

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 14, 1839.

NO. XXXIX. OF VOL. XIX.
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 976.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Thursday, 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 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

THOUGHTS ON LAWYERS.

BY THEODORE S. PAY.

In a late paper, headed "a Lecture for the Lawyers," I ventured a few philosophical reflections on that intelligent and useful class of our fellow citizens, and I took the liberty to show how one of their body would act, supposing Owen's Moral World to be true. Several other ideas have occurred to me upon the same subject to which, as I do not mean to be very prolix, I invite the reader's attention; nor do I deem it necessary to make any apology to the fraternity, as I know that, skillful as they are in discerning reasons on either side, they will find arguments in my favour a plenty—if they wish to do so.

The nominal purpose of a Court of Justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the truth; which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right, is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem so much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth, every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is, a witness upon the stand, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and dropped off the stern of one of the North river steamboats. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a bear-roast. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he invariably resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the thing. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner mounts the stand, than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane.

First Lawyer.—Stop, sir.

Second Lawyer.—Don't interrupt the witness.

Third Lawyer.—The witness is ours.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Fiercely and indignantly,) we want the fact.

Judge.—Let the witness tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live.

First Lawyer.—We don't want to know where you live, sir.

Second Lawyer.—That is a part of his testimony.

Third Lawyer.—You can take the witness into your own hands when we are done with him; at present he is ours.

Witness turns pale.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Sarcastically.) Very well, sir.

Judge.—Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

One of the Aldermen.—Officer, keep order.

Officer, (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who shut making any noise that they know of.)—Silence!

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live, as I said before, when—

First Lawyer.—You don't come here, to repeat what you said before, sir.

Second Lawyer.—I beg.

Third Lawyer.—(Starting to his feet.)—I demand.

Fourth Lawyer.—I appeal to his honour, the judge, to protect us from the impertinence of this witness.

First, second, third, fourth, Lawyer and Judge together.—The witness must—

Officer.—(Looking at the audience again, and in a tone of thunder.)—Silence!

Judge.—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth, is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.

Witness.—Witness!

Witness.—Your honour.

Judge.—Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it—remember you are here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—raise your voice—turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

The poor wretch commences again. The first, second, third, and fourth lawyer continuing to whisper around him all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far is he from getting a chance to say any thing. At length bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted and indignant—he becomes really desirous of telling the truth, he stands upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. Then comes the cross examination. Then the scientific artillery of a cool, able lawyer, supported by thirty years of similar tactics, is brought to bear upon one trembling at a already nervous stranger; perhaps ignorant—perhaps a

boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore a little rimmed-hat," when he acknowledged subsequently of his guard, that he had "a tolerably large rim." Then the poor fellow; sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not himself be sent to the States' prison, at ten years hard labour, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench, a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric and yet finer gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says the first lawyer, venturing up in a tone of the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness, this Mr. Boggs, say?" Gentlemen he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavour to altogether dissolve. But he comes forward, and he takes his place upon that witness stand, with the open the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Swipes, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice."

(The first lawyer, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.) "You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did not recollect." Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an honest witness? The language of truth is plain and simple—it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes, or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, 'yes, I did,' and in the very next breath, 'no, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday, I was all day in bed.' (Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one pats his head and looks at the speaker as much as to say, 'there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer.' The witness had much better have told the truth. 'Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane, that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said have taken place that he saw a crowd, that he approached, that he saw Mr. Swipes, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wilkins, and give him, Wilkins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I come to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate—and contradict himself. What sort of a hat had Mr. Swipes on?' 'A black one.' 'Of what breadth was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought upon the stand to confront him, the hatter, who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day, by Swipes, was a broad-brimmed hat; that the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. Boggs himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it might have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons! What colour were Mr. Swipes' pantaloons? 'Black,' said this Mr. Boggs. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen. The pantaloons were pepper and salt."

A cry of admiration throughout the court room. The officer cries order. The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation. He is calculating at what sacrifice he can wind up his business, and go and settle in Kentucky. The lawyer waxes triumphant, and after a withering look at Boggs, goes on.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. Had it ivory or gold on the handle? He could not tell. Was there a ferule upon the end? Did not know. Was it heavy? Yes. Had he ever handled it? No. How could he tell the weight of a thing which he had never handled?" (Another buzz of admiration.) "Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Swipes? No. He had ever seen him before? No. Since? No. Could he not tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not? No. Was he not a friend of Mr. Wilkins? Yes. Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case? Yes, he had said the second ought to have been ashamed of himself. Was Mr. Wilkins' hat knocked off? No. But, before he left the stand, he said he saw the blood on the top of his head, unless the hat had been knocked off!"

Another buzz. The witness here rose and said, "Mr. Wilkins took it off to show me."

Officer.—Silence, there!

Judge.—Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had your turn on the stand.

You then had the opportunity to say whatever you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

Officer.—"Sit down!" (in a tone of indignant command.)—Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off.)

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further, I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether he has not found it often the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it. Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could anywhere else be so deliberately rejected, and whether, when this poor, belaboured, mutilated, unhappy truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, as disengaged that its own mother might but have known it?

Many of the most important discoveries in the field of science have been the results of accident. Two little boys of a specific maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steple, through two eye glasses placed back each other. They found the steple brought much nearer than usual to the shop windows. They

told their father on his return; and the circumstance led him to a course of experiments, which ended in the Telescope. So the shipwrecked sailors once collected some sea-weeds on the sand, and made a dip to warm their shivering fingers, and cook a scanty meal. When the fire went out they found that the alkali of these weeds combined with the sand, and formed glass, the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment. In the days when every astronomer was an astrologer, and every chemist a speaker after the philosophers stone, some monks carelessly mixing their materials, by accident invented gunpowder, which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war. Sir Isaac Newton's two most important discoveries, concerning light and gravitation, were results of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by the soap bubbles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall of an apple as he sat in the orchard. And it was by hastily scratching on a stone memorandum of some articles brought him from the washer-woman's that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Senefelder.

From a speech of Governor Everett, of Massachusetts at a meeting of the friends of education, in Bristol county.

It is a great mistake to suppose it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise, I believe the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of actual life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge acquired from books. There would be more such men, if education in our common schools were, as it well might be, of a higher order; and if common school libraries, well furnished, were introduced into every district, as I trust in due time they will be. It is surprising, sir, how much may be effected, even under the most unfavorable circumstances for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, bearing date the sixth of September, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written, I am sure, without the least view to publicity.

"I was the youngest," says the writer, "of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantage of a direct school, and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a black smith in my native village. Thence I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of my elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupeis, tupeis, tupeis*, unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening, I sat down unassisted and alone to the *Iliad of Homer*, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of the languages of Europe.

This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to submit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labors of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I resorted to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility that I allotted it to myself as a task to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound for Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps to take, accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the Hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found here, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in any place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was effected, when upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Attending myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, made up the portion of the day

which I appropriated to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them, with more or less facility."

I trust, Mr. President, I shall be pardoned by the ingenious author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, for the liberty which I have taken, unexpected, I am sure, by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a resolute purpose of improvement, (under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind,) which excites my admiration, I may say my veneration. It is enough to make one who has good opportunities for education hang his head in shame.

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in Petersburg, at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw, in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While strolling in front of one of the public buildings, he met with an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanor. After a mutual exchange of civilities, they got into a conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in the most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house, till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable but he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return. The invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without, and rich and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days, he prepared for his departure, and on asking for his box, how was he amazed, when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied, "what box?" "Why, the small box of jewels I gave you to keep for me." "My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken: I never, really, saw or heard of such a box." The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavored to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment, and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately at that time, happened to be at Warsaw.

He accordingly waited on him; and, with little ceremony, was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down the case, and Constantine, "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed his summons. "Have you no recollection of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the Duke. "Never, my lord," was the reply. "Strange, indeed! 'Are you perfectly conscious,' turning to the Englishman. 'Quite certain, my lord.'" Then addressing himself to the Jew—"This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth—is your wife at home?" "Yes, my lord." "Then," continued Constantine, "here is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen, proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate." Aaron lifted the pen. "Now," said this second Solomon, commence by saying, 'all is discovered! There is no resource left but deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the Grand Duke.'"

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself, he exclaimed, "that is impossible, my lord, that would be directly implicating myself." "I give you my word of honor," said Constantine, "in presence of every one in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signature. Two officers were despatched with it to the house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villainy deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

THEODOSIA;—OR LOVE TREACHERY AND DESPAIR.

Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all the public officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learnt that a young Arabian girl, bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Sa-

miq, residing at Melnik, a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosure. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of personal beauty, to go and endeavor to gain her affections. This officer succeeded in such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her real name was Eudoxia Theresa Gerundaxi, and that she was a niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gerundaxi, whose troops amounted to between 1,400 and 1,500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her instances, and then learnt further from her that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band in October 28th, in the forest of Phalodios. All this Ismael communicated to Mustapha, but in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greater number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death on the field to capture and an ignominious execution. A few escaped for a moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentences in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gerundaxi, whose head was cloven by a stroke from a sabre, and the young lieutenant, Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and had paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires shall be lavished on her.



Agricultural.

Pick your Seed Corn.—Seed corn should be selected from the stalks in the Fall. The Baden corn, about which so much fuss is being made, is nothing more than corn thus selected for a long series of years, where two or more ears grow upon a stalk. By selecting your seed thus, you will soon have the Baden corn. Perhaps the size of the ear—the smallness of the cob—the shape and soundness of grains should be made an object of as much care as the number of ears on a stalk. By taking care to bring corn to maturity as soon as it is ripe enough to save, you may have early corn, and vice versa.

MANURING WITH ROTTEN LOGS AND BRUSH.

(Correspondence of the Farmers' Register.)

CLARKSVILLE, February 12.

Upon the testimony of some of the most respectable and veritable gentlemen of Halifax county, Virginia, I shall proceed to give you an account of the remarkable effects of a new and rare manure, as exhibited by an experiment in that county, a few years since. The manure above alluded to, is only rare as to the manner of its application, for in old Virginia it is very much aboundeth. The experiment was as follows: A gentleman cut down the pine growth which had covered a piece of land, exhausted and turned out of cultivation by his father or grand-father. As is usual, he suffered the logs and brush to lie upon the land the first summer. In the fall and winter succeeding, he commenced his preparations for a crop of corn, by running two strokes with a large two-horse plough in the same furrow, one turning to the right, and one to the left. This trench thus made, was filled with the logs and brush of the pine trees next convenient to it, which cleared a place for the second furrow; and so on, until this log and brush material was all consumed. With this preparation he passed over half the land. The balance was simply tilled with the same two-horse plough, and well manured from the stable and farm-pen. The crop grown on the beds manured in the hill with pine logs and brush, was not only the best corn of the two, but was unusually rich in its growth, and heavy in its production. The owner of the corn was induced, from its remarkably luxuriant appearance, to pull up one of the logs, during the growing of the crop, to see how it was that such vigor was imparted to it; he found the countless number of little thread-like roots, which mainly contribute to the supply of the vegetable, to have perforated the water-soaked and partly decayed trunks and limbs of the pine trees, buried below.

Here, Mr. Editor, is a fountain of manure, which, in its general diffusion through our State, and in its practical good effects, as demonstrated above, bids fair to rival the boasted manure beds of lower Virginia; and that which has been regarded as an indication of poverty and decay in our lands, may be made the instrument of their restoration and recovery.

Your obedient servant,

T. CARRINGTON.

Where corn is fed out to cattle and other domestic animals, it is much the best, where practicable, to grind it with the cob.

Oats are more beneficial to horses if ground, and hay, if chopped fine.

Dry wood will produce on a moderate estimate, twice as much heat as the same amount of green wood; and saves much trouble in kindling fires on cold mornings. To prevent its burning away too rapidly, the sticks should be large. To suppose that green wood will actually cause more heat in burning than dry, is absurd.

To remove ice from door steps, throw on salt; it will cause the ice to crack and become loose, when it may be easily removed.

Salt should be regularly fed to cattle both in winter and summer. They will never eat so much of it as is placed constantly before them when they can obtain it at all times. The best way to