

Carroll Free Press.

VOL. II

CARROLLTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1836.

NO. 28.—WHOLE NO. 80.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"The gaunt Wolf,
Scouting the place of slaughter with his
long
And most offensive howl, did ask for
blood."

The wolf!—the gaunt and ferocious
wolf! How many tales of wild horrors
are associated with the name! Tales of
the deserted battle field—where the wolf
and the vulture feast together—a horrible
and obscure banquet, realizing the fearful
description of the siege of Coriath, when—

On the edge of the gulf,
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,
amidst the cold and stiffening corpses
of the slain; or of the wild Scandinavian
forests where the peasant sinks down ex-
hausted amid the drift of winter, and the
wolf's howl sounds fearfully in his deaf-
ening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes
gather closer and closer around him, as
if impatient for the death of the doomed
victim.

The early settlers of New England were
not unfrequently incumbered by the num-
bers and ferocity of the wolves which
prowled around their rude settlements.
The hunter easily overpowered them; and
with one discharge of his musket scatter-
ed them from about his dwelling. They
fled even from the timid children, in the
broad glare of day, but in the thick and
solitary night, far away from the dwelling
of men, they were terrible from their
fiendish appetite for blood.

I have heard of a fearful story of the
wolf, from the lips of some of the old set-
tlers of Vermont. Perhaps it is best told
in the language of one of the witnesses
of the scene.

"I was a night of January, in the year
17.—We had been to a fine quilting fro-
lick, about two miles from our settlement
of four or five hours.—I was rather late
about twelve o'clock I guess—when the
party broke up. There was no moon—
and a dull gray shadow or haze hung all
around the horizon, while overhead a few
pale and sickly looking stars, gave us a
dull light as they shone through a dingy
curtain. There were six of us in compa-
ny—Harry Mason and myself, and four
as pretty girls as ever grew up this side
of the Green Mountains. There were
my two sisters and Harry's sister and his
sweet-heart, the daughter of our next
door neighbor. She was a right down
handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I
never saw her equal, though I am no
stranger to pretty faces. She was so
pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and
sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides,
that every body loved her. She had an
eyes as blue as the hill violet and her
lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No
wonder that Harry Mason loved her—
boy though he was—for we had neither
of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of
oak, with here and there a tall pine rising
its dark, full shadow against the sky, with
an outline rendered indistinct by the dark-
ness. The snow was deep—deeper a
great deal than it ever falls of late years
but the surface was frozen strongly en-
ough to bear our weight and we hurried
on over the white pathway with rapid
steps. We had not proceeded far, before
a low, long howl came to our ears. We
all knew it in a moment; and I could feel
a shudder thrilling the arms that were
folded close to my own, a sudden cry burst
from the lips of all of us—"the wolves!
the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wild wolf; not one
of your dog-d, broken down, show ani-
mals, which are exhibited for six pence a
night, children half price—but a fierce
wild starved ranger of the wintry forest,
howling and hurrying over the barren
snow, actually mad with hunger? There
is no one of God's creatures which has
such a frightful, fiendish look as this ani-
mal. It has the form as well as the spirit
of a demon.

Another and another howl—and then
we could hear distinctly the quick patter
of feet behind us. We all turned right
about and looked in the direction of the
"gaunt."

"The devils are after us," said Mason,
pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies.
And so in fact they were—a whole troop
of them—howling like so many Indians
in a pow-wow. We had no weapons of
any kind; and we knew enough of the
nature of the vile creatures who followed
us to feel that it would be useless to con-
tend without them. There was not a mo-
ment to lose—the savage beasts were
close upon us, to attempt flight would
have been a hopeless affair. There was
but one chance of escape, and we instant-
ly seized upon it.

"To the tree; let us climb this tree!" I
cried, springing forward toward a low
boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw
at a glance might be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the
tree, and aided in placing the terrified
girls in a place of comparative security
among the thick boughs. I was last on
the ground, and the whole troop were yell-
ing at my heels before I reached the rest
of the company. There was one moment
of hard breathing and wild exclamations
among us. And then a feeling of calm
thankfulness for our escape. The night
was cold—and we soon began to shiver
and shake like so many sailors on the top
mast of an island whaler. But there
were no murmurs, no complaining among
us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt,

attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath
us, and every now and then we could see
great, glowing eyes staring up in the tree
where we were seated. And their yells—
they were loud and long and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained
in this situation, for we had no means of
ascertaining the duration of time when I
heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if
breaking down beneath the weight of us;
and a moment after a shriek went through
my ears like the piercing of a knife. A
light form went plunging down through
the naked branches, and fell with a heavy
sound upon the still snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen.
The poor girl never spoke again!—There
was a horrid dizziness in my brain, and I
spoke not—I stirred not, for the whole
was at that time like an ugly unreal dream.
I only remembered that there were cries
and shuddering around me; perhaps I
joined them—and that there were smothered
groans and dreadful howls under
neath! It was all over in a moment.
Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten
alive. The wolves had a frightful feast
and they became raving mad with the
taste of blood.

When I came fully to myself—when
the horrible dream went off—and it lasted
but a moment, I struggled to shake off
the arms of my sisters which were cling-
ing around me, and could I have cleared
myself, I should have jumped down among
the raging animals. But when a second
thought came over me, I knew that any
attempt to rescue would be useless. As
for poor Mason, he was wild with horror.
He had tried to follow Caroline when she
fell, but he could not shake off the grasp
of his terrified sister. His youth, and
weak constitution and frame were unable
to withstand the dreadful trial; and he
stood close by my side, with his hands firm-
ly clenched and his teeth set closely gra-
ting down upon the dark, wrangling crea-
tures below with the fixed stare of a man-
iac. It was indeed a terrible scene. A
round us was the thick cold night, and be-
low, the ravenous wild beasts were lap-
ping their bloody jaws, and howling for
another victim.

The morning broke at last; and our
frightful enemies fled at the first advance
of daylight, like so many cowardly mur-
derers. We waited until the sun had ris-
en before we ventured to crawl down from
our resting place. We were chilled
through, every limb was numb with cold
and terror, and poor Mason was delirious
and raved wildly about the dreadful things
he had witnessed. There were bloody
stains all around the tree; and two or three
long locks of dark hair were trampled in
to the snow.

We had gone but a little distance when
we were met by our friends from the set-
tlement, who had become alarmed at our
absence. They were shocked at our wild
and frightful appearance, and my broth-
ers have often told me that at first view
we all seemed like so many crazed and
brain sickened creatures. They assisted
us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason
never recovered fully from the dreadful
trial. He neglected his business, his stu-
dies and his friends, soon muttering to
himself about that horrible night. He
fell to drinking soon after, and died a mi-
serable drunkard, before age had whitened
a hair in his head.

For my part I confess I have never en-
tirely overcome the terrors of the melan-
choly circumstance, which I have endeav-
ored to describe. The thought of it has
haunted me like my own shadow; and
even now the whole scene comes at times
freshly before me in my dreams and I
start up with something of the same feel-
ing of terror which I experienced, when
more than half a century ago, I passed a
night among the wolves.

FROM LIBERIA.

We give below a brief extract from the
letter of Dr. Skinner, the Colonial Agent
in Liberia. In addition to this letter, we
have a late Liberia Herald, containing
the proceedings of the "palaver" held
with Joe Harris, and its pacific results, in
details.

It appears that all, or nearly all, the
kings and chiefs in the surrounding coun-
try are favorable to the American col-
onies excepting King Joe. He was reluc-
tant to meet the "palaver," but was at
length compelled by the other chiefs to do
so and he gave a dogged submission to
the terms of peace proposed. The col-
onial delegates with the friendly chiefs,
were attended by seventy armed men.

King Joe was attended by forty of his
life guards. On the first day he refused
to attend. On the second day he emerg-
ed from a thicket, and took his seat two
miles from the appointed place, where
the other parties were assembled. He
was evidently afraid of being attacked &
punished for his outrage and murder at
the Bassa Cove settlement; and when at
last he came forward to the palaver, his
men were careful to dispose of themselves
in the best manner for flight, in case of
danger.

The articles of agreement, or the treaty
which was concluded, give additional
territory for the Bassa Cove settlement;
and King Joe has bound himself to make
restitution of the property of which the
colony was robbed, so far forth as it has
not been used or destroyed, and he prom-
ises indemnification for the residue. He
also stipulates to abstain from the slave
trade.

There was a grand military celebra-
tion at Monrovia, on the 1st of December,
in honor of Ashmun's celebrated defence
and victory over the natives, on the first
settlement of the colony.

We have conversed with Capt. Law-
lin, of the brig Susan Elizabeth, who
gives favorable representations as to the
state of the colony. He was at Monrovia
for two or three weeks. The colonial a-
gent was doing exceedingly well. There
were many slaves on the coast, several
of which have been captured by the Brit-
ish cruisers. The Liberia Herald men-
tions the capture of three Spanish slaves
by the British brig Curlew, while lying
within the harbor of Monrovia. The
editor states that these savers frequently
come into that port for wood and water,
before their cargoes of slaves are on board.
These cargoes are in readiness at distant
positions, not within the jurisdiction of
the colony, and the colonial authorities
have no right or power to interfere.

Captain Lawlin also visited the Mary-
land settlement at Cape Palmas. He
gives a very cheering account of that
colony.

After stating his purchase of the new
territory from the native princes, agree-
ably to the instructions formerly received
from the managers of the Colonization
Society, Dr. Skinner remarks: "I have
laid out the town in squares of seventeen
rods, containing four lots and a highway;
the streets run east and west, north and
south by the compass; fifteen town lots
are already cut down, and one large
thatched house nearly completed. This
place for salubrity of air and healthiness
of location, cannot be exceeded by any
spot on the western shore of Africa. I
would just remark that, on Saturday, the
13th instant, the bones of the inhabitants
who fell in the massacre were collected
together, and put into a coffin, and, on
Sabbath the 14th, I preached a funeral
sermon on the occasion. I do hope the
Society will not abandon their object,
which will be followed with most glori-
ous results soon, if persevered in; and I
expect the time will come when perhaps
the town I have now laid out will be the
capital of a great empire."

From the Ellensburg Journal. HOUSE-MONEY.

The surprise with which Goldsmith's
club learns that the reckoning is drunk
out, will be fresh in the memory of
almost all our readers. "Drunkout?"
cried they all, impossible." The
landlord, they thought, must be mista-
ken; or he must be cheating them; or
here must have been a sudden rise in
the price of liquors; or there must be
some other mystery in the case, to ac-
count for so sudden an evanishment
of all the sixpences originally depos-
ited to defray the charges of the festi-
vity. And yet the landlord was cor-
rect and honest; liquor was as it had
been; and there was no mystery in the
matter, but simply that people drink
a great deal faster, when a few meet
together, than they are apt to imagine.
So it is with that wonderful thing cal-
led "house money"—a thing that
"mocks married men," if ever any
thing mocked them—a thing of the
most illusory and unascertainable char-
acter—a thing bottomless—an abyss.

House money, in the general ac-
ception of word is that sum which
men in the middle ranks of life are ac-
customed to disburse weekly or month-
ly for the discharge of their household
expenses during an ensuing space of
time, and which is generally adminis-
tered by the sage heads of the individ-
ual called the Lady of the House. A
husband may have paid his sum for
twenty or thirty years, (for it must be
paid,) and yet the thing will be as
great a mystery to him at the end as
at the beginning.—It goes away from
his hands, like the arrow of an Arab-
ian prince, which was carried on and
by genie, and never was found again
on earth. It passes from him, and he
sees it no more. On Saturday he
looked, and it was there, snug in the
bottom of his pocket; but on Monday,
when he looked again, the place knew
it not; it had vanished forever. What
is the strangest thing of all, he never
becomes in the least degree reconciled
to the wonder. Instead of tamely sit-
ting down and saying to himself Well
I fairly give up the question of house
money; it is a mystery beyond me,
and I only misspend time in thinking
of it, he is perpetually starting up,
during the course of some half centu-
ry of married life, with the vain in-
quiry—"But, my dear, where does
that money go? Pon my honor, I
don't understand how so much should
be required to keep our small family.
Are you satisfied yourself that all is
no butterfly-spirit secretly devouring
our substance; no strange error in
your reckonings; no unheard of over-
charges in these pass books I see fly-
ing about like evil spirits? I really
wish you would see after it." Mrs.
Balderstone, who has had the same
questions asked of her once every
month for the last ten, twenty, thirty,
or forty years, immediately takes fire

at what she conceives to be an indi-
rect charge against her housekeeping,
and opens thus: "I really wonder, Mr.
Balderstone, that you will always be
thus accusing me of extravagance.
How often have I assured you that I
am just as economical as I possibly can
be. In fact, it is wonderful how I can
make the money go as far as I do; and
if it were not that I am so excessively
careful, it would be quite impossible.
You can have no idea of the number
of things required for a house, and
how they amount up even in a week-
ly account.—There's tea and sugar,
butter, meat, and bread—tremendous
articles! We consume no fewer than
nine quarters leaves a week. [Here
Mr. Balderstone raises his eyebrows
in perfect astonishment.] And then
there is beer and porter, and wines &
spirits—all to be had, for you know
you won't do without something of
the kind every night.—[Here the gen-
tleman winces a little.] And cost—
the single article of coal is dreadful.
"Only in winter," interjects Mr. Bal-
derstone, glad to get a little flax in
his wife's argument. "Yes," resumes
she, "but if I were not to lay by in
summer, I never could stand the ex-
pense of this article in winter."

"Still," says Mr. Balderstone, dog-
gedly, "I cannot see how all these ar-
ticles, even allowing great the quan-
ty we use and their high prices, should
require such a very large sum as that
which you get from me weekly under
the denomination of house money."

"A superstition of our forefathers,
which represented a gluttonous fiend
as hunting larders, and fattening him-
self up; without, in general, being vis-
ible to mortal eyes. Sir Walter Scott
somewhere tells a story of a buttery-
spirit surprised at his morning meal
in the party of an inn keeper."

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTO- BIOGRAPHY OF A CO-WARD.

My first son was named Leister—
he was a noble, fair haired boy, beloved
alike by parents, connections and
servants—but with all his nobleness, I
could discover one adherent feeling,
hereditary, I think it must have been
from his father, of cowardice. Hours,
say, days did I think before I fixed on
a plan to cure him of this failing.—
To beat him, the too common mode
of imparting instruction to children, I
knew would never answer for this
temperament, and I therefore deter-
mined to work upon his feelings.—
One day we were passing a high stone
post, flat and square at the top, I set
him upon it, and walked off to a great
distance, bade him stand erect, at first
he was afraid, but he overcame this
timidity in a few moments. "Now,"
said I, "jump into my arms!" Poor
fellow—he suffered from cowardice
then—he trembled and began to cry.
In a few moments I tried him again—
but he dared not, nature was too strong.
"You are a coward," said I putting
him down. He had never heard that
word before; he knew not what it
meant, though from the manner in
which it was spoken, he knew it meant
something. It seemed to trouble him
but he affected to disregard it. He
tried by a thousand playful, innocent,
endearing tricks, to make me forget
my seriousness, but all in vain. I had
set myself to the task, for I knew what
it was to be coward; to have a heart
full of cowardly blood. Presently he
left me and went to his play with an
air that made my wife laugh at me &
my theory, in spite of her veneration
for both. After a while he came to
me, and putting his little arms round
my neck, kissed me. I refused to re-
turn his caress; and putting him down
coldly repeated the words, "you are a
coward." Again he went to his play
but more vehemently than before; and
I observed while I sat reading, that he
would now and then stop short in the
mischief that employed him; drop
whatever he had in his hands; and sit
motionless for a while, as if something
troubled him. Thank God! thought
I, my theory is beginning to work a
cure. He came to me again; and he
was more serious; he stretched out his
little arms and asked me to be *tisk*. I
persisted, however, in spite of his
mother's beautiful eyes, and put him
from me. He was hurt, and went no
more to his play.—I sat and watched
him, without letting him see me. I
observed every movement of his face,
and was pleased.

The next morning I left town, and
was absent for a week. On my return
the moment I alighted Leister was at
my side, and put both of his hands in
to mine. I saw that he wanted to say
something, & waited for him to speak.
"Father," said he, "I'll jump." The
tears were in his eyes.—I could have
hugged the little rascal to my heart;
but I dared not; I dared not, till the

trial was over. It might be hazarding
a little, but it was my duty to hazard
something. I took him to the same
post and went further off than before
—I saw his little face change color.
To him it was terrible—to me nothing
for I could catch him. He prepared
himself—he held his breath—he shut
his eyes, and leaped. I caught him
and kissed him.—I sobbed aloud for
my heart ran over. "Now father,"
said he as soon as he could get his
breath, "Now father, be I a coward?"
He could not even pronounce the word
but he never forgot it—he was cured.
And on his death bed, it would have
strangled him to have called him
CO-WARD
N. E. Galaxy

[From the Tennessee Farmer.] SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SPADE.

I have discovered a much easier &
more speedy method of digging gar-
den ground, than that performed with
the spade which is merely to substi-
tute in its stead, the common manure
fork, —one, however, made square at
the top for the foot to rest on, would
be better. Mine is a coarse 3 pronged
fork, the tines 8 inches long, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch
wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick at the shoul-
der, and tapering to the point, and 7
inches in breadth, bent as much as a
common spade—the handle straight
or nearly so, and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. The
advantage in working is, that it is eas-
ier forced into the ground than a
spade, and the upper end of the han-
dle being thrown forward to nearly
arm's length, the fork descends per-
pendicularly into the earth—then in-
stead of lifting and turning the pro-
cess is rather rolling the lump over
by lever power, first breaking it loose
with the handle, with one hand
near the end, and the other about the
middle descends, the arm rests on the
knee, and the forward hand becomes
the pivot of a second lever, of less
power than the first, & sufficient with a
little forward motion, if the ground is
somewhat adhesive, to turn over al-
most a cubic foot at once—if it in-
clines to turn backwards drawing the
fork partly out will generally obviate
that difficulty, but sometimes the old
method of lifting and turning must be
resorted to.

Ground dug in fall or winter, I
conclude should be left rough, as pre-
serving more surface to the action of
the frost and air, it is in better condi-
tion in the spring than if made smooth
though finely pulverized. Very re-
spectfully yours,
Dec. 12, 1835. G. H.

OLD CLOCKS.

I love to contemplate an old clock
one of those relics of by gone times,
that come down to us wrapped in veneration—
telling their tale of simple yet touching
interests. How erect &
prim it stands in one corner, like
some faded specimen of maiden anti-
quity! Its face bears evident marks
of beauty—beauty decayed; but not
obliterated. It is plain that it has
seen its best days, but equally evi-
dent is it that it was the pride and or-
nament of its day—unrivalled amongst
companions. How many eyes have
watched the even tenor of its ways, as
it moved on in the never ending yet
still beginning journey of the hours.
Hours! ay, years have gone by since
that aged monitor of time first started
in its course. And they who set out
with it in the morning of life, whose
motions were as active and whose
principle of vitality, if that may be
called so which animates a clock—
were as strong—where are they?—
Are they yet in the walks of the vil-
lage? Can they be seen under the old
oak tree, or at the door of the cottage?
I see them not there; yet there stands
the old clock, clicking blithely and
patiently as ever. The voice and
footsteps are silent, of those who jour-
neyed on with it to the full period of
good old age. A new race has sprung
up, long and far removed from the
other; and as they too watch the pro-
gress of the old clock, their hours are
fleetly passing by, and time with them
will soon close. How impressive the
lesson taught by that old clock, and
the inscription on its dial plate, "*Tempus fugit*."

ARDREIN BETTING.—Two gentle-
men at a tavern having summoned the
waiter, the poor fellow had scarcely
entered, when he fell down in a fit of
apoplexy. "He's dead!" exclaimed
one. "He'll come to!" replied the
other. "Dead for five hundred!"
"Done?" retorted the second. The
noise of the fall, and the confusion
which followed, brought up the land-
lord, who called out to fetch a doctor.
"No! no! we must have no inter-
ference—there's a bet depending!"
"But, sir, I shall lose a valuable ser-
vant!" "Never mind! you can put
him down to the bill!"

EDUCATION OF THE APPETITE.

It must begin from the earliest infan-
cy, long before the dawn of reason, and
even anterior to the evolution of the moral
sentiment. The rule on which it is
conducted is a very simple one; applica-
ble to all classes. It is to allow no child
the indulgence of an appetite or propen-
sity, other than what is required by its in-
stinctive wants for its bodily support and
health. Nothing is to be conceded by
the whim or caprice of a parent to the im-
aginary wants of a child; for it must be
constantly borne in mind, that every
gratification of every sense, whether of
taste, sight, sound or touch, is the begin-
ning of a desire for its renewal; and that
every renewal gives the probability of
the indulgence becoming a habit; & that
habit once formed, even in childhood,
will often remain during the whole of af-
ter life, requiring strength every year,
until it sets all laws, both human and di-
vine, at defiance. Let parents who al-
low their children to sip a little of this
wine, or to just taste that cordial, or who
yield to the cries of their little ones for
promiscuous food, or for liberty to sit up
a little later, or to torment a domestic ani-
mal, or to strike their nurse, or to raise
the hand against mama, ponder well on
the consequences. If they do not, often
vain are the after efforts of instructors;
vain the admonitions from the pulpit. Their
child is in danger of growing up a drunk-
ard, or a glutton, a self-willed sensualist,
or passionate and revengeful; prompt to
take the life of a fellow being, and to sacri-
fice his own; and all this because the
fond parents were foolish in their trusts.
They had not the firmness to do their
duty; they feared to mortify their child, and
in so doing they exposed him in after life
to be mortified by the world's scorn; to
wander an unloved, unappreciated thing.—*Journal of Health.*

WILD REVENGE.—On the shores of
Mull, a crag is pointed out, overhang-
ing the sea, concerning which there is
the following tradition:—some centuries
since, the chief of the district, Maclean
of Lochboy, had a grand hunting excu-
sion. To grace the festivity, his lady at-
tended with her only child, an infant in
the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by
the hounds and hemmed in by surround-
ing rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only
outlet they could find. Here the chief
had placed one of his men to guard the
deer from passing, but the animals push-
ed with such impetuosity, that the poor
forester could not withstand them. In
the rage of the moment, Maclean threat-
ened the man with instant death, but
this punishment was commuted to a whip
pig or scouring in the face of his clan,
which, in these feudal times, was consid-
ered degrading punishment, fit only for
the lowest of menials, and the worst of
crimes. The clansman burned with anger
and revenge! He rushed forward,
plucked the tender infant, the heir of
Lochboy, from the hands of the nurse,
and bounding to the rocks, in a moment
stood on an almost inaccessible cliff
projecting over the water. The screams of
the agonized mother and chief at the
awful jeopardy in which their only child
was placed may be easily conceived.
Maclean implored the man to give him
back his son, and expressed his deep con-
trition for the degradation he had, in a
moment of excitement, inflicted on his
clansman. The other replied, that the
only condition on which he would con-
sent to the restitution was, that Maclean
himself should bear his back to the cord,
and be publicly scourged as he had been!
In despair the chief consented, saying he
would submit to anything if his child
were but restored. To the grief and as-
tonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this
insult, and when it was completed, begged
that the clansman might return from his
perilous situation with the young chief.
The man regarded him with a smile of
demoniacal revenge, and, lifting high the
child in the air, plunged with him into
the abyss below. The sea closed over
them, and neither, it is said, ever emerg-
ed from the tempestuous whirlpools and
basaltic caverns that yawned around
them, and still threaten the inexperienced
navigator on the shores of Mull.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

By a law of Ohio, passed March 15th,
1835, it is provided that where articles are
sold by heaped measure, the bushel shall
be put at the top 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter,
the half bushel 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the peck
12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and that the commodity shall
be heaped up in the form of a cone as
long as any will lie upon the measure; and
that when measuring articles not sold by
heaped measure, the measure shall be
stricken with a straight stick or roller,
of the same diameter from end to end.
That the "hundred weight" shall consist
of one hundred pounds, and that twenty
such hundred shall constitute a ton.
Sixty pounds of wheat, 56 lbs. of Rye
or Indian Corn, 43 of Barley, and 33 of
Oats shall constitute a bushel. The a-
bove rules apply of course only where
there is no special contract. By the
same law it is provided that land shall be
measured with a horizontal chain, a rule
which should never be departed from; as
every practical surveyor knows that
most of the difficulties in resurveying a-
rise from careless measurement. The
entire act, which may be found in the
General Laws, published in 1835, page
24, is interesting.—*Zanesville Gazette.*