, in time, you come to be a competitor yourself, your anxiety is immense.

You spend hours upon hours at your theme. You write and re-write; and when it is at length complete, and out of your hands, you are harrassed by a thousand doubts. At times, as you recall your hours of toil, you question if so much has been spent upon any other; you feel almost certain of success. You repeat to yourself some passages of special eloquence at night. You fancy the admiration of the Professors at meeting with such wonderful performance. You have a slight fear that its superior goodness may awaken the suspicion that some one cut of the college—some superior man may have written it. But this fear flies away.

The eventful day is a great one in your calender; you hardly sleep the night previous. You tremble as the chapel-bell is rung; you profess to be very indifferent, as the reading and the prayer close; you even stoop to take up your hat—as if you had entirely overlooked the fact, that the old president was in his desk, for the express purpose of declaring the successful names. You listen dreamily to his tremulous yet fearfully distinct enunciation. Your head swims strangely.

They all pass out with a harsh murmur, along the aisles, and through the door-way. It would be well if there were no disappointments in life more terrible than this. It is consoling to express very depreciating opinions of the Faculty in general—and very contemptuous ones of that particular officer who decided upon the merit of the prize themes. An evening or two at Dalton's room go still further toward healing the disappointment; and, if it must be said, towards moderating the heat of your ambition.

You grow up however, unfortunately, as the college years fly by, into a very exaggerated sense of your own capacities. Even the good, old, white-haired squire, for whom you had once entertained so much respect, seems to your crazy, classic fancy, a very hum-drum sort of personage. Frank, although as noble a fellow as ever sat a horse, is yet—you cannot help thinking—very ignorant of Euripides; even the English master at Dr. Bidlow's school, you feel sure would baulk at a dozen problems you could give him.

You get an exalted idea of that uncertain quality, which turns the heads of a vast many of your fellows, called Genius. An old notion seems to be inherent in the atmosphere of those college chambers, that there is a certain faculty of mind—first developed as would seem in colleges—which accomplishes whatever it chooses, without any special painstaking. For a time, you fall yourself into this very unfortunate hallucination; you cultivate it, after the usual college fashion, by drinking a vast deal of strong coffee, and whiskey toddy—by writing a little poor verse, in the Byronic temper, and by studying very late at night, with closed blinds.

It costs you, however, more anxiety and hypocrisy than you could possibly have believed.

You will learn, Clarence, when the Autumn has rounded your hopeful Summer, if not before, that there is no Genius in life like the Genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grow out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistant application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great names will flash like a spirit into the mine of your purposes; you dream till midnight over books; you set up shadows and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the scent lie well, in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation, and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read—deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seems so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final developement. In such mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours, stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth, and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends, and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover, nor quench.

The Martyrs of Russia.

That truth is stranger than fiction is a truism none will now venture to dispute; but of all the romance of history that has yet emanated from the ever teeming press, most certainly the work of Michelet is the most extraordinary and the most appalling. That in the nineteenth century an immense nation should be existing in which, amidst growing civilization, the most odious barbarism only should be recognised as the governing principle, is one of those facts that staggers credulity. The disclosures of M. Michelet will be read with double interest at this moment, and the translation has been rendered with great fidelity. The following extract furnishes a correct view of Russian society and its paralyzing influence upon humanity:—

Siberia.—Much has been said of the Martyrs of Siberia; but why distinguish them? The line of separation would be altogether fictitious. With the exception of an aggravation of cold, the whole of Russia is Siberia—beginning at the Vistula.

One speaks of the condemned, but every Russian is condemned. In a country where the law is a mere mockery there can be no serious judgment. All are condemned, and yet no one is judged; there is no distinction between suffering and punishment.

The universal punishment is not such and such a positive evil—it is that breaking of the heart, that moral anxiety of a spirit, crushed beforehand, by an inevitable combination of misfortunes. In that merciless world where everything seems to possess the fixed rigidity of its native ice, nothing is fixed—all is pregnant with chance and doubt.

All are condemned, said we; the serf perhaps the least so, even in his servitude and misery; for he is not even sure of that very misery—to-morrow, all may change for him; he may perhaps be carried off, either for the army or the factories; his wife given to another, his family dispersed.

The soldier is condemned—not only because he was, all of a sudden, carried off from his home, and has ever since been subject to that continual bastinado, called military service; but also because he is totally ignorant of the time of his liberation; the law was thirty years formerly—now twenty; but what is the law in Russia?

The officer is condemned; he is forced against his will into a military school—he follows in spite of himself, the rude and monotonous path of unceasing exercises, parades, and changes from one garrison to another. Sad priest of war; even while his fortune promised him the enjoyments of the world! But what befalls him if he does not serve? His family is henceforth suspected—perhaps ruined and degraded—and for himself—he is lost forever!

Lost! What means that word? Killed? But it is apparently something more than death, since it is the occupation of the officer to fight and so expose himself to death—otherwise, said he, he would be lost.

The serf, who is seized for the army, says, "I am lost." He is in the very depth of his misfortune; he can descend no lower. But the officer can descend: he has yet something to fear, which is worse to him than death—he fears Siberia.

When the serf is made a soldier his body only is taken. They care not for his heart; but with the officer, it is the soul that is needed; the problem of the Russian government being, how to seize the soul of a man whose life of insupportable misery renders death indifferent to him.

This soul has been early deadened in those schools where is taught only the void—nothing material—nothing moral; so that, from very weariness, he is thrown into the arms of those enervating pleasures which deaden it yet more. But even this twofold operation does not always succeed in extinguishing a strong mind. All that still remains of the man must be restrained—must be overcome—and that by a moral terror. What terror?—An unknown punishment.

The Catholic Inquisition, besides its dungeons and tortures, continued to the end its physical torments, by a moral torment—an eternal hell—an infinity of space—the horror of the desert and of the void.

A never ending distance. He who makes the journey on foot, loaded with heavy chains, starts young and arrives aged—a man twenty-five years old full of health and life, started from Poland; three years after, a shadow dropped into Kamtschatka!

A multitude of sufferings result from the climate itself—merciless climate!—Some few degress nearer to the Polar Sea were sufficient to cause death.

If the Russian even at home shut up six months in his oven his heated room, can with difficulty keep out the furious north wind, what must it be in this second Russia, where the cold eats into you, where steel breaks like glass, where even the dogs that draw the sledges would inevitably perish were they not cased with fur!

To arrive there without resource would be deliverance, for one would die; but death must not come too quickly. Established in a small fort, in the midst of the icy desert—during two or three years sometimes longer, digging the earth, or drawing the barrow, fed upon sour milk and bad fish, the exiles die slowly beneath the lash.

Even those who are not condemned to this terrible doom, but who have a kind of half liberty—a sort of physical existence, almost tolerable find the moral effect scarcely less dreadful. If to them, Siberia is not an eternity of suffering, it is one of forgetfulness, where they feel themselves disappear—dying away from the living world, from their families from their friends. To lose one's name, to be called Number 10 or Number 20, and if your family still remain, to beget children without a name, a miserable race, which will perpetuate itself in eternal wretchedness! The ruined man ruins his children—he is cursed—so are they—and by a frightful crescendo it happens, that the children of a man who is himself condemned to the mines for twenty years, will remain miners for forty or fifty years, or even unto death, their children after them and all their posterity.

Siberia not only draws degredation upon persons, thence transported but also upon things. A bell was transported there for having sounded the tocsin during a revolt—cannons were transported, and received the knout at Tobolsk. But degredation is indeed a most serious affair to persons, where it implies bastinadoing at will.

Had the exiles only to fear a complete change in their habits, the passage from an indolent Asiatic life, to a life of labor, even that would alone be sufficient to render Siberia the dread of the Russian. Their effeminate mode of life can hardly bear the easy existence of the West of Europe. A Russian lady declared to me that it was impossible for her to exist in France; an infinite number of Eastern luxuries were wanting to her. Our servants appeared too rough for her; their voices harsh and proud. She could not support the natural friction of a world of equality. She missed the flatteries and attentions of her women, her life of heated rooms and baths—the tepid atmosphere of her Russian house. What would have become of this poor woman, if, instead of the journey to Paris, which she found so painful, she had performed the voyage to Siberia?

There is a tradition in Russia that Catherine, (or perhaps one of the empresses who preceded her,) in order to lower the pride of certain great ladies, occasionally favored them with an order for their flaggellation, which was to be performed by their servants in their own palaces.—The chief of her secret chancery intimated the order with respect, and himself superintended its execution. The sad operation being finished the patient dismissed him, with thanks, holding herself happy in being let off at such a price, and in having avoided Siberia.

Judge of the horror of a poor timid woman, dragged from her palace, her voluptuous ease, and her everlasting summer; perhaps thrown by night into a strong chest, lined with iron, and rolled along some four or five thousand miles; or, perhaps, she who has hardly ever walked, is forced to make this frightful and begging journey on foot, goaded on by the whip, and receiving on her road some miserable sustenance from the charity of serfs!

In whatever way she may go, it is, indeed, a frightful torture for a woman, leaving her husband, her children, and all she loves in the wide world, to wander alone and in the darkness of night, in the north and in winter—and in the horror of the unknown! To pass from Europe into Siberia, is like falling into chaos; a desert of men and a desert of ideas; a vast nothing, without history, without tradition, and without religion (other than witchcraft,) so complete a void, that even the religions which have penetrated, such as the Mahommedanism of the Tartars, lose their dogmas, their legends, and their halo, and become pale, dim and nothingless, even as the invisible sun of Siberia.

Few can resist this destroying power of the void. Lost in this immense waste they are stamped with its very image; and, losing all personal identity, in their turn also become mere nonentities.

In a journal published at Vilna, under the Russian censorship, in 1850, Madame Eve Felinska describes the deplorable condition in which she beheld a Polish colonel at Tobolski. Implicated in the transactions of 1825, he had been condemned by the Senate to three years imprisonment, merely for non-revelation.—The emperor paid not the slightest regard to this sentence. He caused him to be transported to the north of Siberia, as far as the sixty-third degree, from whence in mercy, he was allowed to return as far as Tobolski. This unhappy man who had been former one of the finest men in the army, was no longer to be recognised. He was lying back in an arm-chair, for so weak was he, that he could not stand; his hair, already white, though very thin, and combed with care, fell upon his shoulders, and reached as far as his elbows. His face was very pale and swollen, and his look vacant.—His eyes and lips trembled with emotion. We could see that he possessed the wish though not the power, to speak. He motioned us with his hand to draw near, that he might salute us. For a moment, his mind regained its reason but so affected was he, that he could, with difficulty, use his almost paralyzed tongue. Finding that we were going to Berezowa, where he had once resided, he wished us to take up our abode there with his former hostess. All this conversation proceeded with considerable difficulty; we were almost obliged to guess his meaning. At length we perceived that he had exhausted the use of his faculties, for he informed us that we should find at Berezowa, melons, grapes, and other southern fruits, his imagination, no doubt, wandering to the borders of the Tagus and the Seine, which he had known so well. With sorrowful hearts we shortened our visit, but he still sought to retain us by his gestures, vainly endeavoring to articulate the word: 'Stay.'"

The Printer Boy.

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON.

[Written for the Alleghanians and sung by them at the Printer's Festival, New York.]

I'll sing you a song of a Printer's Boy
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing CAPITALS
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who in the days that tried men's souls
In freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And battled for the right.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder clouds on high—
And brought the forked lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery lightning—
And trained him for the chase,
'Till now he's driven safe by *Morse*
Right into the Printer's Case.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and sage,
Who fully justified by faith,
Was proved on *every* page;
His *form, corrected* and *revised*,
Is now *worked off* and *pressed*—
A new edition in the skies,
A star among the blest.

All honor to that *Printer Boy*, one of the olden time.

And now my brother Types, take
This leader for your guide,
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside—
Be frugal, chaste and temperate,
Stick to the golden rule,
And you shall shine, among the stars
In the Printing Office school.

Just call to that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

☞ He who knows himself will not be impudent.

THE NEWSPAPER.

The Editor of the Yankee Blade thus speculates on the subject of Newspapers as a means of Education:

We are justly proud of the system of common schools, which, as a necessary result of Puritan principles, has been firmly established in New England. A distinguished Statesman, in speaking of its beneficial influences, calls it our Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light. It is indeed a jewel more precious than any which

——"The gorgeous East with richest hand,
Showers on her kings"—

a jewel which our good mother Bay State, averse as she is to mere ornament, may worthily and proudly wear.

But our excellent schools are not the sole educators of the people; various other influences combine to develope and guide the faculties of the young. In certain rural neighborhoods the *old-fashioned* New England ministers, a class now unhappily going out of date, still maintain their place as public instructors; and their reverent congregations assemble to hear their duty and destiny proclaimed as regularly—as the occupants of a velvet-cushioned slip in a fashionable city church, go to sleep under an after dinner sermon. But with many people, unfortunately, religious education is now a system altogether too slow for this progressive age. It is true, the people still pretty generally attend church, but no reflecting person supposes that the well-dressed dandy, the brilliant belle, the portly Dives, the fascinating woman of fifty-eight with auburn (dyed) ringlets, the moustachioed officer, the usual constituents of a fashionable congregation, go to church merely to hear the plain, homespun truths of the gospel—a system at variance with habits of luxury and with all the wordly maxims. Sermons fall on such people, like rain on the backs of wild geese; they may drop their heads a trifle while it is coming down, but as soon as it is over, a single shake brings up their feathers in good order; moreover their hides will be found dry, for their fashionable accoutrements are better than three-fold brass to ward off the gospel shower.

Another influence, more potent and more universal than any other, now sways the American mind. It is that of the Newspaper. It is at once the echo and prompter of the popular voice. The multitude therein see daily their own individual thoughts reflected, as in a mirror; and if they need an incentive to virtue, or can be approached by the covert suggestions of vice, there, in the universal Newspaper, they will meet their desires. This "fourth estate" has grown with our nation's growth, and strengthened with its strength, until its influence, not only upon the people as individuals, has become more powerful than many imagine. To the great mass the Newspaper is at once their Bible, their stock oracle, their political primer, their encyclopedia, their never failing guide, philosopher, and friend.

To the children even, the Newspaper has become a necessity, an adjunct—nay, a principal element of their education. The rudimental discipline of school is, of course, indispensible to the young; but the stimulous furnished to their minds by the Newspaper,—the many avenues of thought it opens—its faithful pictures of the great world—its ready sympathy with the ideas and sentiments of the day—all combine to render it an educator more efficient and more permanent in its effects, whether for good or evil, than any other single agency whatever. Fathers, to what pattern shall your sons be moulded?

If your fancy leads you to admire a "wide awake," hat with a turned up brim, a mouth blistered with hot bunches and yellowed with the exudations of a hoe-handle cigar, pantaloons with exceeding broad stripes, and a jockey coat with medallion portraits of an entire menagerie on the buttons; if sentences to you derive their force from oaths to the latest slang of the Bowery; if the main object of the existence of an intellectual being in your opinion is to be "fast" in horses, boxing, gunning, and cock-fighting, your sons can be trained to your desire, and we can without difficulty, name you the Newspaper that will guide them into a career where your aspirations in their behalf will be more than satisfied.

If the character of a young scape-grace is your ideal—if the heroes of the melo-drama, the pirates, smugglers, burglars and bank robbers of our blood-and-thunder school of literature, excite your admiration, you can be aided in your educational schemes without difficulty. The Newspaper in which "Bristol Bill," "The Black Avenger of the Pacific," and heroes of the like kidney flourish, will be your ready assistant in developing the pliant minds of your children.

Or, if more sentimentally inclined, you affect the romantic style, effeminate curl, the Saxon moustache, the perfumed puppyism of a Pelham minus his substratum of common sense, the Newspaper is ever ready to aid you in forcing the imagination into a hot-house growth, and in inducing a polish as superficial and as ephemeral as the last patent blacking.

Do you desire your sons to grow up ardent politicians, enthusiastic philanthropists, literary drudges, Mormon elders, animals of either species known at the Stock Exchange, stump orators, second advent prophets, or plain citizens honored in private life? In any sphere you may select, the Newspaper will render your efforts in your son's behalf sure of success.

One thought is here so naturally suggested, that we cannot avoid mentioning it. To a broad and well balanced mind, no *one* newspaper is sufficient to present all the various phases of life. Several are necessary, so that the views we have of the world may be separated from monotony and ennui, and the being taken from different stand-points. The religious, the political, and the family paper are ordinarily first thought of, but surely the quiet, unobtrusive family paper, with its literary intelligence, its pleasant, unobjectional fiction, its useful and agreeable miscellany, ought not to be overlooked. We *could* name such a paper—one that no gentleman, or lady either, ought to be without; but not as the lecturer on phrenology observed while enumerating the few perfect heads within his knowledge, "modesty forbids us to mention it."

Agricultural.

From the Albany Cultivator.

Farming in Pennsylvania.

Barns.—In that part of Pennsylvania through which we passed, the barns are generally built of stone. They consist of two stories, the lower of which is divided into apartments for horses and cattle, and the upper is appropriated to the storage of hay, grain, &c. The walls are usually thick—not less than two feet—and being well laid in mortar, are nearly impervious to moisture and air. Windows are placed in the wall at proper places for ventilation. The large doors are on the side, and teams with loads reach the floor of the second story by means of a bank or wharf made for the purpose. Stationary horse-powers, mostly on the lever principle, requiring from five to six horses for threshing grain, are generally placed in the basement, or in an adjoining building. In some instances these powers are being displaced by the endless chain powers, which occupy much less space and are worked by one or two horses. The stalls are very warm—or can be made so—and in winter afford excellent quarters for the animals. In warm weather they may be cool, but in some instances there appeared insufficient ventilation. The fodder is thrown from the upper story through the scuttles or holes in the floor, and then is distributed to the various animals.

The practice of pitching hay from the load by horse-power, prevails on many farms in Bucks county. The apparatus for this operation consists of a strong fork, to which is attached a rope over a pully fastened to the ridgepole of the barn and thence over another pulley attached to the barn floor. A horse attached to the lower end of the rope and when the fork is plunged into the hay he raises it by pulling. The balance of the fork when loaded is preserved by a small rope, attached to the end of the handle, and held by a man on the floor, who by slacking the hold on the rope, permits the fork to discharge itself, when it has reached its destined place. By this contrivance the hay is readily raised to the highest parts of the barn. A man, with a boy to lead the horse, can pitch six tons of hay in an hour,—raising it from fifteen to twenty feet.

Management of Manure.—The general plan of the barns is tolerably convenient, as respects the arrangements; but they differ in some important features from the plan which is most approved in some other sections, especially as to the accommodations for animals and the disposition which is made of the manure. The stalls are daily cleaned and the manure is thrown into the yard. The impression of a New Englander, accustomed to depositing manure in a cellar under a barn, would be that this exposure of this substance, spread about as it is over the yard, would be productive of great loss. It is probably that some loss does take place under these circumstances, but to a less extent than would occur if it were not for the fact that the manure is mixed in the yard with a large quantity of vegetable matter. Wheat is largely grown on many of the Pennsylvania farms, and straw is at intervals spread over the yard. This absorbs the liquid and prevents the waste of gasses from the manure. The urine voided by the animals in the stalls is partly taken up by the litter with which they are (or may be) abundantly supplied, partly soaks into the ground, (the animals generally standing on the ground without any intervening floor) and partly runs into the yard. But with all practicable attention, there is more waste of this valuable liquid than there is where the animals are kept over cellars into which the manure and urine falls, and is there mixed with muck, litter, &c., to any necessary extent. In some instances, it was a drainage of the yards—the extract of the manure being thus carried into the highway, or a stream or to some neighboring field where it rendered a small portion of the soil too rich to give good crops. This is scarcely avoidable where there are no means of governing the quantity of water which goes into the yard. In seasons of abundant rain more water will accumulate in the yards, unless it is allowed to run away, than is useful for the proper rotting of the manure. For this reason a sheltered depository, where just the requisite amount of moisture could at all times be secured, and where it could be protected from washing, and from exhalations would be preferable.

But it will perhaps be argued, that it is necessary to spread the corn stalks, which are to be converted into manure over the yard, in order that they may be broken and made short by the tread of stock—that if the litter were thrown into a mass with the manure, it would not rot well, and hence could not be readily moved with the fork or shovel. The answer to this is that it is much better to cut the straw and corn stalks with a machine. This is readily and cheaply done by the application of horse power, and is the quickest and best way of converting these articles into manure. They absorb more liquid when cut, mix better with the manure, and offer no impediment to its being worked over for composting, or loaded for carrying to the field. When spread in the yard and uncut, these substances decay slowly, and even when deposited on the wheat or corn field, are often in so rough a state as to obstruct the operations of the plow and harrow. This objection would be done away by passing the materials through a cutting machine.

The common practice in this section of which we are speaking, is to spread the manure on the surface of the ground, for wheat and corn, and plow it in three or four inches deep—a very suitable depth for burying manure, unquestionably, tho' it can scarcely be doubted that it would be useful to loosen the soil, which is of a tenacious tendency, to a greater depth. The land here is seldom plowed deeper than five inches. It seemed to be the almost universal testimony, that all experiments at a greater depth had resulted injuriously—that the mixing of the underlying clay with the surface soil, tends to sterility. Some examples of this kind were detailed to us, by persons we regard as entirely reliable; but no trials at subsoiling so far as we learned, had been made in this district. It would be highly desirable to ascertain what would be the effect of loosening this clayey stratum, thus opening it in some degree, to the action of the air and giving to the roots of plants a wider extension.

It should have been mentioned when speaking of the course of cropping, that it is usual to apply about fifty bushels of lime, fresh from the kiln, to the acre, once in six or seven years. This costs ten cents per bushel. Experience, we are assured, has demonstrated the usefulness of this application though the specific effect of lime may not be fully known.

Fences.—These are generally made of posts and rails. White cedar affords the best rails; white oak is much used for posts. Cedar rails will last forty years, oakposts twelve years. The rails cost nine dollars per hundred—the posts the same. The cost of the fence when set is fifty cents per pannel, of eleven feet—four rails to the pannel.

Frequent attempts have been made to raise hedges of various kinds of thorn. These attempts have mostly failed. The thorns do not grow well and their proper management in hedge form is often neglected. It is the opinion, however of judicious farmers, that such post and rail fence as has been described, is on the whole, most economical—that the interest on the additional sum which a hedge or some more permanent fence would cost, would more than support a renewal of the former material. Most of the fences here are well put up, present rather a neat appearance, occupy comparative little ground, and form a good barrier against stock.

Horses.—The horses appear to partake in a great degree, of the character of the Dutch stock, introduced by the early emigrants to this district. They seem to do tolerably well for common farm purposes. They are large, and throw so much weight into the collar, that they readily carry large loads. But in general they are not the right kind of animal even for draft. Their defects are, being long in the back, not well ribbed up, inclined to be pot-bellied, long jointed, with a laxness of tendon, and muscle which unfits them for endurance. They tend to carry much flesh, and when in high order as they often are, make a showy appearance, and please the eye of the cursory observer. There are exceptions to this description, and animals may be found which are comparatively free from these defects.

In a few instances we met with horses begotten by the noted Norman horses imported and owned by Edward Harris, Esq., of Moretown, New Jersey. They are generally excellent, as farm horses—much more strongly made, and of better action than the Dutch stock. A general cross with such a horse as Mr. Harris's would be a great improvement in those parts of Pennsylvania which we visited.

Cattle.—Most of the cattle which we saw, appeared to be mixed blood, and mixed too, without regard to any particular rules or object. In some neighborhoods the blood of the Short-horn was very obvious. On some farms the full bloods of that breed had been tried—the stock having been obtained from the herds of Messrs. Powell, Wolbert, Cope, and others. The general testimony was that they were not sufficiently hardy, and had not, on the whole manifested any superiority for the dairy. Some herds of cows were met with, which were a cross of the Short-horn with other stocks, whose dairy properties were evidently good. As examples, we might name those of Messrs. John Feaster, James C. Dewel, and Admiral Cornell, Jr., near Newtown, Bucks County. These men have held their cows with an object. That object is a good yield of butter, annually, and a profitable return of the animal in the shape of beef at last. They have already attained a very creditable success and by continuing a judicious course, this success will be increased. Mr. James C. Cornell keeps twenty cows, and they average over 200 pounds of butter each, in a year, besides the new milk and cream used in a family of fourteen persons. His cows are well-shaped, hardy, and thrifty, but have not the extreme tendency to fatten which would injure or destroy their value for the dairy.—He has a cow which is half Alderney and Holstein, which has given 153 pounds of butter a week, on grass feed.

Swine.—A variety called the "Chester county breed" prevails in some neighborhoods. It is a white hog, of moderate frame, mostly put together in a thick, heavy form, fine hair, tail tapering, and the animal to curl, and a general disposition indicating coarse quality of flesh. The animal is not destitute of fattening properties, and at 12 or 14 months old, or four months old, not unfrequently attains the weight of 600 pounds, dressed. But it is often the case that their disproportion-