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., OCTOBER 18, 1839. | NO. XVIII. OF VOL. XX. (Whole No. 1008.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, 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 33⅓ per cent from the regular prices 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.

Salisbury Female Academy.

The Trustees of the Salisbury Female Academy

INFORM the public, that this Institution will be opened on Monday, the 14th of October next. It is their intention to place this Seminary on a permanent and respectable base; and no care will be wanting on their part, to render it, in every respect, worthy of the confidence of the friends of education, morality and religion, who seek for their daughters a place where intellectual and moral culture combined, will prepare them to occupy with propriety and dignity, the sphere to which they may be called.

They are now making all suitable efforts to secure for Teachers, a Gentleman and Lady of high qualifications. Meanwhile, they have engaged Miss Emma J. Byron, a young lady, in whose literary qualifications and capacity for such a situation, they have perfect confidence; and who has hitherto taught music in this and other Seminaries, with entire satisfaction. As soon as the other Teachers are obtained, Miss Byron will again devote herself exclusively to the musical department.

By order of the Trustees.

THOMAS L. COWAN, Chairman.

Salisbury, Sept. 27, 1839. tf

To Owners of Mills.

THE Subscriber has an improved patent *Spindle* for Mills, by which, a mill will do much better, than with the usual form of Spindles. It is so constructed as to keep from heating or killing the meal in any manner. The runner is so cushioned by the Spindle as always to preserve its balance, and of course there is no rushing of the stones.

I think, by this improved Spindle, the same water will do at least one-third more business, and the meal of superior quality.

Any person wishing to use one of these Spindles, may obtain one or more, by making application (with a short time) to the Subscriber at Mocksville, Davie Co. N.C. I think the probable cost will not exceed $30 for the Patent and Spindle ready for use.

Col. Wm. F. Kelly and Thos. Foster, in the vicinity of Mocksville, have recently tried the improved Spindle, and are highly pleased with it.

L. M. GILBERT.

February 7, 1839. tf

New Fashions, for Spring & Summer, 1839.

HORACE H. BEARD,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS at his old stand on main street, next door to the Apothecary Store. He is ever ready to execute the orders of his customers in a style and manner not surpassed by any workmen in the western part of the State. He is in the regular receipt of the latest London and New-York FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the fashionable at all times.

☞ Cutting garments of all kinds attended to promptly; and the latest Fashions furnished at all times to country tailors, and instructions given in cutting. [Salisbury, Jan. 1, 1839.

BRICK MASONRY.

THE SUBSCRIBER living near Lexington, Davidson County, takes this method to inform the Public that he will enter into contract with any Person, or persons, either in Davidson, Rowan, or Cabarrus Counties, who wish houses, factories, or any other kind of buildings erected of Brick, to build them as cheap, as durable, and in as good style as any workman in this country.

He will also mould and burn the Brick, if wanted.—He trusts that his long experience in

MOULDING AND LAYING BRICK,

will enable him to merit a share of public patronage.

He would refer gentlemen wishing work done in his line of Business, to the Female Academy and the new six grand Church edifice in Salisbury, as specimens of his work.

N. B. Those wanting work done, will please leave word at the office of the Western Carolinian, and it shall be promptly attended to.

MOSES P. COX.

Davidson, April 18, 1839. tf

New Foundry.

I HAVE lately completed and put in operation a large Iron Foundry on my mill on the Saxe-Gotha river (Squirrel Pretzel) in Lexington county; where we are prepared to make all kinds of castings, such as—the hunting works of cotton factories, cotton gins, grist and saw mills, threshing machines, wind mills, plaster blades, fanners, mill stones, pulleys, drums, sewing spools, and, in short, every thing else that is usually made at iron foundries. We are also prepared for Turning shafts, &c., and for finishing and fitting up all kinds of machinery in the line of business.

I have employed James Wartenbaugh, formerly of Baltimore, a very skilled workman, to superintend and manage my establishment. Mr. Wartenbaugh has worked all his life in establishments of this kind, and is distinguished for the skill as a Machinist, and Millwright. He will also make calculations for water-wheels, and generally direct and aid the machinery in Mills and Factories, for which he will expect to receive a fair compensation. Our prices are those of similar establishments at the North.

☞ Orders addressed either to Jacob Wartenbaugh or myself, at Salisbury, will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES FISHER.

Salisbury, Nov. 23, 1838. tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Common School Journal.

STUDY A CHILD'S CAPACITIES.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure the dullness. A teacher might as justly scold a child for being near sighted, as for being naturally dull.—Some children have a great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develope early, others late. Some have great power of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because the true spring of their character has never been touched. The dunce of the school, may turn out, in the end, the living, progressive, wonder working genius of the age. In order to exert the best spiritual influence, we must understand the spirits upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind we must work with nature, and not against it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like the wasp; if the other it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find out its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to its individual wants. In conversing upon this point with a friend who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instructions I look back with delight,—"your remarks," said he "are quite true; and let me tell you of a little incident, which bears upon the point. Last summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of the division, and seemed to care but little for her books. It so happened, that, as a relaxation, I let them at times, during school-hours, unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkable clear, sweet voice; and I said to her, "Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing." She brightened up and from that time her mind seemed to be more active. Her lessons were attended to and she soon gained a higher rank. One day as I was going home; I overtook her with a school companion. "Well Jane," said I, "you are getting along very well, how happens it, you do so much better now, than at the beginning of the quarter?" "I do not know why it is," she replied. "I know what she told me the other day," said her companion.—"And what was that," I asked. "Why she said *she was encouraged.*"

Yes, here we have it—she was *encouraged.*—She felt she was not dull in every thing. She had learned self-respect and thus she was encouraged.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in the Franklin school an exceedingly dull boy. One day, the teacher wishing to look out a word took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"I do not think it is well for boys to draw in their books," said the teacher, "and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done, did you ever take lessons?"

"No, sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing. I should like to have you draw me something when you have leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the meantime see how well you can recite your lessons."

The next morning the boy brought a picture, and when he had committed his lesson, the teacher permitted him to draw a map. The true spirit was touched. The boy felt that he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying the teacher by his faithfulness to his studies; while the teacher took opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left the school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the work of old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which have found and is now one of the most promising artists of his a place is some of the best collections of paintings, years in the country. After the boy gained the medal he sent the teacher a beautiful picture, as a token of respect; and while he was an engraver, the teacher received frequent tokens of continued regard; and I doubt not, to this day, he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.

HISTORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life. We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The days of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become more bright. A few of our companions have dropped away but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon day sun, the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and enstranged; others have become weary and have laid down to their rest, but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckon us on.—The scenes are more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we press onward: the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of Hope that had cheered us on is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their shadows between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them, we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night overtakes: the dark and terrible night time of death, and weary and heavy-laden we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy, is he who hath laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.

Attesting a Recruit.—On Monday a *bouchel*, fresh from the spade, was brought before the sitting magistrate at the police office, Cook to be attested to serve in the East India Company's service, when the following colloquy ensued between him and the magistrate:

Bench. Are you willing to serve in her Majesty's East India Company's service? *Recruit.* I am, sir. *Bench.* Now you are going to swear, and repeat what I say to you. *Recruit.* Repeat what you say, sir. *Bench.* Repeat after me. *Recruit.* Repeat after me, sir. *Bench.* Ah, you stupid fellow, fellow! *Recruit.* Ah, you stupid fellow, sir. [Laughter.] *Bench.* Be silent, and listen to me. *Recruit.* Be silent and listen to me, sir. *Bench.* Mind your oath. *Recruit.* Mind your oath, sir. *Bench.* Oh, dear, oh dear! will you listen to me! *Recruit.* Oh dear, oh dear! will you listen to me, sir? [Loud laughter.] *Bench.* Did you ever see such a fellow? *Recruit.* Did you ever see such a fellow, sir? [Immoderate laughter.] *Bench.* Listen to me, and be quiet. *Recruit.* Listen to me, and be quiet, sir. *Bench.* Take him out of that, I have no patience with him. *Recruit.* Take him out of that, I have no patience with him, sir. [Roars of laughter.] The recruit was here removed by a police man, who, after drilling him for some time, re-produced him to his worship, and, having properly gone through the formalities, he was eventually sworn in.—*Cork Constitution.*

THE SEASONS OF DEATH.

[BY MRS. HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath;
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, oh Death.

Day is for mortal care—
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, the mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power;
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait with ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath;
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, oh Death.

We know when moons wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the flowers are?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—*all* are sure to die.

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foes meet foes, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, oh Death!

Boziana.—Master of the Ceremonies.—The friend was a charming young man of not more than fifty, dressed in a very bright blue coat, with resplendent buttons, black trousers, and the thinest possible pair of highly-polished boots. A gold eye-glass was suspended from his neck by a short broad black riband; a gold snuff-box was lightly clasped in his hand, gold rings innumerable glittered on his finger, and a large diamond pin, set in gold, glistened on his shirt frill. He had a gold watch and a gold curb-chain, with large gold seals; and he carried a pliant ebony cane with a heavy gold top. His linen was of the very finest, whitest, and stiffest; his wig of the glossest, blackest, and curliest. His snuff was Prince's mixture, his scent *bouquet du roi.* His features were contracted into a perpetual smile, and his teeth were in such perfect order that it was difficult at a small distance to tell the real ones from the false.

Memoirs of Count Rostoptchine, written in ten minutes. This is the title of an amusing *jeu d'esprit*, which lately appeared in *Le Temps.* This journal introduces it by stating that "one day a lady told the Count he ought to write his memoirs." The next day he brought her a little roll, saying, "I have obeyed your orders;—here are my memoirs," presenting at the same time the following brilliant satire upon human nature in all ages, and especially upon the manners and customs of the present day. Whether this Count is or is not an apocryphal personage, is not settled. A certain *Bibliographic Universelle, tom* 3 *pa* 1108, is quoted,—with what correctness we are unable to verify,—which is made to say, "when Count Rostoptchine came to Paris, it caused not a little surprise to see, in the ferocious Tartar, a wit and a courtier." But lest our preface should be disproportioned to a ten minutes' memoir, we pass on to the subject-matter.

Chap. I. *My Birth.* In 1765, on the 12th of March, I entered on the light of day. They measured me, weighed me, baptized me. I was born without knowing why; and my parents rejoiced without knowing for what.

Chap. II. *My Education.* They taught me all sorts of things, and all sorts of languages; so that by dint of impudence and quackery, I sometimes passed for a man of learning. My head became a library of odd volumes, of which, however, I have kept the key.

Chap. III. *My Torments.* I was plagued with masters, with tailors, who would make my clothes too small; by the women, by ambition, by self-love, by vain regrets, by *soucreignes*, and by *souvenirs.*

Chap. IV. *Privations.* I have been deprived of three of the greatest enjoyments of humanity: theft, gluttony and pride.

Chap. V. *Memorable Epochs.* At thirty, I gave up dancing—at forty, pretensions to pleasing the ladies—at fifty, respect for public opinion—at sixty, thought, when I became a true philosopher, or an egotist, which comes to the same thing.

Chap. VI. *Moral Portrait.* I was obstinate as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, idle as a marmot, active as Buonaparte, and all of these in turn at pleasure.

Chap. VII. *Important Resolution.* Never possessing a command of thy physiognomy, I gave loose also to my tongue, and acquired the bad habit of thinking aloud. This procured me some amusement and a multitude of enemies.

Chap. VIII. *What I was and what I might have been.* I was sensible of friendship and of confidence; and I wanted nothing but to have been born in the golden age, to have stood some chance of being a perfectly simple i. e. a good man.

Chap. IX. *Respectable Principles.* I never was engaged in any affair of marriage or of gossip. I never recommended either a cook or a physician; consequently, I never attempted the life of any man.

Chap. X. *My Tastes.* I was fond of small societies, of a walk in the woods. I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and its setting has often made me melancholy. As for colors, I preferred blue; in eating, beef and horseradish; in theatricals, comedy and farce; in human beings, an open and expressive countenance; hunchbacks of both sexes had a charm for me, which I cannot explain.

Chap. XI. *My Aversions.* I always had a dislike to fools, scoundrels, and female *intriguantes* who pretend to virtue; I was disgusted with affectation, pitied painted dolls of both sexes; hated rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and entertained a positive alarm at justice and mad dogs.

Chap. XII. *Analysis of my Life.* I wait for death without fear and without impatience.—My life has been a bad melo-drama, in which I have played heroes, tyrants, lovers, fathers, every thing but valets.

Chap. XIII. *Rewards from Heaven.* My supreme blessing in life has been an independence of the three great Powers that govern Europe. Rich, averse to business, and indifferent to music, I had nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

Chap. XIV. *My Epitaph.* Here is left to repose with a mind fatigued, a heart exhausted, and a body worn out, an old fellow (*vieux diable*) deceased; ladies and gentlemen pass on.

Chap. XV. *Dedicatory Epistle to the public.*—Dog, discordant organ of the passions, you, who elevate to the clouds and plunge into the mud; who patronize and calumniate without knowing why, image of an alarm bell, echo of yourself; absurd tyrant, escaped from the madhouse, extract of subtle poisons and of sweet acrimony, representative of the devil at the court of human nature; Fury in the mask of Christian charity;—Public, whom I feared in my youth, respected in my age, it is to you that I dedicate these memoirs. My good friend, I am at last out of your fangs, for I am dead, and therefore deaf, dumb, and blind. Would that you enjoyed the same advantages,—for your own repose and for that of humanity."

Having thus presented to our readers the body of the work, we must add the pith of the postscript, consisting of a mot of Rostoptchine's and an anecdote. The Count, said we are told, that he visited France to judge more accurately of three great men, Fouche, Talleyrand, and Potier, the comic actor,—and the last alone proved, on inspection, equal to his reputation.

Being asked by Paul the First, when in company with several Russian Princes, why he was not a Prince, he replied; "Because his Tartar ancestor settled in Russia in the winter season." Upon being pressed to explain, he continued; "it was the custom of the Emperors of Russia, on such occasions, to give the settler the choice of a Principality, or a Pelisse. Now my ancestor, arriving in a very cold winter, had the wit to choose the Pelisse. Paul laughed heartily, and congratulated the Prince on his ancestors having settled in the summer season.—*N. Y. American.*

From the Genesee Farmer.

COLOR OF THE HORSE.

As almost every man has some favorite color for his horses, and tastes are various as individuals, the color of this animal would be of comparatively little consequence, were it not indicative of the breeding and blood, and of course, in a great measure, of constitution and temper. It has been said that a good horse could not be of a bad color; and in many respects the position is true; still, for the reasons given, there are some colors which experience shows should be preferred. Fashions, however, are mutable, and in no respect are they less permanent than in that of the color of horses. The color of the hair, and that of the skin, is depending on the mucous tissue of network immediately beneath the cuticle, the outer or scarf skin being colorless, and only serving to protect the true skin and its appendages from friction or injury.

The pure white horse is a very rare animal, the majority of those that appear so having once been grey, and growing white after reaching the age of four or five years. Among the Arabians, a pure white mare is considered almost priceless; as in that case the purity of her blood, and her direct descent from the celebrated steed of the prophet cannot be doubted. Those of the best blood are not large, but beautiful in the extreme, and as gentle and docile as lambs. Introduced into Europe, they have proved of good constitution, little subject to disease, not of the fleetest kind or the greatest endurance, but excellent for light carriages or the saddle.

Grey horses can be found of every shade, from the lightest mixture, or silver grey, to the dark iron grey. The lightest greys show the most clearly their blood of the Arab or barb; are rarely heavier horses, but well built, round bodied, and like those from which they originated, better for the saddle than the harness. The mixture of blood does not, however, appear to have improved their temper, though it certainly has rendered them more hardy. The iron greys have still more endurance than the light greys, and more than their general appearance would indicate, as there is in their build usually quite a departure from the round carcase and close knit frame of the preceding ones. The most common defect in the iron grey is found in the liability of the foot to contraction, which sometimes, though not always, renders them subject to lameness. The dappled grey is usually one of the most beautiful and valuable of the grey horses, being better built than the iron grey, and capable of more endurance than the lighter kinds. For any purpose—for the saddle or the carriage, the farm or the road, there are few better horses than can be found among the dappled greys, and much pains has been taken to improve their blood. A dark dappled grey usually retains his color to old age; the lighter ones grow lighter as they become older. The grey requires to be thoroughly broken, and will bear less trifling with than most other horses, appearing to have a twinge of viciousness in his disposition, which, unless checked, is apt to become troublesome with age.

Roan horses are such as have their hair composed of the white, bay, or red, and the black; and it, of course, admits of a great variety of shades. In some roan horses the mixture appears to be a natural one, the hairs of the different colors intermixed, while in other cases the bay or the black appears to have been sprinkled over the others.—In such roans the individual hairs are frequently of more than one color. Roans are generally pretty horses, good tempered, but are not remarkable for endurance. The strawberry roan is a mixture of sorrel with white, sometimes handsome, but not calculated for hard labor or severe fatigue. Pied horses are not so well liked as greys or roans, but when well matched, they sometimes appear well as carriage horses. Their value, of course, depends on their breed. The cream-colored, or Hanoverian horse, is remarkable for the white iris and red pupil of his eye, and is appropriated to the use of the royal family in England. He has a heavy, yet perfectly formed body, and is a superb animal, but their is no experience to show whether he would be valuable for any other than the light service assigned him.

The dun horse, especially of the larger size, is much esteemed in England as a good farm or miller's horse, constitution and temper good, feeding well, somewhat of a drone in his movements, of tolerable strength, and on the whole a useful horse. Some duns are shaded or dappled with spots of a darker color; and these having better blood, and more action and life, are much sought after as ladies' horses, being beautiful and manageable. The chesnut horses are divided into three varieties; the lightest, or the sorrel, usually having more or less white on the face or legs, and generally slenderly made. They have, as a whole, little breeding, and are deficient in hardihood. The next variety has less red, and more bay or brown, and is preferred to the former; but though pleasant to ride, is in the harness inclined to be fretful, and of slight endurance, compared with some other horses. The dark chesnut is as different from the foregoing as possible; fine in the leg, round built, powerful in the harness, of an excellent constitution and endurance, little troubled with disease, unless a bad temper. This kind of horse is much esteemed as a carriage horse, and when well broken, is one of the best horses on the farm.

Of all colors, however, the bay horse is the most generally and deservedly esteemed, and in their several varieties they include our very best horses of every kind, carriage, road, farm, or turf. Of bays, the lightest colored are considered the least valuable, showing less breeding, and being less hardy. The proper bay horse, with no white about him, black from the knee and hocks to the feet, the hoofs of a shining black, is the favorite color, has generally a good constitution, rarely afflicted with bad or tender hoofs, and if not faulty in other respects, will turn out a valuable horse for almost every purpose. As the bay approaches the brown, there is usually less show and action, but increased strength and hardiness; and for hard farm work, perhaps more aptness. This class has usually more substance than the lighter bays, and were the same pains taken in breeding, might be made as handsome a horse, and for ordinary purposes, more valuable.

Brown is not a fashionable color, and no horses, as a body, have so little breeding as these. Owing to this, they are comparatively coarse animals; and though there are some excellent horses among the browns, as a whole, they are only calculated for slow work. The black brown has been more neglected than the common brown, and in making choice of them they require to be examined closely. Some of them have constitution and good qualities of the bay brown, and where this blood is found, few horses are to be preferred.

The black horse has always been a great favorite, and more pains have been taken in breeding than with many others. The heavy black Lincolnshire horse, principally used in London as a dray horse, is a noble animal in the harness, and could he be rendered more active, would be invaluable where power and endurance are required.—

With the exception of the best shade of bays, the black horse next in size. Lincolnshire breed, constitute the best horse for the farmer, or the ordinary uses of the carriage or road. The good qualities of these horses have been established by breeding; but of the other varieties of the black horse, there are multitudes of worthless ones all over the country. Owing to the common black horse being so often a poor creature, some have asserted that animals of this color were more vicious, and more subject to disease and blindness than other horses.

Every worker or breeder of horses must be, however, aware, that all conclusions derived from the color of a horse, are liable to be overthrown by fact, so far as individuals are concerned; good horses being found in all the classes enumerated; still as a whole, there can be no doubt that color forms no inconsiderable criterion by which to judge of the capabilities of the horse. With the exception of the pure white, lighter shades of each variety appear to have less breeding, and be more liable to disease, than the darker ones. They are also more tender, and not so capable of enduring fatigue, or hard labor, or usage. It may be remarked that white legs and white hoofs are always suspicious signs, usually indicating a poor constitution, animals that are tender-footed, or very liable to become so. Horses with white feet suffer more from scratches or chapped skin than horses with darker colored feet or legs; and a white nosed