

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

VOLUME I.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1841.

NUMBER 45

D. R. MANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.

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TERMS.—The "MESSENGER" is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each subsequent insertion.

All communications must be post paid.

New Establishment!

J. H. CORNWELL,
TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Buncombe county, and the public generally, that he now occupies the old stand of Messrs. James and Peter Stradley, at the Southern end of Asheville, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of work in the

CARRIAGE-MAKING
line of business, in a workman-like manner, and on reasonable terms.

All orders for CARRIAGES, CARRY-ALLS, or other vehicles, will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

Wagons, carriages, &c., repaired on short notice and accommodating terms.

Asheville, April 9, 1841.

TO THE PUBLIC.

JOHN G. MILLER,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he still continues to carry on the

Retailing Business,
IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,

about one mile from Col. Alexander's store, on the old Warm Springs road. He would respectfully return the public his heart-felt thanks for the liberal share of patronage, he has heretofore received, and hopes, by close attention to business, to merit and receive a continuance of the same. The following are his prices:

Plain cloth coat,	\$5 00
" " " " " "	3 50
" " " " " "	1 50
" " " " " "	1 25
" " " " " "	1 50

Extra prices will be charged for extra work.

He flatters himself he will be able to please his customers. He can at all times be found at home—call on him, and your work shall be done cheap for cash, and "cabbage" returned.

April 9, 1841.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

I WILL offer for sale, on Saturday, the 1st day of May next, at the late residence of Isaac W. Rodgers, dec'd., in the county of Coock,

ELEVEN LIKELY AND VALUABLE NEGROES.

to wit: Austin and his wife Abby, Wesley, Martha, Austin, Harriet, Marnada, Lucinda, Eliza, and her two children.

The terms of the sale will be twelve months credit, with bond and approved security.

L. D. FRANKLIN, Administrator.

April 9, 1841.

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, Macon county.

IN EQUITY—SPRING TERM, 1841.

JOHN B. ALLISON and JOSEPH KEENER, }
vs. }
JEREMIAH R. PAUL. }

Bill of Injunction and for Relief.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, J. R. Paul, does not reside within the limits of the State—It is ordered that publication be made in the "Highland Messenger" for six successive weeks, notifying the said defendant to appear at the next Court of Equity to be held for the said county of Macon, at the Court House in Franklin, on the second Monday in September next, to answer complainant's said bill of complaint, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered against him, and the cause set for hearing ex parte.

Witness, SAUL SMITH, clerk and master of our said Court of Equity, at office, the 4th Monday in March, A. D. 1841.

SAUL SMITH, C. M. E.
[Printer's fee, \$5 50.]

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS, February Term, 1841.

Rhoda McDaniel, }
vs. }
The heirs of William McDaniel, dec'd. }

Petition for Dower and partition of Negroes.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that James Grimes and his wife Margaret, James Dunmore and his wife Jane, Galapies, and his wife Sarah, Archibald, Margaret and Elizabeth McDaniel, children of Archibald McDaniel, dec'd., Thomas McClure and his wife Mary, Isaac Wilkerson and his wife Martha, are not inhabitants of this State: It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Highland Messenger, that the said parties appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Buncombe, at the Court House in Asheville, on the 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in March next, and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and acted upon ex parte. A true copy from the minutes.

N. HARRISON, C. R. C.
Feb. 26, 1841. Printer's fee \$5

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS, February Term, 1841.

I. T. Poor, }
vs. }
A. F. Patton. }

Original Attachment levied on personal Property.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State: It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Highland Messenger, that the defendant be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Buncombe, at the Court House in Asheville, on the 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in March next, and there to plead, answer or demur, or judgment will be taken pro confesso. A true copy from the minutes.

N. HARRISON, C. R. C.
February 26, 1841. Printer's fee \$5

MISCELLANY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
The Dying Warrior.
FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN ARTIST.
BY E. A. MOUNT.

During an excursion into the interior of Pennsylvania, I had occasion to make a short sojourn at the delightful valley of Wyoming—a place, from its stirring incidents with the old French war, celebrated in our own trans-Atlantic story. Who, that has read the beautiful poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," does not feel a deep interest at the mention of the very name? Albeit, some poetical liberties have been taken by the author of that production, in the description of the spot, yet travellers and historians concur in representing it as one of the happiest of human existence for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an unpropitious hour, however, the junction of Europeans with the Indians, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Campbell apostrophizes it in the following manner:

"Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks in green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timber, when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
And eye those sunny mountains half way down,
Would echo a godlet, from some romantic town."

Pennsylvania, generally, is attractive to an artist; but the scenes in the vicinity of Wyoming, situated on the banks of the "still gliding Susquehanna, cause a still deeper feeling of enthusiasm. My object in visiting the spot, was to study nature, in her haunts; and no place in this fair creation offers more allurements to her votaries than this.

I had been only a short time at Wyoming, and had become snugly situated at my lodgings, and duly prepared for rambling, when I formed an acquaintance with the family of a revolutionary veteran, named Col. F. He had signalled himself in the wars, and had subsequently prepared for publication a history of the eventful struggle, so far as related to the vicinity of Wyoming. At present, however, he was suffering under the effects of paralysis, accompanied with frequent returns of mental aberration. His family were under the apprehension that he was passing away, and being desirous of preserving some memento of him, had solicited me to attempt his portrait. I was told I must expect to obtain it with much difficulty and patience, owing to the prostration of his mental and physical capacities. I hesitated; and it was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the urgent solicitations of the family, that I at last consented to commence the task.

Accordingly, on the following morning, I repaired to the Colonel's house, professionally equipped, with every thing necessary to the accomplishment of the design. I was conducted to the door of his apartment; and here commenced one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever experienced.

Here I was surprised to hear frequent cries of "Murder!" On entering the room, I beheld the hoary-headed veteran, stretched upon his couch, with both his hands elevated, and his eyes keenly fixed on me. At his feet, sat an old companion in arms—named Moore. This individual, probably from constant association, was the only person who had been able to preserve the least control over the Colonel. I advanced as coolly as possible, to the middle of the room, and sat my easel upon the floor, when the invalid again commenced his cries of "Murder! Murder! Murder! Moore! Moore!" upon which the following hurried dialogue commenced with a degree of familiarity on Moore's part, warranted by their long companionship.

"Holla Colonel, what's the matter?"
"Don't that fellow mean to kill me?"
"No, no, Colonel, he won't touch you."
"You lie—he means to murder me."
"I tell you he don't Colonel."
"Who is he, Moore—a Doctor?"
"To humor his vagaries, Moore told him I was."
"Come this way, Doctor. I want to speak to you. Moore, don't let him kill me!"
"Nonsense, nonsense, Colonel."
"Doctor, am I dying?"
"No, no, Colonel; let me feel your pulse."
I added,
"Have you been sent here to kill me, Doctor?"
"No, Colonel; I have come here to paint your portrait."
"Then, you don't mean to kill me, Doctor!"
"Confound your nonsense, you old coward," interrupted Moore; "what do you suppose he wants to kill you for—he has come to paint your portrait!"
"Don't murder me; for God's sake, Doctor; don't murder me!"
Moore now took hold of the Colonel's throat, affecting to choke him, while the Colonel, with his long arms, commenced pounding his assailant's cranium, at the same time exclaiming:
"Moore is killing me! Moore is killing me! Take him off, Doctor!"
I was about interfering in favor of the Colonel, when Moore turned partly round, and whispered me to be silent, and he would soon quiet the old man, which to my surprise he accomplished in a few minutes. The Colonel became exhausted in consequence of this struggle, and conceived him-

self dying. At his request the family were called to his bedside, to receive his farewell blessing. He was bolstered up, and commenced a pathetic harangue to the members of his family. The indifference manifested by all present somewhat surprised me at first; but I was soon led to account for it, when the Colonel, suddenly starting up in bed, exclaimed vehemently, "Moore! Moore! I am hungry! I am hungry! Where is the Doctor?" This abrupt termination gave a rather ludicrous effect to the scene; and the family seeing his life was in no immediate danger, withdrew, and I approached the Colonel.

"Doctor," asked he, "are you a Tory?"
"I am not, Colonel."
"What the d— are you then?"
"I am an Artist, and with your permission, will paint your portrait."
"Do you hate a Tory, Doctor?"
"I do, Colonel."
"That's right—that's right, Moore—you and the Doctor help me up."
We threw a cloak over him, and seated him by a small table near the window. Food was brought him, and Moore ministered to his wants. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of Shakespeare, to depict adequately the effect which this scene wrought upon me. In silence I regarded the two old veterans, reconciling in their second childhood the recollections of the past—

"Blasting aloud of scars they proudly wore,
And grieved to think their day of battle o'er."
Thinking I should have no better opportunity of effecting the object of my visit, I proposed making a sketch of the Colonel, to which he readily assented, seeming pleased at the idea. The table was removed, I arranged my light and easel, and commenced my labors. My subject remained quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly threw himself back in his chair, parted the bosom of his shirt, and displayed to my gaze a deep wound in his heart.

"Do you see that?" he exclaimed, his countenance beaming with enthusiasm.
"I do, Colonel."
"I received the wound in fighting for your liberty, my boy. I want you to paint it in my picture. Yes—Doctor," he exclaimed, "I got it in the glorious cause of my country—the country I love with my heart and soul; and the old man, unable to restrain himself, in the weakness of age and disease, burst into tears. I was sensibly affected; but Moore, who remarked—all he tells you is true, sir." In a few moments the Colonel resumed his former position, and I continued my task. It was not long before another incident occurred. I observed his countenance grow fiercer and fiercer in its expression, until, with his mouth partly open, his eyes glared upon me with the look of a demon. Cautiously hitching his chair near where I sat, he suddenly gave a kick, and my easel and canvass lay prostrate on the floor. Alarmed at this demonstration of hostility, I started back, and in so doing, involuntarily raised my maul stick. The Colonel regarded this movement on my part as a declaration of war, and threw himself in an attitude of defiance, at the same time exclaiming—

"Come on, you infernal; you have been trying long enough to murder me. Stand by me, Moore!"
"Pardon me, Colonel."
"I'll never pardon you," interrupted the Colonel; "you are an infernal coward. Isn't he Moore?"
"No, he is not, and if you don't behave yourself, he'll whip you yet, as you deserve."
"You lie, Moore! I can flog you and the Doctor both," said the Colonel, squaring off at Moore, when a pugilistic encounter commenced between the two old soldiers.

I examined my picture, and found it uninjured, and concluded to finish it at a more respectful distance.

After the combatants had finished their battle, Moore persuaded the Colonel to get into bed, which he had no sooner done than he commenced a narrative connected with his military exploits, dwelling with particular interest on that part relating to the battle of Wyoming—a history of which he was preparing before his illness. Moore, venturing to dissent from some remark he had made, the Colonel became exasperated, and called upon me for a pistol. I handed him my maul stick. He raised it, and supporting himself with his left arm, took deliberate aim with it at Moore, who was standing at the foot of the bed brandishing a boot-jack.

"Doctor," whispered the Colonel to me, with a look of surprise, "why don't he fall? I have fired six bullets into him."
"Try again, Colonel—it will require more than six of your bullets to despatch him."
He again presented, and Moore fell. There was a pause of some minutes, during which not a sound was heard. The Colonel kept his eyes vacantly fixed on the place where his victim had disappeared. At length he turned to me, and with a bewilderment looked asked—
"Where am I, Doctor?"
"In your bed, sir."
"Have I killed my friend?"
"I believe you have, Colonel."
"Will they hang me, Doctor?"
"Oh no! you have killed him in self-defence."
"I am sorry I have done it," continued the Colonel, in a tone of sadness; "he was a good old man. Why did you tell me to shoot? He was always kind to me." Moore now rose up, and exhibited him-

self to his friend in a perfectly sound condition. The Colonel was delighted to see him safe; and a lasting treaty of peace was here made between the belligerent parties.

The knowledge which I had already gained of the Colonel's face enabled me to finish the portrait to the satisfaction of his friends; a sketch of which is now in my portfolio. Whenever I look upon it, I am forcibly reminded of the noble form of the worthy old officer, and his companion Moore. A late visit to the romantic valley of Wyoming afforded me the melancholy information that both my old friends now "lay like warriors taking their rest" on the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna.

From Affie's Luminary, Nov. 29, 1840.

Ridiculous superstition—the Elephant.

The following are extracts of letters from Dr. Taylor:—

WHITE PLAINS, Oct. 6, 1840.

"A very large elephant has been within the precincts of the town of Millsburgh, for four or five days. He came into the town and strutted about as it suited him, destroying great quantities of cassava and plantains. He went up to the top of Mr. Kennedy's hill, and there raised his ears, and waddled his proboscis, as though he had defiance to the whole town. He exhibited himself as long as he supposed they would be pleased to look at him, and then turned off, like a small house, and went into the swamp. Several men followed him; but the sagacity, as well as the terrific appearance of the animal, prevented their approaching him sufficiently close in safety to shoot him. The bushes and weeds were so very thick that it was impossible to retreat if the elephant pursued. At one time they came so close to him, as that when he pulled up a spring and threw it aside, to clean away a place around him, the bushes fell about their heads; they had to drop their guns, and creep into a thick bunch of thorns, &c., to avoid his quick and fierce, penetrating gaze. Brother Harris, told me that he was at one time so near him as to see distinctly his small eye, and to judge of the size of his tusks. He says he expected every moment when the elephant would pull him out from his hiding place, or sweep around the bush, and cover him up, and walk over him, and crush him to death. But his majesty was pleased to turn in another direction, and he was thus providentially saved from a horrible death. After being thus intercepted, and fired upon in the course of the day, he concluded to retire; and taking the road that leads to Gay toomah's, he made his exit under cover of the night. I have heard some strange conjectures and suppositions relative to this creature's appearance in the place; most ridiculous of all is, that it is Gay himself, turned into an elephant, and come to the place to avenge his enemies!"

The two white Roses.
A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY OF A FRENCH GIRL.

The following singular case was brought, last spring, before the justice of peace of the fourth district in Paris. The object of dispute was two white roses, whose colored leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.

Madame Gallien (mantua-maker)—I demand thirty francs (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Mayville, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs.

Judge.—Explain the facts.

Madame.—Yes, sir. About two months ago, Miss Letourneur de Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clemon-Tonnerre; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. Splendid lace, pearls, gems—all the marvels of the art of dress-making, were to be united. But something more rare at that time was wanting; it was a natural white rose—a rose at the end of February!

Judge.—And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

Madame.—Yes, sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great ladies of the capital. I went to her, and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed, for twenty francs, which sum was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully, for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason they refused to take the wedding dress.

Judge.—(To Miss Flora).—Why did you not deliver the rose?

Miss Flora.—(With timidity).—It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I had promised the white rose to Madame Gallien, a shower, which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained of it but the stem. What I tell you is the truth.

Judge.—I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that?

Miss Flora.—(With tears in her eyes).—Oh! as to that one, it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the more beautiful of the two. But I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

Judge.—Was it her birth-day?

Miss Flora.—(Sorrowfully).—No, sir; it was the anniversary of her death. (Proud sensation in the auditory.) Every year I lay on her tomb one of these white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less, and my poor mother shall again to-day have her favorite rose.

Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears and Madame Gallien, endeavoring to console her, said to the Judge—"Stop the cause, sir, it is wrong for me to molest this poor girl for a good action; let us say no more about it; it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora."

The justice of peace, much affected, sent away the parties without any further trial.

It is said that the distemper which has proved so fatal to cattle in many parts of this State may be cured by boiling the common *Poke-root* to a strong decoction and administering a quart of it three times in the day.

WEEKS WITH THE TIME STOP!—An emigrating company are to leave Missouri this spring for Upper California. The St. Louis New Era states that at a late meeting at Independence, Mo., fifty-eight persons, nineteen of whom will take their families with them, registered themselves as members of the expedition. Those who intend to emigrate, are requested to meet at Sapling Grove, on the old Santa Fe route, on the 10th of May next; where officers will be elected. Among the rules for the government of the expedition is one that no person will be allowed to take any spirituous liquors, except for medical purposes, the quantity to be determined at the rendezvous. A cannon has been presented to the company which is to be mounted and made ready for service.

There is an adventure for the daring and restless heart enlisting in! Who will go?—*Cleveland Herald.*

Divorce.—The Legislature of Maryland has made two Berries out of one, by divorcing Catherine Berry from her husband Wm. Berry.

And "pinned to the dividing asunder" of the cords of matrimony, the marriage knot which bound together Hannah C. Pierce and her husband Alfred Pierce.

And let a pair of "Martins" out of the cage by choosing Sarah Martin and her husband William Martin.

And made two folks "richer" still, by separating David Richer from his wife Mary Ann Richer.

And set two "Smiths" at work on their own hook, by dissolving the partnership between Fanny Smith and her husband George Smith.

Hand and heart free, may they never be worse satisfied than they are now.

[From the Indiana Farmer.]

Vegetation of seeds.

Among the important questions which interest the gardener, is that which relates to the proper time for putting his seeds into the ground. It is well known that different seeds require very different temperatures to effect their germination; and that some plants flourish where others would speedily perish. While the rein-deer moss thrives best on the snow-capped mountains of Norway; other plants are found spreading themselves over the burning surface of the island of Tanana.

Familiar as these truths are, I believe no experiments have been heretofore made to ascertain the precise temperature most favorable to the germination of different seeds. To give a starting point to this question, and to enlist others in the investigation, I prefer the subjoined table for publication. It is the result of numerous experiments which I made in the years 1830 and 1840. My object was to determine what temperature at noon, was the most congenial to the vegetation of the different seeds which I subjected to experiment. For this purpose I planted the seeds at various periods, noting the state of the thermometer every day, until the plants appeared above ground. These experiments being repeated, and in every instance giving very nearly the same average temperature, when the period of germination was the same, I led me to assume as correct, the following propositions.

1. When the temperature at noon is given, (other things being equal) the time necessary for the development of a seed, may be ascertained.
2. If the period of germination be given, the meridian temperature of the country, during that period may be determined.
3. Some seeds require a much higher temperature than others to make them vegetate.
4. When the seed fructifies in the same year in which it is planted, the proper time for putting it into the ground is when the meridian temperature is such as to produce vegetation in the shortest period.
5. An increase of temperature beyond a certain point does not expedite the vegetative process.
6. A complete table of the kind proposed, would be applicable to all parts of the world.

The letter (s) in the subjoined table, signifies that the seeds were soaked in water for ten or twelve hours previous to planting them.

TABLE.	
When the average meridian temperature in the shade is	Days.
Degrees.	Degrees.
62 L. ma beans, s. require	29
76 " " " "	27
88 " " " "	20
51 Peas, s. " "	19
59 " " " "	13
74 " " " "	14
89 " " " "	11
60 " Bishop's early, s.	10
62 " " " "	8
55 Radish, s.	12
55 " " " "	12
60 " " " "	9
62 " " " "	7
67 " " " "	6
70 " " " "	3
60 Turnip, not soaked,	9
60 Pepper-grass,	6
62 " " " "	5
62 Onion seeds, s.	15
77 " " " "	15
61 Nasturtium, s.	19
76 " " " "	11
64 Drumhead cabbage,	12
61 " " " "	11
75 " " " "	5
61 Red cabbage, s.	4
67 Early York cabbage, s.	12
61 White dwarf beans, s.	19
76 " " " "	9
77 " " " "	8
71 White pole beans, s.	13
63 " " " "	12
62 Black-eyed beans, s.	11
68 " " " "	8
62 Irish potato,	18
61 Beans, s.	11
47 " " " "	22
79 " " " "	5
62 Cucumber, not soaked,	29
76 " " " "	13
81 " " " "	5
52 Tomato,	21
61 Summer savory,	6
65 Cauliflower, s.	7
66 " " " "	6
63 Oyster plants, s.	11
53 Celery,	24
53 Kidney potatoes,	22
62 Parsley, s.	13
56 Egg plants, s.	31
64 " " " "	9
64 Spanish water-cress,	23
76 " " " "	4
59 Sage,	36
63 " " " "	21
64 Angelica, s.	22
61 Chinese corn, s.	11

The foregoing table may be made useful in various ways. It will serve to inform the voting gardener when he may expect his plants to appear above ground; he will discover, that in some cases he must wait a long time. It also shows clearly the advantage of soaking the seed: some of the soaked peas, for example, came up in eleven days; while those that were not so treated required fourteen days, even with the advantage of six degrees more heat. The difference is still more remarkable in the best seeds. A certain writer says, parley seeds "will seldom vegetate under five weeks";

but adds he, "if soaked twelve hours in water with sulphur, they will come up in less than fortnight." I have proved by careful experiment that there is no value in the sulphur; water answers equally well, as the water with that addition. The Lima bean lying 20 days in the ground of the usual dampness of spring, partially decays; and if it comes up, it seldom matures its fruit. Persons therefore living in a latitude whose highest meridian temperature barely reaches 62 degrees, (see table) should not plant this seed; nor should they do it in any latitude until the noon temperature attains to 70 or 80 degrees. The month that furnishes this degree of heat is therefore the proper one to plant the beans in. Those who plant earlier, will not realize a perfect crop; and indeed if much earlier, they will scarcely find one mature pod.

It is obvious that the color and quality of the soil produce a material influence upon the vegetative process. So that if the ground be of a very dark color; or inherently warm; or very moist; or very dry; germination will be more or less rapid, according to the operation of these extraordinary agencies; and of course, there will be a proportionate deviation from our tabular periods and temperatures. But in this case, the deviation, I think, would be uniform throughout the catalogue. If any given seed should germinate a few days sooner, in an unusually warm soil, all the other seeds would be proportionally earlier in their growth; so that the ratios mentioned in the table would be preserved.

I find by recurring to my meteorological records, that at Richmond, latitude 39° 51' the average temperature at noon, of the

31 month is 53 degrees.
4th " 61 " "
5th " 68 " "
6th " 75 " "
7th " 77 " "

I should be pleased to see reports of similar experiments to the above, from the scientific readers of this paper, living in different parts of the State. Useful results, I conceive, would be produced by such a course of investigation. I hope some of the northern, southern, and western portions of our State, will not let the ensuing season pass over without directing their attention to the subject; and that they will communicate the results of their experiments.

JNO. T. FLEMING,
Richmond, Wayne co.

[From the Albany Cultivator.]

Hints to young Farmers.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

We are in the daily habit of hearing the casual flippant and misfortune of life, and particularly in the operations of the farm, ascribed to bad luck; and on the contrary, of hearing the blessings, comforts and enjoyments of life imputed to good luck—though these things were casual, and did not depend upon the discreet or indiscreet conduct of those whom they befall.

If we will scan this matter properly, we shall be convinced that our good and bad luck generally comes through our own agency; and that we are in a great measure, left to choose our own fortunes in this matter. The faithful practice of known duties with a due restraint upon our baser passions; seldom fails to insure good luck—while indolence, extravagance, the lack of property and good will to our fellows, are almost the certain precursors of bad luck. And even though our crops may grow, from the exuberant bounty of nature; and although our paternal wealth may extort for us the fickle applause and sympathy of the multitude; the pleasures which they afford are insubstantial, and are not to be put in comparison with those which result from a course of prudent industry and virtuous conduct—from a consciousness of having performed, and of performing the high duties imposed upon us, to our families, to society, and to our Creator.

The diligent farmer, who personally superintends his business—who rises before the sun, sees that his laborers are at their appointed business, that his farm stock are in condition, implements and fences in order, and his work timely and properly done, is pretty certain of enjoying a round of good luck in farming operations. He will have good cattle, good crops, and good profits—and, if his luck can be traced up his line in the way of his father, he will have good luck with his family.

On the other hand, look at that man who goes sips away a portion of his time at public houses, at political clubs, and among his neighbors—and who trusts the management of his affairs to the discretion and fidelity of others, and ten to one you find him an heir to ill luck—that he is annually becoming poorer, his crops lighter, his cattle diminishing, his fences and his buildings dilapidated, his children idle, and perhaps dissipated; and his fortune going to wreck. Who does not see, in such a man, a fountain-head of ill luck?

Our young readers have most of them, perhaps heard of the bad luck that befel the man who neglected, in time, to get a nail in the horse-shoe of the shoe came off; the horse became lame, and ultimately died—so that the owner lost his horse for the want of a nail. The same bad luck attended him who neglects his fences; a rail or a board down, cattle get in and destroy his crop, and he is obliged to buy bread for his family. The drone too, is generally late with his work, he plants and sows late—and suffers the harvest to waste in the fields before his crops are gathered or housed.

The diligent farmer destroys the weeds that rob his crops, and the bushes that needlessly encumber his grounds; he carefully economizes and applies his manures, designed to feed his crops and keep up the fertility of his soil; and he brings the best portion of it though naturally wet and unproductive into a productive state, by a system of judicious draining. All these are certain precursors of good luck.

Now mark the farmer of almost inevitable bad luck, upon that farm down yonder, who although in the harvest time, is from home, gone to attend a petty law suit in which he is a party. Look at the fences, the cattle, the crops—at every thing. Do they not all beholden *bad luck?* and speak in language not to be misunderstood, that the unfortunate master is going down hill.

We have one other suggestion which we may extend to the fair. Idleness is the parent of evil—of mischief. Now, the man or woman who attend to their own business as they ought, have neither time nor disposition officiously to interfere in the domestic concerns of their neighbors—they have no interest in sinking the reputation of others—but would raise them to their own level. Their habits, therefore, tend to diffuse good luck to all around them.

Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

"Is Jonathan Dumphy here," asked a raw country fellow, boiling into a city printing office. "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "Don't you know him?" exclaimed Jonathan, "why he courted my sister!"

A late writer says, that phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact that when a man is puzzled, he scratches his head. Perhaps that science (?) has as yet, no organ which its votaries are disposed to call *scratching his headiness*.