J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

No name of a new subscriber will be entered on our list, without payment in advance; nor will the paper be sent to subscribers after the expiration of the time paid for.

The red x is only intended to indicate that the year paid for is about closing; and to inform those who wish to renew their subscription, that the time has arrived for doing so.

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J. J. BRUNER.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
CAROLINA CITY TIMES.

The undersigned will commence the publication of a Weekly Journal with the above title about the first week in January next, at Carolina City, N. C.

The Times will be "Independent in all things. Neutral in nothing;" but the best energies of the proprietors will be devoted to any and all measures tending to advance the interests of Beaufort Harbor; and particularly to keep people posted on what we are really doing. With this determination they will furnish a faithful record of all occurrences which may be in their power to obtain in addition to any commercial information which can conduce to the welfare of our mercantile interests. The want of such a Journal is felt by every intelligent citizen who desires to be at all acquainted with the resources of Beaufort Harbor (under present condition, future prospects, &c.

The Times will give the latest market reports; arrival and departure of vessels from this port; and its columns will afford the latest intelligence both foreign and domestic. Special care will be taken to give a full and accurate summary of State news.

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TWO HORSE HACKS,
From Mocksville, N. C., to Salisbury, N. C.

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Leaves Mocksville every Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 o'clock, A. M.
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Dec 31st, 1858. 1t30

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ALL those wanting a good article OF

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Rowan 10th, 1859. 3m35

☞ Does any of our high livers ever eat too much dinner? If any have cooks who tempt their appetites a little too fat, I will tell a secret that will lead them to the enjoyment of their dinners without a pain from that gouty old gentleman—Dyspepsia. Take a dose of Dr. Boerhave's Invigorator after eating, and you will never be troubled with indigestion; but on the contrary, before the next meal time appreciate the appetite will be sharpened to appreciate any kind of food. If the first dose or some, the Invigorator will fix the matter right at once, for there is something in it that, to use the expression of a friend, will let a man eat gravel stones, and take the Invigorator and they will digest. We have tried it in double doses, on one or two occasions, for dish headache, and it sets like a charm.

What we want to say to our readers, young or old, is, if any thing ails you, go without delay and get a bottle of Dr. Boerhave's Invigorator, and if it don't cure you and tell on, for we want to save one person that it will not benefit.—Jersey Shore Republican.

For sale by W. H. WYATT, Druggist, Salisbury, N. C. 1m34

☞ Our bellingerous neighbor of the Gazette accuses us of quackery, because we publish Dr. Ayer's advertisements. Now this same editor knows the Philosophic itself is not more free from the suspicion of quackery than his medicines. He knows they are endorsed by the medical Journals of the country, are used and prescribed by our best physicians, and have the recommendation of professors and eminent men of character too exalted for his comprehension, and he knows too that they have done and are doing in this community an amount of good which the utmost stretch of his ability can never hope to equal—Berks Co. Press, Reading, Pa.

Sold by HENDERSON & ENNISS, Druggists, Salisbury, N. C. 1m34

NOTICE.

MY ACCOUNTS are all made out ready for Settlement. All those who owe me will please come and settle up as I am needing money and very anxious to close up my old books.

C. A. HENDERSON.

January 18, 1859. 3m35

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Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XVI. SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY 25, 1859. NUMBER 35

The Old U. S. Senate Chamber.

On Tuesday last the Senate took possession of its new Chamber, in the North Wing of the Capitol Extension. Before leaving the old one, Mr. Crittenden spoke as follows:—

Mr. CRITTENDEN. I move you, Mr. President and Senators, that we proceed at once to the consideration of this report, and that it be adopted. That is the purpose for which I rise. Before, however, submitting that motion to the vote of the Senate, I hope that I may be indulged in a few words of parting from this Chamber. This is to be the last day of our session here; and this place, which has known us so long, is to know us no more forever as a Senate. The parting seems to me, sir, to be somewhat of a solemn one, and full of eventful recollections. I wish, however, only to say a few words.

Many associations, pleasant and proud, bind us and our hearts to this place. We cannot but feel their influence, especially I, Mr. President, whose lot it has been to serve in this body more years than any other member now present. That we should all be attached to it, that my longer association should attach me to it, is most natural. Mr. President, we can not quit this Chamber without some feeling of sacred sadness. This Chamber has been the scene of great events. Here questions of American constitutions and laws have been debated and decided; questions of empire have occupied the attention of this assemblage in times past; this was the grand theatre upon which those things have been enacted. They give a sort of consecrated character to this Hall.

Sir, great men have been the actors here. The illustrious dead, that have distinguished this body in times past, naturally rise to our view on such an occasion. I speak only of what I have seen, and but partially of that, when I say that here, within these walls, I have seen men whose fame is not surpassed, and whose power and ability and patriotism are not surpassed, by anything of Grecian or of Roman name. I have seen Clay and Webster, and Calhoun and Benton, and Leigh and Wright, and Clayton, (that though not head,) mingling together in this body at one time, and uniting their counsels for the benefit of their country. They seem to our imaginations and sensibilities, on such an occasion as this, to have left their impress on these very walls; and this majestic dome seems almost yet to echo with the voice of their eloquence. This Hall seems to be a local habitation for their names. This Hall is full of the pure odor of their justly-earned fame. There are others besides those I have named, of whom I will not speak, because they have not yet closed their career—not yet ended their services to the country; and they will receive their reward hereafter. There are a host of others that I might mention—that deserve to be mentioned—but it would take too long. Their names are in no danger of being forgotten, nor their services unthought of or unhonored.

Sir, we leave behind us, in going from this Hall, these associations, these proud imaginations so well calculated to prompt to a generous emulation of their services to their country; but we will carry along with us, to the new Chamber to which we are to go, the spirit and the memory of all these things; we will carry with us all the inspiration which our illustrious predecessors are calculated to give; and wherever we sit we shall be the Senate of the United States of America—a great, a powerful, a conservative body in the government of this country, and a body that will maintain, as I trust and believe, under all circumstances and in all times to come, the honor, the right, and the glory of this country. Because we leave this Chamber, we shall not leave behind us any sentiment of patriotism, any devotion to the country which the illustrious exemplars that have gone before us have set to us. These, like our household gods, will be carried with us; and we, the representatives of the States of this mighty Union, will be found always equal, I trust, to the exigencies of any time that may come upon our country. No matter under what sky we may sit; no matter what dome may cover us; the great patriotic spirit of the Senate of the United States will be there; and I have an abiding confidence that will never fail in the performance of its duty, sit where it may, even though it were in a desert.

But it is yet, sir, not possible to leave this Hall without casting behind us many longing and lingering looks. It has been the scene of the past; the new Chamber is to be the scene of the future; and that future, I hope, will not be dishonored by any comparison to be made with the past. It too, will have its illustrations of great public services rendered by great men and great patriots; and this body, the great preservative element of the Government, will discharge all its duties, taking care to preserve the Union of the States which they represent—the source of all their honors, the source of trust which they sit here to execute, the source as it has been and as it will be of their country's greatness, happiness, and prosperity in times to come, as it has been in the time that is past.

Vice President Breckinridge followed with a long account of the different places of meeting of Congress, and closed with the following eloquent remarks:—

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this Chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates, and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American and the stranger, as they wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and the good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose names and fame associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who in their generation sometimes divided, sometimes led and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, *the* Senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public function; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whom unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his vigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was even such a Senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself; and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock, repelling a New England wave. As a writer, his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this Chamber, whose very air seems yet to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle, sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which, in any age, would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man!—orator, patriot, philanthropist—his light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and his declining sun, as it hastened down the west, threw back its level beams, in hues of mellowed splendor, to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

All the States may point, with gratified pride, to the services in the Senate of their patriotic sons. Crowding the memory, come the names of Adams, Hayne, Mason, Otis, Macon, Pinckney, and the rest—I cannot number them—who, in the record of their acts and utterances, appeal to their successors to give the Union a destiny not unworthy of the past. What models were these, to awaken emulation or to plunge in despair! Fortunate will be the American statesmen who in this age, or in succeeding times shall contribute to invest the new Hall to which we go with historic memories like those which cluster here.

And now, Senators, we leave this memorable Chamber, bearing with us, unimpaired, the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments to the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore.—The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must moulder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger Chamber this Constitution vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the Representatives of American States still united, prosperous, and free.

"*The Sea Shall Give Up its Dead.*"—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, in its report of Professor Maury's lecture in that city, on the "Highways and Byways of the Ocean," says that Savan "announced the startling fact than animal matter at the bottom of the deep sea, owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat and the saline properties of the water, *could not decompose*, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited, for ages and ages. So that Pharoah and his host, when the last trump shall sound and the sea give up its dead, will come forth fresh in feature and perfect in form as when in pursuit of the children of Israel they were engulphed by the waves of the Red Sea. This conclusion it reached by numerous ingenious experiments, one of which, the sinking of a cannon ball through which is an apparatus for grappling sediment from the bottom, in which sediment were found remains of animal life, fresh as when extinct, such as clams and other smaller specimens of shell fish.

When Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal King of the Jews in Palestine—"Oh, no," said he, "I would rather be *Jew* of the *Kings* than *King* of the *Jews*."

How Cruiser was Tamed.

Mr. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, tried his power, while in England, on an apparently untamable horse, named Cruiser. The following is an account of his method of procedure.

Accompanied by one individual alone, a nobleman of indisputable nerve, temper, and physical strength, Mr. Rarey proceeded to the encounter. As we heard the story told, his injunction to his comrade was characteristic enough. "Whatever happens, my lord," said he, "don't you speak or interfere—at least not till you see me down under his feet, and him worrying me." This compact made, he resolutely walked into the arena, which consisted of a loose box divided by a half door of some four feet or more in height. Stepping quietly up to this barrier, he leaned his arm upon it, so that it was just covered by the iron bar that ran along top, and looking fixedly at the savage he intended to tame. Cruiser—from whom muzzle, head-stall, and such impediments had been removed—we believe by some mechanical arrangements, for none dared go near enough to touch him—made his usual dash at the intrepid stranger, to pounce on him as a cat would on a mouse.

Rarey stood perfectly motionless, neither altering his attitude nor the expression of his countenance in the slightest degree. Thinking he had his enemy by the arm, the horse seized and worried at the bar as if he had bitten it through.—Again and again returning for the impetus, to the further corner, he rushed at the mysterious stranger, actually screaming in the uncontrollable violence of his rage. Rarey sustained these successive charges with the same *sang froid* that he had shown at the commencement of the engagement.

At length, after more than an hour of this wild scene, with its frantic fury on one side, and its calm scientific superiority on the other, the redoubtable Cruiser, blown, exhausted, dripping with sweat and completely puzzled in his equine mind as to the properties of this figure, which he could no longer believe to be human, came quietly close to it, and true to his nature, warped as it was, smelt at it and touched it with his nose; then Rarey threw open the half door and walked boldly up to him. The last sentence speaks volumes. It was a trait not of the system perhaps, so much as of the man. But what confidence the man must have had in his system, thus to preserve his coolness and equanimity in a position which to every one but himself would have been of mortal danger!

The "salt was now on the bird's tail," and when his peculiar method had been resorted to, and Cruiser, converted into a quiet, docile, and not particularly showy hack, had been ridden before astonished hundreds, the horse-tamer was universally recognized as such, and both the papers and the public expressed themselves satisfied with Mr. Rarey.

Fraser's Magazine.

THEY SAY.

A more sneaking, cowardly, fiendish liar than "They say," does not exist. That personage is a universal scapegoat for personal gossip, envy, and malice; without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with remorseless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives, "They say" is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud—the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed, and excuse for the stiletto. Men dare not always reveal their own feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship, they present the envenomed shaft as coming from "They say." Beware, reader, that when some villainous tale is told of you, and the relator cannot give an author more tangible than "They say" for it, the slander is the creation of the heart by your side, and reeking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with a wish to have the falsehood of "They say" bud into reality, and become current coin in the community.

"They say," we repeat, is as cowardly as it is false and fiendish; a phantom creation which smiles, while letting loose a brood of vipers to crawl in your path, and blast by their venom. To retail the stories of "They say," is to sneak behind an intangible personage and put in circulation the infamous inuendoes and calumnies, which, from raw material, are forged nearer home.

Spelling Match.—A big spelling match is announced in Covington, Kentucky, at the High School, when the lad that stands the longest on the floor and spells the biggest words without scratching his head is to receive a fine present.

GIRL BURNED IN A THEATRE.

Dear Children—Open your Bibles at the Book of Proverbs, first chapter and tenth verse, and there you will find the words, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Now these are God's words, spoken to you. You know very well who sinners are,—they who transgress the law; because the Bible says, "Sin is the transgression of the law." To entice, means to persuade, allure a fish with a baited hook. You hide the hook, which is meant to destroy the fish, in the bait; so the sinner hides, covers up, the sin which is meant to destroy the soul, in the promise of pleasure or profit.

In a certain city, one day a young girl asked permission of her father to attend the theatre that evening; the father wisely declined granting the request.

She left home in the afternoon for her boarding school, in another part of the city, and there found the lady teacher among the scholars for the purpose of passing the evening at the theatre.

The teacher invited her to join the party, but she declined, saying, "I cannot go; my father has just refused me permission, and I must not disobey him."

The teacher very improperly urged her to go, and said, "Your father would not certainly object did he know that I would accompany you."

The young girl yielded, and went with the party.

Children, did she obey God's command, which says, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" Or did she obey the injunction at the head of this article, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not!"

The theatre was brilliantly lighted and filled with people. Much of the beauty, fashion, and talent of the city were there. The music was charming, the performance was attractive, and every thing promised pleasure to the audience. The play went off well until they came to a part in which fire was used, when some one announced the terrifying fact that the theatre was on fire! Then followed a scene of woe which cannot be described; many were burned or crushed to death, and among them was the young girl above named, and the whole city was made to weep over the loss of her sons and daughters.

The father heard the news of the dreadful calamity; and while he sympathized with those who were bereaved, he thanked God that he had saved his daughter from the destruction by refusing her request. But, O! his joy was short-lived for the next breath of news told him that the ashes of his daughter were mingled with the ruins of the theatre, and her soul had gone from the play-house to the bar of God.

Dear children, "If the sinner entice thee, consent thou not," lest you be buried to eternity with your sin fresh upon your soul.

CURIOUS CHRISTINA.

Christina begged her mother to buy her a canary bird. Her mother said, "You shall have one when you become always obedient and industrious, but especially when you give up your curiosity, which prompts you to pry into useless, or even hurtful things." Christina promised she would. One day she came home from school, when her mother said, there is a little new box on the table; on no account whatever open it, and do not even once move it. If you obey me, I shall soon give you a great deal of pleasure."

Her mother then went out to visit her little sick god-child, William; but scarcely was she out of the door, ere the ever curious girl had the box in her hand.—"How light it is!" she said; "and there are some little holes in the lid! What can there be in it?"

She opened the little box, and behold! there immediately hopped out a most beautiful yellow canary, and flew chirping merrily about the room. As she was vainly pursuing the brisk little bird about the room till she was out of breath, and her cheeks glowing, in walked her mother, and said, "You disobedient, curious girl! this beautiful bird I wished to give to you, but I wished first to put you to the proof whether you deserve it. But now I shall give it to good little William, who is more obedient, and not so curious as you."

"Mark well this truth; the prying mind
Will less for more than it can find."

AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.

The New Orleans *True Delta* gives the following account of a child adopted and suckled by a goat, after the example of Romulus and Remus.

Up in the Fourth District, N. Orleans, lives a man, his infant child, and a matronly, well-behaved nanny goat. The nanny is the hairy foster mother of the infant, which the fever, some time since, robbed of its parent proper, and she entirely appreciates the peculiar duties which devolved upon her. When she hears the hungry cry of her helpless little human charge, she is by its side in an instant, placing her teats at the service of its thirsty lips. Frequently the quick ears of the quadrupedal wet nurse hear the child's cry when she is browsing in the street at some distance from the house and leaving her own repast, she darts hastily off to supply the wants of the "motherless bairn," dependent upon her, as Romulus and Remus were of old upon the dugs of their wolfish protectress. We believe we have told a tolerable strange story above—but truth is stranger than fiction.

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Wilburn Waters, the hermit of the Pond Mountain, in the White Top region, has killed four bears within the last three weeks, one of them exceedingly large.—We had the pleasure of being with him last week, when two of them were taken. Wilburn is an extraordinary man in his way. For more than twenty years he has lived alone in the solitude of that vast mountain region, devoting his time to hunting and stock-raising. He claims, we believe, to be a half-breed of the Catawba tribe, and is a man of great physical power. He owns about one thousand acres of land, and raises and sells large numbers of cattle and hogs; and takes vast quantities of wild honey. Although he lives entirely alone, the latch-string of his cabin is always out, and nothing seems to be more grateful to his feelings than the dispensation of his hospitalities. But, poor man, he now has no latch-string or cabin. During a few days' absence four weeks ago, he returned to find his home a bank of ashes, and all that his house contained consumed. When we were there last week, he had built a fire upon the spot where his domicil stood, and we partook of his hospitalities upon a log in the open air.

Wilburn is a good Christian man, and bears his misfortune with calm philosophy. He consoles himself that no wife is made homeless by his loss, and no children left without a shelter. And well may he be a Christian man, for, removed from the vices of civilized life, and with none to commune with but his God, worldly allurements [illegible] tempt him, nor avarice nor ambition [illegible] his way.

Since his residence upon the Pond Mountain he has captured 86 bears, 36 wolves, upwards of 300 deer, and a countless number of wild turkies and varmints of the hills.

He is forty-six years old, has lived about half that time at his present locality, and has never been at Abingdon but twice, though only thirty miles from it. Altogether he is a remarkable man—remarkable for his physical strength and powers of endurance; remarkable for his social qualities, hermit as he is; remarkable for his morality and simple honesty; remarkable for his fearlessness and success in the chase, and remarkable for his accurate judgment and sound common sense. We hope our first visit to his abode will not be the last, but that we may be permitted in future years to greet him among the tall hemlocks that shelter him now, and partake with him in his wild solitude his hoe cake, his bear meat, and his venison.—*Abingdon Virginian.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.

At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of 63 feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newly made well, which continues full, and is not affected neither by rains nor droughts. But what is most remarkable in this operation is, the layers of the earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again.

SYMPATHY OF THE NERVES.

When the nerves from long habit have been accustomed to transmit their messages from distinct parts, and are suddenly cut off from them, they still retain along their tranks the sympathetic or sensational actions. Thus, a man who has had a leg amputated will feel distinctly along the course of the trunk of the nerve sensation from toes which no longer exist.—The mind is also influenced by this; and frequently this peculiar direct nervous action can only be allayed by that which is negative and reflex. A curious instance occurred within my own experience. An old sailor suffered much from this; he retained his diseased foot too long, but at last consented to amputation. I knew him only with a wooden leg. When he had his nervous pains, he always called for hot water, into which he put his wooden stump. If told of his folly in supposing that such a proceeding could do any good, he would become enraged, and his paroxysm of pain would increase; but if gratified, he took things easy, and the process actually appeared to do him good, though all must know there could be no real benefit. Still, here is the effect of mind over matter.—*Ridge on Health and Disease.*

Tender-Hearted Wife.—The wife of a Mr. Brooks, at Homer, the other day, threw a knife violently at her husband, which put out one of his eyes. The amount of her conjugal grief may be measured by the fact that she said afterwards she would have given five dollars rather than have it happen.

The Celebrated Lizard Negro.

Mr. Editor:—This remarkable or rather unfortunate human being is, or was the property of Mr. Martin F. Marshall, of Fleming county, Ky., and is subject to one of the most astonishing and distressing affections ever endured by man. A short history of his case may not be uninteresting to the curious, and especially to some of our medical friends. I shall therefore state as briefly as possible all that I know in relation to his case, and his sufferings a number of years ago. I do not exactly remember the year I was in May's Lick, Ky., and while conversing with Mr. Balsell in front of his store, this negro came in front of us driving an empty carriage, Mr. B. knew him, and asked me, if I had ever seen the Lizard Negro. I asked him what he meant, he observed that the negro was troubled with Lizards, and had attacks periodically, discharging from 8 to 12 at a time. I supposed that he intended the remark as a quiz, and laughed at the idea, when he called to the man, asking him if he had his box with him. The negro said he had; Mr. B. then asked him to alight from his seat and bring his box, that I wished to be convinced that he was troubled with Lizards. The man immediately obeyed, and took from the carriage a tin box—perhaps a foot in length, five or six inches broad, and as many deep, and at our request walked into the store, he then opened the box, and to my utter astonishment and dismay, drew from within and placed upon the counter, from twelve to fifteen immense Lizards, measuring from six to eight inches in length; he informed me, if I remember correctly, that he had been confined to his bed the third or fourth time, and lay at the point of death from every attack with intense suffering. I questioned him very closely respecting the symptoms of his first attack, he said he was first taken with violent pains in the stomach and side, also with excessive cramping and vomiting, terminating in spasms of convulsions.—He said that he told his master, that he believed there was some live animal in his stomach, that he felt them running round in his stomach and biting him inwardly, which caused him frequently to fall as if he was shot—while suffering the most excruciating pain. From the manner and looks of the negro, while relating his case, I could not for my life, wholly disbelieve the story, nor was I altogether willing to believe it. I therefore determined to visit Mr. Marshall, and learn the truth of this strange story. I think some two or three weeks after I met with the negro, I called on Mr. Marshall, and told him what his negro had told me respecting his case. To my utter astonishment, he assured me that every word the negro had said about his situation, was literally true, and then proceeded to give me all the particulars of his case, which would occupy too much space for the present, to relate. He took from his desk a box containing a number of large Lizard skelotons, and assured me that he was present when they were discharged by the negro. Mrs. Marshall also declared that what I heard was true. Mr. Marshall remarked that the negro had had his third or fourth attack, and that they occurred every six or eight months, the boy being reduced to almost a skeleton, would suffer the most excruciating pain and would discharge from ten to twelve Lizards at a time, and then regain his health and strength and appear to be perfectly well until a few weeks before an attack, when he would be again seized with all the awful symptoms of his distressing malady. Mr. Marshall said he supposed the negro must in the first place, have swallowed the eggs or the young Lizards at a spring on his place. I must here state that Mr. Marshall is a near relative of Chief Justice Marshall, and is an able and talented lawyer, well-known to the citizens of Kentucky, and acknowledged by all to be a man of sterling integrity, whose word would be taken as soon as any man's in the Union. Mrs. Marshall is also an elegant and accomplished lady, whose word no gentleman would for a moment doubt. All that I have here stated, in relation to this unfortunate negro, I believe to be true, and must say in conclusion, to those who have any doubts concerning the matter, and wish to know all the particulars, that I can only refer them to Mr. Marshall, who is still living near Flemingsburg, Ky., who will willingly endorse all that I have said respecting those tormenting devils of the stomach. In this case, surely truth is stranger than fiction.

Respectfully,
W. S. SHACKLEFORD.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenessee.

ORIENTAL WIT.

A young man going on a journey intrusted a hundred *dcemars* to an old man. When he came back, the old man denied having had the money deposited with him, and he was had up before the khazee.

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the Judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone for some time, the khazee said to the old man:

"He is long—do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man, "it is at some distance; he has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou, old man," cried the khazee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned, and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence—the money is thine."

WHOM TO MARRY.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tenderly and respectfully, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "Look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Star.*