

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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Editors and Proprietors.

SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 25, 1839.

NO. XIX. OF VOL. XX.  
(Whole No. 1009.)

**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 arrears 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.  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker.

### LEGEND OF DON MUNIO SANCHE DE HINOJOSA.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Bilos, in Castile, are the pondering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of the Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a valencade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unrecognizable, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is of the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which he had studded the front of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scourged the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and cimeters, and Moslem helmets, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of hunters.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it towards his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came pranking over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this cavalcade, rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blew aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these invaders. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor hung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, "Don Munio Sancho," said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abdal, son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in truth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."  
So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captives, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their onward approach, the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth messengers in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers

was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dancing to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch, and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when wilt thy thirst for glory be appeased?"  
"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more for the honor of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit; still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the King was hard pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."  
Rushing with his men between the King and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. "Who is he!" cried he; "I have slain my benefactor! The flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Almanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the watchman sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. 'Joyful tidings!' exclaimed the old seneschal; 'my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!' Then the castle courts rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose; he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abdal, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abdal, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight, Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: "Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Hinojosa." Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Almanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple of Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate.

The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvel'd what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. There, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfill their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King, Don Alonso VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

## THE PIONEER FATHERS.

A WESTERN ODE.

"On the bare and wintry fields around us, their epitaph is written in characters which will remain when brass and marble have crumbled into dust."—Ed. Everett.

Ye are gone to the land of the spirit's light;  
Ye are gone—ye are not here;  
We call your names in the silent night,  
When the stars of heaven appear;  
We call by the brook, and river's side,  
And the echo mutters deep—  
In the world above now your souls abide,  
In the grave your bodies sleep.

When the radiant sun of the summer day,  
Shall smile o'er the sunny west;  
When the morning light shall fade away,  
And shall leave our minds at rest—  
The memory and of that glorious band,  
That band of the good and brave,  
Shall cause us to love and cherish this land,  
Which they bled and died to save.

In the humble tomb ye are silently laid:  
No marble shall tell your grave—  
We need no pillar by artists made,  
To tell the place of the brave.  
Your names shall live when the storied urn  
Its high niche no more shall fill;  
When the kings of the earth to dust shall turn,  
And low in the grave lie still.

When the glorious sun with his brilliant light,  
Shall rise in the east at morn,  
And sink in the distant west at night,  
Of all his bright glories shorn;  
This shall ye live in the freeman's heart;  
In that heart preserve your shrine,  
And your names from our memories ne'er depart,  
While the stars of night shall shine.

GLAUCUS.  
Franklin, Warren county, Ohio.

As many of our fair readers wish to know what was the derivation and meaning of their baptismal names, we subjoin the following explanation:—

SIGNIFICATION OF SOME OF THE MOST USUAL CHRISTIAN NAMES:

Anna, (derived from the Hebrew)	Gracious.
Adelaid, Goguan.	A Princess.
Arnold, German.	A mountaineer of honor.
Bianche, French.	Fair.
Charles, German.	Noble Spirited.
Catherine, Greek.	Pure and cold.
Clara, Latin.	Clear and bright.
Caroline, Latin.	Noble mind.
Emma, German.	A nurse.
Eliza, Hebrew.	A vow.
Edward, Saxon.	Happy Keeper.
Edwin, Saxon.	Happy Conqueror.
Edmond, Saxon.	Happy Peace.
Frederick, German.	Rich and Peaceful.
Francis, German.	Free.
Felix, Latin.	Happy.
George, Greek.	A Farmer.
Gertrude, German.	All Truth.
Henry, German.	A rich Lord.
Isabella, Spanish.	Of a bright brown color.
Margaret, German.	A Pearl.
Mary, Hebrew.	A drop of salt water.
Martha, Hebrew.	Bitterness.
Rebecca, Hebrew.	Faith.
Robert, German.	Famous in council.
Sophia, Greek.	Wisdom.
Susan, Hebrew.	A Lily.
Thomas, Hebrew.	A Twin.
Virginia, Latin.	A Maiden.

**Advice to Housewives.**—Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame will be clear and the tallow will not run.

Britania ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first, after it has become inured to the heat it is not likely to crack.  
It is a good plan to put new earthen ware into cold water and let it heat gradually until it boils, then cool again. Brown earthen ware particularly may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or rye or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.  
Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oiler carpets are shaken the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Woolen should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woolen. Wrap them in strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woolen.

Suet keeps all the year round, if chopped and packed in a stone jar covered with molasses.

Barley straw is the best for beds; dry corn-husks slit into shreds are better than straw.

Bread and pots should be cleaned, done up in papers and put in a dry place during the summer.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is used much for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood. Always have your tinder box and lamp ready for use in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together where you can lay your hands on them at once in case of fire.  
Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.  
It is easy to have a supply of horse radish all winter. Have a quantity grated while the root is in perfection, put it in bottles, fill it with vinegar, and keep it corked tight.

## A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand,  
A poorly shod was in my hand,  
I stamped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast,  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my name away.  
And so, I thought, 'twill quickly be  
With every mark on earth from me;  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more,  
Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
To leave no track or trace.  
And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part he wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul he thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame!

## PECULIARITIES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

**A Capital Satire.**—When the Duke of Wellington was elevated to the Premiership, in 1833, the London papers teemed with 'very substantial and absurd accounts' of his Grace's habits, in ridicule of which the following burlesque article appeared in 'The Examiner.' It was written by the celebrated Albany Fonblaque, the editor of that paper:

"The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he is out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap; and while he is dressing, he sometimes whistles a tune, and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke of Wellington uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and sometimes he blows out one cheek, sometimes the other, to present a better surface to the razor. When he is dressed he goes down to breakfast, and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does rather rapidly; following it up with three hasty wipes with his handkerchief, which he instantly afterwards deposits in the right hand coat pocket.

The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coat, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps, which has given the world an erroneous opinion of their position. The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar, and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. During breakfast, the Duke of Wellington has a newspaper either in his hand, or else on the table, or in his lap. The Duke of Wellington's favorite is the Examiner. After breakfast the Duke of Wellington stretches himself out and yawns. He then pokes the fire and whistles. If there is no fire he goes to the window and looks out. At about ten o'clock the General Post letters arrive. The Duke of Wellington seldom or never inspects the superscription, but at once breaks the seal and applies himself to the contents. The Duke of Wellington appears sometimes displeased with his correspondents, and says, pahaw! in a clear loud voice. About this time the Duke of Wellington retires for a few minutes, during which, it is impossible to account for his motions with the desirable precision.

At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the Duke's horse is brought up to the door. The Duke's horse on this occasion is always saddled and bridled. The Duke's horse is ordinarily, the same white horse he rode at Waterloo, and which was eaten by the hounds at Startfield. His hair is of a chestnut color. Before the Duke goes out he has his hat and gloves brought to him by a servant. The Duke of Wellington always puts his hat on his head, and the gloves on his hands. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo. His grace first takes the rein in his left hand, which he lays on the horse's mane, he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle; he then drops his right foot in the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom fails off, being an admirable equestrian. When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the street, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?" "It's a fine day." "How do you do?" and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be.

At twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Duke's Master comes to teach him his Political Economy. The Duke makes wonderful progress in his studies, and his instructor is used pleasantly to observe, "that the Duke gets on like a house on fire." At the Treasury, the Duke of Wellington does nothing but think. He sits on a leather library chair, with his heels and a good part of his legs on the table. When thus in profound thought, he very frequently closes his eyes for hours together, and makes an extraordinary and appalling noise through his nose. Such is the Duke of Wellington's devotion to business that he eats no luncheon. In the House of Lords, the Duke's manner of proceeding is this—he walks up to the free place, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's gait is a brevity the next thing to silence. As brevity is the soul of wit, it may confidently be affirmed that in this quality, Lord North and Sheridan were fools compared with him.

**Admirable Hit.**—"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know, I told you, you had but six hours to live." "Yes doctor, you did; but I didn't take the dose you left."—Gentle.

**The Pollegmat.**—The story runs, that once, in the dark ages, a young man was brought before the authorities, charged with having married several wives. When called upon for his defence. "It is true," said he, "most learned Judges, that I have married several women—but judge for yourselves whether my object in so doing was not praiseworthy. A man has surely a right, if he buys an article for good, and it turns out to be bad, to reject it. Now I found that the first wife I married was ill tempered, the second lazy, and the third false, and so forth. All I want is to get a good one, and I shall be satisfied." The bench was puzzled at first at this novel defence, but after a consultation deferred, that as it would be impossible for the defendant to find a good wife, except in the other world, he should be immediately put to death, to enable him to look for one.—N. Y. Mirror.

**Diet of the Ancients.**—The difference between the diet of the ancients and that of us moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen informs us that he had seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as cloves, nutmeg, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither buck-wheat nor French beans, nor spinach, nor sage, tapioca, salsp, arrow root, nor potatoe or its varieties, nor even the common, but a sort of marsh-grown bean; nor many of our fruits, as the orange, tamarind, nor American corn. On the other hand, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb or ox-tongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They used greatly, radish, lettuce, sorrel. They liked the flesh of wild asses, of little dogs, of the dormouse, of the fox, of the bear. They ate the flesh of parquets, and other rare birds, and of lizards. They were fond of a great many fish and shell fish which we now hold in no esteem. They employed as seasoning rue and assafetida.

A man with a pair of wooden legs is nominated for Congress in Illinois. The New Orleans Picayune says he makes the best stump speeches of any one out in "them diggers."

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman a day or two ago, to a dandy who had more hair than brains.—"Why?" said the man's immediate return. "Because they can't see your ears!"

"Exactly." I have got three brothers," said a "crack" urchin to us the other day; "one lives in G., one is at home, and I am the other!"—Barra Gazette.

A shoe maker who once lived in London did not choose to tell an absolute falsehood; he therefore contrived as well as he could to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use. When he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor and walked once or twice around it. Being asked by his customers whether he had done the shoes, he would truly say "No; but I have been about them!"

Allen Ramsey, the author of the pastoral comedy called the "Gentle Shepherd," wrote the following epigram on receiving an orange from the Countess of Abynye:

Now, Princes, as thou mayst be mute,  
For I can proudly vie with thee,  
Thou, to the forest gave the fruit,  
The latest gave the fruit to me.



## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer's Chronicle.

**FENCES.**  
It is a most erring policy that induces farmers under the name and notion of economy, to inclose their grounds with temporary and defective fences. It is in truth the reverse of economy, or rather the very reverse of economy. It would be well for those who feel inclined to negligence or to be governed by the 'do for the present' doctrine, to open an account of debt and credit with their fences for a few years; and if that should not cure them, they might be given up as incurable.

Perhaps some of our readers might be edified by a sight of such an account at any rate; if it should not happen to suit their own experience, it may give them some idea of this sort of Book-keeping; and here it is.

**Corfield FENCE, Dr.**  
The corn destroyed by horses, cattle and hogs at different times, supposed one hundred sheaves, say \$25.

To time lost in stopping hog-holes, repairing fences and mending water-gaps, say six days in harvest, \$5.

To wounding one of the plough horses, in breaking over the fence, by which his services were lost for ten days when they were most wanted, say \$5.

To price of a hog of my neighbor Hodge, for which I had to pay, having dogged it in my corn-field, so that it died, \$3.

To time lost in attending a law suit about said hog, and costs of suit, \$5.

To a loss of a valuable dog which I supposed Hodge had killed, in revenge for the killing of his hog by said dog, but which I could not prove, \$5.

To perpetual loss of Hodge's friendship, which had been steadfast for twenty years, amount not known.

To the spoiling of my young horses, Smith's cattle and Hodge's hogs, so that I shall never be able to fence them out effectually hereafter; loss not known.

To keeping me in bad humor, fretted and crabbed nearly all summer—damage incalculable.

Total, exclusive of the three last items, \$45.00 Credit.  
By five hundred rails, the number wanting to