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THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged six dollars, invariably. The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is \$2.50 in advance, or \$3.00 if payment be delayed. Letters to the Editor must come free of postage.

POETRY.

Forgive and Forget.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

When streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is written in torment and ill,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrong—
In the heat of injustice, unwearied and fair,
While anguish is festering in gloom,
None, none but an angel of God can declare
How can forgive and forget!

By the hand of a friend, from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrongs of the heart, and the wrath will depart,
Tears of sorrow and joy will be wept,
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the heart is with contrition and will,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget!

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Land Pirate.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES D. DANE.

"During the war of the Revolution the district of country lying between the American lines on the Hudson, and the British outposts above New York, and all the families in the central ground, was infested by a set of wretched, known as cow boys, skimmers, and land-pirates, who preyed at will on the whigs. A party of them long cruised on the outposts, unchecked by either side, until the British first a leader of redoubtable courage, who had once been a colonel of some estate, but having squandered it in riotous living had taken to his present irregular life on the breaking out of trouble.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American ears; and the evil became at length so great that it was determined at any cost to extirpate his company. But this was found easier to threaten than to achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts, or moving with astonishing celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake him; for such was the ultimate misanthrope.

A young officer at length volunteered to enter Harding's company as a spy, in order to obtain such information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieut. Vaughan knew that his life hung on a thread, in such a difficult mission; for discovery would be instant death; besides he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land pirates. His heart had been in possession of Emily Hendley, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer who, hitherto a neutral, was suspected of leaning towards the American cause, and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father or the beauty of the daughter, might, sooner or later, make Hendley's farm the scene of his lawless atrocities.

It was a dark and stormy night on which Vaughan, disguised as a deserter, found his way to a low tavern near the Hudson where the land pirates were known sometimes to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number; but his story was so well concocted that all doubt, after a while, was removed. One morning a comrade approached him.

"You are to accompany us, for the first

time, tonight," said he. "The captain has resolved to attack old Hendley, who you may have heard lives up among the hills, and is almost as rich as an English lord. They say too, that he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing, though if he has, I'll venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughan could hardly conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared was about to fall; and he neither had the time to warn his friends nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert and hasten to Hendley's farm, but he knew he was watched closely and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughan managed to steal away from his comrade, and stammered into the inn, for they were then at another low tavern similar to the one where he had first joined the free-booters. The bar-maid was there alone; the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so, captain Harding is going to attack old Mr. Hendley's house to night," she said pettishly. "I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Hendley has done him, or the king no harm; but it's the daughter and not the father Harding is after. She refused him once, when he was a gentleman, and he's determined to have her on his own terms, the villain."

At this confirmation of his worst fears Vaughan could not withhold a muttered curse. The girl looked up. He saw that his indignation had betrayed him and his eye quivered beneath her searching glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenant Vaughan," said the girl, bending over and whispering in his ear, "you are known; but have nothing to fear. I was brought up near your father's and saw you many a day; my parents farmed the little place at the foot of the hill. Do you know me now? I am Kitty Gray."

The recognition was mutual. But the pleasure derived from it was alloyed to Vaughan by what he now heard of Harding's intentions. Kitty, it seems, had listened, pretending to be asleep in the bar, while the land-pirate divulged to two of his confidential followers, the evening before, his purpose in taking the Hendley farm, and it appeared that he had boarded up his old rejection, and had now resolved to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the old man by force. The head of Vaughan ran cold at the narration. Fortunately Kitty was disposed to assist him, for her woman's nature was not so far debased but what she could feel for the peril of Miss Hendley.

"If I could obtain a trusty messenger and a fast horse, we might send word to the outposts at—," said Vaughan. "A force could march to the farm and intercept our band."

"It would be impossible to send off a messenger while Harding is here," said Kitty. "besides we have nobody to trust; but I'll tell you what can be done. There is a fast animal in the stable, and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when, by a galloping I may reach the outposts, and give timely warning;—that is if a party of dogs does not happen to be there and will spare neither whip nor spur."

"There was a detachment at the outposts when I left," said Vaughan. "Pray heaven they may be there yet, for your scheme is the only feasible one."

Their further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughan suspiciously and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for the fidelity of his accomplice, however, as he went out and saw Kitty begin a bantering conversation with the free-booter.

His comrades were already busy in preparing for their ride, and Vaughan immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarcely finished his task when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," said he, cycling him keenly, "and have made up for idling in the bar-room. You will attend close on me to-day;—new recruits are apt to be suspected, and it behooves them to be specially ardent."

He accompanied these words with a significant smile, which left Vaughan half convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party were in the saddle, and the quick pace at which they advanced, increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since even if she proved true, and succeeded in reaching the American outposts, succor would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware of the inflexible purpose of Harding, and knew that neither present applications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed single handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed.

At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that this refugee penetrated his design, and had brought him along to betray him by the aid of the ruin to be worked at Hendley's farm. Yet this look might only arise from

natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were no dragoons at the place when she arrived?—These thoughts agitated Vaughan continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be," he inwardly swore, "I will preserve her from profanation by sacrificing her with my own hand."

With these bitter reflections, Vaughan followed his commander, his heart tormented now by despair, and now pacified by hope. At length Hendley farm broke on their sight, our hero looked eagerly in the direction where the dragoons, if coming would appear, but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around wore a calm and peaceful look. He turned sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead;—and when Vaughan thought of the desolation soon to fall on that now happy household, his excited feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding at this moment, having returned from a reconnaissance of the buildings, which he found as he expected, wholly unprotected; then as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted in a voice which first told the household of his approach, "halt!"

Instantly the men drew in their reins, while the hasty barring of doors was heard from the house. It was the work of a moment, however, for the assailants to dismount and before long the hall door had given way before an axe which one of the party carried, though not till a shot had been fired from an upper story window.

"Our motto is beauty and booty," shouted Harding as the door fell in. "Spare none and revenge your fallen comrade." With these words he rushed towards the staircase leading to the apartment which Vaughan knew to be occupied by Emily.

The crisis for which he had breathlessly waited ever since the attack begun had now come; and regardless of the peril, Vaughan sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's designs. Almost together they ascended the stair case. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on the lock of Emily's door—the door which had been sacred hitherto even from Vaughan's approach—when our hero arrested it by a blow with his sabre, which would have severed Harding's hand had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Halt a traitor," he said, comprehending every thing at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery, "then take that," and he levelled a pistol at our hero, who saved his life only by knocking up the weapon with his blade. In an instant the two excited men had crossed swords; Harding, furious at the discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughan thirsting for his blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time the refugees were pouring up the staircase, and for a moment they paused in astonishment at the spectacle of this unexpected combat. Recovered from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughan who they disarmed and bound after receiving many wounds. He expected nothing now but immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily, he desired to die. He would have blessed any one who would have put an end to his existence.

"Oh why did my good blade fail me?" he said. "Why could I not finish the miscreant?" To add to his distress, one of the servants who had been dragged into the hall had recognized him and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of this fair bird within, as well as a traitor and spy," said Harding, hoarse with passion, and mad with pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughan's sword, "then you shall witness how she shall be my leman ere you die."

Vaughan writhed in mental agony. Already he seemed to behold his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffian. "For God's sake," he implored; "torture me—do what you will with me—but spare Miss Hendley."

The villain answered by laying hold of the door knob, but as he did this, a bullet whistled in the air and he fell dead, pierced by a pistol ball from an unseen hand. As he fell, a huzza arose from the staircase, which was now seen full of men in the attire of American dragoons.

"Huzza—we have them now in a trap," shouted a stentorian voice, which Vaughan recognized as that of his commanding officer "no quarters my lads—cut them down."

The fight was soon over—the result could not be doubtful. The refugees were cooped up and no escape, while their enemies outnumbered them five to one. Harding fell in the beginning of the fray. The assault, the melee and the defeat passed almost with the rapidity of thought.

"We are just in time," said Vaughan's comrade, when the scuffle was terminated, and every refugee either slain or pinioned, "your messenger found us fortunately at the post."

The terrified Emily now came from the chamber where she had fled with her father, and by her fair hands were Vaughan's wounds bound up. After the war, she and our hero were happily married; and Kitty, as a recompense for her services was taken into their household.

Old men still live in the quiet valleys of the Hudson, who have heard from participants in that night's fight, the story of the Pirate's death.

John U. Waring.

The Kentucky Gazette gives the following account of the last moments of John U. Waring, who was shot down in the middle of the day as he was passing along the street, by some person concealed in an upper story of a hotel in Versailles, Ky. Waring was a man of violence and blood, and was probably murdered by some individual whom he had wronged, but who has not yet been discovered. The Gazette says:—

"The ball entered just above his left eye, which was forced from its socket and rested on his cheek; it passed through the roof of his tongue, down his throat, and perforated his lungs. Immediately after recovering from a few moments of insensibility, he made signs for writing materials; finding he was misunderstood, with all the force he could muster, he feebly articulated the word—'ink.' Supposing he wished his will written, a lawyer was called in for that purpose. Waring refused his assistance, drew the materials towards him, and wrote a number of notes, requesting the attendance of his son-in-law, paper from the clerk's office and his own residence, &c., &c. Having procured what he required, although bleeding freely internally, with the blood gushing rapidly at short intervals from his nostrils and mouth, without displaying the slightest symptoms of pain, he proceeded calmly and sternly with his final task, at which he was engaged until late at night. He completed some unfinished contracts, entered into a new one, gave receipts, settled accounts, brought a suit, drew up his will, and arranged all his worldly affairs as far as it was possible.

The scene, whilst thus engaged, has been described to us as the most melancholy and appalling one which was probably ever witnessed.—The internal hemorrhage compelled him to remain in a sitting posture from the time he was wounded until he died. His gray hairs dabbled with his own blood, with which his dress and person were almost entirely covered, his spectacles pressed firmly down upon his protruded eye, which rested in ghastly prominence upon his cheek, he plied his pen with relentless determination. Life's last sands were ebbing: fast—minutes had become to him things of the last importance. Yet, precious as the fleeting moments were, his labors were greatly lengthened by the occasional rapid ejection of gore from his mouth, bespattering and obliterating what he had written. Positing the blood stained sheets aside, his task was again resumed with unshaken firmness. In this seeming conflict between destiny and himself, Waring triumphed. He lived twelve hours longer than the physicians deemed possible, and had still time to have paid some attention to his eternal welfare. Our information leads us to believe that this was entirely disregarded, and that he died as unforgivingly as he lived.—It is said that one of his family begged, on bended knees, that he (Waring) would forgive his enemies—he shook his head and stamped his foot in stern denial.

So passed from this earth, after a life of turmoil, strife, bitterness and bloodshed, John U. Waring. May his spirit find more peace in the next, than was vouchsafed to him in this world.

The River and Harbor Bill.

Which has passed the House of Representatives, and is not yet acted on by the Senate, contains the following appropriations: Breakwater at Burlington, Vt. \$15,000 Breakwater at Plattsburg, N. Y. 15,000 Steam Dredging Lake Champlain, 9,000 Harbor at Port Ontario, 10,000 Harbor at Oswego, 30,000 Improvement of Big Sodus Bay, 5,000 Improvement of Little Sodus Bay, 5,000 Harbor at the mouth of Genesee river, 20,000 Oak Orchard Harbor, 7,000 Dredge Boat for Lake Ontario, 20,000 Harbor at Buffalo, 50,000 Harbor at Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, 15,000 Harbor at Erie, 40,000 Grand River harbor, 10,000 Ashtabula harbor, 10,000 Harbor at Cleveland, 20,000 Harbor at Huron, 5,000 Harbor at Sandusky city, 11,000 River Basin harbor, 13,000 Dredge boat on Lake Erie, 20,000 St. Clair falls, 40,000 Grand River harbor on Lake Michigan 10,000 Harbor at the mouth of Kalamazoo river 10,000 Harbor at St. Joseph, 10,000 Harbor at Michigan city, 40,000 Little Port Harbor, 12,000 Harbor at Racine, 15,000 Harbor at Southport, 10,000 Harbor at Milwaukee, 20,000 Harbor at Chicago, 12,000 A Dredge boat on Lake Michigan, 15,000 Harbor at St. Louis, 75,000 Breakwater at Stamford Lodge, Me., 20,000 Harbor at Boston, 40,000 Works at Bridgeport, 15,000 Harbor at New Castle, Del., 15,000 Harbor at Port Penn, 5,000 Delaware Breakwater, 75,000

Harbor at Providence, R. I. 20,000 Harbor at Baltimore city, 20,000 Newark Bay, N. J. 15,000 Harbor at Havre-de-Grace Maryland, 20,000 Savannah harbor and canal anchorage near Fort Pulaski, 50,000 Great Wood Hole Harbor, Mass. 1,450 Navigation of the Hudson, 75,000 Ohio river above Louisville, 80,000 Ohio river below Louisville and of the Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas rivers, 240,000 Removing of raft of Red River, 80,000 For harbor works heretofore constructed on the Atlantic coast, 20,000

From the National Intelligencer.

THE "MORAL PREPARATION."

We give to-day the President's Message to the Senate on Tuesday, as we find it published in the government paper, and which, from the enforcement of some very novel rule of the Senate, we were deprived of the opportunity of laying before our readers in yesterday's Intelligencer. A deliberate perusal of this document, in its official form, fully sustains, in our judgment, the few remarks which we have accompanied the publication of a summary of it in yesterday's paper. We are not only confirmed in all that we said of it, but we feel called upon to return to the subject for the purpose of enforcing the views which we then briefly and hastily submitted. This duty, however, we must forgo for the present, that we may bestow a passing notice on the semi-official commentary which accompanies the Message on the government paper.

Taking its cue from the Message, the editor of the government paper argues, with all the force and rhetoric (in which it so habitually relies) of CAPITAL LETTERS, and italicized lines, that something more is necessary to carry us peacefully and happily through the present crisis in our foreign relations than mere military and naval preparations. This he calls *moral preparation*; and it may be summed up, he avers, in one word, "UNANIMITY." Unanimity, indeed! Unanimity of whom? Unanimity of what? We are quite sure there is perfect unanimity among all the citizens of the United States in regard to this great point, to wit: that all just rights of the country, and the unblemished honor of the country, ought to be maintained and defended; and, among all disinterested, and patriotic men, the only sane and entire unanimity, as we believe, that the country ought not to be involved in war unnecessarily, or in defence of any doubtful right or claim. In these great elements of political opinion we think there is a perfect unanimity. But this is not that sort of Unanimity which the editor of the *Union* so solemnly espouses. After dwelling upon the foresight of the President, and the wisdom of the President—topics never off his tongue—he fills up what he calls his "moral preparation," UNANIMITY. Now, this means no more, and no less, than that Congress and the People should follow the beck of the President; adopt such measures as he suggests; lay taxes; raise armies, and equip navies; while he keeps to himself, shut up in his own breast, and concealed even from all his friends, to what purpose all these are to be applied. The plain argument of the Administration is this: "Give to the President all the power, raise new troops, build new ships, fill the Treasury, and put it at his control; and, having done this, then let Congress and the People come to a unanimous resolution to let him do with all these means of power just what he pleases." Now, we venture to say that this is a sort of unanimity which will never be reached, either in Congress or the country. Congress must see that there is a necessity for taxes, and arms, and navies, before it will vote them. And if it were possible that Congress should be negligent of its duty in this respect, and adopt blindly every Executive recommendation, as we think it is not, there would be, there must be, a strong feeling excited in the country against such rash and reckless trusting of unlimited power to the Executive arm, before the necessity was made apparent. A Unanimity in gratuitous and unconstitutional confidence in a Unanimity in giving extraordinary powers to the President, without seeing the occasion or knowing the purpose; a Unanimity in thoughtless and heedless rush into national controversies and national war, is a sort of Unanimity which the conductors of the Administration press will look for in vain.

Does the President wish the unanimous support of Congress and the People in his policy? Then, plainly, his first duty is to let us know what that policy is. Has he ends and purposes in regard to which he would call on the country to support him? Then let him tell us what those ends and purposes are. How would our Government differ from a despotism, if unlimited means are to be put into the hands of the Executive, to be used in his sole discretion, and in the prosecution of views and purposes which he does not state? Let those objects be fairly and frankly stated; let him deal unreservedly with Congress, and then it will be for Congress to say whether they will place reciprocal confidence in him.

We should think that the President must have seen quite enough to convince him that no degree of Unanimity, either in the public councils or the public judgment, unless indeed it be a Unanimity against the propriety of his present position, can ever be reached of his present position. There is while he remains in that position, even a Unanimity, but infinite diversity, even among his own friends, even upon the first and elementary question, What does the President mean? And if there is no agreement on this, how can there be agreement on any thing?

But now we have something to say on the subject of Unanimity, which, we trust, will be more satisfactory to the editor of the *Union*, as we are sure it will give great satisfaction to the country. On one point, if there be not at the present moment entire Unanimity, there is at least a most gratifying approach to it; and that is, that the Oregon dispute ought to be compromised and settled, and that immediately; and that it ought to be compromised substantially on the offer made by the Government of the United States to England in 1826. All know that that com-

promise can be had if the President so wishes; and all, or nearly all, think it ought to be taken. Mr. Chalmers, of Mississippi, in debate in the Senate on Tuesday, declared that three-fourths of the President's own friends in the Senate were in favor of the compromise. He is himself a friend of the President, no doubt knowing the sentiments of all others, and his statement may therefore be relied on. He states also—that indeed it was correct—that four-fifths of the whole body of the Senate were in favor of compromise. This is truly a great approach to Unanimity. Let the Administration and its organs make this Unanimity complete. If they wish Unanimity, let them one fifth concur with the four-fifths, and then the patriotic wish of the editor of the *Union* will be fully accomplished.

From the Knoxville Register.

Cure for the Bots.

Considering it to be the duty of every individual to contribute all he can to increase the fund of useful information among the farming community, I give below a sure and infallible cure for the Bots in Horses.

This disorder proves fatal to more horses than any other to which that noble and favorite animal is subject. Its symptoms are gnawing with the hind feet, looking round to the side, lying down, yawning, &c.; and on the inside of the upper lip, are small white lumps which grow more prominent as the bot progresses in cutting the jaws.

To cure this disease, take one spoonful of common salt, one spoonful of gunpowder, and two spoonfuls of flour—then scrape the horse's upper lip on the inside until it is raw and beginning to bleed; and then rub as much of the above mixture on it as will stick to it; after which keep the horse in motion for some time.

The above receipt is to be found in the *Virginia* and *Maryland Farmer*. The writer states that he has been in the habit of making use of the remedy for a great number of years, for more than fifteen years, and never knew it to fail; and he says he is so well assured of its efficacy, that he has no doubt of its always curing, where the new is not quite cut through. I myself tried it on several occasions, with the most complete success, and can safely recommend it as one of the best remedies known. J.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Measures—Mill, & Meat—And Corn. Mr. Editor—Sir:—I see in your last number of the Cultivator recommendations how to make measures, also, how to measure a corn crib. Now, I do not say that these are incorrect, in the least, but permit me to give you my rule, and then persons measuring can work by either.

In the first place, almost every farmer has use for a half or bushel measure, and for want of knowing the proper size to make them, he goes to town, buys a Yankee made one, pays three times as much for it as the plank and nails are worth that it takes to make one. Any man who can say a plank and drive nails can make one. The rule is this: A box 12 inches square and 18 inches deep will hold one bushel. For a half bushel, 12 inches square and 9 inches deep. The calculations are made for the bushel to contain 2,160 inches.

To measure a corn crib—multiply the length and breadth and multiply that product by four. This will give you the amount the crib would contain in bushels if the corn be one foot deep. Multiply this product by the height of the pile cut off the right hand figure; in short, multiply the length, breadth and depth together, and that product by four, and cut off the right hand figure. Example:—suppose a crib 10 x 15 x 8 feet; the multiplied make 1,200, and multiplied by 4=4,800. Do you see, the crib will hold 4,800 bushels; every foot in height will hold 60 bushels.

MILLET—I would recommend every farmer who is needing fodder to get some millet and sow it on a rich spot of ground. It should be sown about the time corn is planted, in drills three feet apart, plowed like corn, the grass and weeds picked out while young like rice. When seeding, cut and feed like oats or rye. It is a good preventive of bots. It can be cut on low, moist land, every two or three weeks from the middle of June until September. A quart will sow an acre.

MEAT—There are many ways of preserving meat from the bugs. The following is my plan: The last of February take down your meat, if well smoked; have a large pot of boiling water, keep fire under it; dip your meat in it; let it stay one minute by the watch; in it, let the eggs no longer of hatching the meat; let it stay in the water a little while; being hot it will dry; then pack it away in a box or bag, and it will be good and sweet as long as it lasts, and perfectly free from bugs, if the eggs are all killed in the first place.

CORN—Lastly, how to make your corn hold out. Go to the crib yourself and get it out, or see it done, and don't depend on a servant. There is not one in forty but will give more than you direct if you do not see him.

Your humble servant, PENRO.

State's Evidence.—A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, and was supposed to be connected with an extensive gang which were laying contributions on the stable round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained, that he should be discharged upon his revealing, under oath, all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand, then, the devil is the only accomplice I ever had; you have been a great while in partnership—you have acquired me, and you may hang blame if you can catch him!"