OW spirits is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the test evils are apprehended upon the slight nds, and the worst consequences imagined ent medical writers supposed this disease confined to those particular regions of the men, technically called hypochondria which situated on the right or left side of that cav whence comes the name hypochondriasis.

SYMPTOMS

he common corporeal symptoms are flatulen the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, veness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness ght, palpitations, and often an utter inability xing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage. Also languidness—mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, despondmelancholy, and dejected, accompanied with derangement of the nervous system—mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas haunt the imagination and overwhelm dgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The st and best of men are as open to this afflicas the weakest.

CAUSES.

sedentary life of any kind, especially study protracted to a late hour in the night, rarely relieved by social intercourse, or ex, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, t purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as, the obstruction of the men or long continued eruption; relaxation or y of one or more important organs within bdomen, is a frequent cause.

TREATMENT.

he principal objects of treatment are, to re indigestion, to strengthen the body, and liven the spirits, which may be promoted xercise, early hours, regular meals, and ant conversation. The bowels (if costive) carefully regulated by the occasional use mild aperient. We know nothing better lated to obtain this end, than Dr. William ns' Aperient Pills—being mild and certain eir operation. The bowels being once sed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, (which onic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an ible remedy, and without dispute have d a great blessing to the numerous public. me physicians have recommended a free f mercury, but it should not be resorted to; many cases it will greatly aggravate the toms.

Interesting and Astonishing Facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STAND.—Mr Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted the above distressing malady. Symptoms: eat langour, flatulency, disturbed rest, nerheadache, difficulty of breathing, tightness stricture across the breast, dizzinesss, ner irritability and restlessness, could not lie horizontal position without the sensation of nding suffocation, palpitation of the heart, essing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomdrowsiness, great debility and deficiency of nervous energy: Mr R. Monroe gave up thought of recovery, and dire despair sat the countenance of every person interested in existence or happiness, till by accident he ned in a public paper some cures effected by Wm. EVANS' MEDICINE in his com, which induced him to purchase a pack of the Pills, which resulted in completely ving every symptom of his disease. He es to say his motive for this declaration is, those afflicted with the same or any sympsimilar to those from which he is happily red, may likewise receive the inestimable fit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph son, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted en years with Tic Dolereux, violent pain er head, and vomiting, with a burning heat e stomach, and unable to leave her room could find no relief from the advice of sev physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, after she had commenced using Dr Evans' icine of 100 Chatham street, and from that she began to amend, and feels satisfied if continue the medicine a few days longer, be perfectly cured. Reference can be had the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs son's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, Y.

☞Mrs Anne E. Kenny, No 115 Lewis t between Stanton and Houston sts., afflicfor ten years with the following distressing toms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inof engaging in any thing that demanded or courage, sometimes a visionary idea of gravation of her disease, a whimsical aver to particular persons and places, groundless hensions of personal danger and poverty, ksomeness and weariness of life, discontendisquietude on every slight occasion, she eived she could neither die nor live; she wept, ented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with quent mental hallucinations.

Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medis, but could not obtain even temporary allevia of her distressing state, till her husband perded her to make trial of my mode of treatment. She is now quite relieved, and finds herself only capable of attending to her domestic af but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence. J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny.

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1838.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

☞REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE UMATISM, with an Affection of the e—cured under the treatment of Doctor EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New. Mr Benjamin S Jarvis, 13 Centre st. ark, N. J., afflicted for four years with e pains in all his joints, which were always ased on the slightest motion, the tongue erved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, ness in his head, the bowels commonly veostive, the urine high coloured, and often se sweating, unattended by relief. The asymptoms were also attended with considdifficulty of breathing, with a sense of ess across the chest, likewise a great want energy in the nervous system. e above symptoms were entirely removed, perfect cure effected by Dr Wm Evans.

BENJ. J JARVIS.

City of New York, ss,

amin S Jarvis being duly sworn, doth deose and say, that the facts stated in the ove certificate, subscribed by him, are in all spects true. RENJ. S. JARVIS.

orn before me, this 25th of November, 1836. WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 nass street.

Sold by the following Agents.

GEORGE W BROWN, *Salisbury, N. C.*
JOHN A ENGLIS *(Bookstore) Cheraw S. C.*
H. ANDERSON, *Camden, S. C.*
JOHN HUGGINS, *Columbia, S. C.*
M. MASON, & Co. *Raleigh, N. C.*
May 16, 1839—41yj

Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. } *Published Weekly at Two Dolls. and Fifty Cts.* { NO. 18—VOLUME VIII. *WHOLE NO.* 382

SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 29, 1839.

POETICAL.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Beneath our feet and o'er our heads,
In equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven!

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descended in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dream of days to come?

Turn, mortal turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply,
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

LORD BROUGHAM.

A victory over Brougham—the rough, stern, unyielding Brougham—is worth recording. When his lordship was raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, he declared (with the view, it was conjectured, of conciliating the Bench of Bishops) that, for all livings within his patronage under the annual value of one hundred and fifty pounds, he would accept that Prelate's nomination within whose diocese the benefice was situated.

Soon after this soothing announcement, the Crown living of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, became vacant; and Bishop Ryder, taking as gospel Lord Brougham's welcome intimation, nominated it to one of the curates of the diocese, Mr G.

To be sure, dear worthy man! he had few recommendations for the vacant benefice. He could plead an unimpeachable character—long services—slender income, large family. But these weighed not in quarter which on a sudden declared hostilities against him—hosulities the more to be dreaded, since they were headed by a very clever, accomplished and most persevering woman. During the last illness of the late incumbent of Aymesbury, a Mr. L———, a very agreeable young man—literary, and *an admirable listener*—had taken the duty. The latter quality—what a rare one!—had won the heart of the Squire's lady, the great woman of the neighborhood, and the special oracle of the parish. "He was such a profitable, such an instructive companion! He spoke but seldom—but ah! so pertinently! The very man for their future vicar! I shall watch the vacancy." The intelligence, therefore, that the living had been vacant, and was actually disposed of, struck—'twas but for thirty seconds—the Squire's lady dumb.

"What! given away absolutely and irreversibly without my knowledge, consent, or privity? Four horses to the carriage! I will sleep in London to-night—and be in Hill street before ten to-morrow morning."

But the Chancellor was not so easy of access. Since the visit of the fainting lady, he had been somewhat chary of the approaches of the sex. The lady of the Manor was not however to be discouraged. She hunted him from Hill street to the House of lords; from the House of Lords to the Court of Chancery; from the Court of Chancery to St. Jame's Palace. She besieged the sanctuary of his little robing-room in Lincoln's Inn, and dodged him to his private sitting-room behind the wool sack. No rest did she allow herself in following up the chase "He fled," but still "his suiter pursued!" Two of his lordship's cronies were in turn sent to interrogate her and ascertain her errand. She bamboozled them both. Vanquished by her importunity, the Chancellor gave way. The coveted interview was granted.

'Madam,' said he sternly, gathering up his robe around him, and looking *slightly* discomposed, 'what do you want?'

'The living of Amesbury, in Wiltshire.'

'You want the living of Amesbury!' said Lord Brougham with evident surprise, and relaxing from his austerity into something bordering on a smile, as he gazed on the graceful, intelligent, beaming face before him

"Yes I must have it! I was never refused a favour in my life, and I can give you fifty reasons why this should not be withheld. In the first place—nay, my Lord, 'tis useless—don't look at the door—you won't escape till you have heard me—we want a gentleman, not a pauper, for our poor necessitous population, one who—'

"But the living is disposed of," interrupted lord Brougham. 'I have offered the nomination to the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Ryder, and he'—

'Leaves it still with your Lordship,' observed the lady quickly, in her turn. But to my reasons. We want one who has means to bestow, and a heart to feel—my client—(the Chancellor smiled involuntarily)—my client Mr L———, has both! Next: our church is large; and to be heard requires a man with a clear, commanding enunciation. Mr L's voice, in power and inflexibility, resembles your Lordship's"

The austerity of the Chancellor seemed every moment diminishing.

Again our population requres a man who will visit the poor. Mr L., as a parish priest, is unrivalled. These are three of my reasons, and the remainder"—

"Spare them. The living, Madam, is yours. Will this content you?"

"Abundantly," and with brief thanks, and a profound curtsey, the lady took her departure. *But not from London.* She again sought the Bishop, who prudently "*declined all controversy,*" either with the Lord or the Lady. 'I acquiesce, Madam, I acquiesce,' was all he uttered, when the facts of the case were detailed to him; and within fifty hours of her leaving home the victorious lady brought to her 'client' the unexpected, but most welcome intelligence that she had argued the point with the Chancellor in the very precincts of Chancery; that his Lordship had reversed the decision of the Eclesiastical Court, and signed a judgement in her client's favor.

Hurrah for female pleaders before the Chancellor.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

YES, gentle reader "the melancholy days *are* come,"—Autumn is with us—sad and shadowy, yet, beautiful Autumn! Autumn, with his chill breezes and falling leaves—his melancholy landscapes and merry harvestings—his gorgeous forests and sleepy waters. The soft eyed and sunny Summer is over: her flowers—her fair young flowers, are withering:—the fair formed, delicate things are hastening back to the bosom of their mother, and their bright bells bend to the biting breath of an ungenial atmosphere. And her forest trees—the beautiful hectic is lighting up their once billowy foliage—the bright green leaves are fading—they wrestle feebly in the evening wind, and, with mournful rustling, quiver to the earth. "Passing away!" is the sad, sweet requiem which is sighing through valley and forest—through the tall top of the pennon'd grass, and the faded freshness of the flower bed, and the melancholy mistiness of the dying year is deepening along the hills;—it isthe gorgeous shroud which Autumn wreathes around departing Summer, to veil the ravages which his embrace has caused.

And, with the bright and beautiful things of earth which have passed away, has there passed no form of human loveliness? With the withered flowers, and faded leaves, have none to sigh over withered hopes and faded feelings? The Summer is gone, and with it have passed away too many of the gentle ones of earth—too many of the high hopes of the heart.

And yet why mourn? Why mourn that the Summer is over? Her bright leaves are withered now, but they will come again in their greenness—her fair flowers are faded, but they will again deck the earth with beauty—her silver streams are slumbering, but they will leap forth, again in their fresh fulness—her carmine clouds are dimmed, but they will float again, like spirits, in their own heaven, as ethereal and beautiful as ever. And the bright forms of human beauty—was it not meet they should pass away in their loveliness with the gentle things of earth? Like the flowers and the leaves they will not, indeed, come back to us. Yet, why mourn? They have passed away to a happier world—where the leaf never fades and falls—where the flowers are ever bright and fresh. They will not come back to us; but, when the Summer leaves have faded and fallen a few more times—*how* few, we no not—we shall go to them, and we shall all have our resurrection morning? Why, then, mourn?—*Presbytic.*

Presentiment of Evil is oftentimes nothing more than a modification of fear. When, for instance, we are entering upon any undertaking, whether of amusement or business, however great may be the pleasure that we expect from it, still we have always some fears lest we should meet with something unpleasant.—The knowledge gained by experience, that we are almost always disappointed in our expectations, is in itself sufficient to damp our hopes, and mingle them with fears. And this feeling is the stronger, accordingly, as our mind is more or less tinged with sadness at the time, or as there are just grounds for some fear. If, on such occasions, we meet with no accident whatever, we think no more of our preceding feelings, or as only under their real character—but if we do meet with one, we change the name of fear into that of presentiment. In most cases, we deceive ourselves in this manner. We imagine that we had a presentiment of a thing happening; whereas there existed some cause for this expectation, of which cause we were unconscious, and therefore thought that there was none at all. This cause may have existed only to produce the expectation, and then to vanish from our memory; or, as is most commonly the case, it may still continue to exist along with it—we being unconscious of such existence. Thus a state of joy or sadness, existing just before we had fixed our thoughts upon something of whose event we were doubtful, whether it will be good or evil—accordingly as this previous or perhaps accompanying state was joy or sadness, so will our expectation, or in other words, our presentiment, be of good or evil. We may say then, generally, that presentiment is nothing more than expectation produced by some cause, of the existence of which cause in our mind, we are unconscious. This cause, of which we are unconscious, is often nothing more than the association of ideas.—Thus, for instance, if we have formerly enjoyed ourselves in any place, when going there again, we are almost sure to expect pleasure, even though perhaps that which formerly caused this pleasure, is not supposed by us to be now there; if our expectations are realized, we say that we had a presentiment of it, whereas it was only the action of the principle of association—*i. e.* from having once enjoyed ourselves there, we ever after associated with it the idea of pleasure.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

THE TALLULAH FALLS

In Habersham, Georgia, and the Table Mountain, in Pendleton, S C.

The rapids of Tallulah are in Georgia, ten miles above the union of the Tallulah and Chatooga rivers which form the Tugaloo, five miles from South Carolina, and about twenty miles from the line of North Carolina. The river, which is forty yards wide above the rapids, is forced, for a mile and a fourth through a range of mountains, into a channel scarcely twenty feet broad. The mountain receives the water into a broad basin, surrounded by solid rock one hundred feet in height. Here the stream pauses in anticipation of the awful gulf,—then rushes down a cataract forty feet,—then hurrying through a narrow winding passage, dashing from side to side against the precipice, and repeatedly turning at right angles, is precipitated one hundred feet—and in a moment after fifty feet more—and then making many short turns, it rushes down three or four falls of twenty and ten feet. The sum of the fall in the distance of a mile is estimated at three hundred and fifty feet.

The rapids, however splendid, apart from the sublimity with which they are surrounded, are only an appendage to the stupendous banks of solid rock, descending almost perpendicularly to the water on both sides of the river, and varying in the distance of a mile, from seven hundred to one thousand feet in height, so that the stream literally passes at that distance *through* the mountain, or rather through the high lands that connect two mountains.

The visitor approaches from the west, finds an easy descent for the last mile, and drives his carriage to the very edge of the gulf. No unusual appearances of pointed rocks or broken lands admonish him that the Rapids are near, till suddenly he sees the opening abyss. He advances cautiously, from tree to tree, till he looks down upon the water. Instantly his mind surrenders itself to the overwhelming sensation of awe and amazement. He neither speaks nor smiles—and even a jest or smile from a friend is painful to his feelings; which, particularly with the ladies, (as at the Niagara Falls,) are often relieved by weeping. Some of our company, hurrying down to the brink without giving the mind time to collect itself, experienced dizziness and faintness, and were compelled to *crawl* back.

Here are no artifical embellishments. The scenery wears the artless robe of nature's wildness. The romantic variety, magnificence and sublimity of Jehovah's works are untouched by human hands. The Rapids are in the bosom of a forest, in which are seen burrows of foxes, and dens of rattlesnakes, and in which are heard the howling of wolves, and the screaming of eagles,—there the wild deer bound gracefully through the small bushes, and pass the trees rifted by lightning.*

In front of the spectator, the perpendicular face of the rock on the opposite shore, presenting an endless variety of figures and colors,—brown, white, azure and purple—overhanging, receding, angular and square surfaces,—figures in bass relief ornamented with shrubbery—small rivulets falling in graceful cascades down the precipice—the opening abyss, lined with massive rock—the foaming, roaring water, at the bottom encircled by rainbows, all seen at one view, producing sensations unutterable. The feeling once enjoyed you desire to recall, but it can be recalled only by placing yourself again upon the spot. Nor does the scenery lose its power by long and minute examination. I lingered about the Rapids three days, and the effect was rather heightened by new discoveries, than weakened by familiarity.

The most magnificent general view is from a part of the precipice which projects over the abyss twenty feet, and which is gained by a descent of fifteen feet. This is half way between the commencement and termination of the rapids, near the highest part of the mountain through which they pass, not less than one thousand feet above the water, and affords the best view of the second and third falls, one of which is almost under the projection. Our company had just gained this site, sufficiently agitated with our situation, when instantly a peal of thunder burst over us, and the rain descended upon us. The young ladies took shelter under a projecting bank, from which one step might have precipitated them one thousand feet into the foaming river,—the rest of the party crowded under a single umbrella upon the point of the overhanging rock. The rock-house formerly the entrance of the Indian's paradise, but now the eagle's habitation, was before us—the earth in front and on either hand opened wide and deep—over us roated the thunder—under us, at about the same distance, were seen and heard the pouring and dashing of the cataracts—"heavens red artillery" played around—and the wind swept by, with great violence. At this moment a large pine near us was rifted by the lightning, and its trunk entirely splintered to the ground. Echo answered echo from side to side, tumbling long and loud, through the caverns of the broken mountain. We all trembled, and looked at each other in silence. The ladies sustained the shock with unexpected equanimity, and kept their places. In half an hour the wind passed over—the wind slept—the sun casting its brilliant rainbows round the falls, spread over the wilderness a mild and enchanting serenity, and we pursued our discoveries with augmented interest.

* * * * * *

I left this place with an unsatisfied curiosity, convinced that a year might have been consumed in examining every object interesting to a scientific traveller.

In preferring the Rapids to the Table Mountain, as I decidedly do, in common with many of superior taste in scenery, I would object to no part of the admiration so justly and so largely bestowed on the latter. Each present scenes like no other in the United States; the one is so perfectly unlike the other, and both are so remarkable, that a visit to the one, in no respect supersedes the propriety of seeing the other.

The effect from the top of the Table Rock is one unmixed overwhelming sensation of the sublime. As the spectator walks along the edge of the sloping precipice for a third of a mile, his mind demands time for expension to receive the full influence of its new situation. This is accomplished by fixing the attention upon each object separately,—the falls of Sticking before him—the plantations below him—the mountains around him and the broad bosom of the forest spreading every way:—but the effect of the precipice under him prevails over all other emotions. As the spectator walks half a mile under the precipice, the height of which is at this distance about seven hundred and thirty feet, and the base of which contains a narrow path, midway between the summit and base of the mountain, a variety of emotions is enjoyed too complex to be definitely described. Objects pleasing, novel, beautiful and sublime, are every moment demanding his attention. On the summit his countenance is grave, his words few, and his imagination strongly excited. At the base his countenance is lighted up, and his conversation animated and brilliant. For his visit to the summit he feels rewarded, and his mind has expanded. With his visit to the base he is more than satisfied; he is delighted; his feelings have been kindled—the company are endeared to him, and on retiring he says, "no day of my life has passed more agreeably or more profitably." The best judges, however, unanimously express a preference for the rapids of Tallulah. As at the Table Mountain, so also two days at least should be devoted to the Rapids

[*American Journal of Science and Arts.*

* A deer bounded along, and a pine near us was splintered with lightning while we were viewing the Rapids.

A Hardened Criminal.—Among the persons recently tried and convicted at Cincinnati, was a man who was sentenced to twenty years labor in the penitentiary for the crime of arson. He is supposed to have been concerned in all or most of the fires that occured in Cincinnati during the summer, (except accidental fires,) as he is said to have confessed secretly to a comrade that he set eleven fires in the city during the summer, before the one for which he was convicted. He is notorious also as having been in the Ohio penitentiary, and escaped, and since in the Indiana penitentiary six years, the last four years of the time wearing twenty-eight pounds of iron on his legs to keep him from breaking away.

He that attempts to cut with the back of a knife will fail in his object, and cut his own fingers. The same strength and patience that, rightly applied, would suffice to loosen a knot, will, if misdirected, only tighten it. Thus, rational beings may be laid hold on the wrong way; and those who might have been useful are rendered mischievous by the calling into exercise their bad feelings and passions instead of their best. If you want to induce persons to do any good action, or to win them to goodness in general, you are much more likely to succeed by kindness than by harshness and reviling. Even the worst of men, whom neither threatenings, terrors, nor inflictions could subdue, have not been proof against the power of kindness.—*Anon.*

Swallowing a Farm.—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from this thirty years labour. A neighboring storekeeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceeded, as follows: "During the last thirty years that you have been on the farm, I have been trading in this store, and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire."

Fidelity of a Dog.—An Irish greyhound, owned by Col. Harney, and which he had brought from Missouri, had formed a very strong attachment to Mr. Dallam, the owner of the trading establishment at Taloosahatchie. On the massacre of the men at that post, but little hopes were entertained by the survivors, but that the dog had either been killed or captured by the Indians. Fourteen days after the occurrence, on the arrival of troops to give sepulchre to the victims of Indian faithlessness, this faithful and attached animal was found, barely able to stand, emitting a feeble howl over the remains of his friend Mr. Dallam. The corpses around were denuded by vultures, but Dallam was uninjured. This noble trait of fidelity was duly appreciated by the troops, and Romeo, the trusty guardian of a dead friend, is now sincerely and devotedly cherished by the garrison at Tampa Bay.

Knowledge of Life.—A profound knowledge of life is the least enviable of all species of knowledge, because it can only be acquired by trials that make us regret the loss of our ignorance

---

EDUCATION OF FARMERS—No. 9.

Means and Measures.

MR. TUCKER: I have already, more than once adverted to some of the means to be used, and measures to be adopted, to promote the education, and to protect the rights of farmers. I will close these short essays, by throwing out a few hints, and making a few suggestions of a more definite character on the same subject.

I would first suggest the propriety of farmers taking their own education and their own legislation into their own hands. The means of education within their own reach are too ample to be under the necessity of resorting to colleges or high schools for procuring either an education or instructors for their children. If their means of education were not ample, if they were entirely insufficient, colleges and high schools could not help them. They have spoiled ten farmers where they have made one.

Nor can they depend upon books, though every farmer ought to be, as he certainly may be, a man of reading, and of extensive reading. But all his reading should be put to the test of his own experience and observation. He ought not to adopt no man's opinion, either in religion, politics or business, without putting it to the test of his own judgment, and judgment founded on experience and observation. With his own judgment at the helm he can hardly read too much; without that, he can hardly read too little. For maturing a judgment founded on large experience, no school, no opportunities can be better than those afforded by his farm, his business operations, and his intercourse with society.

For aiding his experiments and directing his operations, every farmer ought to be familiar with all the fundamental principles of Natural science. This is the more important, as those principles are comparatively few, and exceedingly simple, so much so as to be, to a great extent, within the comprehension, and the highest delight of children, long before they can comprehend any thing from books. These simple, elementary principles of science, which all children are so eager to acquire, are of the utmost importance for aiding them to understand and to relish the contents of books, even the first books put into their hands.

Under these views, one important step to be taken by farmers for the education of their children, and the improvement of themselves, is to procure, or to aid and encourage their children in procuring, 'FAMILY CABINETS,' or collections of minerals, plants, shells, insects, drawings, prints, &c., with a few simple articles of apparatus for performing experiments, to illustrate some of the fundamental principles of nature.

With these as a starting point, and slates and pencils, succeeded by paper and lead pencils, and a few books in the same spirit, children will literally *learn themselves* the art of writing, reading, spelling and speaking correctly, almost without time, certainly of a character far superior to what they ever do, or can acquire, by the bible system.

Another important measure, which farmers may adopt for their own education, is the forming of 'SOCIAL LYCEUMS,' or weekly meetings of a few neighbors for conversation, reading, examining specimens, trying experiments, and above all for preparing specimens for 'SCIENTIFIC EXCHANGES,' by which their own collections will be greatly increased, and greatly increase the interest given to their meetings. Such meetings and such exercises are particularly interesting to the females and the younger members of families.

For the special benefit of the business of farmers, they have often formed Social Lyceums, confined to themselves, which are particularly appropriate for the winter. Connected with these meetings, a regular system of experiments has been instituted, by which each can have the benefit of the experiments of the whole, and of experiments carefully tried under the direction of science.

These social meetings, and the regular series of experiments, instituted by farmers, furnish some of the most valuable materials for 'FARMER'S JOURNALS,' and the strongest inducements as well as means for sustaining them, both in materials and money. A farmer could hardly take and peruse a 'MONTHLY FARMER' or any periodical conducted by, and for farmers, without being more than remunerated for his expense, by a single fact or hint, which he might find in the work. The least possible reading which any farmer ought to reduce himself to, is consulting his Bible daily, and his 'Monthly Farmer,' 'Cultivator,' 'Visitor' or some other periodical, as often as once a week.

Both interest and duty would lead every farmer to pursue a much more general course of reading. Works on Natural Science, Political Economy, History, Biography, and other works to aid him in understanding and sustaining the rights and duties as a republican and a christian may be read and studied by every farmer, who wishes to realize their benefits.

More favorable opportunities could hardly be provided for improvement by reading and social intercourse than are furnished in *farmers' evenings*. By reading, examining specimens, performing experiments, and by meetings for improving each other, every farmer, besides being highly intelligent and successful in his business, may be sufficiently enlightened in the relations he sustains in society, and in the relations existing between the various classes and departments of society, to enable him to fulfil not only the duties of a private citizen, but of such public offices, as his fellow citizens may call him to perform.

Reading, social intercourse, cabinets of nature, chemical and philosophical experiments, scientific exchanges, and especially common schools must be greatly aided by well qualified lectures on the different subjects of school education, physical sciences, political economy and numerous subjects of useful knowledge; more, however to aid the various classes of the community to instruct themselves, than to communicate instruction to them. A semi-monthly or even monthly meeting, of two or three hours, to be attended by a skilful, and an experimental teacher, who should visit some dozen or twenty places in succession, might do much to direct and aid the reading, conversation and experiments, and to give system and energy to the efforts of all who might enjoy his instructions; especially the younger portions of the community. Circuit Schools of the kind proposed, if assisted by occasional lectures and teachers in connection, rather frequently, would probably be still more beneficial without any additional expense.

On a subject so vast indeed, so entirely inexhaustible, as that now under view, a few newspaper essays, are barely sufficient of a few hints touching it. With the hints already given, so few and as brief as they are, I must dismiss the subject, with the kind regards and high esteem of your friend.

F. HUTCHESON