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## VARIETY.

### MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S TOUR. AS IT ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN BULL. (CONTINUED.)

Paris, Dec. 28, 1823.

DEAR MR. B.  
I never was so surprised in my life, as when we got your paper here, to see that your printing people had called me and Higginbottom. I was sure, and I told me so, that it could not be your fault; because you could not have made such a mistake in my hand writing, nor could you have forgotten me so much, as to have done such a thing; but I suppose you were so happy and comfortable with your friends, (for judging by the number of your enemies, you must have a host of them) at this merry season, that you did not pay so much attention to your correspondents as usual. I forgive you, my dear Mr. B. Christmas comes but once a year, and I assure you, we had a small lamp of roast beef (*portion four deus*), from M. Godeau's, over the way, to keep up our national custom—the man actually asked me whether she would have a *ros-bif de mouton*; so little do they know anything about it. I send another portion of my diary; you split it *in* the paper; I don't know whether Mr. B. put it so herself; she is quite pleased at seeing it published, and Mr. Fulmer called, and said it was capital.

We have just come from the ambassador's chapel, and are going to see St. Cloud directly, so I cannot write much myself, but must say adieu. Always believe me, dear Mr. B., yours truly,  
LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

### ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

BY DOROTHY JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

(Continued.)

"When we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I overheard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

"He taken to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold's having run foul of the Dutchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Dutchess had missed Deaf. By which I conclude, it was a dispute at cards; however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared that the Dutchess's head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

"I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by over-reaching himself—he lay prostrated upon the floor, and it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his focal vein, with a lancet which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.

"It was altogether a most moving spectacle: he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress, was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

"It was quite curious to see the doctor fleabotomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrier at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat, with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything; a proof of the superiority of education given to the poor in France, to that which they get in England from Doctor Bell of Lancaster.

"When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much, but Mr. Fulmer and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

"We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French King, where he first stepped when he returned to his country; he must be a prodigious heavy man, to have left such a deep mark in the stone; we were surrounded by commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer showed our pass-ports to a poor old man, with a bit of red ribbon tied to his button-hole, and we went before the Mayor, who is no more like a Mayor than my not-boy.

"Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavinia had a jolly manton, at which the clerks laughed, and several of them said she was a jolly feel, which I afterwards understood meant a pretty girl; I misunderstood it for fee, which, being in a public office, was a very natural mistake.

"We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the poll of my baruch; I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade with a biddy, which I did not understand, but Mr. Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street; and contains a garden and court-yard.

"I left it to Mr. Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was—was a puree, which tasted very like soup; one of the men said it was made from leath-cr, at least so I understood, but it had quite the favour of hare; I think it here right to caution travellers against the fish that is placed, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other: the fish was called *marina salmon*, but it appeared like veal cutlets.

"They are so fond of Buonaparte still, that they call the table-cloths *Nap*, in compliment to him—this I remarked to

myself, but said nothing about it to any body else, for fear of consequences.

"One of the waiters who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little Bergami, which surprised me, till Mr. Fulmer said, it was the wine he was handing about when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of Rucephalus.

"When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called *cabriolet*; after which, Mr. Fulmer asked if we would have a chausse, which I thought meant a hunting party, and said I was afraid of going into the fields at that time of night—but I found chausse was leikure called *cure a sore* (from nice it was—after we had taken this, Mr. Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in creet in the cold air; however, I am one as always overlooks the little piccadillies of youth.

"When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in not having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the stile of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I should never have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

"In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-colored jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, which is called a biddy, and wore a nobbed tall, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

"Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier travelling, Mr. Fulmer said, with despatches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always writes in their favour. At Montrule, Mr. Fulmer showed me Sterne's Inn, and there he saw Mr. Sterne himself, a standing at the door, with a French cocked hat upon his head, over a white night cap. Mr. Fulmer asked if he had any because in his house; but he said no; what they were I do not know to this moment.

"It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of Saint Paul's but not so large. Mr. Fulmer told me it was an invalid, it did certainly look very yellow in the distance; on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of wind-mills upon it.

"I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris; and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is called *Wig*, which is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone—*Timbre Royal*.

"The hotel which I have mentioned, is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumdom, where there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the gans, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots and belts, which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of Moscow.

"At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a *gavillion*, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the table-cloths I noticed at Callous.

"We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statues at large in marble; here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder but is now reduced to a stable where the Pope keeps his bulls.

"Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughtly Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr. Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

"It was a great day at this church, and we staid for mas, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony, and heard Tedeum sung, which occupied three hours.

"We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth; but if it is one of his family, his posteriors are very much diminished in size and figure.

"Mr. Fulmer proved that we should go and dine at a tavern called *Very*—because every thing is very good there; and I never was so malapropos in my life: there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare, I was quite aniled, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for one shilling and twopence, and Patsy de Veau for half-a-crown. I desired Mr. Fulmer to let us go; but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by shewing me a dignified clergyman of the church of England and his wife, a eating away like anything.

"We had a *voletz vous* of fowl, and some sailor's eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had been told what it was, would have distinguished them from pancakes; after the sailor's eels, we had some pantalon cutlets, which were savoury; but I did not like the writing paper; however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it; they call sparrow-grass here *aspergo*, I could not find out why.

"If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stow up dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics of the country; every thing is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for Buonaparte call themselves *troupeurs*, while those who are partisans of the Bonbons are termed *Restaurateurs*, or friends of the Restoration.

"After dinner a French monsieur, who, I thought, was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr. Fulmer, and it was agreed that we should go to the play—they talked of Racing and Cornhill, which made me think that the monsieur had been in England; however, it was arranged that we were to go and see Andrew Mackay at the Francony, or Jen Narse, or the Bullwards; but at last it was decided unanimously, *crim con*, that we should go to see Jen Narse, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

"A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sang a song, which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly: it was *tal de lai de lai de lai*, and sounded quite like English. After he had done, although every body laughed, the whole house called out *beast, beast*, and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing it all over again.

### Mountague place, Friday, April 23, 1824.

"MY DEAR MR. BULL,

"I think you will be surprised at the prescription of this letter, with the P. P. mark of the twopenny post; but poor Mr. Ramsbottom being seriously ill-disposed, we were off from Paris at a moment's notice, for as good fortune would have it, my embargo, which I wrote about, was quite removed, by the use of Steers's hospitalitudo and bang shows every night.

"Mr. B. is a little better, and has lost a good deal of what the French call song; indeed our medical man relies very much on the use of his lanculet. The fact is, that the turtles is come over from the West Indies, and Mr. R. committed a fox paw at the King's Head, in the Poultry, which caused our doctor, (who lives in this neighbourhood, and is lively as he is kind) to say, that as Mr. Ramsbottom nearly died by Bleaden, so bleeding must restore him. Bleaden is the name of the gentleman who keeps the King's Head, and bleeding, as you know, is the vulgar term for fleabotomizing.

"I fear you have not received my journal regular; nor do I think I have told you of our seeing the Louver, which we did the very day before we left Paris. I am amongst them most. As for Reuben's pictures, I could not look at them; for though Mr. Fulmer kept talking of the drapery, I saw no drapery at all; and in one, which is of Adonass preventing Venice from being chaste, the lady is sitting on a gold striped jacket. Mr. Fulmer said she had got an enormous anaerocism, at which Lavy laughed; so I suppose it had some allusion to her favourite writer Mr. Moore, who is called Anaerocism—why I could never understand, unless it refers to the fashionable Maladies, which he has introduced into the best society.

"A beautiful statue of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Pawn, which looks like a woman, done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stone Mason, is really curious.

"A picture of the Bicknells, is I suppose a family grope; but the young woman appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in. The statue of *Manylvas* is very fine, and so is *Cupid and Physic*, different from the one which I noticed before.

"Mr. Fulmer showed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much, because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting, by Carlo my Hearty, pleased me; and we saw also something, by Sall Vatarosa, a lady, who was somehow, concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckam Fair, in former days, called Lady Morgan.

"We had one dinner at Riches, a coffee-house on the Bullwards, and curious enough, it was the very day that poor Mr. Ram overeat himself in the city. We had some stewed Angles, and a couple of Pulls, done up in a dish of Shoe; which is much of a muchness with English fowl and cabbage. We had afterwards an amulet sulphur, and some things done in crumbs of bread, which they wanted to pass off upon me as wheat-eats; but I had not lived at Brighton two seasons for nothing, and do happen to know the difference between wheat-eats and oysters; and so I told them.

"Mr. Fulmer ordered a bottle of Oil of Purdry, which tasted a good deal like Champagne, but he said it was mouse; the girls liked it, and Lavy laughed so loud, that she quite astonished an officer of the Chindamerry, who was drinking cafe at the next table.

"I have left my third and fourth daughters in Paris, to finish their education; they will be taught every thing that girls can be taught, and are to be regularly boarded every day (without regard to its being Lent) for less than seventy pounds per ann. and they learn so many more things in France than girls do in England, that when they return they might set up for mistresses themselves. What an advantage there must be to a young woman, who is likely to have occasion for it in her latter end, in a continent education; they call these schools *puicheons*.

"I desired, of course, that the Popish Prator, or Priest, might have no communication with my girls. I don't approve of what they call the *horal confession*; to be sure it is a mere matter of feeling; but I saw one young lady in Saint Surplice one day, confessing away to a fine handsome Prator, and I thought it would be much better done in some private place, than a church. I understood afterwards she was a lady who had been long married, but her husband had no hair to his property, and she used to come every day and confess to

the Prator, and pray for a child—poor thing, she seemed very much in earnest.

"The onion of Lavy with Mr. Fulmer is reported; his hat is dead, and it would not be respectful for to be married while the onion of the French call it) continues. I am given to the last moment, as Lavy and her sister are analyzing themselves, to go to see the great picture of Pompey, in the Strand. Lavy means to write to you next week herself. Yours truly,  
"DOROTHEA J. RAMSBOTTOM."

On the visit of James the first of England, to Scotland in the year 1617, he was very desirous to hear a syllogistic disputation. He accordingly ordered the Professors of Edinburgh college, which he was accustomed to call his own college, to attend him, in the royal chapel at Sterling castle, on an appointed day, where he was surrounded by the flower of the nobility and by many learned men of both nations. The subject of disputation had been previously announced.

Mr. Henry Charters, the principal, being asked to such a public appearance, deputed Mr. John Adams, one of the professors to preside in the disputation; and Mr. James Fairley to defend the thesis; Mr. Andrew King, Mr. James Reid and Mr. William King were appointed to impugne it. The king made his remarks upon it, which he delivered with great authority and pedantry, but not with much delicacy. One of the theses was on "local motion." The king was much pleased with the defence and advanced some arguments against the thesis, observing with great triumph, to some of the doctors near him, "these men know Aristotles mind—as well as myself while he lived."

In some of the other theses, his Majesty sometimes spoke for the impugner and sometimes for the defender, in good latin, as with considerable knowledge of scholastic philosophy.

After disputation, the king went to supper, and soon after commanded the masters of the college to wait upon him, and in their presence, he discoursed very learnedly, of the purposes which had been agitated, and then addressed the actors. "Merricks" said he, "these gentlemen by their very names, have been destined for the bar; you were president—Adam was the father of all, and very fitly Adam-son had the first part of the act. The defender is justly called *Fair-lee*—his thesis had some *fair-lee*, and he supported them *fairly*, and with many *fairlies* given to the impugners. And why should not Mr. Sands be the first center the *sands*, but now I clearly see that all sands are not barren, for certainly I hath shewn a feckless wit. Mr. Reed need not be red with blushing for his acting too bravely in this dispute. Mr. Adams, and many of reason over anger and all the passions." (As who stood by, told his Majesty that there was one of the company of whom he had taken no notice, viz Mr. Henry Charters, principal. "Though averse to speak in public in so great an assembly," wisely answered the king "his name agreeth very well to his nature, for charters contain much matter, yet say nothing, but put best purposes in men's mouths."

His Majesty continued his discourse, upon the purposes of the dispute, till ten o'clock at night, and professed that he was exceedingly satisfied with the exhibition. —*Jain's Outlines of Philosophical Education.*

### ANISH INN KEEPER—RECENT SIXTEEN.

Eng. Gentleman. Hello—House. Land. I don't know any one of that name hereabouts.

Gen. Are you the master of this Inn? Land. Yes, sir, please your honor—when mylle's from home.

Gen. Have you a bill of fare? Land. Yes, sir, surely—the fair of Kildore next week, and Ballys pug molane this week.

Gen. Put—how are your beds? Land. Very well, I thank you sir.

Gen. Your cellar good? Land. Never fear that sir—I only want buyers to make me the seller.

Gen. Your port fine? Land. Ever a finer port in the three kings, Sir than Cork harbor—and sure quite convenient to it.

Gen. Have you any mountain? Land. Yes, sir, plenty—the whole country of mountains.

Gen. Have you any porter? Land. Yes, it is!—I'll engage Pat is an excellent porter; he'll make out any plaid.

Gen. I mean porter to drink. Land. Sir, he'd drink the ocean—not a drop that.

Gen. Have you any fish? Land. Yes, call myself an odd fish.

Gen. Think so, I hope you are no sho.

Land. Sir, indeed—I'm no lawyer.

Gen. Have you any sole? Land. Your boots and shoes, sir.

Gen. Have you any plaice? Land. Not, sir; but I was promised once only vote the way I did not at the election.

Gen. Have you any wild tow? Land. They're tame enough now, for that master they have been killed these ten years.

Gen. Let me see myself. Land. Welcome, sir—I'll fetch you a glass in a minute.—*Land. Yt.*

Gen. In courage and generosity.—Two of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, met near the front of a house, in the mountains of Scotland, a fierce battle, the noise of which drew to one of the windows the lady of the house. To her infinite terror, she saw only one, a boy between five and six of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel, the other of the belligerents.

"Do you! what are you about?" exclaimed a frightened mother. "Helping (I thought) was the gallant young hero's."—*Land. Yt. Gaz.*

[From the Foreign Review.]

Clampi, one of the most eminent of modern Archaeologists, has written a paper to prove that the Runic characters are only variations of the Greek and Latin characters, which the Celts and Scandinavians brought home with them after their incursions into the Roman Territory.

The Marquess de Fortia d'Urban and M. Mielle announce a complete History of Portugal, from the earliest period to the time of Don Miguel to be contained in ten volumes.

De Marles, the translator of Conde's History of the Arabian dominion in Spain, has announced the two first volumes of the general History of India, from 3000 years A. C. to the present time—it will extend to six vols., 40.

The Geographical Institute (of Paris) consists of 348 members, and there are at present 22 travellers employed on missions with a premium for important discoveries, in Peru, Colombia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Armenia, Nubia, Abyssinia, the Antilles, and round the world.

It is well known that no institution in Europe is so rich in oriental MSS. as the Royal Library at Paris. The last catalogue was printed in 1739, and since that time the number has been more than doubled. For some years past a new catalogue of the Arabic, Persian and Turkish MSS. has been preparing, and it is now shortly expected. The notes of Silvestre de Sacy, which will accompany it, give promise of the highest authority in this branch of oriental literature.

[In manuscripts in Chinese, Mantchoo, &c. the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg is probably far richer than the King's Library at Paris.—Ed. Tex.]

M. Charles Lucas, a leading member of the French bar, in the course of an answer to an article of the Duke of Broglie, on the punishment of death, contends that the fear of death has little influence upon the criminal, and that the chance of escaping it, gives him strong encouragement. He states that, in France, a person accused of a capital crime has from fifty to eighty two chances of acquittal in the hundred; and that even when condemned, he has an equal number of chances in his favor that he will not suffer death. In illustration of his position he gives the following table—

	1826	1827
Accused	915	876
Condemned to death	150	169
Committed	28	30
Executed	110	75

From this he goes on to show, that from the prevailing horror of the punishment of death which is felt by juries, and the legal chances of escape, the criminal is encouraged in his course; whereas the dread of so many commutes or perpetual hard labor will operate strongly upon him.—*Land. Lit. Gaz.*

Sobriety by no means ranks among the conspicuous virtues of our general population (New South Wales,) many very many of our dear citizens, keeping up devoutly the religious festival of St. Patrick from year's end to year's end. "Why, Dennis!" said I to a Hibernian, whom I had seen for some weeks in a state of *oblation* "surely St. Patrick could not be born on every day of the last month!"—"oh, it is only my own bad memory that makes me so particular, sir; for having a mighty love for the saint, you see, I always begin keeping his birth a fortnight beforehand, and should forget the day; and after it is over, why the devil burn me but I always forget to leave off!"—*Cunningham's two years in New South Wales.*

*Ancient Paintings*—The newly discovered paintings at Pompeii are far superior to those previously found, and prove that painting among the ancients, was not below the other arts. The fresco paintings on the walls of a very pretty house, representing Ganymede carried off by the eagle, and Bacchantes, are not unworthy, of a Julio Romano or Giovanni di Udine. Others, with architecture, entirely refute the notion which some persons entertain that the ancients were ignorant of perspective; for the perspective drawing of the buildings is perfect.—*Land. Lit. Gaz.*

*The Traitor Arnold*—The Traitor Arnold possessed undoubtedly, an animal courage; he could stand before a battery, and call on his men to advance. He was once at a royal levee, directly after the close of the American war, when he was introduced to an English Lord, as the American General Arnold. "What, the traitor Arnold!" exclaimed the Nobleman turning on his heel with disgust. A challenge was given by the General—accepted by his antagonist, who received his fire, and discharged his own pistol in the air. "Why do you not return the fire?" exclaimed the General. "Because I am not an executioner," replied the nobleman, folding his arms, and looking disdainfully over one shoulder at his antagonist, as he walked sullenly from the ground.—*Chronicle.*

*A portrait of O'Connell, the great Irish Liberator*—He is a tall man, of gentlemanly appearance, somewhat inclined to stoop, and, as I thought, between fifty and sixty years of age. His face is pleasing, I would almost say handsome—and his oratory is of a fluent, easy, confident sort, which speaks in him a perfect consciousness of his own powers, and creates in his auditors a feeling that they are listening to a man of talent and a gentleman. O'Connell may err—Irish enthusiasm may carry, as it has already, in many instances, carried him too far, but he is not to be sneered at, nor one who is to be regarded as nothing more than a violent delirium. Let any one see him and hear him in the Four Courts, and in the association rooms, as I have heard him, and he will confess that O'Connell is a talented, as well as an eloquent, ingenious and imaginative, and gifted with the extraordinary tact of omitting his efforts in an instant to the feelings and intelligence of his auditors. It was such a man that took his seat in the decorated chair at Ennis, and it is such a man that now directs the energies of the Catholic population in Ireland.

## AGRICULTURAL.

[Cunningham's two years in New South Wales.]  
*Deep ploughing*—A proper course of cultivation alone is requisite in the clay soils of New South Wales, (a climate much like ours dry and warm) to insure good crops in dry seasons. Deep ploughing and effective pulverization are the two principal points to be attended to, in order to the attainment of this. It is well known that, in a hardened clay soil, after a long drought, the water will be found extracted to the depth of three feet and upwards; while in a soil of the same soil kept in a state of constant pulverization, the drought will not have penetrated many inches. The more porous a substance is, the more powerfully does it conduct heat; therefore, clay contracting strongly by the application thereof, the longer this heat is applied, the more compact will the clay become, and the more rapidly will it conduct the heat downward into the ground. By pulverizing the soil, and rendering it porous, you convert it from a good into a bad conductor of heat, besides opening its pores for the admission of moisture. Moisture descends through these pores by its specific gravity, and the more lightly it falls, the more deeply will it ultimately penetrate, because heavy rains force the particles of earth into such close contact as to admit of their exerting their cohesive affinities upon each other, causing thus a caking of the ground in still lands, and making the further penetration of the moisture. As an instance of the strong penetrating power of dew—when I slept in a thick canvass tent during the winter and spring months, in this colony, the dew forced its way so effectually that the blankets on my bed, and every thing in fact within the tent, were nearly as wet as the grass on the outside; and through a small hole into which I could barely thrust a nail, I could see the falling dew penetrating like thick smoke. It is by means of their specific gravity, that dew and other vapors penetrate into the pores of the soil, and what must be the case in respect to an open, porous well pulverized soil? It would inevitably find its way to the very bottom of the porous portion, or as deep in fact as the pulverization extended; and the more compact the soil, the more room would there be for the moisture to lodge in. When we see heavy dews lying upon the grassy blades in a summer morning, and heavy vapours ascending from the sward as the sun mounts upwards, we can readily judge what the land has lost by not being porous because in a well pulverized field under a course of cultivation, the greater part of this vapour would have descended by its specific gravity through the open pores, and have become intimately united with the soil. Where the soil is not very porous, those dews merely lie upon the surface, and are imbued chiefly by the attractive powers of the soil for water; whereas in the other description, the water is carried down in both those ways.

"The best remedies for this evil (the burning up of plants in hot seasons) in sandy soils are, early sowing and deep ploughing. By the first you enable the wheat to take deep root, shoot well up, and defend the ground from the action of the sun's rays, when summer commences; and by the second, enable the ground to store a sufficiency of moisture for furnishing the vegetation in that parching season. Water is the medium by which the nutritive particles are conducted through the tubes of the plants. If too abundant in the soil, or too quickly forced through the vessels of the plant by heat, vegetation will be rapid, and the product spongy; but where, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of moisture, the product will be small, though comparatively more compact. It is in the maintenance of a proper equilibrium of this kind, therefore, that we must seek the securing of compact grain, the wheat from our upland forest soils being from six to eight pounds per bushel heavier than that from our alluvials, while the wheat from the latter is more spongy, owing to its more rapid growth."

[The whole of the authors observations on deep ploughing are extremely judicious, and we regret that want of room precludes us from making further extracts; but we think his ideas as to the penetrating effects of dew, while worthy of attention are not warranted, by experience, to their full extent. It has long since been remarked by farmers that the wheat produced in the southern states is much heavier than that produced at the north.—Ed. Tex.]

*Hogs*—They are usually fattened with Indian corn, given whole in the cob, which is far from an economical mode of appropriating that grain, but the difficulty and expense of shelling and cracking it, is the great bar to its being ground. Putting the cobs into a barrel several days before giving them to the pigs, will, in a great measure, answer all the purposes of grinding, as the grain thus becomes soft, and is easier masticated and digested. It is a common saying among the scotch housewives, that for every pound of salt you give a fat pig, you have in return a pound of pork; and the herring salt is bought up in Scotland for this very purpose.

[From the Christian Mercury.]

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## DOMESTIC.

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