

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

rom the Forget-Me-Not for 1839.

THE PRIEST AND THE PENITENT.

[BY MISS WALKER.]

"So the beautiful Imoinda is to be married this morning. Faith, Pembroke is a lucky fellow. I for one would gladly vote the barter of half the blond belles of this town, so that we might keep among us the glorious eyes of that divine Creole girl. Positively they make sunlight in the darkest day of November."

"Why, Villiers, man, you are getting poetical; I did not know the Barbadoes wid'w had made a slave of you, too. Really, the negroes on her estates are free in comparison to the poor devils she holds in bondage here. Well she is a sweet creature, and I hope Pembroke may value the treasure he has won, as she deserves."

The above dialogue took place in the High Street of that prettiest and most gossiping of towns, Cheltenham, between two of the loungers ever to be found there and in other watering places.

We will now more fully introduce to our readers the lady to whom it referred. Imoinda Jerrold was the widow of a man, by courtesy called gentleman, who, because he possessed large plantations in Jamaica, and had numbered fifty years, thought himself entitled to exercise over the lovely and portionless girl, whom he had bribed her parents to force to the altar as his wife, a tyranny and despotism, which, even the elasticity of sixteen, and a naturally bright and joyous temperament, were scarcely capable of coping with. After a wretched duration of three years, the death of a brother called Mr. Jerrold to England, and a few more months conveyed to his wife the tidings, heard certainly without any very violent demonstrations of grief, of his own demise.

She was now, at nineteen, with all the power which wealth confers, all the freedom a state of widowhood enjoys, and all the influence with which a face and form of singular loveliness always endow a woman. The delicacy of her health demanding change of climate, she repaired to England, and passed the period since her arrival at the favorite resort of travellers from the warm latitudes—Cheltenham.

Her presence there had excited quite a furor among natives and visitors, and Alexander numbered not more victories than did Mrs. Jerrold; though her conquests were not on the cultivated plain, but in the sweet walks of the Montpellier promenade, or in the glittering and garlanded ball-room.

For those who wish for a description of our beauty, we will briefly sketch her. Large starry eyes, whose flashing lustre was tempted by an expression of such tender benevolence, that every look was a prayer—a gem of the finest and clearest olive; now utterly colourless, now glowing as sunset; hair black and shining; and a form so exquisitely pliant, so faultlessly proportioned, that every movement was grace, every attitude worthy of perpetuation by the sculptor's chisel. With such manifold attractions, it is no marvel that her hand was an object of eager competition; but, disdaining the attentions which rank passers, the temptations which allure equal to her own held forth, she selected from her host of admirers, Henry Pembroke, the scion of a poor, though noble, Catholic family, who, saving a genealogy without a blot and a fine manly person, appeared to have no especial claim to such distinction, unless a love, whose tenderness and intensity often hurried him into temporary distrust and suspicion, can be called so. The day of her nuptials had arrived, and Imoinda sealed her earthly fate for weal or woe, and became the wife of Henry Pembroke. The ceremony over, the married lovers entered their traveling carriage, and set off for the Continent.

It was an evening in early spring; earth, air, and sky, were fraught with beauty, and filled every sense, even to overflowing, with a deep, yet subdued feeling of enjoyment—one of those evenings, when, at the sight of creation in all its fitness and perfection, the heart is humbled in lowly worship of the divine Creator, and the better difficulties of the soul awakened, it pants to exchange the perishing interests of Time for the endless glories of Eternity. I had taken my evening stroll among the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, and my path homeward leading me by the Church of San Giovanni Laterano, I entered its opened portals. The dark chant of vespers was pealing through the aisle, low sweet, and solemn. In a few minutes, all whom devotion or curiosity had called thither, had left the edifice, and I found myself, and I fancied, sole occupant of the spacious area.

While inspecting the pictures—for where is the Church in Rome that has not some picture worth inspection? I was startled by the choking sob of feminine agony near me. I then found that the screen afforded by one of the colossal figures of the Apostles, which adorn the aisles, had hidden from view a confessional, from whose recesses, it was evident, the accents of grief proceeded. Unwilling to listen to this outbreak of a loaded heart, whose anguish it was not for me either to hear or to assuage, I was leaving the church, when a wild unearthly scream, which still rings in my ears, arrested my footsteps, and a moment afterwards, I saw the grey marble floor, on which I stood, crimsoned with blood!

To force open the door of the confessional was the work of an instant; and, on entering its narrow precincts, I discovered priest and penitent, both to all appearance, lifeless. The latter, a young and beautiful woman, was yet kneeling in the attitude

of supplication; and the contrast of the black waving hair which fell in shadowy masses about her, the ashy cheek, and the white robe saturated with the dark red streams, which had gushed in torrents from the wound in her bosom, presented an aspect of horror, from the recollection of which my memory yet recoils, in spite of the interval that has elapsed since I witnessed it. The priest, a fine man, evidently not more than thirty years of age, held in his hand the short poniard, whose blade had dealt death to the fair creature before him.

My first impression was, that life had ceased with both, abruptly, but entirely. The subsequent examination of those whom I summoned to my assistance undeceived me. We then found that the penitent was the only sacrifice, and that the death-like stupor in which the priest lay was the operation of strong mental agony, which had paralyzed his form like the thunderbolt from heaven. As the facts which led to this catastrophe became a matter of immediate and general notoriety in Rome, and afterwards formed the subject of judicial inquiry, it can be no infringement of domestic sanctities to narrate them.

The unfortunate victim, whose death-shriek I had heard, was the beautiful Imoinda, who a few years before had been the idol of all who looked on her, and whom I had last seen as the blushing bride of the envied Henry Pembroke.

They had passed the whole of their married life on the continent. His love, whose warmth and fervour had won her affections, became, after their nuptials, a curse rather than a boon to her on whom it was lavished, from the insane jealousy associated with it. In vain did Mrs. Pembroke, renouncing the gratification which she derived from society, where she was worshipped as a goddess cheerfully and willingly relinquish it, and consent to live in the utter seclusion of an obscure village in the south of Italy, where the balmy breeze and the rich perfume were the only incense she inhaled.—Her temperament, warm and glowing as the chime where her first life-breath was drawn, exhibited itself in the fond and passionate love which she bore her husband, and made every sacrifice of personal vanity or pleasure trifling and of no consequence, if a tender smile from him rewarded her self-denial. But Pembroke, not satisfied with all that she had abandoned for his sake, with that strange overweening selfishness, which so often degenerates into cruelty into man, who, because the being over whose affections he rules with omnipotent sway has no fresh offering to make to his love or vanity, forgets the thousand already conceded, became changed in manner and, though still restlessly suspicious, cold, moody, and sultry. This was the wreck of the happiness of both; the basis of the tragedy which ultimately supervened. The nature of Imoinda, quick ardent, and generous, while it eagerly returned love for love, resented indignantly aught of caprice or coldness. She insisted on leaving their quiet retreat, and in an evil hour proceeded alone to Florence, where she plunged with desperate gaiety into every scene of pleasure that solicited her attention.

Her husband, apparently reckless of her conduct, though really loving her still, and cognizant of her every action, followed her incognito to the city where she resided. At a masked ball given during the Carnival at the Pitti Palace, she had been throughout the evening the partner of the Prince Gonsalvi, a young nobleman, alike distinguished for the graces of his person and the extent of his licentiousness. While seated with him in a temporary pavilion in the garden, her husband suddenly appeared before her.

The rude violence with which he seized her, passed the wrath of her companion; a scuffle ensued, and the young Prince was felled to the earth by a blow, which left him to all appearance dead. Pembroke fled. From that period, no tidings of his fate had ever reached the innocent but wretched and bereaved Imoinda. Accusing herself as the cause of his expatriation, for it was generally thought that he had gone to America, uncertain even whether he yet lived, her remorse became ceaseless and acute. The engines which she had thoughtlessly employed to recover, as she hoped, his lost affections, had turned against herself, and levelled every hope of human enjoyment in the dust. What now to her were fame, beauty, affluence? Her possession of these was only valuable if subservient to the happiness or gratification of the one only being she loved, and he had deserted her! believing her, how falsely! faithless, unloving, and disloyal.

The sympathy of all classes encompassed her. But there was no blame in their gentlest word.—The voice of flattery followed her footsteps wherever she appeared, but its accents sounded hollow and heartless. Often did she turn from the gilded saloons into which the affectionate urgency of friends hurried her, and, seeking her lonely chamber, pressed with food and agonized caresses the miniature of Pembroke to her heart and lips, and felt that, could she once more be the companion of his heart and home, no unkindness should force a murmur from her lips, or tempt her even for a moment into that levity, which had deceived him, and stamped the fiat of misery on every moment she numbered.

It was three years after his disappearance that the fearful scene which I witnessed took place in the Church of San Giovanni Laterano. Imoinda had gone thither, led by the fame of the priest, whose eloquence and sanctity filled Italy with its echoes.—Little did she deem that the man before whom she bowed in penitence was he whom, his errors all forgotten and forgiven, she yet loved with the freshness and concentration of happy and by-gone years. His person even her eye could not recognize; for, in addition to the defacing marks which grief had written on his brow, he had, for the purpose of concealment, stained his hair and complexion of a dark Indian tint. Little did he deem, when he took the monastic vow, and placed an eternal barrier between himself and her who still too strongly weaned his heart from Heaven, that he had acted on false suspicions and voluntarily, as it were, destroyed the peace and happiness of both.

He had left Italy only for a time, and returned thither to devote himself to the service of religion; and, though believing his wife guilty, feeling a desire to learn her movements, he became a monk of the severe order of the Capuchians. His blameless life, stern sanctity, and powers of oratory, won him a far-spread reputation. Thousands came to him to confess. Day by day, he hoped that she too would come, and that his ear might listen to the

secrets of her soul—and she did come—and, kneeling at his feet, told of her follies, her errors, her frivolities. With breathless interest he heard her tell of these. He thought that crime would be added to the list—nay, he almost hoped it. He suggested—he interrogated—he denounced. But the confession was finished—she had no more to own—she was spotless, and he was deceived—spotless—and confessing in broken accents her unquenched love—and yet he durst not clasp her to his heart!

He pronounced her name in the familiar tone of tenderness, so well known, so unforgetten. It was enough—disguise was longer impossible—she flung herself on his bosom, and for a moment held him in her arms.—He started from her embrace, told her of the vows that he had uttered, of the impassable gulph that he had placed between them; and, seizing a poniard, which he had concealed in his vest, was about to plunge it into his heart, when she wrenched it from his grasp, and, falling on her knees to implore forgiveness of Heaven and him, buried it to the hilt in her own breast.

He recovered, and is yet living. But she, the faithful and the fond, was dead! All the fervent and stormy passions which had alternately transported her to the summit of earthly bliss, or plunged her in the lowest depths of mental despondence, were hushed in eternal stillness. She was dead. The shafts of calumny could no more wound, the allurements of the world seduce, the presence of joy brighten, or the bitterness of sorrow grieve. She was at peace.—Let but a few months thus roll on, and she would be forgotten by all, save me, in whose mind memory would ceaselessly ply the work of pain. In the silence of night, in the cold grey dawn of the morning, when there was rest for others, there should be no repose for him—the unwavering faith, the passionate devotedness, the wild embrace, and the dying struggles of Imoinda, would stand between him and sleep, and make the couch of oblivion the scene of vivid and acutest consciousness. In the service of his Creator alone he shall find peace, in assisting his fellow creatures, the only solace for a wounded spirit.

THE USES OF HISTORY.

History is a narrative of past events. The study of it is attractive both to the young and the old, to the unreflecting and the philosophical mind. It combines amusement of the deepest interest; the exercise and improvement of the best faculties of man; and the acquisition of an important species of knowledge. History, considered merely as a source of amusement, has great advantages over novels and romances, the perusal of which too often debilitates the mind by inflaming the imagination, and corrupts the heart by infusing what may often be regarded as moral poison. Like works of fiction, history serves to amuse the imagination and interest the passions, not always, indeed, in an equal degree; yet it is free from the corrupting tendencies which too often belong to novels, and has a great superiority over them, inasmuch as it rests on the basis of fact.

The love of novelty and of excitement is natural to man; hence the general taste for history, though its details are not unfrequently painful. It affords a melancholy view of human nature, governed by the baser passions; and is, to use the words of Goldsmith, "little else than the register of human contention and calamity."

A higher use of history is to improve the understanding, and strengthen the judgment. It has been styled philosophy teaching by examples; or moral philosophy exemplified by the lives and actions of men. It adds to our own experience an immense treasure of the experience of others, and thereby enables us to enter upon the business of life with the advantage of being, in a manner, acquainted with it.

It makes us acquainted with human nature, and enables us to judge how men will act in given circumstances, and to trace the connection between cause and effect in human affairs. It serves to free the mind from any narrow and hurtful prejudices; to teach us to admire what is praiseworthy, wherever it may be found; and to compare, on enlarged and liberal principles, other ages and countries with our own.

History may be regarded as the school of politics, and, as such, is indispensable to rulers and statesmen; it is also highly important to every citizen of a republic, in order to enable him to perform, in a manner honorable to himself and useful to the community, the duties of a freeman. By history we gain our knowledge of the constitution of society; of the reciprocal influence of national character, laws, and government; of those causes and circumstances which have promoted the rise and prosperity, or the decline and fall of states and empires.

History shows us past ages, triumphs over time, and presents to our view the various revolutions that have taken place in the world. It furnishes us with the wisdom and experience of our ancestors, exhibits their living actions, and enables us to profit by their successes and failures. It teaches us what has been done for the melioration of mankind by the wisdom of Greece and Rome, by modern literature and science, by free government, and by pure and undefiled religion.

It tends to strengthen the sentiments of virtue. In its faithful delineations, vice always appears odious, and virtue not only desirable and productive of happiness, but also favorable to true honor and solid glory. The reader of history learns to connect true glory, not with the possession of wealth and power, but with the disinterested employment of great talents in promoting the good of mankind.

One thing Certain.—Death is a theme of universal interest! The slightest heart, the least thoughtful mind, has no disbelief of death. The distance of the dark cloud in which he comes, sailing through the bosom of futurity, may be miscalculated; but the world unhesitatingly owns that he is coming, and will at last be here. In almost every other particular of existence, the fortunes of men differ; but to die is common to all. The stream of life runs in a thousand various channels; but, run where it will—brightly or darkly, smoothly or languidly—it is stopped by death. The trees drop their leaves at the approach of the winter's frost; man falls at the presence of death.—Every successive generation he claims for his own, and his claim is never denied. To die is the condition on which we hold life; rebellion sickens with hopelessness at the thought of resisting death,

the very hope of the most desperate is not that death may be escaped, but that he is eternal; and all that the young, the careless, and the dissipated attempt, is to think of him as seldom as they can. No man, therefore, will deny, that whatever can be said of death is applicable to himself.—The bell that he hears tolled may never toll for him; there may be no friend or children left to lament him, he may not have to lie through long and anxious days, looking for the coming of the expected terror; but he knows that he must die; he knows that in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—it is his doom; beyond reverse, to die.—Stebbing.

The quondam manager of the Bowery theatre was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lamar, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lamar was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend: "Monsieur Charles Giffert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—mes affaires. He borrow de l'argent from me to large amount. He go to New York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, voyez-vous, when I write to him, he return me von response inconvenante, von impudent answer, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from de bateaux a vapeur, de steamboat. I go to my boarding house. I procure von large stack, and rush out of de pension to meet him. By-and-by, bientot, I see him von large vay off, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat with strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, you von scoundrel, coquin infame. He smile de more, and make an grand effort, a great treat, to pacify my grande indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar! A ver pleasant man was Monsieur Charles Giffert, ver nice man to borrow l'argent, ma foi."—New York Mirror.

A Good-Natured Man.—The following amusing soliloquy of Mr. Lemter Salix, is from that inimitable work, "Charcoal Sketches," by Joseph C. Neal:

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he; "partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please settle with the undersigned, who is alone authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and his high time to dissolve, when your partner has all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice!—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured, then comes another set of chaps, who did not let business stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal sooner the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows were always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and could not get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it; it would not work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring subtraction, and division, and alligation; our folks alligated against me that I would not come to no good. All the cypheria I ever could do, made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I was not cured. Because I was good natured I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and for the same reason, I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution, when there was not a cent of surplus revenue in their treasury, but my own.—It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, poney up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old scoundrel expensas, at the State House—old fieri fash'us to me directed. But they did not direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now, I'm with a loggubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons 'I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell fish—aa oyster with the kivers off.

"But it's always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapes they used to be. I wonder if there is't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat kind of people and mouse kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is, what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in getting my education. Learnin, they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most of people do when they have nothing to do."

Some remorseless scoundrels are continually hinting to the President to get married—just as though he had not trouble enough on his hands already.

"I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morellet. "Why?" "Because then it will be taken away."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.—FOOD. The horse is one of the most useful animals that has been subject to the dominion of man, but his treatment in the matter of food is frequently such that his powers are but imperfectly developed, and his value nearly destroyed. With too many his position is that of the slave; devoted to all manner of drudgery, and left to gather a precarious subsistence as best he may. To care for a horse seems, by many, to be considered beneath the dignity of the master, when the horse, perhaps, in every respect, is the worthier animal of the two.

There is scarcely any thing that can be used as food upon which the horse will not subsist.—Though not precisely carnivorous, and from his structure evidently intended not to subsist on flesh, there are numerous instances in which the horse has attained a relish for meat, and in the language of one of Walter Scott's heroes, "taken his meals like a christian." Nearly every one has seen the horse lick blood, but this is owing most probably to a liking for the salt it contains. In Bracy Clark's work on the horse, and in the "Veterinarian," are several cases of horses eating flesh. One, a colt, was in the habit of putting his head into a pantry window, and stealing all the cooked beef, mutton, or veal that he could reach; pork, however he rejected. In India, horses are taught to subsist on meat by boiling it to rags and making it into balls with grain and butter, which at first, are forced down his throat. During the long marches of the Hindoo robbers, their horses will make a meal on the boiled sheep's heads, that have been slaughtered for the men. Mr. Mellish, in England, had a horse that would eat beef or bacon, in preference to oats or corn, when put into the manger at the same time; and a leg of roasted mutton was his favorite dish. The author of that amusing work 'A Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior,' gives an account of a horse at the rapids of the St. Mary, which would at any time devour raw fish; and during the winter, subsisted on salted and barrelled white fish from the Superior; and the practice of feeding horses on fish, according to 'Bullock's Travels,' is common in Norway.

Hay and grain are however, the kinds of food on which those who keep horses must mainly rely for their subsistence; and the kinds of those best adapted to the horse, and the quantity required to keep him in good condition, and enable to perform labor, are inquiries of much interest.

Mr. Youatt, in the 'Veterinarian,' says very justly,—

"It ought to be understood that food ought to possess bulk in some degree proportioned to the capacity of the digestive organs. Nutrient can be given in a very concentrated form, yet it is improper to condense it beyond a certain point. Corn (grain) alone will give all the nourishment which any horse can need, but he must also have some fodder to give bulk to the corn, though it need not of necessity yield much nutriment."

Let a man who doubts the necessity of feeding his horse or any thing but grain, try living on pemican, or the concentrated essence of beef, for a while, and he would be glad of a slice of bread, though containing much less positive nourishment; even if the bread was of the coarsest kind ever compounded by Dr. Graham.

The quantity of grain allowed a horse, the quality of the hay, and the labor to be performed, must all be taken into consideration in determining his daily allowance. Baron Bulow, the German agriculturist, estimates the 3 pounds of good meadow hay, or 7 if made from clover or sainfoin, is equal in nourishment to 3 pounds of oats. Eight pounds of good hay and 15 to 18 pounds of oats, have been proved sufficient for fast work, that is for coach horses who work only one or two hours a day, but while in use go at a great pace. Heavy team horses will consume from twenty to thirty pounds, for the necessity for limiting these as to quantity does not exist. If the work is to be fast, the hay must be limited in the quantity, or he will have a large belly, which is incompatible with fast travelling.

We know of some farmers who keep their horses on hay alone, unless some hard day's work is to be done, when perhaps half bushel of oats is allowed them in the morning. It is not disputed that a horse can live on hay; but if the farmer who treats his horse in this way would properly appreciate the advantage they derive from the oats for that day's labor, he should live on bread and water for a fortnight, and when compelled to perform a seven days labor, indulge his stomach with a slice of ham or steak. A horse kept on hay alone always has a tendency to become feeble and pot-bellied.—A little grain, a few roots, or even a mash of bran, if given only once in two days will aid materially in keeping him in good heart and flesh. There is a material difference between a horse that eats to live, and one that eats to work; and it should be remembered that the stomach and bowels will hardly hold sufficient hay to keep even an idle horse alive.

Straw has been of late somewhat extensively used as a substitute for hay; and when cut into chaff, as it always should be, and mixed with the ground or boiled grain it is found to answer every purpose; and the horse will perform his work as well as on hay. If as some have contended, a quart more of oats daily is required where straw is substituted for hay, there is still a saving, where, as in this country, straw is by the farmer considered of no value. In many parts of Europe, wheat, barley or rye straw, forms the whole, or greater part of the dried herbage used as fodder, hay being almost unknown. Here it is little used as food; the use to which it is put, is littering the stable, and for this it is too much neglected. If farmers who keep a stable of horses (and they cannot be dispensed with where wheat is extensively grown) would adopt the mode of grinding their oats, and using straw made into chaff, for which purpose Green's straw-cutter is most admirable, they would effect a material saving, besides being enabled to keep an additional number of cattle or sheep on the hay now necessary for their horses.

In the United States, barley has never met with much favor as food for the horse. Whether this is owing to the fact that little has been used for that purpose, and consequently the best mode of feeding it is unknown, or whether the climate con-