

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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.

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 7, 1839.

NO. XXXVIII OF VOL. XIX.  
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 97.)

## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Tuesday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular price will be made to yearly advertisers.

Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the Knickerbocker.

#### EASTERN LANDS.—A TALE OF YESTERDAY.

There are certain people in this world, who, let the wind blow wheresoever it may, are never grumbling. Grateful for nothing, the more that is done for them the more is expected. Half-suppressed matters, if the bounty falls in the least short of their expectations, constitute their staple of re-payment. Of this class was Bob Morris, a native of Blueville, Rhode Island. Bob was a farmer by trade, and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property, by a steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money it is true, but his aspiration was that it might come suddenly and in one bulk. This he was well-assured would one day happen; his mother, before her death, having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob would, before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune. To sum up all, Bob was idle and envious to his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growing and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of the select men of Blueville.

One latter cold night, in December 1835, Bob was seated over a scanty fire in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy, rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the borel, and its inmate sat shivering with cold, his thoughts as usual reverting to his own hard fate.

"Ugh! how cold it is!" muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; "I shan't sleep a single wink to-night. The confounded strange that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and pad-locks on their ankles. There is farmer Higgins, while ploughing last week to turn the front of the ground, stumbled upon a coal mine. His fortune's cut and dried for him, without his saying so! And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hat are so wide that the wind plays 'hide and seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses nowadays. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do would be, to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair. It's infernal cold! If the old woman's prophecy don't turn up soon, I shall stand but a little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway and rob some one! No, I won't do that neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would make it bad. No, I'll—"

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double rap against the boards which served the purpose of a door.

"Knock away!" continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but without stirring an inch, "some traveler, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself; I won't be his drag!"

Again and again was the knock repeated, until the "outside barbarian," despairing of obtaining admission by peaceable means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the intruder, a tall stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy Tom-and-Jerry, as his eye rested upon Bob, sitting quite composedly before the fire-place.

"Hallo, yourself!" replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

"Why the devil didn't you open the door?" asked the new comer.

"Because I didn't choose to. What's your business here?"

"Precious little to do with you," was the reply. "Look you here, I want to sleep here to-night, and willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good; if not, you can do the other thing; for over that step I don't budge this night. That's all."

Seeing the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire.—Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at his size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best in such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he grumbled a reluctant welcome.

"What's your name?" asked Bob.

"You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose, if not, you may let it alone," was the reply.

"I say," continued the stranger, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he had been studiously endeavoring to make a blaze from the scanty coals, "what have you got to drink?"

"Plenty of water in the spring," answered Morris.

"Oh, there is, is there?" said Jenkins, with the air of a man to whom an important fact had just been disclosed. "There's half a dollar; let's have some brandy, without delay."

Quick as lightning Bob clutched the piece of silver, as if he feared his guest might change his mind; and in an incredibly short space of time, he marched into the bar-room of the Red Lion.

"I want a quart of brandy," said he, raising his hand as high as any in the room.

"I dare say," replied Boniface, with a wink to a group of such loafers as are always to be found in the bar-room of a tavern; "I never knew the day you didn't. But who is to pay for it, Bob?"

"I am, to be sure," replied he, plucking the half-dollar.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Boniface, with the utmost surprise, "where do you raise that? I'm afraid you didn't come honestly by that money, Bob."

"Oh, no, no!" said the landlord; "your money is good, Mr. Morris. Who says I have ever turned a customer away?"

Bob pocketed his change without a word of comment, and taking his jug, turned his face toward home. Great was his consternation, upon entering his hotel, at finding his visitor upon the point of spitting up the only table he owned in the world.

"Hallo here!" cried he, setting down the vessel, and catching hold of one leg of the table, what the deuce are you about?"

"Don't you see?" answered Jenkins, wrenching off the top; "I'm breaking up this old table for fuel. You shall have one fire at all events. Hence take it man do you suppose I am going to freeze?"

Bob resolutely defended his property, but all in vain. Piece after piece was broken off, and thrown on to the fire in spite of all he could do; and with a tear in his eye he beheld the conflagration of his red pine table.

"And now, my boy," said Jenkins, "I'll make your fortune in Eastern Lands."

Bob's ears were wide open to receive any thing relating to fortune; so, forgetting his grievances at once, he helped to empty the jug of brandy, and then sat him down an attentive listener to what fell from the lips of his guest. Day-light found them in the same position; but a neighbor happening to call in the late a little after sunrise, found it empty. Bob and his visitor were among the missing. Numberless were the conjectures as to what had become of the former; no one, of course, knowing that he had absconded in company with any body. The landlord of the Red Lion reported, with additions and variations, the story that Bob had entered his house the evening previous, bought a quart of brandy and paid for it on the spot, a thing which had never before happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and for which he could in no wise account; and that he also declared, after getting it safely in his possession, that as he expected to leave the world that night, he had determined his last hours should be merry ones. As this was the most exaggerated story that was manufactured at Bob's expense, it was deemed barely possible, and finally firmly believed, by and all. Satan had unquestionably claimed his own, and transported the victim to the infernal regions.

The best story, however, soon wears out; and so it chanced with the tale of Bob's abduction.—At first it engrossed the tea-table conversation of every gossip in the village. Then it was declared insipid by the more fashionable circles. The middle classes followed the example, till at last the lowest laborers forgot the subject, or only mentioned it as a reminiscence of by-gone days.

Precisely seven months after Bob's disappearance, on a hot July afternoon, a superb carriage rattled through the turn-pike gate of Blueville, and drove up to the sign of the Red Lion. Presently there descended from it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eyeing his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

"Here John, Tom, Dick! where are you all?" shouted the obsequious landlord.

"Landlord!" said the stranger, with a pompous air.

"Your humble servant, sir."

"Have my horses robbed down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hay and oats, the best?"

"Yes, sir."

"Order supper immediately."

"Yes—sir."

"And if it ain't done in the best manner, I'll horse whip you!"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," and the landlord bustled away to execute his orders. Supper was announced, and the stranger, entering an adjoining room, commenced devouring the various dishes with hearty gusto.

"What are you looking at, landlord?" said the stranger, pausing a moment to take breath.

"At you, sir."

"At me! Why, what do you see in me to attract your attention?"

"Ain't you—you must be—Bob Morris!"

"Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer the plain Bob Morris; call me so again and I'll throw you out of the window. I've made a fortune within six months; three hundred thousand dollars, all in eastern land. Hold on to your eyes, landlord, or you'll lose 'em, they are half out of your head already. Keep still about it, or by the powers if it goes beyond you, I'll not answer for your life!"

Away went Boniface, just as Bob desired, and told it to a neighbor, under a strict injunction to secrecy; this neighbor told it to another, who, in his turn, told it to a dozen others; and before sunset it was known in every house in Blueville that Bob Morris had returned an Esquire and as rich as a Jew.

Instantly, invitations upon pink, green, and blue paper, were left at the "Red Lion," addressed to Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, requesting the honor of his company. Crowds flocked around the tavern; the Lion was never so patronized. Head above head appeared at the window of the dining-room, wherein the rich man was seated. The lawyer and justice of the peace, came near tripping one another up as they entered the bar-room in their haste to pay their respects. That evening Bob passed at Justice Wormwood's.

"Have you any land for sale?" inquired the Justice, as Bob strolled up the profits that had accrued to him from one speculation.

"I believe I have a few lots," replied Mr. Fitzmorris, slowly, at the same time drawing a map from his pocket. "Here is a plan of the city of Gullen, Maine. Lot fifty-three is unoccupied. Come, I'll sell you that; right in the centre of the city, and just where the depot of the Grand United North American Eastern Rail Road and Forwarding Company will be located."

"But is the road finished?" interrupted the Justice.

"Not quite," answered Bob, with a slight cough; "when I left, three months ago, there was a bill in the lower house of the Maine Legislature for the incorporation of the company. By this time it has passed; and the track has undoubtedly been commenced; and—"

"But consider, my dear sir," again interrupted

the Justice, "the bill might have been defeated."

"No such thing!" replied Bob, fiercely. "As my word goes for nothing!"

"Oh, no, no—pray go on, sir."

"I will read you," continued Mr. Fitzmorris, producing a newspaper, "a short paragraph from the Gullen Republican Banner and Independent Tower of Freedom."

"The city of Gullen is pleasantly situated upon the banks of Newbare river, within half a mile of the extensive water works of the United States Calico Stamping, and North American Cloth Dyeing Company, which are now under consideration, and which will be built in the course of a few years. The proposed canal of the enterprising Water Company, uniting the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, will pass directly across the Northern boundary line, near where the great turn-pike empties in. The city itself is beautifully laid out in squares, and even now contains upwards of ten dwelling houses, together with a meeting-house in progress of erection. A splendid hotel is also contemplated, to stand on the vacant ground next the corner lot, offered for sale by the editor of this paper in another column of to-day's impression. In short, we venture to predict, that at no distant day, Gullen will become the greatest commercial mart of the east. The causes are obvious. The contemplated canal, the proposed railroad, combined with the extensive water works, cannot fail to render Gullen a city of the greatest importance and first rank."

"Now, my dear sir," said Bob, holding up the paper, "what think you of fifty-three? directly in the centre of Washington Square, opposite the Eastern Moonshine Bank, which will undoubtedly be built, as soon as the company is formed. Now is your chance. I ask but five hundred dollars; fifty-four sold for a thousand."

"Do you think I can sell it at profit?" inquired the Justice.

"Treble your money in six weeks! Wait but till the railroad, the canal, and the water-works get going, and the lot will sell itself for eight or ten hundred per cent. profit. I'll guarantee it."

"Will you give that in writing, if I buy the land?"

"I will," replied Bob, unhesitatingly.

"Then, sir, I'll give you an answer to-morrow."

Mr. Fitzmorris took up his hat, and wishing the Justice good night, repaired to the "Red Lion," where, before he went to bed, he struck a bargain with the landlord for a small strip of Gullen, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, half to be paid cash on the nail, and the remainder in bond and mortgage, at one and two years.

The next day Blueville was all alive with speculation in eastern lands. A special meeting was held, and it was voted unanimously, to invest the surplus revenue of the parish in Gullen house lots, through the agency of Robert Fitzmorris, Esq. Justice Wormwood bought lot fifty-three, and long before noon, every inch of ground, house-lots, and meadow, and pasture land, in the possession of our hero, was all sold, the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once; the town crier therefore circulated notice, far and near, that early on Monday morning, the deeds would be ready for delivery. It was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put before his carriage, and telling Boniface he was going only to drive a little distance in the country, jumped into his carriage and then drove off, apparently for a ride. He kept on, until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick lump of trees, and giving a low whistle, a man appeared, whom he immediately recognized as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

"Ala!" exclaimed Jenkins, "how did you make out?"

"First rate!" exclaimed Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

The spoils were then divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

"And now," said Jenkins, "we must make ourselves scarce. Take up the reins, Bob, and crack away. Bob did so, and a few hours sufficed to carry them far enough from Blueville.

Great was the dismay depicted upon the countenances of all concerned in Gullen lands when they gathered about the "Red Lion" on Monday morning, upon being informed by the landlord that Bob had a second time absconded.

"By Christopher," exclaimed Justice Wormwood, "my five hundred dollars and lot fifty-three are gone with him!"

"The parish fund has gone to the devil!" growled the parish clerk.

He didn't pay his board, and has carried off my fifty dollars!" echoed Boniface, of the "Red Lion."

"Well, we always predicted how he'd turn out!" said a number, who had been secretly envious, that they were not able to buy lots in Gullen.

This then, is the reason why Blueville never got ahead. This little circumstance put a damper upon the enterprise of her merchants. A speculator is an outlawed personage there; and to this day, its inhabitants cannot bear the name of "Eastern Lands," without involuntarily gnashing their teeth.

They speak of the above transaction but seldom, and invariably as "dead slave!"

PEARLS.

A century ago, Pearls and the Pearl Fisheries were a matter of no small importance to the commerce of the world. They were found in various parts of the world, but more abundantly in the East Indies than elsewhere. This branch of trade is yet prosecuted, though less extensively than formerly.

The Pearl is found in a testaceous fish resembling an oyster, and is of three or four times its size. They are throughout the whole substance of the oyster—in the head, the oval that covers it, the circular muscles that terminate it in the animal, and, in general, in all the fleshy and muscular parts. Apparently, they are formed of a diaphanous of fine extravasated out of broken vessels, and lodged among the membranes. The value of pearls consists chiefly in the lustre and clearness of the color, which jewelers call the water. There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

years, and sometimes the white will turn yellow and spoil in 40 or 50 years. They are found perfectly polished in the abysses of the sea. Those of the largest size, are called *paragonas*, and Cleopatra's was of this class, and was worth £30,000 sterling. The Indians had pearls, and set a high value upon them, before the discovery of America, and the Spaniards found them in abundance; but their water was generally smoky, by reason of the fire used in opening the shell. The Indians are extremely expert at diving for these oysters, and will sometimes descend 30 or 40 feet, and remain under water for a length of time, that appears incredible to those who are unacquainted with their activity in that element.

The pearl oysters are usually found attached to rocks, and it requires some exertion of strength to remove them; sometimes the diver has a rope fastened about his body, the other end of which is held by a person in the boat, who assists the diver in raising himself to the surface of the water. The light in the water is so great that the diver can see nearly as well as on land; and when he perceives a shark inviting his acquaintance, his best defence is to royle the water, until he can make good his retreat. And it is surprising to witness the courage of these poor savages in plunging into the sea, where sharks are so extremely plenty, and often seen. Yet such is their dexterity and address in the water, that they rarely get caught by that monster; and some profess to believe that the shark will flee from the Indian and dreads an encounter.—*Silk Crover.*

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

We extract the following from an excellent article in the last Quarterly Review.

The effect of European colonization upon the native black tribes has been, as in most other new countries, an injurious one. They are unable to resist the temptation of spirits, with which the white men supply them profusely; they are averse to labor, and seldom continue in an agricultural service. They are, however, excellent marksmen, and are sometimes employed as constables in aid of the police, on account of the acuteness of sight and of scent with which they hunt and trace down fugitives. An instance of this keenness is said by Mr. Martin to have occurred during his stay in New South Wales, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

A settler on the great western road was missing from his small farm. His convict overseer gave out that he had gone off privately to England and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man; the affair, however, was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road side, near the farm of his absent neighbor, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence; immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and receiving no answer, got out of the cart, went towards the fence. His neighbor (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond in the direction of his home, which it was supposed he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, remounted his cart, and proceeded home. The next morning he went to his neighbor's cottage, expecting to see him, but he saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was by that time near the shores of England.

The circumstance was so inexplicable that the farmer went to the nearest justice of the peace, (I think it was the Penrith bench,) related the preceding circumstances, and added that he feared foul play had taken place. A native black, who was (and, I believe, still is) attached to the station as constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The spot was pointed out to the black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discolored; it was scraped with a knife by the black who next sought it at and tasted it. Immediately after he crossed the fence, and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage; on its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf, and, after tasting and smelling, he declared it to be "white man's fat." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a bloodhound, he coursed round the lake; at last he darted into the neighboring thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the barrel of his musket into the earth, smelt at it, and then desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottages, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been some time immersed in water. The overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his departure for England, was committed to jail, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardness forsook him; he acknowledged the murder of his late master; that he came behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and with one blow on the head, killed him—dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out again, and buried it where it was found.

Mather Byles.—He had the greatest readiness at a pun or repartee; and many instances of these, and of his meretricious humor, are still repeated. A few of them will give an idea of his manner: After his trial, he was sentenced to confinement in his house, and a guard was placed over him.—"This was done for a short time, and then the guard was removed. On some further complaint, a sentinel was again placed over him. He was soon freed, and no further noticed. In speaking of these transactions, he said "he had been guarded, guarded, and disregarded." Directly opposite to his house, still standing at the angle of Nassau street, which was formerly without pavement, there was a very bad slough in wet weather. It happened one day that two of the selectmen who had the care of the streets, driving in a chaise, stuck

mad to extricate their vehicle. Dr. Byles came out, and making a very respectful bow, said, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it; and I am very happy to see you stirring in this matter now." In the year 1780, a most extraordinary obscenity pervaded the atmosphere, on a particular day, which is always designated as "the dark day." The darkness, though perhaps not greater than what happens for one day or two in London almost every year, from an accumulation of fog or smoke, excited astonishment among people accustomed to a clear atmosphere, and to some timid minds a good deal of alarm. A lady who was a neighbor of the Doctor, though above such superstitious fears herself, yet sent her son, a young lad, with her compliments to him, to know if he could recollect the uncommon appearance of the sky. His answer was, "My dear, you will give your compliments to your mamma, and tell her I am as much in the dark as she is." A ship from London brought out 300 street lamps for the town of Boston. It chanced that on the same day, a female neighbor, who was a new light, with a weak mind and whimsical manner that was not very pleasing, called to see him. Wishing to get rid of the visit, he soon asked, with a tone calculated to excite curiosity, if she heard the news. "Oh, no, dear Doctor, what news?" "Why, three hundred new lights have come over in the ship that arrived this morning from London; and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in use immediately."—This visitor at once hurried away in great anxiety to make further inquiries. A person with this disposition to ascertain must sometimes expose himself to retorts of the same description, as occasionally happened to him. Having paid his address unsuccessfully to a lady who afterwards married a gentleman by the name of Quiney, the Doctor on meeting her said—"So, madam, it appears you prefer a Quiney to a Byles." "Yes, for if there had been any thing worse than Byles, God would not have afflicted Job with them."—*Boston Paper.*

SELECT SAYINGS ON ANGER.

"When any spoke evil of Trus Yesson, he was used to say he was above false reports; and, if they were true, he had more reason to be angry with himself than with the relater."—*Spencer.*

"He that administers either correction or reproof whilst under the influence of passion, is liable to the just and cutting retort, 'Physician, heal thyself.'"—*Anonymous.*

"The mind that does not run upon a level, is always in danger of being overturned."—*Reid.*

"The meek and the gentle are more excellent than the passionate, be they ever so great or ever so prosperous."—*Anonymous.*

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that reuleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."—*Prov. xvi. 32.*

"Some men are out only angry at trifles, but are enraged at that which ought to produce both gratitude and pleasure."—*Anonymous.*

"He that is soon angry with another, has just reason to be angry with himself."—*Anonymous.*

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.—*Ecl. vii. 9.*

"Anger in dispute is like an unquiet horse in a dusty road. It rattleth so much dust in the eyes of the understanding, that it blinds it; and leads the enraged disputant so open, that you hit him where you please."—*William, Earl of Bedford.*

"The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; we injure our own cause in the opinion of the world when we too eagerly defend it."—*Rev. C. Cotton's Many Things.*

"Anger is a sword with two edges, it wounds the persons whom it strikes, and those who use it the latter perhaps most fatally."

When we consider the susceptibility of the youthful mind to receive impressions, and the little care that is taken, by a vast majority of those who are the guardians of the infant mind, to impart a proper influence when the impression is most easily made, we ought rather to wonder at the virtue and morality, than at the vice and wickedness of the world. There are but few who do not agree with the Poet, that

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," but how few there are who trouble themselves to give the twig the proper direction. There is no time when the mind is so susceptible of impression as in infancy, and yet with a vast majority there is no time when the mind is more neglected. It is then without prejudice, free from false principles and erroneous opinions, and well should it be for many if it could remain so. But the mind is never formed to be inactive. The first influence that is brought to bear upon it, usually makes a deep and abiding impression. How easy would it be, in all cases, to give to it a direction that should lead to virtue, to usefulness, and to happiness; but how often does chance, too frequently its only guardian, give to it an impulse which beats it on to vice, to wretchedness, and to misery.

A Well Established System.—After acquiring a knowledge of his soil, nothing so effectually aids the farmer in their profitable tillage, as a well regulated and well understood system. Let the system be ever so imperfect, yet it is better than no system at all. Without a regular system of doing business his plans and instructions are ever shifting; his force always at a stand still, without particular instructions; his gear is out of place; his tools lost, and every thing running to chaos, unless he is ever present and ever giving instructions.—Much time is thus lost and many things undone, and done wrong, in the inexplicable confusion resulting from want of a well digested system.—With a system well understood, by both master and servant, the work goes on smoothly, the stock is regularly and well fed, every trace clean, clean, axe and lime, has its place, and all things are taken care of in a proper manner.—*So. Cultivator.*

Pearls are said to be poisonous. This is very likely, as the root of the wild parsnip, from which the pearl is obtained by culture, is a deadly poison. Two men were recently received into the Philadelphia Hospital, who were poisoned by working upon pearls, and who were cured by the use of the stomachic.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.

There are some, whose water is white, which are most esteemed by Europeans; others are nearly yellow, and some black, lead-color, &c.