



AGRICULTURE.

CAUTION TO SILK CULTURISTS.

STAFFORD, VA., May 15, 1841. To the Editor of the Farmers' Register. As the season for beginning the rearing of silk worms is near at hand, and as some of your readers will commence the business this summer, I hope you will give space in the Register for a few brief cautions, that may be useful to the inexperienced.

1. To all new beginners I say, do not hatch too many worms at first, nor expect to derive much profit from your first experiment. The knowledge derived from experience, which alone can enable you to conduct the business with economy of labor, will amply remunerate in subsequent operations all who will have patience and perseverance enough to pursue the business a sufficient time to learn how to manage it well.

2. Beware of expending much for new and highly puffed fixtures, until you learn from experience that they will accomplish all, or nearly all, that their inventors and advocates claim for them. An old practice has been sent forth under a new name, (the "non-cleaning system," which, I fear, will be productive of mischief in several ways. The general impression made on the minds of the inexperienced is, that cleanliness may be dispensed with. Beware of practicing on this opinion. I have fed with branches for several seasons, as late as the 25th of June, and the plan works well, with proper attention to cleaning, and when the mulberry trees are judiciously pruned. The mulberry trees must not be pruned at the farthest later than the 1st of July, and then the pruning should be conducted with regularity, and the ground ploughed or hoed, immediately after the operation.

3. Leaves gathered in the heat of the day must be spread and stirred with a stick before they are given to the silk-worms. If given to them when warm they produce disease. And whenever large quantities of leaves are brought to the feeding room to be kept even for one or two hours, care should be taken to spread them in thin layers. If fermented leaves be given to the worms, their destruction will certainly follow; although most of them may live until near the period for spinning.

4. Let the silk-worms have (especially in the last age) an abundant supply of fresh air. The windows should be kept partially open, at least, day and night, and even during thunder storms. A modern inventor has found out that the admission of the exterior air is not very important. He ventilates the worms, and is not solicitous about keeping up currents of air through the building. Beware of this crude and new-fangled notion.

5. After the worms have formed the cocoons, attend carefully to the directions for killing the chrysalides, found in the Farmers' Register and the Journal of the American Silk Society. If the use of camphor, as recommended by Miss Rap, should be practised, strict regard to her directions, as to time and manner, is essential. The cocoons must be carefully assorted, and if kept in the box too long they may be seriously injured by fermentation.

LAYTON Y. ATKINS.

* Some persons have adopted the notion that the morus mulcaulis cannot be killed. Let such pursue the moving plan in July and August, for one or two summers, and they will find themselves in the condition of the man who killed "the geese that laid golden eggs."

CUT WORM vs. CRICKET.

A discovery took place a few days ago, that was entirely new to us. One of our citizens observed that much of his corn was cut off immediately above the ground; and in many instances the blades drawn into small holes made in the ground near by. The appearance of the mischief was so like that of the cut worm, that hostilities were immediately commenced for the purpose of destroying as many of those vile intruders as possible, by pursuing them into their retreats—dragging them out by violence, and executing them in a most cruel manner, without benefit of clergy, or even granting them a hearing in their own defence! But how great was the astonishment, when instead of the disgusting and savage cutworm, was found the unsuspected Cricket, that, like many other animals with more sagacity, who often annoy the community, had been committing depredations on the credit of others. The insect is not the ordinary black or brown cricket often seen in our fields; or at least if it is, it has not yet acquired its full growth or usual color; being smaller in size, and ash-colored.—Farmer's Advocate.

VARIETY.

MY SISTER. Our young readers may learn from the following affecting story the importance of being kind at all times to their brothers and sisters, and indeed to all around them. Let them remember too, that their own lives are uncertain, and that they ought to live every day as though it should be their last. We know not 'what a day may bring forth.'

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a young sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and admiration through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind. She was an only sister, the sole companion of all my childish sport. We were constantly together; and my young heart went to hers with all the affection, all the fondness, of which

childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look and the tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and she shamed me to silence. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional glances at her that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee, and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms round her neck and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her own room, and directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with agitated look and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night, and the following, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day, I rose at an early hour and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent while tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and baring my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might once more see her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice. Years have passed away, and I am now a man, but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchange looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last parting with my own loved Ellen.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

'Twas one of those days when the sun in its peculiar altitude looks at two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day, when nature was laughing till her sides ached, and mother earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, the lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspects, were loling in the sun, and ruminating their already gathered repast—every thing seemed happy except the shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A "green and yellow melancholy," had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let "concealment, like a worm in the bud," prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Backthorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder," said his lordship to the squire, "what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life."

"Good! Why, my lord, do you really believe such nonsense?" "Decidedly I do; I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

They now advanced nearer and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby. "Well, Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures."

"It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it."

"Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper, away for Ball-face."

In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock. "That's a clever turn, my worthy," said the squire; "here's half a crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honor," said Darby; "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it in drink all in one night."

"Explain this riddle, Darby."

"Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many a one there are, who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil."

"You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. "What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow indeed! Yet proud as you are of him, my lord, I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a bare-faced lie, out and out."

"Done!" said his lordship, and the squire set out on his lie-making expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cathleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each other's arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her unkindness in neglecting the "worthy young fellow" who was dying for her, contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next to admiration, and the laughing girl tript home, leading the animal with a handkerchief, taken from her snowy bosom, which was in the eye of the squire.

Darby was left now to his solitary reflection.

The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram. What was to be done? To tell a LIE appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation—to EQUITATE was meanness execrable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a short distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

"Good morrow, Darby." "Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?" "Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favorite ram—where is he?" "Oh, my lord, he—he—he—he—he—"

"He what, Darby?" "He was drowned—my—my lord."

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carelessness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do!" murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby." "Good morrow, my lord."

"Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?" "Bravely, my lord."

"And my ram, Darby, where is he?" "My lord, he—he—he—he—he—"

"Is there any thing wrong? Tell me at once." "He was stolen, my lord."

"Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?"

"That won't do either!" exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel Cath!"

Something seemed to whisper to him, "Try it, perhaps the TRUTH will do!" Fresh courage seemed to animate his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he commenced the colloquy, and coming to the usual interrogation, "where's the ram?" he dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord; do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to sell your lordship a LIE!"

"That will do!" shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told "the truth and nothing but the truth;" and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!" The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cathleen as a dowry, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

Look at this, Parents.—If he had brought me up properly, I should not have been here," were the last words of Peter Robinson, who was hung on the 13th of the past month in New Brunswick, (New Jersey) for the murder of Sweden. This monster in the form of man had been permitted while a boy to do pretty much as he pleased. Like too many in the present day, he was subject to no restraint. Instead of being made to work, he was allowed to lounge through the week and to fish on the Sabbath—and as might have been expected, he has come to a disgraceful end. What must be the feeling of the father's heart, when his felon son reproaches him as the author of his crime and ignominy?

Parents, remember the dying words of Robinson:—"If he had brought me up properly, I should not have been here."

Beautiful Moral.—In Longfellow's Hyperion, that casket of rare and sparkling gems, we have the following beautiful moral deduced from the story of the hero:—"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without tear and with a manly heart."

The following simple and touching lines seem to come from the very heart of the writer. There is something in poetry which alleviates what it cannot cure, and if it does not make man what he would be, will sometimes soothe the miseries that abide by him as he is:

She sat when on the waters east, Untended and alone, To mark the sinking of the blast, And see the wind go down.

The soldier to see friendship fly, And love and hope depart, Leaving his sufferer to die In widowhood of heart.

Many years ago, just as a learned Judge had closed his charge to a Grand Jury an ass began to bray within hearing of the Court, when a barrister sarcastically whispered to his next neighbor, "What an extraordinary echo there is in this Court." This sarcasm reached the ears of the learned Judge, who bore it with his accustomed good temper, but did not discharge it from his memory. Years after, while the person to whom the sarcasm has been attributed, was addressing the Court, by a whimsical coincidence, an ass was heard to bray; when the witty, and well-tempered Judge exclaimed, with affected gravity, "Gentlemen, this is quite irregular; one at a time, and I will hear you both."

A cabin boy on board a ship, the Captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went trembling and crying, and said to the Captain, "Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers before you whip me?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll never say 'Am!'"

The Editor of the Macon Messenger, in an appeal to his PATRONS for payment of dues, relates the following case as a caution to those who refuse so to do:—"Two years ago, a man refused to pay us his account of \$350, because 'he had no money' as he said; and the same day he lost his pocket book containing Eight Hundred Dollars, which he never found—all this for telling a Printer a lie."

How long a time will it take Secretary Bell to wind up the Seminoles in Florida? What a rout we used to hear about this war—now not a whisper is heard. There is a vast difference between being in, and being out; no two things can be more unlike than your bull and my ball.

Petersburg Statesman.

Life in the West.—Some idea may be formed of the state of society in some portions of the western country by the following advertisement which we clipped from a paper published in the back woods:

N. Y. San. Work done Cheap.—The subscriber is prepared to do all the fighting for his neighbors within fifty miles; men will be knocked down and dragged out at a reasonable price, and payment received in grain, potatoes, or whiskey. Apply to Wilson Williams at his cabin in Striker's Settlement.

Important to Printers.—Judge Johnson has decided in Feliciano, that the Printer's profession is a manual one, and as such, his types press and paper are exempted from seizure, under the provisions of Art. 644 of the Code of Practice, which exempts the tools and instruments necessary for the exercise of a trade or profession by which the debtor gains his livelihood.

PROSPECTUS.

The publishers of the Globe have recently given to the country an exposition of the motives which prompted the attempt by the Federal party to prostrate their establishment, by the lawless abrogation of their contract as Printers to the Senate. They showed that there were already six Federal newspapers—to which a seventh is about to be added—published at Washington—all devoted to the dissemination of Federal principles, and the defence of Federal measures. And to make this overwhelming battery of Federal presses at the seat of government tell with the more effect throughout the Union, the character of the Globe was to be tarnished, its means impoverished, and its political influence destroyed, by a sweeping denunciation of infamy on the part of the Federal leaders in the Senate—by throwing the dead weight of an expenditure of \$40,000 in preparation to do the Congressional work, on the hands of its publishers, (the printers whose contract was violated,) and by having this whole work of defamation and ruin accomplished by the judgment of the Senate of the Union to give it the sanction of the highest tribunal known to our country. The work was done by a caucus packed majority of Federalists, and the Editors of the Globe are left to sustain their establishment by the patronage they may receive from political friends for the papers they publish. We will not ask or receive the sort of lumping contribution by which the banks and Federal politicians sustain their presses. We will abandon the publication of the Globe, if it cannot be supported by the regular subscription price of the paper. If such of our Democratic friends whose circumstances do not justify a subscription to the daily or semi-weekly paper, will patronize the cheaper publications issued by us—the Extra Globe—the Congressional Globe, and the Appendix—we shall be enabled to maintain as heretofore, our corps of Congressional Reporters at the cost of \$3,000 per annum, and to draw to our aid some of the ablest pens in our country. We trust, under these circumstances, and at a time when the greatest interests of the country, and its future destiny, are put at stake upon the events with which the first year of the present Administration is pregnant, that no individual who has the cause of Democracy at heart, will hesitate to meet this appeal, when at the same time he will feel assured that this trifling tax for his own advantage, will sustain in triumph at Washington the long-tried and faithful press of his party.

The EXTRA GLOBE will be published weekly for six months, commencing on Wednesday, the 19th May, and ending on the 19th November next, making twenty-six numbers, the last of which will contain an index. Each number will contain sixteen royal quarto pages. It will contain principally political matter. The political aspect and bearing of the measures before Congress during the special session will be fully developed, and when the proceedings are considered of much interest to the public, they will be given at length.

The CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE and APPENDIX will begin with the extra session of Congress, to commence on Monday, the 31st of May next, and will be continued during the session. The CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE will give an impartial history of the proceedings of both Houses of Congress; and the APPENDIX will contain all the speeches on both sides of important subjects, at full length, as written out or revised by the members themselves. They will be printed as fast as the business of the two Houses furnishes matter for a number. It is certain that we will publish more numbers of each than there will be weeks in the session. They will be issued in the same form as the Extra Globe, and a copious index to each. Nothing but the proceedings and speeches of Congress will be admitted into the Congressional Globe or Appendix.

These works being printed in a suitable form for binding, with copious indexes, will form a valuable, indeed, a necessary, appendage to the library of the statesman and politician, giving, as they do, at an extremely moderate price, a complete epitome of the political and legislative history of the period.

Subscriptions for the EXTRA GLOBE should be here by the 26th May, and for the CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE and APPENDIX by the 6th June next, to insure all the numbers.

TERMS. For 1 copy of the Extra Globe... 5 For 6 copies of the Extra Globe... 25 For 1 copy of the Congressional Globe, or Appendix 50 cents... 50 For 6 copies of either... 300

And so on in proportion for a greater number. And so on in proportion for a greater number. Payments may be transmitted by mail, postage paid, at our risk. By the regulations of the Post Office Department, postmasters are authorized to frank letters containing money for subscriptions to newspapers.

The notes of any bank, current in the section of country where a subscriber resides, will be received by us at par.

No attention will be paid to any order unless the money accompanies it. BLAIR & RIVES. WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1841.

With Scissors sharp and Razor keen, I'll dress your hair and shave you clean."

Bonaparte, the Barber, RESPECTFULLY informs his customers, that he has removed his establishment to the east end of Col Alexander's Long Row, a few doors east of the Courthouse, where he will be pleased to see them at all times. He professes to be master of the "Tomorial Art," and will spare no effort to afford entire satisfaction. Charges moderate, to suit the times. [Charlotte, March 9, 1841.]

\$25 Reward. RAN AWAY, from the subscriber, living near Lancaster Courthouse, South Carolina, on the 4th ultimo, a bright mulatto boy, named WILEY, about 25 years of age, five feet five or six inches high, stoutly built, broad spoken, straight hair, and fond of spirits. Said boy will probably have a free pass, and is doubtless making his way to the West. He had an umbrella with him when he left. I will give the above Reward for his delivery to me, or if confined in any Jail so that I can get him. JAMES R. COUSER. 14.3w. June 8, 1841.

POSTSCRIPT. JOB PRINTING. WE are prepared at this Office with a handsome supply of Fancy Type, to execute all kinds of Letter-Press Job Printing in a very superior style, and at short notice. Orders will be thankfully received. Jeffersonian Office, Charlotte, March 9, 1841.

TO THE PUBLIC.

JOHN OPARRELL announces to his customers and the public generally, that he has disposed of his entire stock of Groceries, Liquors, &c., to Mr. John B. Roueche of Lincoln, and will close his business in Charlotte on Thursday of the ensuing April County Court. Until then, however, he will continue in business at his old stand, and be glad to accommodate his customers with every article in the Grocery line, on the most reasonable terms. J. O. P. gives this early notice of his intention to close business, in order that all who owe him, either by note or book account, may have due time to come forward and make settlement, which he earnestly requests them to do between this and Court, for his notes and accounts must positively then be closed. Charlotte, March 5, 1841. 1-1c

God Beef. THE Subscriber respectfully begs leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte, that he has made ample arrangements to furnish them for another year with first rate B. E. F. He has been in the business now nearly five years, and the quality of his Beef, and the moderate price at which he sells it, has secured him a constant and increasing patronage. He will butcher and dress none but Beef of the very best quality. J. MAS GOODLAKE. 2-F. March 16, 1841.

William Hagar & Co. Type and Stereotype Foundry, 74 Fulton, Corner of Gold Street, New-York. THE Subscribers take this method of announcing to their friends and the public generally, that, having purchased the extensive and well known Type Foundry, formerly owned by Messrs. Conner and Cooke, they have removed the same to their present central position. Having made extensive revisions, additions, and alterations, they are now prepared to execute orders of any magnitude they may be favored with, with promptness, and on as favorable terms as at any other Foundry in America. To their new Specimen Book, which has been recently extensively circulated, they would respectfully refer.

All articles manufactured by them shall be of a material equal, if not superior to any manufactured in this country—and undergo a thorough examination as to appearance, ranging, dressing, and properly assorting. All articles exhibited in the Specimen Book, formerly issued by Conner and Cooke, together with sorts of Fonts sold by them, can now be furnished from this Foundry without delay, with many since added. WILLIAM HAGAR & CO. are agents for the sale of the Napier, Washington, and Smith Processes, which, together with Cases, Composing Sticks, Furniture, Ink, and every article used in the printing business, will be kept on hand, and furnished at manufacturers' prices. N. B.—No machine cast Type manufactured at this Foundry. New-York, February 25, 1841. 3-3m

Farmers' Register. THE recent Union of the CAROLINA PLAN with the FARMERS' REGISTER, and the consequent addition to the subscription list of about 1,000 names, will enable the publisher to add something forthwith to the privileges and advantages before offered to subscribers. These additional advantages will be seen in the third premium, which is now added below, and in the advertised prices of back volumes annexed:

CONDITIONS OF THE FARMERS' REGISTER For the Ninth Volume, TO BE COMMENCED JANUARY, 1841. ARTICLE I. The Farmers' Register is published in monthly numbers, of 61 large octavo pages each, at \$5 a year, payable in advance. [See, also, "Premiums" below.] It is now also issued (and consisting of nearly the same matter) weekly, in a single sheet of 16 pages octavo. Price and conditions the same for both publications.

II. All mail payments must be made in bank notes, or checks, of full value in Virginia—or otherwise, of a city bank of the State in which the subscriber resides;—and all letters to the publisher (except such as contain articles for publication,) must be post paid; and the publisher assumes the risk of loss by mail-carriage of all letters and remittances conforming to the foregoing conditions, and which have been properly committed to the mail, or to the hands of a postmaster.

III. If a subscriber is not directed to be discontinued before the first number of the next volume has been published, it will be taken as a continuance for another year. Subscriptions must commence with the beginning of some one volume, and will not be taken for less than a year's publication.

IV. The mutual obligations of the publisher and subscriber, for the year, are fully incurred as soon as the first number of the volume is issued; and after that time, no discontinuance of a subscription will be permitted. Nor will a subscription be discontinued for any earlier notice, while any thing thereon remains due, unless at the option of the Editor.

Premiums in extra copies, offered in consideration of either advanced or early payments.—1st. To every subscriber who shall pay for vol. 9, strictly according to the above conditions, (in articles I. and II.) before the 31st January, (when No. 1. will be issued) an extra copy of the same shall be sent; or instead, if preferred by him and so ordered, a copy of either vol. 7, or vol. 8. In like manner, at same rate of deduction, any one person may obtain any number of copies to supply others.

2d. To every subscriber, not thus paying in advance of the publication, but who shall do so, and in all other respects comply with the above conditions before Ju. 30th, an extra copy of either vol. 7 or vol. 8 shall be sent; and the same to every new subscriber, paying as above required (in Art. I. and II.) at the time of his subscription being ordered.

3d. Every subscriber who has received all the back volumes of the Farmers' Register, and who may be entitled by his payment to either of the foregoing premiums, instead of them may, at his choice, and by his direction, be credited for vol. 10, to be issued in 1842.

REMARKS.—Any extra copy, sent as above stated, will be directed only to the name of the individual entitled to it as a premium; but sent to any postoffice that may be desired. The sending of every such extra copy will cease with the volume; but the like arrangement may be renewed, and similar advantages obtained by any subscriber hereafter, upon the renewed performance of like conditions.

No agents or general collectors are employed for the Farmers' Register. But any subscriber, postmaster, or other person, may obtain for his own profit the large allowances offered in the foregoing premiums, by procuring the benefits to the publication for which the premiums are offered. Address EDMUND RUFFIN, Petersburg, Va., Oct. 31, 1840.

* It will be again required, (as formerly,) that mail payments shall be made in the notes or checks of specie-paying banks, should any such banks be in operation in the States in which subscribers severally reside. Until then, the publisher, like all other creditors and laborers at fixed prices, must submit, as now, to be defrauded by the operation of the non-specie paying banking system, or the difference in value between the best of such bank paper and specie.

* A postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself. (Signed) Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General.