

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER EXPOSITOR OF MY LIVING ACTIONS

Printed and Published Weekly

BY E. BEATTY.

CARLISLE, PENN.

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HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
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In Bankruptcy.

NOTICE.

PETITION FOR Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law. Robert Snodgrass, late Merchant, Cumberland county, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioner, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Phila. Oct. 12, 1842. 10-50

NOTICE.

PETITION FOR the Benefit of the Bankrupt Law. Has been filed the 1st of October, 1842, by WILLIAM O. GIBBS, Cumberland county, JOSEPH OTTO, Carpenter and Cabinet-maker, Cumberland county. Which Petition will be heard before the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, on FRIDAY the 4th day of NOVEMBER next, 1842, at 11 o'clock, A. M. when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said Petition should not be granted, and the said Petition be declared Bankrupt.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Phila. Oct. 1, 1842. 30-49

NOTICE.

PETITION has been filed by SAMUEL ECKLE, JOHN FISHER and DANIEL P. SCHIBBAIN, Merchant and Retailer of Merchandise, Cumberland county, which Petition will be heard before the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, on FRIDAY the 4th day of NOVEMBER next, 1842, at 11 o'clock, A. M. when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said Petition should not be granted, and the said Daniel P. Schibbain declared Bankrupt.

NOTICE.

PETITIONS FOR Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law. Adam Maury, Stone Mason, individual, Cumberland county, and GEORGE V. HALL, late Merchant, now Shoemaker and Agent, Cumberland county, and Tuesday the 5th day of December, next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Philadelphia, September 17, 1842. 10-47

NOTICE.

PETITIONS FOR Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law. Have been filed by MARTIN G. RUPP, late Merchant, Cumberland county, and JOSEPH FRY, Cabinet Maker now Laborer, Cumberland county, and FRIDAY the 4th day of December, next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1842. 10-48

NOTICE.

PETITIONS FOR Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law. Have been filed by SAMUEL GIVEN, late Merchant and Manufacturer, Cumberland county, JESSE BAUMAN, Machinist and Iron Founder, Cumberland county, JOHN GRAY, individually and as a member of the late firm of Gray and Cauffman Iron Master, Cumberland county, ABRAHAM H. PHILLIPS, late Clerk of the firm of Egoff and Phillips, now Clerk, Cumberland county, JOSEPH MOSSER, Tanner, Currier and Farmer, Cumberland county, C. E. DAVIS, late Merchant, now Chair Maker, Cumberland county, and MONDAY the 21st day of NOVEMBER next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1842. 10-49

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. Samuel Hopson President Judge of the County of Cumberland, has issued their present hearing date of the 13th day of August, 1842, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, on the 13th day of the second Monday of November, 1842, before the 14th day at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables of the said County of Cumberland, that they are to attend in their proper persons, with their Records, Inquisitions, Examinations, and other remembrances, to do the things which to their office respectively, and those who are appointed by recognisances to prosecute, against the prisoners that are, or may be, in the Jail of said county, to be then and there to prosecute against them as to their respective offices.

Dated at Carlisle, the 11th day of Oct. A. D. 1842, and the 68th year of American Independence.

FRAS. HOPKINSON, Sheriff of the County of Cumberland. Carlisle, Sept. 24, 1842. 10-48

POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of Heaven,
It lingers on the hill.
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rock the forest trees,
In shadowy groups recline,
Like nuns at evening bowed in prayer,
Around the holy shrine.
So calmly move, as softly glow,
So calm and still—their music low,
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western through of clouds,
Reaching from the sky,
So calmly move, as softly glow,
So calm and still—their music low,
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

The blue light of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with Religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the star-light rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air,
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there,
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
The open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild,
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undimmed,
And holy aspirations start
Like blessed Angels from the heart,
And bid—far Earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of Heaven.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM CONYER'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER.

LORD BYRON—AN INCIDENT.

It was getting toward midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse; but as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some discussion among the noble masters. Betwixt the line of coroneted vehicles stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy, pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he, whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.
"All together, of course," said another.
"Let's make a night of it."
"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last out from the club; "I succede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen."

"Now, what the dense is a foot?" said the foreman, again stepping back on the sidewalk. "Don't let him off, Fitz! Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove you shan't leave us!"
"But you shall leave me, and so you are not forewarned, my friend! In plain phrase, I won't go with you! And I don't know where I shall go, so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel."

"I see a hand you cannot see."
"And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring, his blooded horses, followed by all the vehicles at the club door save one.
Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My Lord," he said, and was silent, as if waiting permission to go on.
"Well!" replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely in his face by the light of the street lamp.
"I come to you with an errand which, perhaps, will interest you."
"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me—for I am ready!"

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man.
"Has another messenger, then?"
"None, except a spirit; for I have heard alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."
"My Lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"
"Do I know her?"
"She has never seen you. Will you come at once and on the way I will explain to you what I mean of this singular errand."

They were, at the door of the hackney-coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.
"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach, and the stranger with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.
"She was a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of the back room, they entered. A lamp, shaded by a curtain of spotless purity, threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and nurse. The physician had just moved a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed.

As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of her hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth of lustre. No one had spoken.

"He is here!" she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."
Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembled beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head toward the proud and noble poet standing by her bed-side, and a slight blush o'erspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face re-awakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and the noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet of feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hands, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surrounding persons, and strange as had been his summons to her bed-side.

"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness.
"My Lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission which—it has been long burdened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"

She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.
"Beautiful!" she said; "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me—the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my Lord! Pardon me that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek faded again, and her countenance regained its heavenly serenity.
"I am near enough to death," she resumed—near enough, to point you almost to Heaven from where I am; and, it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my Lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost! Do not, for the poor pleasure of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic abilities with the intellect which has ranged it so gloriously through the universe, do not on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.
The dying girl, meanwhile, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight mo-

ture commendation in other respects—and to the Secretary of State, all the credit due them for this negotiation. It is true, we have not gained much, not as much as that awarded by the King of Holland. We get Roule's Point, and the navigation of the St. John's River, though somewhat under British influence. On the whole, said Mr. Clay, I believe neither party has gained any great advantage, and had I been a Senator, I should have voted for its ratification. That the peace secured by it will be permanent, I have great confidence, for experience teaches that those treaties are most enduring where neither party has secured any undue advantage.

Upon all these topics Mr. Clay spoke eloquently. We add a paragraph or two upon other matters of interest adverted to by the distinguished orator:
Mr. Clay went on to advert to the domestic policy of the Nation, and to the Extra Session of Congress, called by the lamented Harrison. He acknowledged that he advised, in part, the convocation of that session. It was necessary to give efficiency to previous triumphs. Fellow-citizens, said Mr. Clay, what did you mean by the victory of 1840? Did you mean only to change one tenant of the White House for another? Was it to be a barren victory? No! No! The object you had in view was to produce a radical change in the policy of the government. You wished to see the currency restored, disordered exchanges rectified, a revival of business secured, and all the great measures decreed by the will of the Nation established.

Forty years had attested the utility of a National Bank, in establishing a National Currency. At that extra session a bank bill was introduced, and contrary to the general expectation, vetoed by the President. So anxious, however, were the Whigs to carry out the will of the Nation, that some of them (I was not of the number) wished to ascertain from Mr. Tyler what kind of a bank bill would meet his approbation. He (Mr. Clay) could not do and ask any Executive a question of that sort. The President did tell them. It exhibited a draft of a bill, and with his own hand and his own pen he altered the title. He told them he would sign it— he told his Secretary of State it would be approved by him. "This was one of the occasions on which (contrary to his general practice and the habits of his life) he 'kept dark.'" He felt that if he favored it, the very favor would be likely to prejudice the measure in the estimation of the President. I felt precisely like that venerable and estimable patriot, Jonathan Roberts, when he asked "how many Clay men are there in the Custom House?" (loud laughter.) We passed the bill in the Senate in the shape in which it came from the House, and as exhibited to the President—body, head and tail. Would you suppose it possible that a bill thus prepared would receive his veto? Singular as it must appear, as left us no hope of establishing any bill calculated to correct the currency of the country.

At the same session a Tariff bill was passed which furnished eight or ten millions to the Treasury. Nor was this all. Owing to the misgovernment which had so long afflicted the nation, the people were suffering pecuniary embarrassments, and a salutary Bankrupt Law seemed called for by the public distress. Though here in the West we did not need it, I felt that it was due to the country—the whole country. Here, said Mr. C., let me correct a mistake which seems to be abroad in some quarters, resembling an old story of many years standing. When I voted for Mr. Adams, it was said that I violated instructions. Not so! When I gave that vote, I represented the Lexington District and it is a well known fact, that at no period since that vote was cast, has the Lexington District reversed in any manner. The counties which composed it never gave a majority for General Jackson. The Legislature had no power over members of Congress. Both are equally the servants of the People—elected by the People—and subject alone to their correction. I was sustained by the People who elected me, and to them I dare appeal for my justification. In regard to the Bankrupt Bill I was never instructed. The House passed resolutions to that effect; they were sent to the Senate, amended, returned to the House, the amendment not concurred in, and the matter fell between the two branches of the Legislature.

The examples of England, Ireland and Scotland and France, are all abandoned and miserable and wretched Spain and Portugal and the neighboring colony of Cuba, held up as examples of a hard-money country. We Whigs go for all the money we can honestly get, and as good as we can get. We go for well regulated Banks for State purposes, and a well regulated National currency. Many cry for hard-money, though the jingling of a dollar has not astonished their pockets for many a day. They reminded him of the anecdote he once heard of a good honest emigrant from North Carolina, who was met, on the summit of Clinch Mountain, returning back to that State, after visiting and

speaking to the President, who deserves the credit of this negotiation. It is true, we have not gained much, not as much as that awarded by the King of Holland. We get Roule's Point, and the navigation of the St. John's River, though somewhat under British influence. On the whole, said Mr. Clay, I believe neither party has gained any great advantage, and had I been a Senator, I should have voted for its ratification. That the peace secured by it will be permanent, I have great confidence, for experience teaches that those treaties are most enduring where neither party has secured any undue advantage.

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ling for some time in one of the fertile valleys of the West. His whole appearance, and that of his retinue, bespoke the most abject poverty. His wife was in fact—a poor old horse—a mere skeleton of bones—a carcass on which the buzzards might be supposed to hold a preparation of many years standing—a half dozen of children sat suspended in a bag on either side of the poor beast—the good man and his spouse walking in apparent contentedness with the moving spectacle.— He was asked where he was going? "Back to North Carolina—I don't like your Western Country—you have no market for surplus products out there!" (Roars of laughter.) No! there was no market for such rags and horses in this lovely valley! (Renewed laughter.) Our democratic friends and the North Carolinian—and some of the Whigs too are in the same condition. They cry for hard-money when they have not a dollar's worth in the world.

I have conceded, said Mr. Clay, to our opponents the term *democrat*, out of mere politeness, without admitting any exclusive claim of theirs to that title. I was myself born a democrat—rocked in the cradle of the Revolution—and at the darkest period of that memorable struggle for free-love.— I recollect in 1781 or '82, a visit made by Tarleton's troops to the house of my mother, and of their running their swords into the new made graves of my father and grandfather, thinking they contained hidden treasures. Though then not more than four years of age, the circumstances of that visit is vividly remembered, and it will be to the last moment of my life.— I was born a Democrat—was raised and nurtured a Republican—and shall die a republican, in the faith and principles of my fathers.

Another subject on which Mr. Biddle touched, and one perhaps which has been less thought of than the preceding, is the waste of capital in fences, which he denounces as generally useless. He makes a calculation, by which it appears that the capital invested in Pennsylvania alone, is \$100,000,000—an almost incredible sum. He then continues:

"Consider now the interest on this outlay, the wear and tear of the fence, and the whole of it will not last more than ten or fifteen years, and you have, as the annual tax upon agriculture in Pennsylvania, a sum of ten millions of dollars. If this estimate appear still too high, reduce it one half, and you have still a tax of five millions. Go over all the continent of Europe, take Portugal, and Spain, and France, and Italy, and Germany, there are no such things as these fences. The lands are divided by side marks or other indications of boundary, which are just as sacred as a post and rail fence. The cattle are generally kept up in barns and other places, where their manures are husbanded, instead of being wasted as they are by roaming over fields. If they are occasionally put out in fields, they are tethered or watched by boys or dogs, so as not to intrude on their neighbors. Why cannot we adopt the same system? The difficulty seems to be the road gate. Every where else people go on the principle that no one's cattle have a right to intrude on his neighbour's land. Here we seem to think that it is not the owner's business to keep the cattle in, but the neighbour's business to keep them out. Accordingly all the highways and lanes are infested by cattle turned out to graze on the public roads, which were made for travelling, not for pasturage—a set of land pirates who go prying about for any weak place in some fence, and not only introduce themselves in, but generously introduce all their associates. The necessity of keeping out a bad cow thus subjects the neighbors to an expense equal to a thousand cows."

FARMER'S CORNER.

MR. BIDDLE'S SPEECH.

Before the Philadelphia Agricultural Society.

Mr. NICHOLAS BIDDLE made a capital speech before the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, at its late annual meeting. We regret that we have not room for the whole speech. Among other suggestions, Mr. Biddle recommends particularly the cultivation of the best breeds of Cows, Sheep and Swine. "In animals," he says, "as in almost every thing else, the best is, after all, the cheapest, and the difference in the first cost of a good animal is soon made up by the superior productiveness, upon the same food, year after year. The cultivation of roots, such as turnips, sugar beets, rutabaga, mangel wurtzel, and others, as food for cattle, he declares of the last importance—for England, since her resort to the root culture, has doubled, if not quadrupled her power of supporting animals. This is a point in economy which, hereafter, may be of vital importance to us. The best farming is that which will give the greatest mass of sustenance to animals—since the less land required for animals, the more can be given for the maintenance of human beings. The subsoil plough also receives high praise from the orator. "Our ploughing," he says, "is generally too shallow. We scratch the surface, and then extract it by frequent cropping; whereas, if we could get lower down and loosen the surface below, we should bring into play a fresh soil, and almost double the extent of available ground. Thus in light soils we get fresh food for root crops, and on the clay soils we open the lower stratum, and drain off the water which cannot penetrate the stiff soil. The subsoil plough, of which specimens will be exhibited to you in actual operation, is, I think, one of the best improvements of the last few years, and as among our farmers temperate habits are universal, I hope that instead of deep drinking they will take to deep ploughing."

Mr. Biddle's comments, with proper force, the practice of thorough farming.— On this subject, we quote his words at length:

"In this section of our State our gardening is better than our farming. No one can see without satisfaction the great improvement in our gardens, which furnish such an abundance of excellent and cheap fruits and vegetables and flowers. Let us see if we cannot borrow something from that younger sister of farming. Now, what is the secret of successful horticulture? Is it not the thorough cultivation of a small piece of ground, which, well manured, well worked, throws out its treasures with the most prodigal profusion—(What would a garden do with fifty acres?) He would concentrate all his forces on ten acres, and sell the rest. Well, is not the same law applicable to farming? That brings us to the point that all our farms are too large, that is, they are beyond the means of the farmers to cultivate them well. If our farmers want to make money, they had better sell half their land, and employ the proceeds in enriching the other half."

"In Pennsylvania, there is a great deal of money invested in farms, but very little money employed in farming; this is a capital error, which runs through our whole system, though a very natural mistake, where land is really cheap and labor nominally dear. The labor is the same as in a merchant were to spend all his money in a large store, and then have nothing to carry on, as a warehouse is a place where merchandise may be sold—but fields are not crops, just as shelves are not goods: it is what we put in them or put on them that gives profit. If the land be left to itself it will run to waste in a few years, just as idleness in the human race is sure to degenerate into vice. Both can be kept useful and healthy only by constant action.— We sometimes rely on nature, whom we call a bountiful nurse, but the nurse herself must be fed before she can give nourishment to her children. No farmer, therefore, should have more land than he has the means of cultivating well, and if he does cultivate them well, they will be sure to give an ample return. It is not land that gives the profit, it is manure—it is lime—it is marl—it is the sweeping of stables—it is the scraping of ditches mellowed by lime; these, humble though they seem, are the objects of profitable expenditure. You all remember the cock in the fable, who found a jewel in a dung hill and did not know its value! Rely upon it, that in the very centre of every large heap of manure there lies, hidden a jewel which a farmer can always find, and convert into gold."

Another subject on which Mr. Biddle touched, and one perhaps which has been less thought of than the preceding, is the waste of capital in fences, which he denounces as generally useless. He makes a calculation, by which it appears that the capital invested in Pennsylvania alone, is \$100,000,000—an almost incredible sum. He then continues:

"Consider now the interest on this outlay, the wear and tear of the fence, and the whole of it will not last more than ten or fifteen years, and you have, as the annual tax upon agriculture in Pennsylvania, a sum of ten millions of dollars. If this estimate appear still too high, reduce it one half, and you have still a tax of five millions. Go over all the continent of Europe, take Portugal, and Spain, and France, and Italy, and Germany, there are no such things as these fences. The lands are divided by side marks or other indications of boundary, which are just as sacred as a post and rail fence. The cattle are generally kept up in barns and other places, where their manures are husbanded, instead of being wasted as they are by roaming over fields. If they are occasionally put out in fields, they are tethered or watched by boys or dogs, so as not to intrude on their neighbors. Why cannot we adopt the same system? The difficulty seems to be the road gate. Every where else people go on the principle that no one's cattle have a right to intrude on his neighbour's land. Here we seem to think that it is not the owner's business to keep the cattle in, but the neighbour's business to keep them out. Accordingly all the highways and lanes are infested by cattle turned out to graze on the public roads, which were made for travelling, not for pasturage—a set of land pirates who go prying about for any weak place in some fence, and not only introduce themselves in, but generously introduce all their associates. The necessity of keeping out a bad cow thus subjects the neighbors to an expense equal to a thousand cows."

Having spoken of the improvement of our farms, let us not omit a much more important subject—the improvement of our farmers. In the stirring competition of all classes around them—in the increased diffusion of knowledge, and the general activity of mind which now pervades all society, the farmers must maintain their standing by the same means. Unless they cultivate their minds—unless in the intervals of their labors they pursue the studies which qualify them for public usefulness, they will be distanced in the race of honorable ambition, and lose that high place in the public estimation and the public councils, to which they have a right to aspire. And certainly, never was the advantage of their position more conspicuous than at the present hour. In the general desolation which has swept over the country the only interest which has not been visited by the sternest reverses, is that of agriculture. Undoubtedly, the people who have suffered least are the farmers, whose deep root in the soil have enabled them to withstand the tempest.

The same gentle vicissitudes of the seasons have passed over them—the same abundance has blessed their harvest—and their industry has been rewarded by gains scarcely less in name and really greater than before. If they have not enjoyed the former excitement, or the luxuriant maintenance of the dwellers on pavements, they have been spared many an anxious thought and many a heart