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FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

“NOT IMPOSSIBLE.”

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

“Know that ‘Impossible’ where truth and mercy and the everlasting voice of nature order, has no place in the brave man’s vocabulary.”

A brilliant sight is that of the Centre Fountain Market, or, as it is more commonly called, Marsh Market, in the fair city of Baltimore, upon a summer’s Saturday night. The immense stacks of vegetables, the luscious heaps of fruit, the blooming display of flowers, of every variety and color, all glittering in the resplendence of innumerable gas light, and tallow candles—the busy, rosy, laughing huckster women, the jolly butchers, brandishing their bright cleavers—the medley and carts, wagons, horses and dogs—the hum, the bustle, and the noise of shuffling feet—all combine to form a scene so lively, so gay, and so animating, you might almost fancy it a matter of impossibility that there could be a human being in all that motley congregation who was not as happy and delighted as yourself. Yet you would fancy wrong, for there are oftentimes some very miserable beings in that crowd. The one with whom it first comes within the province of this story to deal, was extremely miserable—that is, if appearances are any guide to judgment in such matters. He was a very ragged and forlorn looking man, and had the bleared eye and bloated face of one addicted to the vice of intemperance. As it is not absolutely indispensable to the purpose in hand to specify the date of the particular Saturday night on which this individual figured, as we are about to relate, in the crowd at Marsh Market, we will merely mention that it was some years ago. He elbowed his passage half way down the space, and paused in front of the Arcade. For a few moments he gazed at the huge transparency over the upper story, which exhibited a full length and breadth portrait of Daniel Lambert, and advertised that all sorts of unheard-of curiosities, jugglers, ballancers, an alligator and an Egyptian mummy, could be seen up stairs for a shilling. After his eyes were satisfied with the figures on the transparency, and his ears had drank in a sufficient quantity of the cracked sounds of tambourine and violin, which were ringing jovially out from behind it, he passed into the avenue of the Arcade, eyeing the different persons who were trafficking at the stalls there, with a seemingly interested curiosity. At length he stepped boldly up to a spruce-like young fellow, who was bargaining with a dark eyed Jewess, for a pair of kid gloves, and asked in the usual phrase, though not with the whining accents of a common beggar—

“Young man, could you spare me a small sum to relieve my distresses?”

“Impossible,” was the rejoinder, “I have more little necessities myself than my money will supply. Besides I never encourage beggars.”

Before the sentence was finished, the mendicant had turned away, and was repeating his petition to a youth in homespun, who was looking over a book stall.

“Could I spare you a small sum?” returned the latter, raising a face upon which there was an expression of frankness, and good nature, and speaking in a tone of unsophisticated seriousness as betrayed him but a recent participator of city life—“that depends upon what use you will make of it. Are you sure you don’t want it to buy rum?”

The beggar hesitated a moment, and then, as if in spite of the degradation which reduced him to beggary, he scorned to lie, answered—

“I am sorry to confess, I want it for that very purpose.”

“I’m sorry to hear you confess it,” said the young man; and laying his hand upon the inebriate’s arm, he drew him aside to a spot a little retired from the crowd. Here he again addressed him—

“Have you a family?”

“A wife and one child,” replied the beggar.

“And what is your occupation?”

“I have none. I was clerk in a house on Market street—it failed, and I could not obtain employment. My troubles drove me to drink, and brought me to this condition.”

“Don’t you think, if you were to stop drinking, you could now get employment, and make yourself and your wife and child happy and comfortable?”

“The man lifted his eyes to the face of his young monitor, with a stare that betrayed these queries were becoming unpleasant, and perhaps that he thought them a little impertinent, coming from one experienced a source; but the ingenious interest with which the youth regarded him, induced him to answer contently.

“The fact is, I have become so habituated to drink, that it would be impossible for me to break off.”

“Impossible—pshaw! said the other, “I don’t believe there is such a thing as an impossibility any more. Why, I’ll tell you what—when I came to this city three months ago, I had not the first cent in my pocket—for it had taken my all to pay my passage down from Frederick—and I did not know a soul in the place. I looked about all the afternoon for employment at my business—I am a silversmith—and when night came on I had not

found any. About eight o’clock I sat down in one of the stalls of that market house. I was tired and sick. I had not eaten a mouthful since I started from Frederick in the morning. I thought it was impossible for me to get any thing to do, or any thing to eat, when an old lady who kept a cake stand, and who had got out of patience waiting for her husband, offered me sixpence to carry her basket home. I agreed; and she gave me not only the sixpence, but a good supper; and when I had satisfied her that I was not a runaway apprentice, offered me lodgings for the night. I started out next morning, and before night, I found a situation. It’s a hard one, to be sure, and I don’t make much; yet it isn’t impossible for me to give you a dollar, if you’ll make the right use of it; and poor as we both are, it isn’t impossible that you and I may be rich and happy men some day.”

At the conclusion of this story, which the ragged man had listened to with a show of impatience; the unsophisticated youth slipped the amount mentioned into his hands and left him abruptly. The man passed down the space to a tavern, and paused at the door, as if debating in his mind whether to enter and spend the dollar he had received for rum, or take the advice of his young benefactor, and strive to reform. The struggle seemed to be a strong one, and after some five minutes’ hesitation, he turned and walked onward, with the slow and irresolute step of one whose course was undecided.

We will now return to the generous youth, who, after the charitable act related, bent his steps homewards, soon forgetting, in the multitude of objects that attracted his attention, the little incident in which he had been the chief actor. He found it possible, on his way to assist an old lame porter, who was staggering along under the weight of a large leather trunk; without hesitation, he took hold of one end of it, and supported half the burden. Nor did he relinquish it until it had reached its destination, although the charitable office led him several squares out of his way. When the trunk was at length set down on the steps of a three story brick in Lexington street, he concluded to pause awhile, partly because he had too much of obligingness in his disposition to interrupt the loquacity of the porter, who was earnestly detailing the circumstances of a fireman’s row, which had occurred the night before, and partly because he was pleased with the sound of a piano, accompanied by a soft voice, which came floating through the window blinds from the house. While he was standing there, a gentleman, with the usual accompaniments of a traveler, an umbrella under one arm, and a great coat dangling across the other, came up, and drawing out his purse, demanded of the old man his charge.

“Twenty-five cents,” was the reply.

“And yours?” he continued, turning to our hero.

“Oh,” returned Hite Elbery—it is time we had mentioned his name—“Oh, I shall be satisfied with the privilege of a seat upon the step until the lady within finishes her song.”

“You are moderate,” said the gentleman; “but if you will come in, you can hear it to better advantage.”

This was said in a matter of course tone which seemed to anticipate no refusal; and the door being now opened, Hite, so abashed by the unexpected invitation, that he knew not how to decline it, was ushered into the hall, and thence, after the gentleman had met and saluted his wife, into a handsome little parlor, where he was left without even the ceremony of a word of explanation, with a girl in a faded calico dress and unfashionable leghorn bonnet. She appeared, from the last named article of her attire, to have been upon the eve of departure, and to have merely paused to amuse a child of eight or ten, who, perched upon a chair, reclined his head delightfully upon one end of the instrument she was fingering. The child no sooner became aware of its father’s arrival, than it ran from the room, than leaving the youth entirely alone with the unknown female, who now abruptly ceased her song, and sat running her fingers idly over the keys of the instrument. He felt embarrassed. He had not been much accustomed to the society of the softer sex, and had none of the set phrases of the gallant at command. Feeling constrained to say something, yet ignorant what form of address etiquette might require in his particular case, he resolved upon a plain statement of the circumstances which brought him there, as the best mode of introducing himself. Hite seldom judged characters by dress; and the faded calico caused him as much timidity as a shining silk could have produced; it was, therefore, with some trepidation, that he walked up to the piano and said—

“I ask pardon if I have interrupted you, Miss. I was listening to your song at the door, when the gentleman who has just arrived, kindly invited me in. If you are so inclined, I shall be pleased to hear you finish it.”

“Certainly,” replied the girl, turning towards him a set of features, which a pair of brilliant eyes partially retrieved from the plainness which the misspoken leghorn threw over them. She then recommenced the air she had been performing—Hite, though no connoisseur, soon perceived that she possessed great musical talent, and with very natural curiosity, was wondering if she was not a teacher of the art, when the lady of the house entered the room. When the piece was finished, she approached the girl and placed something in her hand. The young musician thanked her in a low tone, but the words were distinctly audible to Hite.

“I am very, very much obliged to you,” she said, “but do not give me now—keep this much until I come again. If I go home with all this, he will take it from me, and spend it in the manner that I told you.”

“As you will, child,” returned the lady—“Whenever you need it, call, and any time you should need assistance, do not hesitate to apply to me. Perhaps I may want you again next month, or the month after, at all events.”

“Thank you,” said the girl; “I shall always be happy to oblige you. And now I must go before it grows late.”

“I would not let you go alone,” said the lady, “but Mr. B. is so much fatigued from his journey, and a little unwell too.”

As she spoke, she glanced at Hite, who, anticipating her wish, immediately offered his services. The girl hesitated, perhaps from a doubt as to the propriety of placing herself under the escort of a perfect stranger. But the lady whispered that “she looked like a good-hearted fellow, whom nobody need fear.” Thus assured, she of the faded calico turned to the young man with a courtesy, and accepted his offer.

When his companion, at the door, placed her hand in his arm, Hite was conscious that it trembled, and this fact would have contributed to his embarrassment, but he had perceived, from what had passed in the house, that she was a child of

want and trouble, and his benevolent feelings surmounted his diffidence. His heart had a great affinity for all kinds of human distress. One drop of water has not a greater propensity to unite with another, on coming in contact, than had his sympathies to mingle with the sorrow and sufferings of his fellow beings. The language which springs from such feelings seldom fail to find its way to the heart of the hearer, and Hite succeeded, in making such an impression on the girl’s mind, that it was not likely she would soon forget her stranger gallant of that evening. He, too, ere they reached her home, was interested by something more than the manifestation of distress which had at first claimed his sympathy. There was a charm in the softness and melody of her clear voice, which riveted the tones upon the memory; and there was an elevation of thought and feeling in her words which commanded his respect. It was a little singular, however, that, notwithstanding the intimacy of sentiment to which they attained before the end of their walk, they parted without either having named the other’s name.

Once more Hite turned towards hope, which he reached this time without being interrupted by any further tax upon his benevolence. He found his employer and his employer’s wife in some concern at his long absence, for he had never kept late hours, and, in fact, was now not a little surprised to learn that it was near twelve o’clock, and that his fellow apprentices had long ago retired.

“Why, Hite, what has kept you out so late? Come, give an account of yourself,” said Mrs. Foil, in a tone which indicated more of solicitude than displeasure. Hite was thinking of the strange girl, and colored.

“Really! how he blushes,” continued the lady to her husband, with good-natured rallery—“he has been doing something very bad—don’t you think so, Mr. Foil?”

“Why, you know there is nothing impossible with him,” returned Mr. Foil, smiling at the youth’s increasing confusion.

Hite now attempted to exculpate himself, by relating his adventures. This was a superfluous task, for they had as much confidence in his good principles, as they had in the correctness of the sun-dial, by which Mr. Foil had regulated his time pieces for the last twenty years. His story ended, the lady expressed her conviction that it was not impossible he might oversleep himself in the morning. Taking the hint, he lighted his lamp, and retired.

Hite’s was one of those natures which we meet with only here and there in the throng which crowds the pathway of life, and in which there is always a correspondence of conduct with sentiment. He never assumed a virtue which he did not possess, and never strove to conceal or palliate an error of which he was conscious. He not only despised duplicity in others, but he strove to guard against it in himself—and he so far succeeded that he possessed the unfeigned confidence of all who knew him.

A feature in Hite’s character, which, though it sometimes subjected him to the derisive taunts of what in modern phrase is termed *vanity*, yet invariably proved a key to the respect and esteem of all with whom his destiny brought him in contact. Even the most subtle of those who glory in the appellation of “knowing ones,” while they smiled at his ingenuousness, could not withhold the tribute of inward respect to this quality of his heart. Nor did he ever find it to his disadvantage in any one pursuit of his life—that old adage, (too generally, we are sorry to say, received into practice in society of the present day) that “it is safest to meet the devil with his own weapons,” to the contrary, notwithstanding. In fact, he was often able to foil, by the simple force of truth, the arts of those, whom others, equally skilled in duplicity, had opposed in vain.

Another trait in Hite’s character was his willingness to encounter any obstacle which opposed the accomplishment of duty or social obligations, and his rejection of that favorite plea of indolence and imbecility—the “impossible.” No task was required of him by his employer—no favor by a friend, or by any reasonable creature, which he did not undertake with the expression, “I believe it’s not impossible.” And his case was a happy illustration of the force of example. His fellow apprentices, and, indeed, all the members composing Mr. Foil’s household—who had not, before his arrival amongst them, been very remarkable for industry or kindly feeling—were first won to esteeming him for his system of “doing things,” and from esteeming him to emulating him, until they at length all adopted his admirable motto as a rule of conduct, and, as the worthy silversmith himself subsequently had occasion to remark, the only thing that seemed, any more, impossible with them, were discord in their daily intercourse and delinquency in their daily duties.

(To be continued.)

HOPE.—Hope is like a poplar beside a river—undetermined by that which seeds it—or like a butterfly, crushed by being caught—or like a fox-chase, of which the pleasure is in the pursuit—or like revenge, which is generally converted into disappointment or remorse as soon as it is accomplished—or like a will-o’-the-wisp, in running after which, through pools and puddles you are not likely to catch any thing—but a cold.

POLITENESS ON ALL OCCASIONS.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar when the official priest put to the lady the home question: “Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?” she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, “If you please, sir.” Charming simplicity.

ODD THINGS.—The newspapers at times have odd things in them. Among the advertisements we read that “Two sisters want washing,”—and that “a spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment.”

LORENZO DOW once said, in speaking of the grasping disposition of human nature—“though a farmer should get the whole world within his enclosure, he would still want a little spot on the outside for a potato patch.”

THERE are three kinds of praise; that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.—*Lacon*

FROM THE NEW YORK SUNDAY MERCURY.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.—BY DOW JR. ON RELIGIOUS DISSEMBLING.

TEXT.—In Islington there was a man, Of whom the world might say, That still a godly race he ran, When'er he went to pray.—*GOLDSMITH.*

MY DEAR HEARERS—Islington is not the only sea port or land town that contains such silver-washed ornaments to the christian religion as the one mentioned above. We find them wherever we go—they are around us just as thick as hemp and grass-hoppers, only we don’t always distinguish them from the real Simon Pure; but all we have to do is, to give them a little scratch with the thumb nail, and then it’s easy enough to tell what stuff they are made of. These fellows get down on their marrow bones, and make long prayers just for a show off; but they couldn’t pray at all if they hadn’t it all cut and dried before hand. I’ve seen them get bogged before now right in the middle of a prayer; because they wanted to vary it, and had’t the gumption to do the thing nicely. I once knew an old farmer up in Connecticut, who might be set down as a fair specimen of the whole batch of these cunning dogs, who lick the outside of the platter. He used to pray in his family every morning as regularly as the tea pot was emptied; but when offering up his thread-bare petition, one eye was single to the glory of the Lord, and the other to matters nearer home. On one occasion, as he drew the big arm chair (over which he had been devoutly leaning) to the casement, he cast his eyes out of the window, and ere his humble prayer had arisen higher than the chimney top, exclaimed in the fullness of his heart: “There—there—run, John! them d—d hogs are all in the mow in agin’!” Here, my hearers, was one of your true men of Islington. He ran a godly race whenever he went to pray; but at any other time his race consisted in licking the devil round the stump.

The coat of religion won’t fit these deformed beings, any how you can fix it; it wrinkles in the bank—cuts under the arms—sits awkwardly and won’t bear wetting. If I had my way, I’d strip every rag of hypocrisy from their backs, and leave nothing on them but the mere shirt of honesty, which the Lord knows would be a thin covering. Their show of piety is only to help them along smoothly through this world. It makes them appear upright, just and equitable; but I do positively assert, that the man who thus counterfeits religion for the sake of the world, would not hesitate to steal a sheep’s head and pluck from a pauper’s bowl. They will offer their spurious coin at the gate of Heaven, but it will be no go—can’t go in with that shilling. As my venerable father, who is now numbered with the dead, once observed—they burn out their candles in the service of the devil, and then throw the wick in the Almighty’s face.

Dearlly beloved brethren—don’t for the sake of common honesty, profess any more than you possess! take a pattern after me; be frank—be honest—speak your minds on all occasions—tell the truth, and you will have credit for it. I know a man, who was refused admission into the church, because he was reticent in his sincerity, when he said it made no difference to him, for he could go and enlist into the troop. It has been said that an honest man is the noblest work of God; some say a pretty woman is. Be that as it may, I believe my congregation is pretty nearly of the right stamp—though a little is yet lacking. I came among you to preach without script, and an empty purse. Just fork over a few coppers more, and then if I don’t lade you out a mess of good potage, it will be because your dishes are all bottom upwards.—I have a fondness for you all; and a deep affection for the souls of those young ladies in that back seat yonder. I have too frequently noticed the smiles of levity upon their countenances; their eyes are oftener turned to the young men at their right, than upon me. I cannot see these buds of purity contaminated: their immortal parts are too beautiful and tender to be exposed to the chill winds of the world. I have hopes for them yet. You, young gentlemen, who are now leaving the flowery lawns of youth, to enter the green bowers of manhood—I warn you never to dissemble: life with you is now a reality, and death will become so, sooner or later. Avoid hypocrisy—sluik vice—court virtue—end let the man of Islington go to Halifax. You, old men—who are scattering white hairs upon the grave—whose feet totter—whose eyes grow dim—bear with me for a short time longer, while I prepare for you a downy bed, so that you may lie down and rest in everlasting peace.—So mote it be!

VIRTUE OF COLD WATER.—Dr. Shew, in a letter published in the N. Y. Tribune, thus speaks of the curative virtues of cold water, in cases which have been believed to be beyond the reach of medicine.

It has been the general opinion among physicians that hydrophobia resists all curative means.—The immortal Priessnitz has succeeded in curing it in dogs. The animals are made fast, and the douches incessantly with very cold water, until the symptoms abate. The paroxysms at first increase. After douching, perspiration is brought on by coverings to retain the heat.

Sir Charles Scudamore, a well known medical author and practitioner of London, says that in the melancholy disease of hydrophobia and tetanus, the most active of the water-cure processes well deserves a trial. Many years ago one of his horses was seized with locked jaw, and the poor animal appeared to be fast approaching to a hopeless condition, the farrier having exerted all his skill in vain. The late professor Coleman by chance arrived at the time and advised repeated effusions of the spine with the coldest water from buckets. After about an hour the spasms became relieved and a complete recovery ensued.

The *douche*, a jet of water of any required size and height, can be made a most powerful agent—Even drops of water from a height make strong impressions upon the living body. The *douche* is certainly one of the most successful means for taming the furious maniac.

The *douche*, or something much like it, has been introduced into the prisons, as the means of “taming” refractory convicts. None have been found able to resist its influence.

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked, “Who is the master of ‘his house?’” “I am, sir,” replied the landlord, “my wife has been dead about three weeks.”

USEFUL STON.—A man who had established a timpling house, was about to erect his sign, and requested his neighbor’s advice what inscription to put on it. The man replied, I advise you to write on it, “Beggars made here!”

AGRICULTURAL.

TO YOUNG MEN—FARMERS’ SONS.

In addressing this class of readers, I wish to lay aside the dignity of the editor, and come among you as one of your own number. For I too am a young man, and farmer’s son; and I know from experience what disadvantages you labor under in the pursuit of knowledge, and what numerous discouragements you meet in your efforts for intellectual improvement. But I also know, that if you have the will you can succeed in making great attainments; and I know, too, that there is a great work for you to do, and great things will be expected of you. Immense responsibilities rest upon you, as those who are about to assume the management of our much-abused farms—as those to whom the community must look for that reform, in our practice of agriculture which is so imperiously demanded at the present time. It needs to be plainly seen that it will not do for you to follow in the beaten tracks of your fathers, and content yourselves with doing as they have done. They received their lands at low prices, fresh from the hand of God, abounding with fertility, and producing plentiful crops with little skill or labor; while the absence of western competition enabled them to obtain a ready market for all their surplus; and their simpler habits and fewer wants, rendered it less difficult for them to attain respectability and happiness in their profession. But how different is your situation! You obtain your lands at high prices, and many of them so impoverished by a long course of bad culture, that the staple productions are greatly diminished; or the fields are so filled with noxious weeds, that a double amount of labor is necessary to obtain even a scanty crop.—While the competition from the vast West is so great and increasing, that prices must be very low.

But you will ask, “How are we to obtain this knowledge? We have only a plain school education, and are obliged to devote nearly all our time to labor. Scientific learning belongs to colleges, and those who are not obliged to work for a living.” Here again is a great mistake, and one which the *Cannot* family are very apt to fall into. Unhesitatingly affirm, that there is scarcely a young man in Western New York, of ordinary intellect, who cannot, if he has the desire, make himself familiar with all the most important sciences connected with agriculture. Within a few years past, so many excellent and cheap books have been published, in which both theory and practice are explained so that all who read them can understand, that there is no longer any good excuse for remaining in ignorance. It is true there is one thing greatly needed in this country, which is not yet supplied; but, if young men will make their wishes known, it soon will be. We mean an Experimental School of Agriculture. To those who could devote a year or two to the subject, such an institution would be of more benefit than many years of reading. Let none delay, however, and let none suppose because they are obliged to work, that they cannot improve. They may make good use of the time they have, and the powers God has given you, and you can rise above all difficulties, and will find the profession of agriculture afford you more true enjoyment than you now conceive possible.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

From the Tennessee Agriculturist.

TO DESTROY WORMS ON CABBAGE.

Gentlemen,—I am not aware that the following easy and simple method of destroying worms on cabbage, has ever appeared in print. I believe it was discovered by an unlearned person, and I hope will not be less efficacious on that account. As the worms are already commencing their depredations, it will be well to publish it soon.

At night (about sun down) strip off one of the lower leaves and lay it on the top of the cabbage, back side down. In the morning very early take it off, and the whole, or a large proportion of the worms that cabbage will be on it, and can be disposed of as any one sees fit. Two or three trials will effectually free the cabbage from all worms. I believe it never fails except when the nights are quite cool.

W. CHANDLER.

ASPARAGUS OUT OF CUCUMBERS.—Some time since on the authority of a correspondent, we recommended that cucumbers be dressed in the same way as asparagus and a dish would be produced equal to the latter. We have tried the experiment, and find that our correspondent is correct—many thanks to him.

The Savannah Republican notices the suggestion, and states that the article has been served, up on toast at the Palaski House, Savannah for the last six years; and says that if the cucumbers be sliced lengthwise, and fried in batter, they will be found an excellent substitute for fried oysters.—*New York Sun.*

AGRICULTURE.—Agriculture was the first and should ever be the most esteemed of all pursuits. How happy would it be for hundreds of our young men, if they could be persuaded that a few acres of ground are a better capital than as many thousands of dollars procured by writing their names at the bottom of a negotiable note; and when years of misery might be saved if men would believe that a dollar actually earned, as by farmers and mechanics is worth a hundred in prospect to be gained in trade and speculation.—*Saturday Courier.*

HOW TO CLEAN A FOWLING PECE.—Stop up the touch holes by means of a little wax; and then pour quicksilver into the barrels, roll it along them for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it came out of the shop. Strain the quicksilver through a piece of thin washed-leather, and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left in the strainer.

WEIGHT OF BUSHELS OF GRAIN.—An English farmer has given the following as the result of an experiment to ascertain the weight and number of Winchester bushels of each of the undermentioned sorts of grain:—Wheat 62 lbs., 550,000 grains; barley 52 1-3 lbs., 520,000 grains; oats 32 lbs., 1,260,000 grains, poplar peas 64 lbs., 110,000 grains; horse beans 64 lbs., 270,900 grains.

CANDLES.—Take 2 lbs. of slum for every 10 lbs. of tallow, dissolve it in water before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in the slum water with frequent stirring, and it will clarify and harden the tallow so as to make a most beautiful article for either winter or summer use, almost as good as sperm.