

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
Editors and Proprietors.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 23, 1839.

NO. X. OF VOL. XX.
(Whole No. 1000.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.
Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.
Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.
Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

From the Augusta Mirror.

MY FIRST AND LAST FIRE HUNT.

[BY W. T. T.]

Sam Sikes was for ever at me to go with him upon what he called a "Fire Hunt." I could never meet him but he was sure to have a long tale to tell me of some exploits in that way; and such were the glowing pictures he presented, that I had often promised to go with him "some of these times." Sam was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime; and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet so large a portion of his time was spent in the pursuit of game, that his agricultural interests suffered for the want of proper attention. He lived a few miles from town, and as you passed his house, which stood a little distance from the main road, though a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your notice as standing greatly in need of the hoe, yet the most prominent objects about Sam's domain pertained to his favorite amusement. A long pair of antlers—a trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable-end; some ten or a dozen lottly fishing poles, which though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin; and upon its unclerked walls many a coon and deer skin was undergoing the process of drying. If all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and clamorous music of a score of hungry-looking buzzards, as they issued forth in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam Sikes had early found a companion to share his good or ill luck, and though he was yet on the green side of thirty he was obliged to provide for some six or seven little tallow-faced responsibilities; so he not only followed the chase from choice, but when his wife, who hated "fisherman's" luck, worse than Sam did a mouse or a nibble, took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons, rainy days, and odd hours, to say nothing of whole nights in the woods, without bringing home so much as a cat-squirrel, or a "horny head," his ready reply was, that he was blest to do the best he could to get meat for her and the children.

The "fire hunt" was his favorite hobby, and though the legislature of Florida had forbidden that mode of hunting, yet Sam, considering as he did, the law to be "no account," continued to indulge as freely as ever in his favorite sport.
I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of an autumnal evening, when who should make his appearance but my friend Sam Sikes. He had come for me to go with him on a fire hunt. He was mounted on his mule Blazé, with his pan upon one shoulder and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling on me, he had gone to the kitchen and lit a few light-wood splinters, which were now blazing in the pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me the manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house, his light discovered me where I was sitting.

"Good evening, squire—I've come out to see if you're a mind to take a little hunt to night."
"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze, to desire to change it for a ramble thro' the woods at night. "Not to night, it looks like rain."

"Oh pshaw, 'taint no rain depend upon it—and I'm all fixed; come—come along."
As he spoke he rode close to the porch, and his mule made several attempts to drop the shrubbery that grew by the door, which Sam very promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes?" I inquired, endeavoring to shake off the lazy fit which inclined me to keep my seat.

"Only just up the branch a little bit—not beyond a mile of your fence at the outside. Look at him!"—and he gave the reins a jerk. "There's a deer a plenty up at the forks, and we'll have 'r al sport—Come you better go, and—why look at him!"—and he gave the reins a jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards, and I'll show you how to shine their eyes!"

As he sat upon his saddle persuading me to go, his mule kept frisking and turning in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand, so that every effort on his part to restrain the movements of his animal was attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go when the mule became more troublesome.

"Woe!—woe, now!—blast your heart I look at him!" then might be heard a few good lusty kicks. "Come, get your gun, and—will you hold up your head!"

"As I only go to satisfy my curiosity, I'll not take a gun, I'll leave all the shooting to you."
"Well, any way you mind, squire."

We were about to start when suddenly the mule gave a loud bray, and when I turned to look, his heels were high in the air, and Sam clinging to his neck, while the fire flew in every direction.—The mule wheeled, reared, and kicked, and still

Sam hung to his neck, shouting "Look at him, woe! will you mind I woe, now!" but all to no purpose, until at length the infuriated animal backed to the low paling fence, which enclosed a small flower garden over which he tumbled, Sam male and all together. So soon as Sam could disengage himself he discovered that the saddle blanket was on fire, which had been the cause of all the difficulty.

"Cus the luck," said Sam; "that's what comes o' jerking your drotted head about that way.—Blast your heart, you've split all my fixens—and here's my pan, just as crooked as a fish hook; then there was a kick or two and a blow with the frying pan—take that you infernal fool, and hold your head still the next time. And you skinned my leg, odd blast your infernal picture—take that under the short ribs now; I've a great mind to blow your infernal brains out this very night.—And you've broke the squire's palens down, you unnatural cus. Woe! step over now, if you're satisfied."

By this time Sam had got the mule out of the enclosure, and gathered up his plunder. The whole scene after the upsetting of the pan had taken place in the dark, and from the moment I saw the mule's heels flying and Sam clinging to his neck, it was with difficulty I restrained my mirth; and during the solo in the enclosure I was absolutely compelled to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent his hearing my laughter.

"Did you ever see the likes o' that?"
"I am very sorry it happened," I replied, "as it will prevent our hunt."
"No, I'll be damned if it does, tho' I ain't to be backed out that-a-way, squire. You know a bad beginnin' makes a good endin'," as the old woman said. He 't'at done such a great sight o' harm no how, only bent the handle of my pan a little and scratched a little skin off one of my shins,—but that's nothing no how. So if you'll hold Blazé till I go and get a torch, we'll have a shoot at a pair o' eyes yet to-night."

I took the bridle, while Sam went to procure a torch, and after he had gathered up the faggots which he had brought to burn in his pan, we set off for the branch; Sam mounted on his mule, with a torch in one hand, while I walked by his side.

It was only necessary for us to go a short distance before we were at the designated spot.
"Thar," said Sam, "here's as good a place as any—so I'll just hitch old Blazé here, and fight our pan."
Accordingly Blazé was hitched to a stout sapling, and Sam proceeded to light the fire in his pan.

"Now, squire, you must keep close to me, and you mustn't make a racket in the bushes. You see the way we does to shine the deer's eyes, is this: we holds the pan so, on the left shoulder, and carries the gun at a trail in the right hand. Well when I wants to look, I turns round, keeping my eye upon the corner of my shadow, and if there's a deer in the range of the light his eyes look 'zactly like two balls of fire."

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory, so we moved on a few paces, and Sam made a circuit but saw no eyes.

"Never mind," said he, "we'll find 'em, you see."

We moved on carefully and Sam made his observations as before, but with no better effect.—Thus we travelled on, from place to place, until I began to get weary of the sport.

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I remarked, "I don't see that your bad beginnin' is going to ensure any better endin'."
"Patience, squire—you'll see."

We moved on again. I had become quite weary and fell some way behind. Sam stopped, and when I came up he remarked in a low voice:—

You better keep pretty close, squire, 'case if I should happen to shine your eyes, you see I would not know them from a deer, and old Betsy here, toots fifteen back-shot and a ball, and stings 'em to kill, I tell you."

I fell behind no more.
We had wandered about for several hours, and the sky which had not been the clearest at the commencement, now began to assume the appearance of rain. I had more than once suggested the propriety of going home, but Sam was not to be won from his purpose; he was ambitious to let me see how to shine the eyes of a buck. We searched on as before, for another half hour, and I was about to express my determination to go home, when Sam suddenly paused.

"Stop, stop," said he; "thar's eyes, and whoppers they is too; now hold still."

I raised on tip-toe with eager anticipation—I heard the click of the lock—Sam stood for a moment in portentous silence,—the next moment the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeal and a noise like the snapping of the reins of a bridle.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan, and all, and stood fixed to the spot. "I've shot old Blazé!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot where his luckless animal was still floundering in the agonies of death, and sure enough, there lay the poor mule—past all surgery. Sam stood by him until he breathed his last, in speechless agony—he uttered not a word until after all signs of life were extinct—then with a heavy sigh he muttered:—

"Well, I reckon I've done for you now—that's what I call a pretty night's work, any how."
"A bad beginnin' does n't always make a good endin', Mr. Sikes."

"Luck will run so sometimes," said he, in a sullen tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey. "I'm blamed if I see how I got tamed round so."

By this time it had commenced to rain, and we were anxious to get home, but Sam had dropped his gun and pan as the awful truth flashed upon him, that he had killed the only mule he possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them. After searching about for near an hour in the drizzling rain, Sam regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire; all effort, however, to produce a light, proved ineffectual, and we commenced groping our way through the darkness.

"Hello, squire, what are you?"
"Here."
"Well, that's not the way."

"Why, we came this way."
"No, I reckon not."
"I'm sure we did not come that way."
"What does the branch run? If I only could see the branch I could soon find the way."
"It must run down this way."
"I swear, I'm completely deluded—if I had a been turned round like, I'd never 'a' killed Blazé."

Sam came tearing through the briars with his stirrup-irons dangling about him, and his gun in one hand, and pan in the other. I volunteered to carry his gun but he was in an awful humor—he was still harping on his mule, and grumbling to himself—"What will Polly say now—I'll never hear the last of that critter—that is worse than choppin' down the coon-tree across the settin' hen's nest, and I liked never to bear the seed o' that."

After groping through bushes and briars, which seemed to grow thicker as we proceeded, Sam stopped.

"I swear, squire, this ain't the way."
"Well lead the way and I'll follow you," I replied, beginning myself to think I was wrong.—Changing our direction, we plodded on, occasionally tumbling over logs and brush until Sam concluded that all our efforts to find the way were useless.

"Oh thunder!" he exclaimed, as he tore away from a thick jungle of briars where he had been rearing and pitching for several minutes, "it ain't no use to try to find the way no how, squire. So let's find a big tree, and stop under it till mornin'."

I saw no alternative, so readily conceded to his proposal.

Accordingly we nestled down under the shelter of a large live oak. For a time neither spoke, and all was still, save the buzz of an endless swarm of mosquitoes, who relieved their drowsy concert by an occasional nip. At length I broke silence by remarking:—

"I think this will be my last fire-hunt."
"I wouldn't keer a cent," replied Sam, "if I hadn't 'a' killed Blazé. That's all I mind."

"I should think a few such exploits as this, would cure your fire hunting propensity. You never had such luck before, I presume?"

"No, not 'zactly, tho' I've had some bad luck in my time too. I reckon you never heard about the time the painters played such a trick on me?"

"No—what trick?"

"Why it was last fall 'bout this time, Dudley and I went out and camped near lake Jackson. Well, he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I hadn't been gone from the camp long, afore I seed eyes. I fotch'd old Betsy to my face, and let loose, and I heard the deer drap; but some how I drapt my pan just like I did to-night, when I heard old Blazé squeel.—While I was tryin' to kindle up a light, what should I see but more eyes shinin' way down in the hollow, I drapt the fire, and loaded up old Betsy as quick as I could, to be ready for the varmint, whatever it was. The eyes kep comin' closer and closer, and gittin' brighter and brighter, and time-by, I seed a whole grist o' eyes fullern, rife arter the first, all dolging up and down, like they were dancin' devils. I began to git skeer'd so I raised old Betsy and pulled at the nearest eyes but she snapped—I primed, and she flashed, and when I flashed sich another squallin', and growlin', you never heard, and up at the trees went the eyes all around me. Thinks I, them must be somethin' unnatural, bein' as my gun wouldn't shoot at 'em; so I drapt old Betsy and put out for the camp with all my might. Well we went back next mornin', and what do you think I then infernal critters had eat the deer up as clean as a whistle, all but the bones and horns, and a little way off lay old Betsy with four fingers of buckshot and bullets, but no powder in her. Then I knowed they were painters."

"Why they might have eaten you too—you were lucky to escape them."

"That's a fact—Dudley said he wondered they didn't take hold o' me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly wet us to the skin, now turned to a drenching storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated, we discovered the dawn approaching, and shortly after were enabled to ascertain our whereabouts. We were not three hundred yards from the enclosure, which we had left in the evening, and probably had not been during the night more than a mile from the house.

As we stepped from the wood into the open road, I could not resist a hearty laugh at the ludicrous appearance of my companion. There he stood, with his saddle and bridle girded about his neck, his musket in one hand, and his pan in the other; and drenched with rain, his clothes torn, and with a countenance that told of the painful conflict within, he stood an object of sympathy more than ridicule.

"Well," said he with a heavy sigh, and without looking me in the face, "good mornin', squire."

"Good mornin'," I replied, touched with sympathy for my unfortunate comrade, and reproaching myself for the mirth I had enjoyed at his expense. "Good mornin', Mr. Sikes, I am very sorry for your misfortune, and hope you will have better luck in future."

"Oh, squire, it ain't the valley of the mule, tho' old Blazé was a mighty fine critter. But that's my wife—what'll she say when she sees me comin' home in this here fix? Howsomedever, 't'at cap'n here of cured must be endured," as the feller said when the monkey bit him. But she better not"—said he with a stern look, as he spoke, "come a covertin' 'bout me this mornin', for I ain't in no humor no how"—and he shook his head, as much as to say he'd make the fur fly if she did.

We parted at the gate, Sam for his home, and I for my bed; he sorely convinced that a bad beginning did not always make a good ending; and I quite resolved that it was my first and last Fire Hunt.

A Good Man—Many of the maxims of the philosophers of antiquity are of much worth, and deserve to be engraven in letters of gold. Such, for example, are the following examples expressed by Seneca: "A good man does his duty, let it be ever so painful, ever so hazardous, or ever so great a loss to him—and it is not all the money, the power, and the pleasure in the world, nor any force, or necessity that can make him wicked." He considers what he is to do, not what he is to suffer, and will keep on his course though there should be nothing but gibbets and torments in the way."

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH TALLEYRAND.

Talleyrand was scarcely lifted from his reclining position and seated on the edge of the bed, when punctuated as he had upon the day, his majesty, followed by Madame Adelaide, entered the apartment. It was a study both for the moralist and the painter to observe the contrast between these two individuals, as seated thus side by side, beneath the canopy of those old green curtains, they seemed grouped as for the composition of some historical picture. It was starting to turn from the broad, expansive forehead, the calm and stoic brow, and the long and shaggy locks which overshadowed it, giving to the dying statesman that lionlike expression of countenance which had so often formed the theme of admiration to poets and artists, and then gaze upon the pointed crown, well arranged toupee, the whole outward bearing, *fant, soit peu bourgeois* of the King, who even at this early hour of the morning, was attired, according to his custom, with the utmost precision and primness.

Despite of the old faded dressing gown of the one and the stiff-colored coat, stiff neckcloth and polished boots of the other, the veriest barbarian could have told at a glance which was the 'last of the nobles,' and which the 'first citizen' of the empire. His majesty was the first to break silence, as in etiquette bound to do. It would be difficult to define the expression which passed across his features as he contemplated what might be called the setting of his guiding star. Perhaps he could not himself have rendered an account of the next impression which the scene produced on the mind.

"I am sorry, prince, to see you suffering so much," said he, in a low tremulous voice, rendered almost inaudible by the extreme emotion. "Sire, you have come to witness the sufferings of a dying man; and those who love him can have but one wish, that of seeing them at an end." This was uttered in that deep, strong voice, so peculiar to himself, and which age had not the power to quench, nor the approach of death itself been able to weaken. The effect of the speech, short as it was, proceeded, and the tone of reproach, calm and bitter, in which it was conveyed, produced an impression which will not be soon forgotten by those who were present.—United Service Journal.

THE MEETING OF FOES AND THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

[BY SAMUEL LOVER.]

Fill the cup—fill it high! Let us drink to the might Of the manhood that bravely rushes to fight; And, true to the death, all undaunting will stand For our home, and our health, and our own native land! 'Tis the bright sun of June that is gilding the crest Of the warriors that fight for their tales of the West; The breeze that at morning but plays with the plume, At evening may waft the red grass o'er the tomb; The corn that has ripened in Summer's soft breath, In our hour may be reaped in the harvest of death; Then drink to their glory—the glory of those Who triumphed or fell in that meeting of foes!

But fill the cup higher to drink to the friends Brunt fast in affection that life only ends; Whose hearts, when defended from foes that have dared, Are prized all the more when with friends they are shared!

For better the wine-cup with ruby may flow To the health of a friend than the tin full of foe; Though ardent are the laurels that glory may twine, Far softer the shade of the ivy and vine; Then fill the cup higher—the battle is won! Our perils are over—our feast has begun! On the meeting of women pile sorrow and tears; Rosy joys crown our meeting—the meeting of friends!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely, The garden a wilderness left to deform, If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only, And the fields gave no vent to the fear of the storm! Oh! still in thy loveliness, emblem the flower, Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way; And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour, With tears that but darken the rest of the day.

Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling But some gentle thoughts of affection there live; And the best of us all require something concealing—Some heart that with a smile can forget and forgive! Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes, That brow was no home for such frowns to have met; Oh! how could our spirits'er hope for the skies, If Heaven refused to forgive and forget!

THE OGNUM TORUM WRIT.

In 1827, when North Mississippi was cleared of the Indians, partially, the whole of this country was then called Yazoo County, extending over one hundred and fifty miles square. The law had not taken effect for want of organization, except in the militia. One Colonel Cassou commanded in his regiment the whole county, and he was all the other, either civil or military, that lived in that large tract of country. The country, as was to be expected, was filled up with a horde of trifling fellows, and thieves and the like. About this time, there were missing two horses in the neighborhood, and Col. Cassou called a meeting of the citizens generally, to consult upon the best measures to adopt in relation to it. Accordingly, a large collection met at the house of the Colonel, on Big Black, (where Holmes County now is,) and called the Colonel to the Chair.—Suspicion soon fell upon a young man by the name of Dobson, who was not present. After consulting and discussing the subject, pro and con, it was agreed that Dobson should be brought forward for trial. An old gentleman, rather more intelligent than some of his contemporaries, asked how the meeting could get hold of him? Col. Cassou drew down his eyebrows in a dignified manner, as if casting about in his mind previous to giving "the opinion of the Court," and said, "gentlemen, I will issue an Ognum Torum Writ, and have him corporally before me." "But what kind of a writ is that, Colonel?" asked one old man with caution. "It is a writ," said the Colonel, gravely, "to take him as well where he is, as where he is, and have him corporally before us."—This was satisfactory to the meeting, and six men were despatched with this awful writ, who returned in about an hour, with the renowned Dobson in strings. He was arraigned—witnesses sworn—but no evidence of even a secondary nature could be obtained; yet, after taking the vote, a majority found him guilty. The Colonel then put on an awfully solemn visage, and said, "Issue

Dobson! by authority of the ninth section of laws in these cases, I pass sentence of death upon you—to be hung by the neck, until you are dead—dead—dead; not for stealing horses; but that horses may not be stolen."

That evening Dobson was led to a blackjack, and hung according to the sentence of "the Court," admitting that he had stolen the horses, and that he intended to have taken them to Red River Raft, and acknowledged the justice of the sentence.—This country is now well settled, and divided into twenty counties, but the old Colonel was heard the other day to say, "These are shocking times; a man must be tried three or four days for stealing and the like, and then get clear by some quirk in the law, when he stole the horse as plain as the nose on my face; I will go to Texas, and get among civilized folks." A TRAVELLER.

The Russian Bath.—The Russian bath is indispensable in every village, and there is scarcely a servant or peasant of either sex, whether young or old, who does not use it every Saturday in the year. You are aware that it is a vapor bath. A room containing a stove is furnished with benches rising like steps, one behind the other, to the roof; stones are heated on the stove, and water is poured upon them, so as to fill the room, which is carefully closed, with steam. The bather commences by placing himself on the lower bench, and gradually ascends till he reaches the highest, where the heat, of course, is greatest; he also promotes the circulation of the blood, and increases the action of the heat upon his skin, by flapping himself all over with small birch twigs. He will often rush out of the bath when at the hottest, plunge into cold water, or even roll in the snow, and return. This weekly purification of the person must tend greatly to the health of the Russian peasant, whose long hair and beard, and sheep-skin coat, are not favorable to cleanliness.—Venable's Domestic Scenes in Russia.

The Jewels.—The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife took them to her bed-chamber, laid them on the marriage bed and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there."

She reached to him the goblet.—He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked—

"Where are my sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

"He was in a pleasant and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then my love!" he replied.

"A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to spare one's own soul?"

"No," but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; my sons! the light of my understanding!—I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law.

The mother turned away and wept bitterly.—At length she took her husband by the hand and said—

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'—Traditions of the Rabbins translated by Coleridge.

Hydrangia.—It may not be known to many of our readers that this flower, which is usually of a pink color may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot or box with the swamp or bog earth.—Common garden loam produces the pink. The discovery of producing the blue was accidentally made by a friend of ours, by whom it was sometimes sere communicated to us. We have repeated the experiment this season with good success, and now name the fact that the lovers of variety may take advantage of it. The plant should be shifted very early in the spring.—Watchtower.

The Lobbishness of Portugal.—Having established myself at the inn, (says a recent traveller) on going into the kitchen, which was very spacious but imperfectly lighted, with a huge chimney and high pointed roof, I observed among the company a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, who was neither speaking himself, nor was he spoken to by others. His face was pale and bagged, his eyes deep sunk, and his hair was prematurely grey. Upon asking who he was, I was informed that he was one of the Lobbishness, a degraded race, who are held in mingled horror and commiseration; and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe, that if a woman has had seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the power of darkness, and is compelled on every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass; and when so changed, is compelled to run over the moors, and through the villages, followed by a horrid train of dogs; nor is he allowed an interval of rest, until the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restore him to his human shape: should, therefore, a peasant