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Cheap Chattel Mortgages, and various other blanks for sale here.

A SWEET SOUTHERN SONG.
Mrs. S. A. Vance's harp is now unstrung.—For three years she has brooded in sadness over her widowed love. She has been bereft of the husband who, no doubt, inspired the following beautiful lines, published in 1860:

TO COLIN.
Come over the bright sea, my Colin, to me;
I've watched for thee long—am still waiting for thee!
I've built in the far South, a rose-bowered home,
Where the blue, leaping wave is besprinkled with foam—
Where the clear sky above, with its star-jeweled wreath,
Is scarcely more fair than the green earth beneath.

Why dost thou linger? Has love lost its wings
That I'm calling thee, like the sad bird that sings
And plaintively woe back her bright plumaged mate,
Who has wandered too far and who carries too late!
The bird loves her mate and the flower its breeze,
But I love my Colin far better than these.

Knowest thou not of the Lesbian maid,
Who broke her sweet harp when her love was betrayed?
The passionate children of love and song
Yield up the fierce life that is darkened with wrong;
Her Phoen was false, but my Colin is true
As the star to its place in its heaven of blue.
They tell me the land which thou dwellest in
Is bright as the smile on a beautiful brow!
I know that it is fair—I've dreamed of that smile,
'Neath the shade of the myrtle in summer's sweet time,
But I smile at the folly that thinks there could be
One charm in that country to win thee from me.
Thou art coming—I know by the gleam of your star
Reflecting the glory it sees from afar:
The dewy-eyed zephyr waftens and sings—
'Tis fanned into life by the beautiful wings—
'Tis thou hast come—by the windows that move and depart,
And surer than all, by this joy in my heart.
Memphis, Tenn., 1860.

USURY.
The Jews allowed usury to be taken only of strangers. For an hundred years, in North Carolina, it was unlawful to take more than six per cent. The party or person taking more than six per cent. forfeited double the amount loaned. These were years of honesty and prosperity for the State. The rate of interest in North Carolina to-day is established by custom and practice and varies from eighteen to thirty per cent. The matter of interest and usury will engage the attention of the General Assembly when they re-assemble.

We subjoin a word or two on this subject from the Shenandoah Valley:
A greater interest than 6 per cent. will break up the mass of the people—if they are induced to borrow at that rate. Manufacturers might pay it, where machinery enables one hand to do the work of four, but it will not pay in anything else. If you fix a higher rate than 6 per cent., then a higher rate than six per cent. will ruin it. It has been tried, it failed in this country. It depreciated land 25 per cent. in three months, it has embarrassed all who borrowed. We have no objection to banks discounting at 9 per cent., but then only on short time. The more capital that is introduced at a greater rate than 6 per cent. the worse it is for the State.

Let us use what we have—form associations—and we will be on the safe side any how.

A FRENSCHMAN'S OPINION OF THINGS IN LOUISIANA.—The *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, speaking of the rule in Louisiana, says:
'We may state as fact, that there is not a Chinese province so shamefully trodden under foot by shameless and lawless mandarins as Louisiana by a handful of miscreants and adventurers, to whom it is delivered, bound hand and foot, by the Federal Government. Never did a Turkish pachakitch present a more disgraceful spectacle of corruption and despotism; never was a people so maltreated, humiliated, robbed and ruined as this people, on whom weighs, not the iron heel of one despot, but a whole band of sordid and filthy wretches, whose place would be much better at the limb of a tree, than in the capitol of a free State.'

A HEALTHY OLD CHAP.
There is a man in Alamance county who is 79 years old; he has been married four times, all four of his wives are dead. He had eight daughters and one son, the son having died an infant. His eight daughters gave birth to 73 children, forty of whom have married, and had nearly 400 children; of the 400 children, nearly all are young, but some have married, and raised some 50 children; several of whom have married and had about 15 children. Five of these have also married and raised about six children. To sum up, this man had 4 wives, 8 daughters and 1 son; 73 grand children, 50 great grand children, 15 great, great grand children, and 6 great, great, great grand children. He is just old enough to marry again, and probably will.—*News.*

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratcher on the mountains, the river its channels in soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand of stone; not a foot step in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a man of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memory of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signature, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligence.

BACK TO NORTH CAROLINA.
(Dr. Henry Victor Redfield's Railroad Letter in Cincinnati Commercial.)

Stuck away in a corner, rolled up almost like a ball, was the countryman who had paid fifty cents for having his boots pulled off.
'Please read my ticket,' he said, handing it to me: 'I can't read.'
I did so, and asked where he was from.
'Indiana,' he replied.
'Indiana, and can't read! It was most too unnatural, and I ventured to ask him if he was born in that State.
'No, sir,' he answered, 'I was born in North Carolina.'

My guess was right, after all. He was a veritable Tar-heel.
'How long have you been living in Indiana?' I asked.
'Two years. I'm just now going back.'
'Don't you like it up there?'
'Not so mighty well. A Southern man don't have a fair show. You see I was in the rebel army four years. I'm willing to acknowledge that I am whipped, but I don't want to take all the blame on our side for all the trouble. Up in Indiana they seem to think that all the blame should go agin the South. I don't quite acknowledge them principles, and that makes discord. The Democrats sorter hold up for me, but there ain't many about where I live. We only polled thirty-four votes in the township out of about three hundred.'

'You got in among the Radicals, then?'
'No; the sort about where I live are not old straight out 'Publicans; I call them worse than Radicals.
'Are you going to return to North Carolina?'
'Yes; I can't be satisfied in Indiana. A Southern poor man has little show there, I tell you. 'Pears the whole community is suspicious of him. Then, I believe every man gets along best among his own sort of people. The Northern folks are different from Southerners—a heap different. They don't even chew tobacco alike. Up there they use what they call 'fine-cut.' I don't want any of it in me. We North Carolinians stick to the old plug. Well, but that ain't the only difference. Southern people have bigger hearts. They are more kind and considerate. They don't make money like the Yankees. I know men about Indianapolis that have got money enough to buy out half of North Carolina, but still they are on the hunt for more.— Seems like they can't get enough. So much money, or trying to get more, or something, makes them cross. They won't stop and talk like a Southern man. If you ask one of them the way anywhere, he will nearly snap your head off. A Southern man will stop and give you all the directions you want and talk with you a long time, and ask about your crops and family, and if you won't come in and take a drink, and if you don't want to come around to the field and see some of his stock, and all that. But up North, I tell you, they don't do things in that style.— They won't stop long enough to answer you a civil question. In the cities every fellow walks like the devil was after him. A Northern man in a city will walk faster than a North Carolina horse can go, and they will run over you if you don't get out of the way, which a horse won't do. I never saw such people to stay ahead and let every fellow look out for himself.— 'Pears like they don't care anything for one another. They ain't jovial, and don't go in for a good time like we in North Carolina. You can stay in Indiana a year and never be invited to drink, but you can't in North Carolina. But they get us on the money. They have got more money than we have, that's a fact. The two people are alike only in one way, they have both got to die and leave what they have, and there we have the advantage, for we haven't much to leave and be sorry for.'

'So you don't like Indiana?' I mused.
'No, she's too cold and swift for me.— I want to get back to the old North State, where things are run more according to my notion. I am plumb sick of Indiana. The old woman has soured on it too. She says she would rather have a dirt floor cabin home in North Carolina than a whole township in Indiana.'

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.
Most of our city readers have not yet been able to recover from the horrors of that dreadful night when Columbia was burnt by the Federal army. They can never forget the atrocities and cruelties which accompanied the vandal act. The city was formerly surrendered by the Mayor and Aldermen about twelve or one o'clock in the day, and taken regularly under the protection of the Federal commander. He told the Mayor and friends who were with him that they need be under no apprehension, and that they and all the citizens might sleep in peace.— General Sherman himself, we suppose, slept soundly while the 16th Army Corps "did their work well;" as it seems he knew they would do it. Such was the indignation which this atrocious abuse of war, the betrayal of pledges, and needless heartless cruelty caused throughout the civilized world, that it was nearly attempted, by certain writers of fiction called historians, and by subsidized Congressmen, to saddle the crime upon General Hampton. Nobody believed this but those brutal and vulgar wretches who prefer a lie to the truth always. Now, curiously enough, we have Gen. Sherman himself on the stand, giving his testimony before the American and British Claims Commission in regard to the burning of Columbia. He did not issue orders to do it. Of course not. There was a better way. He had but to let the exasperated army alone, and they would know what to do. They knew that he, too, was

exasperated, and divined his feelings only too well. When on his way to Columbia, Halleck wrote to him to destroy Charleston and saw it with salt, so that no more nullification and secession should ever grow there again. To this, Sherman, in reply, wrote that Charleston and Columbia would soon be in his hands, and Halleck have no cause to complain of his treatment of them; that he had the Fifteenth Corps with him, and that corps did their work well; and further, that he (Sherman) would not spare the public buildings at Columbia as he had at Mill-ledgeville.—Gen. Sherman admitted on his examination, that this correspondence was authentic. He stated that he occupied Columbia with the Fifteenth Corps.

In reply to the question whether he kept the men in ranks after taking possession of the city, he said, "No."
We grieve for the sin that lies upon the souls of all the chroniclers, confessors and newspaper writers, in connection with this much mooted affair. All the falsehoods are without avail, for here is the chief actor himself making a clean breast of the thing. Bad enough it is to lie, but to do so for a chief who pleads guilty to the charge which they stoutly deny—this must indeed be execrating to their feelings.—*Columbia Phoenix.*

FOUR MEN TO BE HANGED ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Four men, all of them whites, are now lying in the county jail of Burnet county, Texas, under sentence of death, all to be executed at the same place on January 15. Their names are Benjamin Shelby, Arthur Shelby, Ball Woods and William Smith. They were all sentenced for the murder of Benjamin McKeever. Their case, taken in all its details, is one of the most interesting in the annals of criminal trials. The evidence against them, though conclusive, was entirely circumstantial. McKeever was shot from his horse at night near the residence of the Shelys, his throat then cut, and his body carried on horseback three miles and thrown into a cave. A large rock was placed on the bloody spot where his throat was cut, but this precaution, instead of concealing the crime, led to the arrest of the criminals. The keen eyes of a frontiersman saw the rock had been recently placed there; so it was removed and indications of blood found. A closer search resulted in the further finding of a paper wadding that had been fired from a shot-gun. On examining a gun of Benjamin Shelby, paper-wadding was likewise found in it, and yet another wadding that had been evidently fired from a shot-gun like the first, was found under Shelby's doorstep. In his house was found a copy of the *Chimney Corner*, and by comparison it was ascertained that the three pieces of gun-wadding had been obtained from that paper. Placed together the following enigmas could be easily read:

With piece of paper or a slat.
Sit round the fire both large and small;
A letter make, almost on sight,
And now you see what covers all.

There were several other circumstances pointing strongly to the accused men as the murderers; therefore the jury that tried them did not hesitate to find them guilty of murder in the first degree. The verdict is generally approved by the citizens of Burnet county, and the latest advice from there indicate that Superior Courts or the Governor to prevent the degrading quadruple execution.

DON'T ASK FAVORS.

Rely upon yourself and ask no favors. It is a great deal better to be put to serious inconvenience, and to suffer more than a little, than to be dependent upon others. Obtain what you desire by your own exertions, or make up your mind to go without it. There is more true dignity in comparative poverty, than in the most luxurious indolence gained through cringing and asking favors. And then, too, it is so humiliating to be refused by those who are abundantly able to aid you, with, 'I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you.' 'I really wish it was in my power.' 'Dear me, if you had only applied yesterday,' and all the other old, musty speeches which have been stereotyped from time immemorial, ready for use by those who gladly avail themselves of any excuse rather than put themselves to any inconvenience to do a favor for those who they say are their friends. How many such people there are in the world and who want to dance attendance upon them forever!

We recently knew a man who had always been ready to do favors for his kindred, brought into rather a tight pecuniary fix; and though he had many wealthy relatives, who without any trouble, might have assisted, yet there was not one of them that was willing to do the least thing for him. The better way is not to try even the nearest relatives we have on earth, by asking favors of them. If a man, however, has connections or friends who are really noble hearted, and who, when they see him in trouble, come forward of their own accord and offer him assistance, let him accept it, and rejoice that he has such.

'That are friends indeed Because friends in need.'
Don't ask favors, then, and don't retrace them when they come in the right shape. Rely upon your own efforts; go ahead, work hard; and if sometimes embarrassed, and a whole-souled man comes along and offers the helping hand, do not let a foolish pride nor a mistaken notion of independence prevent you from cordially and gratefully accepting the proffered aid; and be ready to prove your appreciation of his kindness by doing him a good turn the first opportunity that occurs.

A DEFENCE OF PRETTY WOMEN.

After all, is the world so very adorned in its love of pretty women? Is women so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, but not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has foreworn the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek it for himself, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis, but that of a model of guardmen. But women does for man has caused to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the glowing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with silent interest, the beauty, and dreaming of coming beauty, and panting for the glories of the maiden; she is eighteen.— Inseparable, she becomes an artist, her room becomes a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvases, of Michael Angelo over his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any attraction, the result of patience, of hope and of a thousand delicate touching and retouchings. Women is never perfect; never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunlight blurs the evenness of her cheek; frost tips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care blows lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form, the bloom of her cheek, the flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is true to her idea. She won't know that she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She is she rallies at forty and confronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a stand like Caesar, wrapping her mantle around her. Death listens pitifully to the longing of a life time, and the wrinkled face smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Nothing contributes more to the pleasure of evenings at home, than music in families. To cultivate a love of music among children, creates and fosters a refined sentiment that is not forgotten when they arrive at maturity. Music engenders and promotes good feeling. The blending of the voices of parents and children in song, strengthens the ties that bind them together, and the love that centres about the home fireside. It is the home circle where it is tolerated and cultivated, there will be found a greater freedom from all those discords and inharmonious contentions, that render so many parents miserable, and their children anxious to find a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. Music is not an unmanly or effeminate way of spending one's time, as many unrefined parents aver, when they prescribe even the coveted fiddle their sons enjoy scraping in the attic. Every home should have a musical instrument in it that can be used as an accompaniment to the family voices. It will give employment and amusement to the children in their otherwise unoccupied hours. It will keep them at home, and out of bad influences elsewhere.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
A SINGULAR REMEDY.

Some two months ago a resident of Maple street named Broef was taken ill with some sort of fever, and for two weeks there was little hopes of saving his life. He continued to sink in spite of all the physicians could do and they finally gave him up. All-through his sickness the man had continually asked for pickles and cider, and when he had got so low that his death was considered only a question of a few hours, Mrs. Broef decided to gratify his wishes. A glass of sweet-cider was given him, a spoonful at a time, and he declared that he felt better for it. More was given through the night in place of medicine, and the next morning the doctor declared that a most favorable change had taken place. Some good strong pickles were procured and given him, and he began to call for gruel and broth. To be brief, he is now able to move around the house, and everybody in the neighborhood, as well as the physician, give the cider and pickles the credit of performing the cure.

The Sale at Chappagua.—All the farm utensils, horses, cattle, and household goods belonging to the Greeley family, at Chappagua, were sold at auction on Saturday. The cattle sold at ordinary rates, the oxen going at from \$62 to \$89 a yoke, the sheep at \$10 to \$50, and a fine Alderney bull, valued at \$600, for \$30.— The famous old cow, 24 years old, which had furnished milk for Mr. Greeley's children and was a historic old creature, sold for \$7.60. The grain went off at low rates also. It is stated that the farm will be cultivated next year by the young ladies, probably on shares with some manager. This winter Miss Ida Greeley will make her home at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. John F. Cleveland, No. 12 Cottage Place, and Miss Gabrielle will finish her education at the institution which she is attending.

Two of the chairs of '76 have found their way to independence Hall, Philadelphia.

THOUGHTFUL DELICACY.

A story is told by Dickens in the narration of his residence in Switzerland, given the world by Mr. Forster, of a Swiss bride who, having, according to custom, to buy a black dress for her wedding, observed to her mother, an old lady of eighty-two years, "You know, mother, I am sure to want mourning for you soon, and the same gown will do." Similar want of reverent delicacy is often incompatible with real affection in the case of persons deficient in cultivation. District visitors often meet with instances of this obtuseness in the very poor, even when there is no lack of good feeling. The Scotch peasantry, a warm-hearted race enough, are great show-ers in this respect. A benevolent who devoted herself to soothing the woes of the sick and sorrowful in a small Scotch parish, being particularly attracted by an amiable young girl, the daughter of a coter, who was suffering from consumption, visited her continually in her little garret. The patient got weaker and weaker, and her kind friend entertained little doubt that the end was near, when, on calling as usual to see the sufferer, she was astonished to find her down stairs in the "keeping-room." On questioning the mother as to the improvement she supposed must have taken place to warrant this change, the tender parent immediately replied, in her child's presence, "Deed" I'm leddy, we were fain to move her; we colenah ha gotten the corpse doon the stair."

REMARKABLE GIFT ENTERPRISES.

There is a smart family up town. It consists of a father, mother, and seven children. Before Christmas the old folks hit upon the following shrewd plan: Selecting families of friends in which there was but a single child, a handsome present was purchased and sent to it a day in advance in the name of the seven youngsters of the scheming family. Of course this implied reciprocity on the part of the old folks who owned the single juvenile. It would not do to send one present for seven gift makers, neither would it be appropriate to send one less costly or elegant than received. There being no other alternative than to reciprocate the compliment to all kind, the father of the lone youngster, with a heavy heart, dispatched seven presents, each in value equal to the one his darling was favored with, and thus by a little shrewd management, the paternal ancestors of the seven olive branches reaped a sevenfold dividend from their thoughtful investment. Verily, verily, "Cast thy bread upon waters, and after many days it shall return unto thee."
—*Phila. Star.*

A Balloon Voyage Across the Atlantic.

The Philadelphia Star says, Prof. Joo. Wise, the well known aeronaut, has it in contemplation to make a balloon trip across the Atlantic next summer, preparations for the great aerial voyage being in process of arrangement now. The professor, it will be remembered, made the famous air trip from St. Louis to the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, a distance of over twelve hundred miles, in the short space of nineteen hours, or at the rate of sixty-three miles an hour. He feels entirely confident of his ability to make the quickest trip on record across the Atlantic. Quite a number of scientific gentlemen have made application to accompany him in this greatest of all ballooning expeditions. As showing how far America is ahead in aeronauts, so far as distance travelled is concerned, the longest trip ever made by a European balloonist was 400 miles, while that of Prof. Wise's was three times that distance, and what is more, the greater portion of it was accomplished in the midst of a cyclone, and with three passengers besides himself.

MRS. EDWIN FORREST AT HER HUSBAND'S BIER.—Mrs. Edwin Forrest, wife of the tragedian, was according to the statement of the reporter, at her husband's funeral. He says:
'Sitting at the window facing Broad street, and with no one near her, her arms, resting listlessly upon her knees, her fingers nervously drumming and and toying each other, was Catherine Sinclair, the divorced wife of the dead. If any one knew who she was they appeared to keep their distance. She arrived yesterday morning and entered the house at half past twelve. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a double black crepe veil flowing nearly to her feet. She moved nervously towards the rear parlor, where the remains were lying. There were but five or six persons in the room. Throwing aside her veil she stood for nearly ten minutes. Then she glided toward the foot of the coffin and plucked one of two flowers from the cross which lay upon the dead man's feet. She then moved rapidly toward the front parlor, where she was seated until she left the house.'

A NEAT HIT.—Two well known clergymen were conversing when one started the other by abruptly asking:
'Brother G., is it possible?' you chew tobacco?
'I must confess I do,' the other quietly replied.
'Then I would quite it sir,' the old gentleman energetically continued. 'It's a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco!—Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it.'

'Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do you use tobacco?"
'I! No, sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation.
'Then, pray, which is most like the hog, you or I?'

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter, as he said:
'Well, I have been fairly caught this time.'

HALF A MILLION EMIGRANTS SEEKING HOMES IN AMERICA.—The German Emigration Association of this city have received further advice from the home organization, relative to the movement of the German farmers and mechanics to emigrate to this country. The home organization, to effect this purpose, is said now to number eighty-two thousand, and it is proposed to form a Union with the National Agricultural Laborers Union of London. The latter association having a membership of 200,000, it is contemplated when the season opens to send at least half a million of German and English farmers and mechanics to various points in the New World, but mostly to the United States. Both of these associations have for their principal object the relief of the present overcrowded labor market, and the German organization has paid up capital of three thousand pounds to carry out their plans. It is proposed, among other things, to urge legislation by the American Congress for the better protection of emigrants. A commission will leave Bremen in the middle of January for the purpose of purchasing land for large colonies; who contemplate emigrating in the Spring; also, to make reports upon the particular section of the United States, both for climate and soil, which is best adapted to Germans.—*Washington Star.*

Many years ago, in Buffalo township, Union county, Pa., there lived a couple of old fellows, of the name of Bob Mackey and Simon Pickle. Not being strictly pious, they crossed Buffalo Mountain one bright Sunday morning to White Deer Creek to fish for trout. Tradition saith not what their luck was; but a few weeks afterward an itinerant Methodist preacher held services at the Union School-house, as there were no churches in that neighborhood in those days, and church services were few and far between. The school house was crowded, and among them were present Bob Mackey and his companion Simon Pickle.

After the preliminary exercises the preacher announced his text, "Simon Peter went a fishing," he repeated it, "Simon Peter went a fishing." The old man Pickle was sitting in front, near the desk. After the second announcement of the text, he jumped up, went stumbling out, stamping his cane down, and just as he got to the door, he turned round, and in a loud voice exclaimed:
'Yes, and Bob Mackey went along!'

WHAT A SINGLE WAVE CAN DO.

There is a vessel in Queenstown harbor of 1,200 tons, which received, from a single sea, a surprising amount of damage. This vessel, a Norwegian, was struck by a sea or wave, of so tremendous a character, in the last gale, as to sweep that portion of her cargo which was stowed upon the deck, in a moment into the sea; to carry off her cooking apparatus, made of cast-iron; to empty and injure her deck-chests, to smash her bulwarks and stanchions, to wound and bruise three of her men, and reduce four more to a state of weakness and syncope; to break the mate's thigh and wash a seaman overboard, and finally, to fill the cabin and damage all the provisions, so that the crew were nearly starving when they came into Queenstown. All these injuries were produced in a moment by a single wave. It not only cleared the decks, but it extinguished hope in the hearts of the crew, who, the moment they were struck, never expected to see land again.—*Irish Telegraph.*

THE MODOC WAR.—There can be little doubt that the Modoc war has been brought on by the same causes that have occasioned nearly all the quarrels between white men and Indians since the days of Columbus to the present time. The white men first debauch their women, cheat them in trade, reduce them to starvation by depriving them of the means by which they have been used to live, and then when the Indian steals or rises in self-defence they organize and butcher them by wholesale. So long as the white man cheats the Indian with bad whiskey there never will be an end of these out-breaks. If the Indian is a thief it is the white who has driven him to it by depriving him of his habits as the air he breathes. As in almost every difficulty between civilized and barbarous races the aggression and wrong has been done by the former.—*California Republican, Dec. 10.*

A MOUNTAIN OF SALT.—There are in the possession of the chemist of the Agricultural Department some very beautiful specimens of rock salt, which are proven by chemical analysis to be pure chloride of sodium, and are so transparent that fine print may be read through cubes more than an inch thick. They were taken from a mountain of rock salt in the region of the Colorado, in Arizona, 400 feet high and 15 miles long. The width of the stratum is not known, but it has been penetrated to a distance of three miles, through a cave. The discovery was reported to the Department by a non-professional man, and until proper scientific investigation is made it cannot be known whether the cave is fissure penetrating the stratum itself, or whether the walls of the cave are merely an excretion from the great mass.

An editor announces the marriage of a friend thus: "He has read himself out of the jolly brotherhood of bachelors, sold his single-breasted lounge, packed his baggage and checked it for glory, walked the gang plank of courtship to the vessel of matrimony, and is now steaming down the stream of bliss by the light of the honeymoon."