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### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### From the London Visitor.

#### THE LAW-SUIT.

The village of Yewford very much resembles a hundred other villages in England. It has its parish church overgrown with ivy by the South side; the parsonage house is very much like other parsonages; and the Squire's mansion on the hill, with its tall elms and rookery, is as like what I have seen in half a dozen countries, as one pea is like another.

Again, the church warden of Yewford is a man in England with the world, and who likes to keep up the highest profile in society. The parson is an excellent talker; and the schoolmaster a tall thin man, with a pole face. The butcher, too, has long hair and a capacious countenance, and the head of the Bull, a face as red as a rose.

Besides these characters, Yewford has many others, male and female, old and young, gentle and simple, all of them well worth being introduced into this narrative; but as such a proceeding would interfere with our present object, we must leave them to be severally described by those who have more talent and more leisure. One personage, however, we must not forget, especially as he happens to be the principal hero of our history.

A Mr. Douglass has taken lodging at the widow Freeman's, but as the village knew next to nothing of him, and of his concerns, so the good people were at a loss how to speak of him, one to another. He was a civil, well behaved man, respectful to the rich, and kind to the poor; but no one can live long any where, and least of all in a village, without making friends or foes; and doubtless, Mr. Douglass would have received an earlier introduction to the village, had it not been for a circumstance, which, for a time, prevented the worthy inhabitants of Yewford from making up their minds.

The lawyer, though not professionally employed by Mr. Douglass, it is discovered a trial was pending between them, and that Mr. Douglass had been in possession of five hundred a year, or reduce him to the situation of a beggar; who could expect then under such circumstances, that the villagers of Yewford could come to any satisfactory conclusion, as to the estimation in which Mr. Douglass ought to be held, until the issue of the trial should be known?

Mr. Douglass, whatever good qualities he might possess, was evidently not a rich man; and by degrees, an opinion got abroad that he was poor. For some months he was as principal in his payments, and the church-warden had to strike the hour; indeed more so, for it sometimes happened that the clock was early beyond time.

At length a system appeared which most people, whether living in town or country, are quick to understand. A few articles sent to Mr. Douglass by the village draper were not paid for on delivery. The butcher had a small account unsettled, and widow Freeman had whispered to Mrs. Perkins, the publican's wife, that her lodger for the last six months, had not paid her a single sixpence.

Things were in this critical state, and the reputation of Mr. Douglass hanging trembling in the balance, when a few of the village worthies met together at the Bull, to settle something connected with the parson's rates.

The important affairs of the parish being discussed, the lawyer took up the newspaper, and soon had just been brought in by the landlady, and soon read in a rapid manner, the following intelligence:

"The long-pending cause, Douglass versus Parson, is at length decided! The Plaintiff proved successful!"

The lawyer immediately threw down the paper on the table. "Just as I expected," said he, "and just what I think Douglass deserves. If he had anything to do before he commenced his suit, I could have saved him hundreds of pounds. A man must be a poor creature to take such a course. It is a pity I saw how the case stood, he has been led on by a swindling attorney, who will now most likely arrest him for costs. So Mr. Douglass instead of having a rent roll of five hundred pounds per annum, must be content to live in the parson's house."

"I never thought that he would help to pay poor rates," said the church-warden.

"Poor rates," cried the butcher, "was it ever likely that he would pay poor rates, when he couldn't pay his butcher's bill? It has run in my head for some time past, that his noble would send me a couple of guineas, and I could buy a new coat."

"Had Mr. Douglass taken a lesson from those who were able to instruct him," said the schoolmaster, "slowly detaching his earnings, he might have been aware, that the sum total of all his expenditures would only amount to a trifle."

"There was always too much truth about him," said the parson; "for, though he could not pay his poor rates, he was not a beggar, he had a little money when it answered his purpose, he would not mind to stop to take a mug of ale, or a glass of brandy and water, from one month's end to another. However, he has run up no score at the Bull, and I'm taking pretty good care that he has not a penny of pocket money paying for it."

For some time nothing interested the tide of

popularity, which had set in against the unfortunate Mr. Douglass; each expressed his opinion in his own way, but all agreed that too much forbearance had already been exercised, and that it was high time to let Mr. Douglass understand, that an upstart having nothing but a trumpeter's claim to five hundred pounds a year of support him, would no longer be countenanced by the worthy inhabitants of Yewford.

At length, during a momentary pause, the schoolmaster took up the newspaper, with the idiosyncrasy of one who has pleasure in reading with his own eyes, what has already been read to him by another, when, to his great astonishment and apparent confusion, he made the discovery that the paragraph had been incorrectly read by the lawyer, and that, instead of Mr. Douglass, the plaintiff, having been unsuccessful in the suit, he was rejoiced to have been successful.

This announcement having been made by the schoolmaster, accompanied with an observation on the great advantage of correct reading, a thing which he always tried to impress on the minds of his scholars, every countenance underwent a sudden change. The lawyer looked as keenly at the newspaper, as though he would cut out the piece with his eyes; the church-warden, half opening his mouth and raising his brows, sat like a statue; the butcher stared at the publican, and the publican stared at the butcher. A clap of thunder would scarcely have been more instantaneous in producing an effect on the whole group.

The unbelieving lawyer was the first to take the newspaper from the hands of the schoolmaster, and as soon as he was convinced of the error into which he had fallen, he burst into an affected giggle, a little resembling a laugh. "You must," he said, "really forgive the hoax I put upon you, but I wanted to see whether it was possible to persuade you to believe so improbable a thing, as that of Mr. Douglass losing his cause. I was convinced, a priori, that a verdict must be given in his favor. The defendant had no evidence to bring forward, and I quite expected that he would have allowed judgment to go by default. Never did a jury decide more uprightly, and I shall have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Douglass on his deserved success."

"Ha! ha! ha!" here burst from the open mouth of the church-warden, who, in his turn, affected to be very merry. "I saw plain enough," said he, "the trick you were playing us, and was willing to keep up the joke as long as possible. From what had been told me of Douglass, I knew he had too much good sense to bring an action that he could not sustain, and it was but the other day I was saying to justice Villers, that, before long, I hoped to see Mr. Douglass in the office of church-warden, for that a more respectable man was not to be found any where. We must set the bells to ring on this occasion, that Mr. Douglass may see that his neighbors are almost as much pleased at his good fortune as he is himself."

The schoolmaster, though not bold enough to assert that he had at first been aware of the incorrect reading of the lawyer, maintained, that had the verdict been as described, he should have been justified in the sentiments which escaped him, inasmuch as the decision of a British jury would have proved, as plain as two and two make four, that the calculations of Mr. Douglass had been worked in error. He declared he had much rather congratulate the good qualities of Mr. Douglass, than subtract from his merits; pronounced him worthy to be classed among gentlemen, and considered it the undoubted interests of the inhabitants of Yewford to cultivate good fellowship with a respectable character.

The publican confessed that he had been fairly taken in, but no wonder; as he should as soon have thought of drinking a pint of port brandy, as differing in opinion from his good friends, the lawyer, the church-warden, and the schoolmaster who had so long frequented the Bull. Mr. Douglass, he had no doubt, was a good fellow at bottom, and he should be glad to take from him an order for the best hoghead of ale he had in his cellar.

Though the church-warden saw through the deceit of the lawyer, and the lawyer understood the trickery of the church-warden, though the publican laughed at the backing out of the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster despised the selfishness of the publican; yet every one tried to persuade himself that his hollow heartedness was unknown to his neighbor.

When the party broke up, each individual determined in his own mind to pay some tribute of respect to Mr. Douglass, and secure his favor; was affording another instance of the insincerity and meanness of those who pay homage to wealth, rather than to worth; who would honor the rich though defamed with every vice, and despise the poor though adorned with every virtue.

"Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts. All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more does his friends go far from him!" Prov. xix. 7.

#### INGENIOUS FRENCH SWINDLING.

An elegantly dressed lady presented herself, a few days since, at an extensive shop in the Rue des Foyes Montmartre, at Paris, and asked to see one of the handsome swains. She was waited upon with the utmost politeness, and after making a most careful choice of one of the most elegant articles in the magazine, requested the clerk who waited upon her to carry the shawl to the house of her husband, M. Desrabelle, the eminent Dentist in the Palais Royal. This lady then withdrew with a most gracious salutation. The young man shortly afterwards proceeded to the Dentist's house, and was shown into an anti-chamber, when he was told M. Desrabelle was engaged. Presently the fine lady made her appearance; "An! you are there, sir," she said, "Mon Dieu! I was just going out, desiring of your arrival. Give me the shawl that I may show it to my husband; he will come and pay you for it presently." The lady took the shawl, re-entering the adjoining apartment, of which she left the door open, and the clerk heard her make use of these words: "Here is the young man about whom I spoke to you. May I beg that you will not keep him, for he wants to return to his shop." The lady then made her appearance at the door, pointed out the clerk to M. Desrabelle with a familiar nodding, and took her departure with a familiar nod of the head to the Dentist. "I am at your service, sir," said Desrabelle, and, arranging his instruments, he put some casual questions to the

young man. Presently the conversation turned upon Dental Surgery, and, in answer to a question from Desrabelle, the young man confessed that he sometimes suffered from a tooth on the left side. The Dentist approached, and, more rapidly than thought, removed at once both tooth and twinge. The clerk was thunder-struck, and the Dentist said, with a smile,—"Your sister informed me where the troublesome tooth lay." It will be believed that these words increased, instead of diminishing, the clerk's astonishment. A long and provoking explanation ensued, from which it transpired that the seductive stranger had waited upon M. Desrabelle, and entreated him to remove by surprise an unsound tooth from her brother's left jaw, she having brought him to the Dentist's house under the pretext of showing a shawl to his wife. The poor clerk returned to his shop in a state of the utmost confusion, minus both shawl and money, and also with a tooth less in his head. The authorities have instituted a search after the ingenious culprit, but hitherto without success.

The following lines, by Professor Longfellow, are very fine, the third verse especially, is original and striking:

#### PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.  
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us wiser than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men should remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sand of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another  
Selling o'er life's stormy main,  
A forlorn and unrepentant brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold  
The goal achieved. The warrior, when his sword  
Flashed red triumph in the noontide sun;  
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the pain;  
The statesman, when the crowd proclaims his voice  
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue:  
They count not life's first steps, and never think  
Upon the many miserable hours  
When pain deferred was sickness to the heart.  
They reckon not the battle and the march,  
The long privations of a wasted youth;  
They never see the banner all outworn,  
What goes to them the solitary night,  
Past pain and anxious by the sickly lamp,  
Till the young peer wins the world at last,  
To listen to the music long his own!  
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind  
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace  
His strength, or his long expectancy.  
How are his early steps, and, that first youth  
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,  
Men would behold his threshold, and despair.

#### A PEEP INTO FUTURE.

Our friend of the Holms County Cosmopolitan has had quite an interesting dream. We are glad to see the Feds have concluded to adopt habits of economy. The million and a half STATE HOUSE is to divide into a LOG CABIN! That is worse than "quasi quires."—Ohio Statesman.

#### From the Cosmopolitan.

Our dream!—Last night, after sufficient returns were received to convince us that Tom Corwin was elected Governor of Ohio, we went to bed and dreamed a dream which may not be all a dream. We dreamed that Corwin was Governor, and that the Whigs had a majority in the Legislature. The most rigid system of economy had been adopted—the old State House had been converted into a Legislative Boarding House, and that the State Boarding House-keeper was elected annually by the Legislature—that the Governor and all the officers of State boarded there together. They had very plain fare—parched corn and hard cider for breakfast; hoe-sake and hommony for dinner; pone and butter-milk for supper. They slept in bunks with only straw beds. They were all paid \$1 a day and boarded. They had no clerks; when any member made a motion or a report, &c., he recorded it himself. Bills were engrossed and enrolled by the originator. They had a State Printing Office, owned by the State, who hired its own journeymen, and did its own printing. The quasi quires were put into an iron vault, so that Sam McDermery could not steal them to print extra Statesmen. They had no messenger; they did their own errands—they had no Sergeant-at-Arms; they took turns in making fires, and the legal processes were served by the Governor.

They built a log State House, after the fashion of a Log Cabin. The Speaker sat upon the head of a cider barrel, and the members were seated on Buckeye logs and took notes on a shingle with red chalk. A big night owl was perched above the head of the Speaker, instead of the eagle, a dried coon skin hung up in place of the Declaration of Independence. Ohio's speech occupied the place of the American Constitution, and a red petition waved on top of the capitol instead of the American flag. Josiah Scott regularly opened the sitting each day with a Tippecanoe song.

As we gazed upon these improvements, our soul was fired with Tippecanoe zeal, and we shouted, "Ho, Ching a ring ching," which broke our slumber, and apprised us that we had been dreaming. And we think upon those who have supported the Whigs expecting such miraculous reform, will get waked up, they will discover that they have been dreaming too.

Dr. Johnson very beautifully remarks, that: "when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness and palliation for every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impressions—a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed—and wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness and recompense that kindness which he has never understood."

#### From the Knickerbocker for October. A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

[BY WASHINGTON IRVING.]

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose, he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington, that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day a solemn convocation was held, at which one of their chiefs addressed the Governor in the name of all the rest.—"My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning, but he soon saw that he bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and he made the red man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man—and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother."

When the Great Spirit had made the three men he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers, the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spears, axes, hoes, and hammers. "These my sons," are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy."

The white man being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools, without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next, and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make every thing even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given his sap-wood to be made into rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit—we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Greeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went on to Washington and said they were going to see their Great Father and to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, with out the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brothers had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they know not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country and they found that their brethren by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses and their lands, and the graves of their fathers, and that the white men, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry that we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

Running it into the Ground.—The West Kirk Session of Edinburgh has actually passed a resolution preventing Sunday funerals.

It is said the male grasshopper sings, and not the female. What a happy set the grasshoppers must be; they have dumb wives.

Be more careful to offer your salutations to those that are poor, or who may have been in any way distressed, whether in mind, purse or prospects; than you are to your more affluent acquaintance; for, rest assured, that they will feel your neglect more acutely than either your equals or superiors.

Contentment.—Can a man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make him happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with little; but when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves.

No man should be prodigal of times till he can either consume the future, or recall the past.

#### BEEFS FOR CATTLE.

As experience, and not speculation is what farmers need, I will give my observations in feeding beasts with my cows during the two past winters. In 1836, I put up about 900 bushels of Mangel-Wartzel beets, 100 bushels of turnips and some potatoes for the purpose of experimenting in feeding my cattle through the winter. I knew nothing but what I learned from books, as I was acquainted with no farmer, (nor yet I yet) who fed with roots. At first I was at a loss to know how to feed them, whether in a raw state or cooked, but having determined to try both plans I commenced the work and each did well. Young animals are peculiarly fond of the raw beets and thrive astonishingly on them; but for cows that give milk they are better suited, particularly if a steamer can be used in the process. Though milk cows should have raw beets once in every two or three days if grass cannot be had.

The turnips and potatoes were given precisely as the beets; but I could not determine that either had the preference over the other, as the cows gave about the same quantity of milk, and their condition did not seem changed by either. In feeding the same animals with beets, it was easily told if at one third less than of the turnips or potatoes would make them give the same quantity of milk, of better quality, and they showed better keep. The

A new religious sect has sprung up in the Western parts of America, particularly in Marietta; they style themselves Halyons, and the most novel feature of their creed is, that Aaron's breast plate, called by the Jews, Urin and Thummin, must be retrieved before the resurrection of the dead.—Washington (N. C.) Republican.

Reveries of Fortune.—The U. S. Marshal who has just completed the Census of Cincinnati, mentions these incidents: I met a man who had ruined himself by intemperance, and was subsisting on charity, that I knew in Pittsburgh to the year 1815, owner of a fine property, and a store worth \$50,000 at that time. The property alone, I have no doubt, has since brought \$150,000.

I found also, the widow of a distinguished Professor in an English College who, was at the time

eating her humble supper with her daughter, under such circumstances of penury, that their very table was formed of a board laid across an old barrel!

I have found in the city, two cases of disparity of age between the oldest and youngest brother worthy of notice. In one instance, the oldest was 89, and the youngest 25. In the other when the father was fixings, and aged 73 years, one brother was 46, and the other 3.

A Screamer.—A gentle piece of female humanity yelped Green—by courtesy Miss Green—delivered an oration, or more properly speaking, a stump speech, at Augusta, Maine, on the 4th of July last. The concluding remarks furnish us a sample of "real grit":

"If I shall have been so happy as to have gained the approbation of those for whose sake I have so far departed from the strict limits which, ancient prejudices have long prescribed to our sex, I shall be amply paid for all the sweats of writings and toils. (Cheers) I have been only desirous of winning the approving smiles, of the nobler sex for sentiments not for myself, and I say unto you, lords of creation as you call yourselves, if you doubt my sincerity—I proclaim it here in the face of all Augusta, now assembled around me, and you may believe me or not, as you please—that there is not one among you, Tom, Dick, or Harry, that I would give a brass tumbler to call 'husband' to-morrow."

A Vienna correspondent of the Debats gives the subjoined account of an infamous imputation upon the Jews, similar to the affair at Demasceus, which has been lately made at Lemberg, in Austrian Galicia:

"A young woman who had lived as nursemaid in the family of a wealthy Jew named Lomberger, at Tarnow, went to Lemberg, and made a declaration before the magistrates that she had been kept by her master in close confinement for three weeks, during which time she was bled every other day by a Jewish surgeon, and her blood used in making unleavened bread. A police officer was sent to arrest M. Lomberger, but knowing the excellent character of the accused, he took the precaution of securing also the denouncer. When the accusation came to be investigated, it was proved that the girl having one day, while out on her master's service received a wound in the head with a stone, which fell upon her from a house which was building, her master and mistress instead of sending her to the hospital, had her taken care of in their house, treating her as if she had been their own child, calling in a Catholic physician, who bled her twice but no more, as absolutely necessary to save her life. The servants of the family swore that when she left her place, she went down on her knees to M. and Mrs. Lomberger to thank them. The ungrateful girl, on being closely interrogated, confessed the falsehood of her denunciation, and declared that she had been overcome by the persuasions of her lover who had an implacable hatred against all Jews.—This young man has been taken into custody, and with the girl will be brought to trial for the false accusation."

Definition of a Cherub.—A lady (married, of course) was once troubled with a squalling brat, whom she always addressed as "my cherub." Upon being asked why she gave it that appellation, she replied—"Because it is derived from cherubim, and the Bible says, the cherubim continually do cry." God, that.

Etymology.—Tom what makes your nose so red?—Why, the fact is, Bob, I blow it a little too hard."

John Reeve, Moralizing.—John Reeve was accused in the Kensington road, by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the work-house?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, ma'am; but that is."

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