

Highland Messenger.

"Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 41.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 93.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

TERMS.
This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the receipt of the 10th Number from the time of subscription. If these terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS!!
We, the undersigned, have connected ourselves in the AUCTION, FACTORAGE AND COMMISSION BUSINESS, under the firm of **EDNEY & LYONS.**

We beg leave to offer our services to our friends and the public in the above business, pledging ourselves to use every exertion to promote the interests of those who may favor us with their patronage.

Receive and forward Goods.
In this branch of our business, promptness and despatch may be expected, our stand being on Centre street, next door to Howard & Garmany's Grocery Store, where all wagons coming in and going out must pass in review.

THOS. A. EDNEY,
J. R. LYONS.
Hamburg, S. C., Feb. 1842. 2m 87

LAW NOTICE.
The undersigned takes pleasure in offering his professional services to the citizens of Western North Carolina, and solicits their friendly patronage in the practice of Law and Equity, in the following Courts, viz: Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Iredell, Burke, Yancey, Buncombe, Henderson, Rutherford and Cleveland. He further desires the public to know, that his whole time will hereafter devoted exclusively to the Profession of Law, and that a strict attention to his clients' interests shall be given, and a regular attendance in the above Courts may be confidently expected.—Those who have hitherto confided their interests to his keeping, will please accept this as a tender of his highest regard and best thanks for their disinterested friendship. His office and residence is in Lincoln, where he will be pleased to receive any communication addressed to him, in his professional line of business. **BALIS M. EDNEY.**
January 28, 1842. 31—86

Valuable Land for Sale!
The subscribers offer for sale two hundred and fifty acres of Land, situated 1 1/2 miles east of Asheville, on what is called the river road leading to Morganton, with about 45 acres in cultivation; there is 25 or 30 acres well adapted to the growth of grass, some cleared, and some uncleared. The plantation is well watered, and in a first rate place for stock of all kinds. Liberal credit will be given, by the purchaser giving good security. For further particulars, enquire at this office.
R. W. & A. PORTER.
Feb. 25, 1842. 31 86

Notice to Contractors.
The undersigned Commissioners, appointed by the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, for Burke county, hereby give notice that they will receive Sealed Proposals for building a **NEW JAIL**, in the Town of Morganton, until Monday the 18th day of April next.

The Building to be of well made and burned brick, 46 feet in length, by 20 feet in width—two stories high—the first story to be divided into two rooms, and an Entry, and the workmanship to be done in a plain, neat style suitable for dwelling Rooms.

The upper story or Prisoners apartment, to be divided into three Rooms, each end room to be 15 by 16 feet in the clear, and 8 feet high in the clear, and an entry or middle room 11 feet square in the clear—these rooms to be secured by inner walls of heavy timber 7 inches square, dovetailed and fitted close together, and sealed with oak plank 1 1/2 inches thick nailed on with spikes 20d. at least 30 to the square foot, and otherwise constructed in the most secure and approved manner.—The whole work to be of the best materials, and done in a workmanlike manner.

The Bid will be made known on Thursday the 21st of April, and it is desirable that the Bidders should be present.—It is also desirable that the work should be undertaken forthwith, and completed as soon as possible.

A plan and specified time of the building may be seen at the Post Office or at Mr. Erwin's store in Morganton.

DAVID CORPENING,
E. J. ERWIN,
THOMAS G. WALTON,
WM. C. ERWIN,
R. C. PEARSON,

RANAWAY
From the subscriber, on the 1st inst., a Negro boy, named **AUSTIN**—about twenty years of age; very dark complexion; about five feet six inches in height; rather heavy countenance. I expect he will attempt to make his way to the West. A liberal reward will be paid to any person who will deliver said boy to me at my residence at the Mountain Shoals, in Spartanburg Dist., S. C., or lodged in any jail where I will get him.

S. M. MOSTILLER.
Mountain Shoals, Spartanburg
Dist., S. C., Oct. 11, 1841. 69 4f

State of North-Carolina,
YANCEY COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
FEBRUARY TERM, 1842.

Jackson Ray,
vs. **LAND LEVY.**
Wm. D. Anderson.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State—it is therefore, ordered by the court, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Highland Messenger, for the defendant to appear at the next term of said court, and show cause (if any he hath) why the plaintiff should not have leave for a writ of sale to issue, to sell the same; otherwise the land levied on will be condemned to satisfy the debt and all costs.

Witness, **J. W. GARLAND,** Clerk of said court, at office, the 1st Monday in February, A. D. 1842, and in the 60th year of our Independence.
J. W. GARLAND, Clerk.
March 25 6w96 Pr. edv. 85 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the New York American.)
Lake George—Deerhunt—occupation of Ticonderoga by the French, English, and Americans.

The Sun of morning hurled himself in blazing splendor o'er thy crystal waters, beautiful Horicon! as we float upon the placid bosom, not so of yore in leathery canoes, but in gaily colored barques, drawn by Steam Spirit, as he vainly strives to break his fiery prison. See how he puffs and pants in the fierce embrace of the glowing element, in furious efforts, dragging us onward with frantic swiftness, e'en as the frightened steed, the vehicle wildly bounding after him. As the valve of safety opens, hear the shrieks of mad delight with which exultingly he proclaims his freedom; now, the iron portal closed, how like Sampson in the Prison Mill, struggling, giant-like, he again applies him to his tail. Imprisoned Spirit! there is no help for thee. Sweat thou must, and pant and groan, till like thy fellow laborer man, released from fire fetters as he of earth, resolved to purer ether, thou shalt float again free and delighted in the clear elements above.

Ho! brother Spirit, tarry—tarry, wait thou a little till I join thee—then how gallantly we'll ride! Couched on summer clouds, lazily we'll float; or glancing on sun rays, shoot swift as thought, 'mid the bright whorls rolling in sublimity above us. We'll bathe in the Moon's cold splendor, fan it with the sultry heat of crimson Mars, slide upon Saturn's eternal snows or joyously gamboling along the Milky Way, chase the starry Serpent to his den. Ho! brother Spirit; but—but we must bide our time—madly now in wild career, thou sweep'st the placid lake from under us.

But whom have we here? Moustach, and whisker—humph! Ah—yonder's metal more attractive. A sturdy hunter in homespun clad, with his long rifle—his broad chested hounds in quiet, sleeping at his feet—our fellow passenger till landed on some mountain side, he follows his sylvan war. Clear animal health and vigor shines from each lineament—with what open unsuspecting manhood—what boundless freedom he comports himself. Ha!—what is it, hound? What is it? Why dost shake thy pendant ears and look so keenly in the distance—and why that plaintive howl? Ay—ay—hunter, thy practiced eye hath caught it. On yon wooded island to the windward—a noble buck with graceful form and branching antlers. He sees us not—but the dog's quick senses have caught his scent upon the passing wind. Still, boy, still. Pilot, put her a little more under the island. Hunter tend me your rifle—launch the canoe. Come hunter, peace, keep the dogs on board; paddle for yonder point—now we shoot upon the pebbly beach—make her fast to this dead log. We'll steal gently through the woods and come upon him unawares. Softly—press those vines away; whisk—avoid the rustling of the branches; here creep through these bushes—tread softly the fallen leaves—you'll mire on that swamp bottom. Hush—hush—tread softly—that crackling branch. He lifts his head—he looks uneasily about him—stand quiet. Now he browses again; get a little nearer—we are within distance. I'll try him—click. Back go the antlers—the cocking of the rifle has alarmed him—ho! off! Here goes, hit or miss, crack, he jumps ten feet in the air. I've missed him, he bounds onward, no, yes; by Jove! he's down, he's up again, he plunges forward, he falls again, he rises, falls, he struggles to his knees, falls. Hurrah! he's ours, quick, quick, thy *coureau de chaise*, we'll make sure of him. Stop, stop. Poor deer! and I have murdered thee, for my sport I have murdered thee, have taken from thee the precious boon of life, with cruelty have broken the silver cord, which the beggar's blunt knife can sever, but not the jewelled fingers of the monarch again rejoin. There thou liest, true to the Great Master's picture:

—"the big round tears
Course down thy innocent nose in piteous chase,
And thy smooth leathern sides part almost to bursting."

Thy life blood flows apace; e'en now thy large soft eye dims in the sleep of death—and I have slain thee. Thou hadst not another enemy than the gaunt coward wolf, or fanged serpent; him with light leaping bounds, thou laugh'st to scorn, as his long howl struck on thy quick ear; and the sullen rattle, with many blows of thy tiny polished hoof thou dash'st to pieces, ere from his deadly coil, his flattened head, with glistening tongue and protruded fangs, could reach thee. Oh! I shame me of my miscreant fellowship. E'en the poisonous serpent, with quick vibrating tail, did give thee warning; I stole upon thee unawares. Hunter! take again thy weapon; for thee—'tis thy vocation; perhaps 'tis well, the game is thine. I entreat of thee let my innocent victim again reproach my eyesight. So, here is the canoe; we again embark, we rock against the steamer's side, and now again rush onward in our swift career. Islands glide by us in countless numbers. The frightened trout scales in quick alarm from the splashing water wheels, while Echo, mocking their watery clamor, wakes the old mountains from their sleepy stillness who again, like drowsy giants, relapse into repose as we leave them far behind us.

TICONDEROGA, we approach thy shore. Ay—trust to appointment—here are the horses, mount, on we go, over hillock and valley, through brake, through briar, through mud, through water, through swamp, through mire; we gallop over the broad green peninsula; leap its entrenchments—thread its lines. Here is the citadel, descend the moat; the wild rank weeds and furz o'er top our heads. Ah! here's a chasm, a breach in the ancient walls; spur up, spur up; now we draw rein within the very centre of the blackened ruins. How lovely the view from the soft undulating promontory; the lake bathing its sides—Horicon's mountains o'er looking it on this—stalwart yeomen of the verdant State, free as the winds, on that! Oh! Ticonderoga, 'midst these uncultivated wilds, these silent mountains, various and eventful hath been thy history.

Ho! Old Time; how calmly strok'st thou thy long gray beard, as seated on the broken ruins thou ponderest the past! Come! come, old father! ascend this crumbling battlement—lean on my shoulder, as yet, I am straight—...I will hold thy scythe. Now point to me the drama which past generations have acted upon this green peninsula. What do I see?
I see the savage life, the light canoe floating on the blue lake, painted warriors, spearing the salmon, chasing the deer upon the plain, dragging the surlly bear in triumph; I see the swift paddle chase; I hear the laugh of children, the voice of patient squaws, the distant yell as rounding the point, the returning braves bemoan the dead left on the war path, and as the shades of evening close, the sun in golden radiance retiring over the mountains, I see them congregated in wigwags in the cove. The blue smoke rises gently o'er the tree tops, and is still—quiet and serenely obtains—the whip-poor-will and cricket; amid the drowsy hum of insect life, keep melancholy cadence.

"Stranger, venture not near them—the peace is treacherous. No civilized challenge shall give thee warning—the cruel war-shriek will ring o'er the insensate brain as the light tomahawk trembles in thy cloven skull."
Wild mist rolls onward—I hear sounds of distant music—the mellow horn—the clashing cymbals break from its midst. Ah! it rises. A gallant army, in proud array, with flags and banners—bright glittering arms, and artillery. They fraternize with the red skinned warriors. Their military lines run huge like magic. I feel e'en where I stand, high walls, grim towers, rise, and bastions spring up around us—the spotless *drapeau blanc*, high o'er our heads, floats in the breeze—with chansons of love, of war, of la belle France, mix with mirth and revelry. "Stranger, 'tis the 'Qui Vive' that arrests thy footsteps."

"Ay—now Old Time, the mystic curtain again rolls upward. What do I see? Red-coated soldiers advancing in proud battalion through the forest glades, the sun-beam dancing on their bayonets. I hear the sound of bugles, the clamorous roll of the drums, groaning jar creak of heavy artillery. Spread along the lines, covered with sharp abatis and water moat, I see the impatient Gaul, with savage ally in ambushment await their coming; they advance with desperate valor, they ford the ditch, they hew the sharpened trees with axes. In vain, the balls like hail from unseen foes, murderously destroy them; their leader falls. Hark! the bugle with melancholy wail sounds their retreat.

Again, Old Time, an interval, again red-coated soldiers! again groaning artillery! Look up! the *drapeau blanc* has vanished, the meteor flag streams proudly from the flag staff. "Stranger, 'tis the Anglo-Saxon's rough challenge that gruffly breaks upon thy ear."
Long peace and silence, Old Father, now obtain—the sentry sleeps upon his post, women and children play upon the ramparts, but, hark! what is it far in the distance that I hear? The sound of battle—the fusillade of musketry, the roar of cannon! I see Banker's Hill, from the light barricade, sweep down her thousands—...I see hurrying forward the hardy husbandman with hastily caught musket, the robed divine, the youth, the old man, cheered on by mothers, sisters, tender wives, to strike

"For their altars and their fires,
God and their native homes."
I see a new Nation's symbol, stars and stripes, and watch, now in the midnight darkness through the fortress moat, how advance that fearless band of men. Lo! in silence they penetrate the fortress centre. Hark! what voice rouses the astonished officer, as starting from his slumbers, he met, close at his throat, the bayonet's threatening point—"Surrender!" "To whom?" "The great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" Now floats the spangled banner proudly o'er the citadel, patriotic men assemble, armies make temporary resting places, invalid soldiers breathe the health restoring air, and Age wears on.

Ha! was that a meteor flashing from Defiance Mountain summit? And there, another! Plunge! plunge! Cannon shot—screaming, yelling, bounding to the very centre of the fortress. "Tis the Englishman with his artillery."
Quick, quick! St. Clair withdraw the army, the position is no longer tenable. Strike not that flag! palmed be the hand that so degrades the flag of freedom. Let it shake defiance to the last! Quick, the magazine, the train! Ha, hah! *Atta, Vesuvius* like, the explosion.
Hullo! Old Time! Ho! thou of the

scythe! What! hast gone? Am I—aye, I am alone! Naught but the blackened ruins, and the crumbling ramparts, in silence surrounding me. S.

NOTE.—This important position, situated on Lake Champlain, near the foot of the Horicon, (called by the English Lake George, and by the French St. Sacrament,) was first fortified by the French, and was the point from which they made so many incursions, in conjunction with the Indians, upon the English settlements. Lord Abercrombie led an army of nearly 16,000 men against it in the year 1758; but was defeated with a loss of 2000 men; and one of his most distinguished officers, Lord Howe, who fell at the head of one of the advance columns. In the following year it surrendered to Gen. Amherst, who led a force of nearly equal number against it. Its surpris and capture by Ethan Allen, at the commencement of our Revolution, as also the fact of Burgoyne's getting heavy cannon upon the neighboring mountain, which had heretofore been impracticable, and from which the works were entirely commanded. The necessary withdrawal of the army by St. Clair, after blowing up the works, is as related in the text.

The False Light.

OR THE CORNISH WRECKER.
"A wreck! a wreck!" is the most tremendous sound to a wretched mariner—in the howling midnight tempest on our iron bound coast, but the most welcome to those guilty men called "wreckers;" who consider the winter as their harvest season for rapine and plunder. Often we have seen five hundred or a thousand men, women and children, rushing through the breakers to seize upon their prey from some hazy vessel just dashed to atoms upon the rocks, and wondered that more prompt attention is not paid by local authorities to guard the property of wrecks and reward the honest and diligent who endeavor to save it. Thousands of our seamen perish every winter, crying, "Refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul."

The preaching of the Gospel on our sea-coast has so far improved its inhabitants, that the horrid system of alluring a vessel to destruction by lights on shore, and murdering the crew, is now happily abolished; we wish we could say as much concerning the general plunder of every part of the vessel and cargo. Upon this subject we have often heard in Cornwall, handed down from father to son, the awful legendary tale that we now submit to our readers, in which the important doctrine of divine and retributive justice is strikingly exemplified.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, in order that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, might be induced to shape his course towards it. This atrocious expedient was often successful. The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late, by the foaming breakers that burst upon them from the shore; and the vessel speedily became a prey of a set of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves immunity in their plunder, often murdered those who escaped drowning, and called their booty a *God-send*.

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretches whose name was Terleggan—an old, hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker; but the last was his favorite occupation; and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity, that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided him in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life, and sought to obtain an honorable subsistence as the mate of a West India trader.

It was a period, when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terleggan, like the vulture, ever watchful of his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the most distant indication of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly extending waves swept with slow murmuring along the shining sands of the deep bay with a monotonous plashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon the ear. No more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described by our great poet than was the quiet state of nature to the dark mind of Terleggan. In his impatience, he cursed the protracted season of tranquility, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial, not only to the gloomy temper of his soul, but to his interests. At length he saw, with a smile of savage satisfaction, the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with exultation the hollow murmuring of the winds, and beheld the blackening waves rising into fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of tempest increased; and the long and loud

blast of the contending elements rung upon the ear like the death knell of a departing soul. "Now is the time," ejaculated the old hag, his wife, "go thy way upon the cliffs, there's death upon the wind." Terleggan speedily equipped himself and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to; and he soon observed a light at sea, as in answer to his signal.

His prey seemed already in his grasp. The light evidently approached nearer; and before an hour had elapsed, the white coils reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger, distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, "All hands on deck," and "About the ship," were vociferated in wild despair. Every exertion was made to veer the ship from the shore, but the redeeming moment was passed, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill was of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash, and a heart-rending but fruitless cry for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal gun revealed for a moment a scene too horrible to be described. The stranded vessel, hurled repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull with relentless fury bearing to the shore the shattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; while the mingled shrieks of the drowning blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries of an army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—it whose ears such sounds were melody—and that being was Terleggan. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated, and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, (for the moon had broken from the clouds from which she had before been concealed) he stood awhile gazing upon the scene of desolation around him, at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine. But to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard earned booty, and who was even now loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition, was no sooner formed than executed. Whilst he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corpse upon the sands before him. Terleggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to the hut.

"What luck," exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate, as he passed the threshold of the door. "Never better," rejoined Terleggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his hellish stratagem, without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the stanger. "Give me the light, Meg," said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring, than he recognized its form and certain marks upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony, he handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it had been taken, and after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy. "Oh my son, my poor son!" and fell senseless at the feet of her husband. Terleggan endeavored to master his feelings, until the fact should be ascertained.

He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the corpse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution was complete. Overwhelmed with despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had never before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards, his mangled body was found among the rocks, and was interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood.

The chief incidents of his terrible story are narrated in the neighborhood which was the scene of hero's manifold atrocities. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards, by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms, which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

SCOTCH DEGREES.—When the University of Saint Andrew's sold her honors—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put £15 in his purse, and went to St. Andrew's to purchase for himself a good degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long desired honor. On his return, "the doctor" sent for his servant and addressed him somewhat as follows: "Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at you about me ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a depends," was the reply, "whither ye ca' me doctor too." (The reverend doctor started.) "Aye, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I find that it costs me little, I'en get a diploma myself. See ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals,' or 'Doctor, bring me the whiskey and hot water,' and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say, 'The doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be.'"

The following articles though particularly directed to the business of March will nevertheless answer well for April, and may be read with profit any month in the year.—*Editors Messenger.*

A Word to Farmers.

When we were a boy we were made familiar with the operations of the farmer for each month of the year, by the wood cuts at the head of the pages of the *Almanac*. These rude pictures were intended to afford useful hints to the Agriculturist, and were frequently instructive and always impressive. Sorry we are that they have given place to such unmeaning, stupid and nonsensical engravings as at this day characterize the embellishments of this useful Annual, the *Almanac*. If our memory serves us, the month of March used to be represented by a picture of farmers engaged in ploughing and fence-making. We are reminded of this by an article in the March number of the *Cultivator*, in which this business of fence-making is included in the "work for the Month." We have condensed some of the more general and important hints, and publish them for the benefit of such farmers as are not so much engaged in attending to other people's business as altogether to neglect their own. Happy he who attends to this rule, whether he be farmer, merchant, or mechanic.

It is well for a farmer to be looking ahead, and securing such seeds as he is intending to plant or sow the coming season. It is not too much to say, that thousands of acres of corn fail almost annually, from using bad seed. Bitter by pay double price for good seeds, than use poor ones, if they could be had for nothing.

It is the custom to sow clover and grass seeds on winter sown grain in March, and if there is a little snow it can be done much better and more evenly than without. Never attempt to scatter such light seeds in a windy day; and if you value good crops, clean fields, and peace of mind hereafter, be careful to sow nothing but pure seed in your fields. Woods will come in rapidly enough without our sowing them for domestic animals.

March is a trying month for domestic animals, if treated during our long winters as too many of them are. There is a degree of cruelty in thus halfstarving so many creatures, that deserves the severest reprobation; and even a regard to profit should induce a different course. Just compare the profits of a cow well kept through the winter, coming out sleek and smooth in the spring, with one reduced to a skeleton, barely making a living of it, and requiring good pasture till July, to get her in order again. So with sheep, swine and horses. No man has a right, nor should he attempt to keep more animals than he can keep well. Fences may be looked to this month, as animals are apt, unless cared for, to be strutting about the fields, and will do much mischief on newly seeded grass lands, and nearly destroy such wheat fields as they can obtain access to. Drains should be examined, sluices cleared, stagnant waters let off, and the sown crops examined, to prevent injury from such sources. In all places where frequent passing and repassing is to be done, substitute gates for bars, and you will have access to your fields greatly facilitated.

There may be transplanted this month, and if every farmer would see the roads to the extent of his farm were planted with trees, it would require but a few years to change the whole aspect of our country for the better. The maple, elm, ash, and in suitable soils the locust might be profitably used, and if these were not to be had, fruit trees, such as the pear, cherry, or pear might be substituted. In transplanting make your holes large, but not deep, give the roots space to spread, use rich soil in filling up, and do not cover much higher than the earth naturally was around the tree. If the top is heavy, it should be secured against winds. There are great numbers of families in New-England that make all the sugar they need, from maple trees planted within forty years; and such plantations are annually increasing. It has been ascertained at the south, that the attacks of some of the insects so fatal to fruit trees, particularly the peach, may be prevented by planting a small red cedar in the same hole with the tree; the odor of the cedar being offensive to them. Wormwood has also been tried in the same way, and it is probable any strong scented plant would produce a similar result.

Have you made all the necessary preparations for the coming season? Are your agricultural implements in good order, your ploughs, hoes, rakes, harrows, carts, &c. ready for use? Farmers find it most unpleasant, when a piece of work is to be done, to be obliged to go to a neighbor for the necessary implement, and it is not infrequently the case that the time spent in borrowing and returning a tool, would purchase a new one, or if applied in season, repaired the old one. Don't rely too much on borrowing; the practice is a bad one.

If you have neglected such things, it may be attended to now; but later than March is inadmissible, unless the grafting is performed as early as possible in the spring, and before the buds start. It is truly surprising that the production of fine fruit occupies so little of the attention. Most of them have orchards, but in a large proportion of them the fruit is good for nothing; even hogs will reject a large portion of it. Apples, it is found, have become the cheapest article extant for making pork, as if the hogs are allowed they will keep themselves, and apples are one of the very few kinds of food that is not materially improved by cooking before feeding.

At this time your ewes will require daily, some cut turnips or potatoes with a little salt. It will also be an excellent plan to allow them once a day, a few oats in the sheaf, instead of their hay; and all your sheep will be the better for such roots fed daily will prevent in most cases that costiveness which in sheep fed on dry hay alone, is apt to produce the stretches. If you have not oats a handful of corn daily to each sheep, will prove valuable.

When your wood is split and seasoned, let it be packed dry, in your wood-house, and if you manage well you will have a year's supply on hand, that the burning of green wood may be avoided. Don't believe the story that green wood is the best, or most profitable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REV. MR. MAFFIT.

We listened, with the greatest pleasure, to Mr. Maffit's lecture on Woman, delivered in the Wesley Chapel on Friday evening last. The lecture was worthy of the man and of the times; it was filled with poetry and religious fervor, and elicited the highest approbation from a vast and intelligent audience. The eloquent divine considered woman as she is. He then drew a comparison between the heathen and the christian woman; and as he can speak so much better than we can, we will give short extracts of his own words—"orient pearls at random strung."
"Woman occupies a distinguished place in the world's history. She is the theme of the poets and historians, the philosophers and statesmen of every age and of every country. The wisest and the best of men have done homage at her shrine, and through her instrumentality millions have