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., NOVEMBER 8, 1839. | NO. XXI, OF VOL. XX. (Whole No. 1011.)

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.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

OPIUM AND ITS BANEFUL EFFECTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A CHINESE HOGARTH.

The "Chinese Repository" for April, 1837, published at Canton, gives a curious and interesting account of some paintings by a native artist in China street, Canton, named Sinqua. They are on rice paper, six in number, forming a series, designed to exhibit the progress of the opium smoker from health and prosperity to misery and degradation, in fact, they are a counterpart to Hogarth's famous "Rake's Progress." So far as we can ascertain, the idea was original with the painter, and regarded as mere works of art, the pictures are by no means unworthy of notice. The figures and attitudes are well conceived and drawn, and the story clearly carried through.

The account of these pictures by the native artist so aptly illustrates the fearful consequences which result from smoking opium, that I cannot do better than transcribe from the above mentioned periodical, the explanations which accompany the pictures.

The son of a gentleman of fortune, his father dying while he was yet but a youth, comes into possession of the whole family estate. The young man, having no inclination for either business or books, gives himself up to smoking opium and profligacy. In a little time his whole patrimony is squandered, and he becomes entirely dependent on the labor of his wife and child for his daily food. Their poverty and misery are extreme.

No. 1. This picture represents the young man at home, richly attired, in perfect health and vigor of youth. An elegant foreign clock stands on a marble table behind. On the right is a chest of treasure, gold and silver; and on the left, close to his side, is his personal servant, and, at a little distance, a man whom he keeps constantly in his employ, preparing the drug for use from the crude article, purchased and brought to the house.

No. 2. In this he is reclining on a superb sofa, with a pipe in his mouth, surrounded by courtezans, two of whom are young, in the character of musicians. His money now goes without any regard to its amount.

No. 3. After no very long period of indulgence, his appetite for the drug is insatiable, and his countenance sallow and haggard. Emaciated, shoulders high, teeth naked, face black, dozing from morning to night, he becomes utterly inactive.—In this state he sits moping, on a very ordinary couch, with his pipe and other apparatus for smoking lying by his side. At this moment, his wives—or a wife and a concubine—come in; the first, finding the chest emptied of its treasures, stands frowning with astonishment, while the second gazes with wonder at what she sees spread upon the couch.

No. 4. His lands and his houses are now all gone; his couch exchanged for some rough boards and a ragged mattress; his shoes are off his feet, and his face half awry, as he sits bending forwards breathing with great difficulty. His wife and child standing before him, poverty stricken, suffering with hunger; the one in anger, having dashed on the floor all his apparatus for smoking, while the little son, unconscious of any harm, is clapping his hands and laughing at the sport. But he heeds not either the one or the other.

No. 5. His poverty and distress are now extreme, though his appetite grows stronger than ever; he is a dead man. In this plight he scrapes together a few copper coins, and hurries away to one of the smoking houses, to buy a little of the scrapings from the pipe of another smoker, to allay his insatiable cravings.

No. 6. Here his character is fixed—a sot.—Seated on a bamboo chair, he is continually swallowing the fœces of the drug, so foul that tea is required to wash them down his throat. His wife and child are seated near him, with skeins of silk stretched on bamboo reels, from which they are winding it off into balls, thus earning a mere pittance for his and their support, and dragging out from day to day a miserable existence.

These pictures, be it remembered, are entirely the work of a Chinese artist. The explanations, also, are his, translated from the original Chinese. They give, therefore, the impression of the baneful effect of opium-smoking which facts and observation have made, not upon any individual alone, but upon multitudes of the Chinese; for such pictures are commonly the result, not of a singular notion in the mind of an isolated individual, but of a feeling that widely prevails. They are indications of the general sense of a class, at least of the community.

One fact, in addition, needs to be mentioned.—It appears that the opium may be smoked a second time. Thus after having satisfied the more luxurious appetite of the wealthy customer, the refuse may serve to feed the same depraved appetite in a low class of victims, and thus tend to double the amount of mischief. This appears from the account of the fifth picture of the series and also is abundantly confirmed from other sources.—*Charl. Mercury.*

Kill or Cure.—A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid. "I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you *kill* or *cure*, you shall have them." The woman died in the doctor's hand; and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds. The man asked the doctor "if he *killed* his wife?" "No." "Did you *cure*?"—"No." "Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand."

THE RAINBOW.

[BY CAMPBELL.]

The morning was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed from the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprung herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scene, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form,
For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the end of time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world:

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain:

Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun;
A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:
To all who beheld it, these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded,—grew warm, and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friend—or a day,
That bow from my sight, passed for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind:
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Rival to the Daguerreotype.—If we believe the German papers, Leipmann, of Berlin, has invented a machine for obtaining correct copies of oil colored pictures which is not less ingenious than the Daguerreotype. For some years a little slender man, whose attire denoted poverty, was observed in the Museum of Berlin, where he was to be seen every week. Instead of walking through the galleries and examining the various paintings, he was always in the Flemish room, stationed before the same picture; a portrait of Rembrandt. He would remain there for hours together, his hands behind his back, and his eyes fixed upon the picture.—This was ascribed to eccentricity, whilst it was a serious and singular study, leading to a discovery which will form an era in the history of painting. M. Leipmann was meditating upon the invention of a machine for reproducing oil paintings; and after ten years of persevering labor, he has succeeded beyond all expectation. At his residence are to be seen a hundred copies of that very head of Rembrandt, all of them of scrupulous resemblance to one another. How he has achieved this, is his own secret. When one considers the privations he must have suffered in attaining his idea, one cannot help wishing that his efforts may be rewarded. With the assistance of a trustworthy maid servant, he has labored for many years, night and day, making sealing wax at night to procure a livelihood. The most surprising circumstance is that he did not previously make a complete copy of the picture, but conveyed it home by parts, as he had it in his mind after visiting the museum. Thus on one day it was an eye, on another the nose, on a third a lock of hair that he took home, which must have required whole years for the completion of his task. He has produced with his machine, in one of the rooms of the Royal Museum, and in presence of the directors, 120 copies of Rembrandt's portrait, painted by himself—a picture, the copying of which in the usual way presents the utmost difficulties, according to the opinion of all painters. Leipmann's copies are said to be perfect, and to give the most delicate shades of the color. He asks but a *louis d'or* for a copy. His invention excites universal admiration.—*Mercury.*

Re-union in Heaven.—How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their names will no longer be heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it was laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal bloom, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth it is again completed in Heaven.

MYSTERY, REASON AND HOPE.

It is seldom that we meet with a passage more truly eloquent than the following. It is taken from an essay by the Rev. E. Peabody, of New Bedford:

Night comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck.—The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course, or what that course is, or where they are, he knows not. All around to him is *Mystery*; he bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing but the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on according to the prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed.—With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and (sight of joy) the spires of the churches, and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own.

Look on this picture, and on that.—We were struck with the contrast between two letters, received at our office the other day, from persons residing in the same village, in this State, both of whom were two years in arrears for the New York Mirror. The first was as follows:

"Sir—Yours received. I enclosed you ten dollars. If you write me any more dunning letters I shall stop your paper."

Postage unpaid.

The second latter (on which the postage was paid, by the way,) was as follows:

"Dear Sir—I thank you for reminding me of my delinquency. I enclose you the amount due for the past and present volumes, (ten dollars,) with much pleasure, and trust you will forgive me for not attending to your claims at an earlier date. Yours, cordially, etc."

We need not ask who was the reasonable man, the gentleman, in this case. Few persons have any idea of the innumerable expenses attending a periodical establishment, and of the importance that all demands though severally small and apparently trifling, should be collected to form a respectable aggregate. It is quite as unpleasant to dun as to be dunned; and, if this fact were but duly considered, there would be more tolerance in the world.—*New Y. Mirror.*

FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

A noisy virtue is always of doubtful character. The bravado is seldom brave. The humble man most deeply laments his pride. An empty wagon rattles more than one well laden. A boaster is a vanity.

It is no proof of our innocence that we profess great detestation of any vice. The proud man is often more offended at the arrogance of others than his humble neighbors are. The mean-spirited man often professes great contempt for cowards.

Nothing deserves the name of wisdom which partakes of cunning and trick.

If any one man knew all that was thought and felt by those around him, he would *flee* into the wilderness; and if society knew all the thoughts and feelings of any one man, they would *drive* him into the wilderness.

Carnal knowledge puffs up. Saving knowledge exalts by humbling.

No man ever knew much who did not prize a good understanding above all riches.

If vice is ever its own punishment, it is in the case of the irritable or suspicious man.—*Watchman of the South.*

The heart of man can love as deeply and as fondly as that of woman, and who denies such capability, libels it most foully; but the heart of man or woman either, worn by the touch of follies and vices, soon loses its power to love; the temple is profaned, and the god will no longer dwell therein. Woman unless called upon to pass amidst the foul and polluting things of earth, keeps the heart's bright garment longer in its lustre, that lustre which, like the bloom upon the unplucked fruit, is lost at every touch; and this is why so few men are found to love with woman's intensity; because they have staked the fortune of the heart upon pretty throws, and lost piece by piece.

A man to be agreeable and good company, must think nicely and readily upon what is said—have a good fund of wit—a faithful memory, and a suitable imagination; he should also be master of his mother tongue, for without this, the best thoughts will fail to please.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time,
We can love as in hours of less transport we may:
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay summer's prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return,
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment the affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odor the flowers shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

A Wet Wedding.—We understand a singular wedding took place at Bodenham, in this county, during the late deep floods. Arrangements had been made by a worthy couple to get married.—The day was fixed, and every thing ready, when, unfortunately, the river Lug overflowed, and the spot where the church stood was deeply inundated on the very morning the happy ceremony was to take place. Determined, however, not to be disappointed, a cart was hired, which conveyed the party to the doors of the church, where they found the water was very deep inside. They, however, procured benches, upon which they stood whilst the clergyman tied the nuptial knot in water-proof boots.—*Hertford Journal.*

A leaf from the Public Album, kept at Niagara Falls.—The falls are clever; quite so; but they do not hanswer my hexpectations. I got thoroughly wetted by them, and lost my 'at; when the weather is 'ot, I prefer looking at an hengraving of them in the 'ouse.

J. L. of England.

The falls are certainly very pretty; I think they would look sweet by moonlight.

Caroline ——, of Waverly Place.

If all the water that ever fell
Over the falls, could be
Collected together in one place;
'Twould make another sea.

B. B. of Sagatuck, Conn.

There came to the Falls a poor exile of Gotham,
Who dwelt with delight on the one view he saw;
But he durst not go o'er to the Canada side,
For fear of some d——d international law.

B. T. of Wall street.

Let those who call water a weak element, observe its strength here. Nature is generally wise and prudent; but here she is improvident; the water-power wasted here, at a moderate calculation, would if properly distributed, be sufficient for fifty saw-mills.

Wheelwright Power, of Conn.

Management better than Beating.—A truckman in Boston, who had a refractory horse, that would not move forward, beat him unmercifully. A gentleman came along, who told him that he must not beat him any more. "What shall I do?" said the man; "my horse has stood here these two hours. Shall I stand here all day?" "On, on, the horse must go, but you must not beat him any more." "Get me a rope twice as long as the horse." The rope was brought, tied to his tail, and then passed between his legs forward; then he gave a pull upon the rope; the horse was frightened, and showed signs of kicking; he continued to pull; the horse suddenly started forward, and went on, without any more beating. The gentleman had seen that method tried on jackasses in South America with full success. If you doubt it, try for yourself

A Stammering Pun.—A waggish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quibs and quibbles have been heard and relished by many of us, while sitting at a public table, had occasion to use the pepper box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed pepper-corns were in no wise inclined to come forth.—'T-tthi this p-p-pep pepper box, he exclaimed with a facetious grin, 'is so so-some-something li-li-li-like my-my-myself.' 'Why so?' interrogated a neighbor. 'P-poo-poo-poor dey-de-de-delivery,' was the reply.

Matthews went once to Wakefield, then from commercial failures in a dreadful state. In vain did he announce his inimitable "Youthful Days," the Yorkshireman came not. When he progressed to Edinburg, a friend asked him if he made much money in Wakefield. "Not a shilling," was the reply. "Not a shilling," reiterated his astonished acquaintance, "why, didn't you go there to *star*?" "Yes," replied Matthews, with mirthful mournfulness "but they spell it with a *v e* in Wakefield."

Warm Walking.—On the last 4th July, the following toast was given at a western celebration:

"The wretch who would refuse to defend the liberties of his country—Shod with lightning, may he be condemned to wander over a desert of gunpowder!"

John IV. of Portugal was most gratefully thanked by a courtier, whom he had refused an appointment. "*What*, do you thank me for a refusal?" said the King. "Yes," replied the courtier, "your majesty might have kept me in groundless expectation, or in suspense, either of which would have been my ruin."

"I say mister," said a little urchin to a man with a pair of *Italic* eyes, "warn't you born in the middle of the week?"

"No, you little d—l! Why do you ask me that?"

"Cause, I didn't know but you mought have been, seein' you are all the time a *lookin' both ways for Sunday.*"

We should see an Englishman when we want to think, and a Frenchman when we want to converse.

AGRICULTURAL.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

Desultory Observations on Breaking, Breeding, and Managing Horses, and Treating some of their Diseases.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:—I have often thought that the horse was much neglected here, in comparison with any other stock. I do not speak of the race horse, which is not, in my opinion, of any use to agriculturists or farmers; but as being only the means of gratifying the national taste, rather more innocent or agreeable than the *Bull-fights in Spain.* About forty years ago, horses were generally handsomer and better in Kentucky, than they are now; but as soon as our attention was turned to raising mules, the horse was neglected. In Europe, horses were divided into three classes—the draught or work horse, including the carriage horse, the horse of burden, and the riding horse or poney. Draught or work horses must be of a strong make, taller than the others, and yet be active and supple in their movements—his height 15 or 16 hands. The horse of burden must be smaller, say 13 or 14 hands, and is preferred by many for his superior strength. The riding or saddle horse must be slender and elegant in all his limbs and may be within 15 hands. It would be advantageous for every rich farmer to own a stud horse for his own use, and of a strong breed of the draught and riding classes combined. If among his colts there should be a racer, as it might happen, he would be sold as such and would be an extra profit without any risk. The stallion thus kept for the farm, and therefore limited to a certain number of mares, would have a hardy and strong progeny, far superior to the weak offspring of a worn out sire. The animal himself would preserve his strength a long time unimpaired and even be worked with great advantage to his owner. The extreme plurality of mares, bred to one horse, is one of the causes of the degeneracy of horses.

The choice of mares is still more important than that of the horse; for many colts resemble their dams, more than their sires; and this is another cause of degeneracy.* The education of horses, like that of men, begins in their infancy. The care that is given to the mare naturally enables a person to touch and caress the colt itself, which loses its shyness, and becomes gentle and easy to break to his future labor. But although he may be broke even at two years old, he should never be rode or worked until he is full three; the too early riding or working a horse being a most pernicious practice and cause of degeneracy. To break a horse, is too often an excuse for breaking his bones, but means nothing more than using the most proper means to render him useful. At two years old he may be made to walk the ring by means of a long leathern line in a circle. After having been thus practiced in walking, give a length of line and use him to trot, taking care that his hind feet do not touch and cut his fore feet.—All this may be done gently and if a blow seems to be necessary, let it be done with a whip, more in terror than in effect, and after the voice has failed to procure obedience. This may be practiced two or three times weekly. When the colt begins to understand what is wanted of him, then put a blanket on him with a girth during his exercise, then a light weight, increasing in proportion to time and strength, or as he will be wanted as a beast of burden. When two and a half years old, a boy may mount the colt, while he is walking the ring, but not as yet at large. When he has acquired a good trotting gait, take a longer line, and two persons are needed to learn him to gallop and leap over a loose pole, low at first and raised higher by degrees. The work or draught horse need not practice leaping, instead of which, he must be taught the harness and to pull light burdens, with small wheels, so as to accustom the colt to draw and to the noise; this last to be increased by degrees, so as not to scare him, and moreover to use him not to be frightened at any noise in future. All this practising may last until the horse is at least three years old, at which age the back bone is strong enough not to be curved inward by the rider or weakened by overstraining pulling.

Two horses in Europe are always kept in the stable, fresh litter being spread every night for his bed and taken away in the morning.—He is fed with hay, straw and oats; the hay and straw are in bundles, the hay of 20 or 25 lbs., the straw about 10 lbs. Rye straw is preferred. Both are put in the rack. Wet bran is sometimes mixed with oats. Perfect cleanliness is kept in the stable, the horse is curried, brushed and combed every day and taken to the river at least twice a week if possible to wash and bathe. In the country, horses are often fed with chopped rye straw, and barley meal. In France, the hay is made of different kinds of grasses unknown here, some of which contains more saccharine and nutritive mat-

* The parent which has had any quality good or bad deeply impressed upon the constitution by inheriting it through a long line of ancestry will commonly transmit this quality to the offspring. Therefore if one of the parents is well bred; that is, has had the prominent good qualities of its species to descend to it through both lines of ancestry, or through the several converging lines, without a cross from animals of inferior quality, and the other parent is *without breeding*, that is, has no distinctive quality inherited through a line of ancestry,—then the offspring will commonly if not invariably resemble the well bred parent, whether male or female. This principle is well exemplified in the colts of Imported Stafford, which resemble the sire, without exception so far as we have seen or heard, in color, and generally also in form, so far as the former can be judged of at so early an age, notwithstanding the great diversity in the color and form of the dams. The principle of which we speak is also strikingly exemplified in the Devon cattle, the oldest of the improved stocks, and of course that in which the peculiarities of the stock are rendered most thoroughly constitutional by long inheritance. The peculiarities of the stock invariably predominate in the half, and even in the quarter bloods, especially when the cross is with unimproved stocks.—*Ed. Gaz.*