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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME VIII—NUMBER 46.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1852.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31st, 1852.
Dear Watchman:—This being the anniversary of the day on which I left the Atlantic for the Pacific coast, I have withdrawn from the noise and bustle of business, in order to review the past, and scribble off a few lines to you for "old acquaintance" sake.

The eighth month of my residence in the "land of gold" has just ended; and persuading myself that, during the time, I have acquired some knowledge of its characteristics, the manners, habits, and customs of the people, &c., &c., and as I pass along will give you as interesting a sketch as I can.

When I landed here, the latter part of last May, I found the principal business part of the city buried in ashes; but the brisk and lucrative trade then going on with the interior, at once demanded that it should be rebuilt without delay. Accordingly those who had lost every thing they possessed, (a great number, by the way) and were unable to build new houses, or continue in business, were compelled to give way to other men of enterprise and capital, who came in, and whose perseverance and energy, soon raised her from her bed of ashes, and resumed business with greater vigor than before. Alas! how uncertain is human hopes and expectations. Scarcely had the last shingle been nailed to the roof, and the heavy stocks of goods nicely shelved, arranged, and ready to offer, for the first time, to the public, on Monday morning, when the day previous, (Sunday 22d June) another fire broke out, and ten squares were completely burned to the ground.

The losses sustained by these fires were immense. Hundreds of men who had accumulated large fortunes, and were indulging in the pleasing anticipation of soci. closing out, and returning home to their families and friends in the Atlantic States, were suddenly stripped of all their wealth and hopes; and indeed, many of them left without a change of garments, or the means to procure them.

As near as I can ascertain, the estimated amount of property consumed by these two conflagrations, (within forty-eight days of each other) was about twenty-three millions of dollars!—These were trying times in San Francisco. Another new set of men had now to come in and take the place of their unfortunate predecessors. For the first few days, however, after this last calamitous visitation, many were disposed to stand aloof, apparently sick and disheartened, and some even dared to ask "Will San Francisco be rebuilt?" But there was no time for parleying: The valuable trade of the up-country—the mines, and the rapidly increasing communication with the business world, all demanded that the city should be immediately rebuilt. So at it they went; and determined to profit by former experience and observation, they have erected, and are now erecting, blocks of fine brick and stone, fire-proof, instead of wooden buildings; thus giving to the city, for the first time since it was founded, a firm and permanent appearance.

Quite all of the burnt district is now built over, and there is but little remaining to mark the action of the devastating element. Numerous private dwellings, churches, &c., have also gone up in other localities; and from the preparatory and preliminary steps taken for the erection of public halls, and the extent of general municipal improvements now going on, it is presumed we shall, ere long, be able to boast of a fair and prosperous city. Her magnificent restoration after the many conflagrations that have laid her prostrate, entitles her to the appellation of the "Phoenix City."

The vicinity of San Francisco bears little or no resemblance to the other parts of the State. Here the surface is composed of high, loose, rolling hills, which, like those of Valparaiso, are destitute of timber and unfit for cultivation; and from the marine shells found imbedded in them at a great depth—as far down as any one has ever dug—and other similar indications, it is supposed that they were formed by some powerful convulsion of nature. (We have had three slight earthquakes lately.) The Bay is large and beautiful, and is set off with a number of small islands.

Altogether, California is a remarkable country, and is as distinct and independent as such, as the Alps and Andes are as mountains. Being comparatively new, and in many respects untried, much has been conjectured, and various opinions expressed as to its future fortunes and ultimate destiny. Those who have been successful in their schemes and undertakings, and whose interests and existence are now blended with its flatter themselves that it is destined to be the greatest country in the world; while, on the other hand, those (and they are undoubtedly the majority) who have been disappointed in all their expectations, and thwarted in every attempt, pronounce it a grand humbug; and curse it as the cursed land of God's wrath.

They believe, moreover, the agricultural, mechanical and manufacturing resources of California are so limited, and inadequate to the development of a great and flourishing State, that in a few years it will be clearly manifested, and then the hundreds and thousands of disappointed settlers will, in disgust, desert its hills and plains—the cities and towns dilapidated, and the whole country, exclusive of its numerous qualities, become a by-word of ridicule and contempt. What part of these conjectures are to be realized, of course time will tell.

During the Summer and Fall months, I traveled over a considerable extent of the country on my way to and from the Northern and Southern mines; and also visited all the prin-

cipal cities and towns in the State. And judging from the general appearance of things, soil, seasons, &c., I should say that aside from the mineral wealth which California possesses, she is not worth much. I do not believe her agricultural resources are capable of sustaining a heavy population. You must remember we have no rain here except what falls in the Winter, which is our rainy season—and if this is a specimen of the winters we are to have hereafter, I fear that we shall soon have no rainy season, nor rain at all; for as yet, we have had but one good spell, and already suffering for more. And in consequence of there being no showers to moisten the earth in the summer season, and the excessive warmth of the sun, all the vegetation that shoots up during the rainy season and spring of the year, soon parches and dies away; while the ground in the meantime, becomes as dry and dreary as it is possible to conceive. During this season the traveller frequently finds the dust half a foot deep, and as fine as flour. I have seen clouds of this dust so dense, and of such a magnitude as to darken the sky for miles around; so you may well guess that by the time the traveller has gone over twenty-five or thirty miles of such road, his skin, throat, nose and clothes, are all in a condition not to ensure the greatest comfort.

Along the banks of rivers though, and in certain valleys, say for instance, the San Joaquin, (San Waw-Keen), San Jose, (San Ho-Zay) and Sacramento, where the ground is low and moist, or easily irrigated, the soil is extremely fertile, and produces vegetables, which in size and abundance, have probably never been equalled. But then these spots are no more in measurement to the area of California than the oases are to the desert of Sahara; and cannot, therefore, be depended on to supply the wants or necessities of the whole State, should it be thickly settled throughout; a thing, which, for the very reason I have mentioned, I do not believe will ever take place.

These valleys, and the banks of the rivers, I have spoken of, are exceedingly rich, and seem, in some way or other, to have been the receptacle of nearly all the virtue of the whole surface of the surrounding country; and hence, as your readers are aware, we have from those valleys, vegetables, &c., of a most extraordinary size.

The tule lands, forming a part of the valley of the San Joaquin, would, I have no doubt, if the water could be drawn off, be highly productive; but in their present low and boggy condition, they are utterly unfit for cultivation, and being almost on a level with the bed of the river, or rather slough, that winds through them, I fear it will be impossible to drain or make them valuable. These lands, which are extensive, are as level as a garden, and producing no other growth than the tule, a tall, pithy species of rush, and have the appearance of a vast meadow. In the fall of the year, when the tules, which grow very thick, and from six to eight feet in height, become dry, and fire gets among them of a dark night, the scene which follows is indescribably grand.

None of the oases or valleys of which I have spoken, bear timber suitable for fencing purposes; you will therefore perceive, that in consequence of this drawback, the inclosure of fields, which is generally done with wire or imported pales, is quite an expensive item. As regards farming interests, and the resources of true, wholesome, lasting wealth, I think Oregon is far ahead of this State; and, in my opinion, she will, in the course of ten or fifteen years supercede California, and assume, and ever after maintain, her position as the great Empire State of the Pacific.

The people of California feel a deep interest in the approaching Presidential Campaign.—They want candidates whose principles are known to be pure and settled.—Union men—supporters of the Constitution. Of the several candidates now spoken of for the Presidency, and Vice Presidency, I know of none more cordially acceptable to the public of California, than MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, for President, and W. A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, for Vice President. These men, have proved themselves true to the country; wise and sagacious, and have therefore merited the honor and confidence of the people. By birth a North Carolinian, I shall never cease to feel a lively interest in all that relates to her honor and her condition. This feeling alone would lead me to rejoice at the elevation of her gifted son, W. A. GRAHAM. But divesting myself of all partiality from that cause, I really think North Carolina has been slighted. The birthplace of American Independence, she has ever been the supporter of virtuous and conservative principles, and the honor proposed to her now, is nothing more than her due.

I trust your paper will continue to reach me regularly. Very truly yours,
H. R. HELPER.

From the San Francisco Picayune.
THE CITY.

The general health of the city is good, except that coughs and colds prevail very extensively, induced by the variability of the weather.

Burglaries have become rather frequent of late, and at least two instances of highway robbery have occurred. On the morning of the 24th inst., before daylight, a saloon on Kearny street was entered by a burglar, and the drawer robbed of a few dollars in change, which had been left in it over night. He was frightened off, leaving his shoes behind, before he succeeded in committing further depredations. On the night of the 25th, a boarding house on Clay street was entered by two villains, and several printers robbed of small articles of jewelry and about \$300 in money. The robbers were evidently well acquainted with the prin-

mises, likewise with the fact that printers generally are paid off on Saturday night; and they doubtless anticipated a fine harvest. Several other robberies have taken place, and our citizens begin again to feel unsafe. It is hoped that increased vigilance on the part of the authorities, will soon restore confidence.

On Saturday evening last, the 24th instant, about 7 o'clock, the office of Justice Shephard, on the west side of the Plaza, was discovered to be on fire. A gentleman living in an adjoining house ran in, and succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames before they had made much headway. The appearance of the room presented unmistakable evidences of its having been set on fire. A parcel of newspapers had been taken from a file which was hanging in the office, thrown together in a pile on the end of the settee, the table then drawn over them, and the fire communicated. The clerk of the office had left the room but a few moments before to go up stairs, and hearing the confusion below, got down just as the flames had been subdued. He stated the above facts to the crowd, and remarked that the window curtains had been let down since his departure. The gentleman who had first arrived, then remembered that he had run against a person apparently coming from the room, just as he entered the front door, and that this person said "I'm going to get an axe; the door is locked." Not deeming it advisable to wait for the axe, the gentleman sprang against the door, and to his surprise it flew open without resistance, it only having been swung to, without being latched. A police officer coming up soon after, was notified of the facts, and immediately went in search of the incendiary. In about half an hour, he succeeded in arresting a youth, apparently not more than 18 years of age, whom he took to the station house. That night, the boy confessed to one of the officers, that he had committed the crime; but stated that he had been instigated to it by a man who offered him \$20 to do the deed, which he, without reflection, immediately agreed to. He gave a description of the man, stating that he was elegantly dressed. Upon his examination before the Recorder, he acknowledged having made the confessions, and was remanded to prison to await his trial before the District Court.

A melancholy case of homicide occurred in the city about 7 o'clock, on the evening of the 24th inst. The circumstances are briefly as follows: A man named Warren C. Norris, much intoxicated, and very quarrelsome, got into a fight with a Frenchman, on Commercial street, and knocked him down several times. Police officers Treanor and James Edgerton, hearing the disturbance, ran up and arrested the parties, the latter taking hold of Norris. On the way to the station house Norris, a man of great physical strength, became furious, and strenuously resisted the attempts of the officers to get him along. He used very violent language, and finally knocked officer Treanor down, and pulled out a pistol, which he snapped at him. The officer, however, fortunately threw his finger under the hammer, just as it was coming down on the cap, and by this means saved his life. During the fray, Norris got struck on the head with a club, and being rendered still more furious, threatened to shoot Edgerton, against whom he seemed to entertain particular animosity. After much trouble, the parties, surrounded by a crowd, arrived at the station, and entered the office of the Captain of Police. Edgerton advanced to the desk to make his complaint, when Norris made use of some very abusive language towards him, and dealt him a heavy blow on the neck with his fist. Edgerton immediately placed his hand in his bosom, and told Norris that if he "struck him again, he would cut him." E. was then ordered by Capt. Casserly to leave the office, and was about turning to go, when Norris struck him another blow in the mouth, which staggered him. Recovering from the blow, which made him exceedingly angry, Edgerton plunged a knife into the body of Norris, who immediately sank to the floor. A physician was called, and upon examination, the wound, which was on the left side of the abdomen, was pronounced mortal. At 6 o'clock, P. M., the next day, Norris died. On Monday, the 26th inst., a post mortem examination was held, and the wound found to be about an inch and a half in width, and extending through the bowels, severing a portion of the intestines. The coroner held an inquest on the body, and the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Edgerton was arrested on the spot by the City Marshal, but by giving \$5000 bail, was suffered to go at large. His examination was commenced on the 27th inst., and finished the next day. Yesterday morning, Recorder Baker decided that he should be held to bail in the sum of \$10,000, to answer the charge of "manslaughter" before the Court of Sessions. The required bail was given.

Correspondent from the Southern Mines.
SONORA, Jan. 28, 1852.

Away up at the head of stage navigation is the city of the mountains. No place in California harbors such a promiscuous population; people from all habitable

quarters of the globe centering here, have confused the tongues, and made the city almost like unto Babel that we read of in the good book. Sonora is the city of the Southern Mines; although sadly neglected, and destitute of the enterprise that has characterized all the cities in the Northern Mines, is yet bound to continue, and with slow and steady growth, by-and-by compare favorably with cities of older growth in our fast country.

Its natural advantages are unsurpassed in the country beyond the plains; situated in the very centre of a rich mining district, rich placer diggings within the town, and supplied with water by large ravines on either side, and with a favorable start, it must, ere long, do honor to itself and the country.

The population at present, of the city and suburbs, is hardly less than 10,000, and daily increasing. Almost within our limits are rich gulch and quartz mines, not yet explored, and from time to time, as the "buried talents" are brought to light, our population will increase.

Within the last three months, two banking houses have been established, and have every appearance of permanency.—Messrs. Adams & Co., have lately built a neat and substantial office, where they continue the banking and express business, with their usual correctness and promptitude.

Around us are the mining villages of Columbia, Jamestown, Georgetown, Camp Saco, Shaw's Flat and Tuttleton, and from each of them our merchants are indebted for a portion of their customers.—A large canal, 4 feet by 4 feet, of boards, is nearly completed, and when finished, will bring water from the Stanislaus river to all the towns and villages about us, and enable miners to wash the rich dirt that has been thrown from the bed rock within the last year, and often changed ownership, as the want of water discouraged the original proprietors.

Of course, with our pretensions to a city, we have a Mayor and his suite, with taxes, licenses and other expensive "fixings" to match; large amounts of money have been collected, but no show made in the shape of improvements. Their policy is probably Democratic, and we are promised that the evils we labor under, from "excess of government, will cure themselves."

The City Government, with long ordinances, prohibit bull fights, but as bull and bear fights did not come under that head, our citizens were favored, a few Sunday's ago, with such a fight. After that exhibition, bull and bear fights were prohibited by our city fathers. Some Yankee hit upon an idea to circumvent the city fathers and their wisdom; and last Sunday, gave our citizens truly legal amusement, in the shape of a fight between two bears. About 1500 of our citizens showed their appreciation of the enterprise, by their presence within the magic ring. Sunday is our gala day—the city is alive with the hardfisted yeomanry. Of a week day we are quiet and still as mining villages usually are, and when the monotony of life is disturbed by a dog fight or quarrel between two ambitious roosters, all the people are on the "qui vive," and the number of lazy men about town easily counted.—San Francisco Picayune.

A Gratifying Confession.—To those who, like ourselves, firmly believe that the peace and prosperity of the country depend on keeping the Locofoco party out of power, the following confession of Mr. Buchanan, endorsed by the Washington Union, is in the highest degree cheering:

From the Washington Union.
THE PRESENT POSTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

"The democratic party never was in greater peril than at present."

Mr. Buchanan's Baltimore Letter.

This declaration was made by Mr. Buchanan after having visited Washington city, and therefore with a full knowledge of the elements of discord and dissension which have paralyzed the democratic party at the Capitol. It is deeply to be lamented that, with overwhelming majorities in both houses, and within three months of the opening of the presidential canvass, one of the most distinguished members of our party, and one of the most prominent candidates for the presidential nomination, should be forced by the necessities of the case to make such an avowal. But it is still more to be lamented that the truth of the declaration cannot be gained, and hence we have no fault to find with its avowal. It were better to look dangers full in the face, and to view them in all their length and breadth at the very threshold, rather than to close our eyes upon them until they become irremediable. After having carefully and painfully surveyed the whole ground, we are constrained to declare to the democracy throughout the Union that, in our opinion, "the democratic party never was in greater peril than at present," and we are gratified that the warning which the declaration implies comes from one whose voice is so deservedly potent in our ranks.

Mr. Calhoun said that the party was only held together by the "cohesive power of public plunder." Is it now paralyzed by discord and dissension, because it

has not lately had that cohesive power? Such is the legitimate inference. We trust it will be long before any reunion takes place; before a new swarm of plunderers, like those who flourished with Van-Buren, are permitted again to thrust their arms into the public crib; or a new spirit of conquest, like that which prevailed under Polk, shall lead to new wars of aggression and conquest.

Why should any man who really desires the welfare of the country, wish a change from the wise and prudent and upright chief magistrate we now have, who has brought us safely and peacefully through the great trials of the past three years,—to one who would have given way to the clamors of his party in favor of the Cuban invasion and the Mexican invasion, in favor of the Kossuth European intervention, and who could not have done better, it as well, in quieting our own domestic feuds? We have no sort of doubt, that if a Locofoco President had been in office instead of a Whig, the country would now have been at war with Spain, if not with Mexico; and, if that had not been enough, with a promising prospect of a difficulty with Austria also. From all these evils,—from loss of life and treasure, corruption of the public morals, creation of public debt, and the thousand ills that follow in the train of war,—we have been saved by having a wise and patriotic Whig administration. Let us perpetuate peace and prosperity by continuing that administration. It is in the power of the Whigs to do it. The confession of Mr. Buchanan and the Union makes that apparent. And every Whig should exert himself to the utmost to accomplish so great a good.—Pay. Ob.

From the Fayetteville Observer.
Scene in the New York Legislature.

Times have sadly changed within a few years in all our Legislative bodies, State and National. Within our memory such a thing as a fight, or an ungentlemanly altercation, with the familiar use of the epithets liar, scoundrel, and the like, was unheard of and unthought of. Can it be, that in those times only gentlemen were deemed fit to represent the people, and that now so many blackguards are qualified for the same office that they keep each other in countenance, and give tone to the manners of the bodies to which they are elected?

It seems to be "Like master like man." However this may be, the fact is, that scarcely a Legislature meets without some disgraceful row. The latest one we have noticed was in the New York House of Assembly, and the particulars are as follows. In a contested election case, a Mr. Snow, Whig, was declared entitled to his seat. This was regarded as a final action on the matter, and several Whig members left the city for a few days.—The Locofocos, "ascertaining that they were in an accidental majority, offered a resolution declaring the seat of Mr. Snow vacant, and came to the House with a determination to press it through. The Whigs would not put up with this dishonorable game, and were compelled to resort to parliamentary remedies to prevent it. And the entire day until a late hour in the evening was consumed in scenes of confusion, disgraceful to the Legislature, to the State and to those by whose agency they were produced. It was a prolonged riot (says an eye witness), and the example of the House spreading to the lobbies, disorder and violence reigned there. The police had to be called in and some arrests were made. One member with two or three outside assistants, succeeded in reaching the basement and cutting off the gas, so as to throw the House in darkness. Caught in the act, he pleaded the privilege of membership to protect him from arrest. Comparative order was restored only by the closing of the doors and call of the House, and the affair ended in a decision which excludes both contestants—and in conduct that would seem to justify the exclusion of half the other members."

But this is not the worst of it. The Albany Evening Journal says.—
"It was known before the opening of the session in the morning, that a number of Whig members were absent. Several of them had, as they supposed, taken the precaution to "pair off," and had left the city, ignorant of what is alleged as a fact, that two of the Locofoco members of the House had deemed it consistent with their own sense of honor to take "pair off" with two or three Whigs! Taking advantage of the absence of these members, the concerted movement for the expulsion of Col. Snow, who had the day previously, been legally established in his seat, was begun. Six Locofoco members, who had paired off with absent Whigs, were present and voted! Strangers will keep their hands on their pocket books when they visit the Assembly Chamber hereafter!"

If these be the picked men of the Locofoco party in New York, what must the rank and file be?

From the Charleston Courier of Monday.
A letter from Washington, received by a gentleman of this city, gives us the pleasing information that Professor Bache, Lieut. Davis, and perhaps Lieut. Maury, will leave Washington to-day, for this place, and with the assistance of Lieut.

Kurtz and Lieut. Maffitt, will be engaged in making an examination of our Harbor.

We also learn, from the same source, that brick will not be used in the construction of the new Custom House, and a confident opinion is expressed that our granite, if it can be furnished on reasonable terms, will be the material employed for the building.

We sincerely trust that the South Carolina and Charlotte Rail Roads will, under these circumstances, so modify their charges for the freight of this article as to render the use of it practicable. The opportunity, especially the neighborhoods of Columbia and Winstonsville, abounds with granite of a most desirable description, and were the restrictions caused by present high charges attendant upon transportation removed, there is no doubt that not only the Custom House, but many other buildings, would be constructed of it—contributing much to the ornamental appearance of our city, and the durability of its edifices.

ALL GONE.—The Richmond Dispatch alluding to the rapid deaths of the "G. Monster," among the household of a family in that city, named Ternon says:—
First the father of Mrs. T. died, then his child, and then her husband. Four months after his death she married a man named Goddaway, by whom she had no children, but the children by her first husband continued to die at brief intervals, until she were conveyed to their last resting place. Alone Mr. and Mrs. G. remained until Wednesday last. In the morning of that day Mr. G. died, and in the evening of the same day, Mrs. G. breathed her last. On Thursday two coffins containing their bodies, were brought to that ill-fated house, placed in separate hearses, and followed by some dozens more backs, were taken together with the remains of all the rest of the family! And thus closed, within a brief space of two or three years, the earthly career of a whole family, consisting in all of eight persons. Suffice it say, that the demon, rum, was the slayer of nearly the entire family.

THE OFFER MADE BY MEXICO TO GEN. SCOTT.

The New York Times affirms that the statement that General Scott the Presidency of Mexico is strictly true, and that it occurred just as he had been recalled by our government, peace had been concluded with Mexico, and offer, it is alleged, was made in consequence of the admirable manner in which he administered affairs after the capture of the city of Mexico. He was to have received \$250,000 annuum for five years—making in all a million and a quarter—provided he would retain his command such of his soldiers as should prefer their regular discharge from the service of the United States, volunteer to remain with him in Mexico. The representatives of the government in Mexico, it is alleged, were agreed to guarantee to General Scott, should he accept the offer, the regular payment of the money promised. But, as has heretofore been stated, he declined the proffered honor.

A CHARACTER.
Old "Bumblebee" was the cognomen of T. of Newburyport; he gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day when he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to decapitate the insect with his hatchet, he cut the ends of his thumb and fore-finger, and the bee got unharmed. Other mishaps befell the old Cudger, upon that same day. In one of his abstractions he shingled upon a spare hatchet, and cutting a small aperture in the building to let in a little daylight, he actually inserted a wooden pane, as being so nautical and not liable to be broken!

Uncle T. in one of his obnoxious freaks cut his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards a fence he was putting up, that he had to go for help to get extricated from his self-imposed torment. He once put a button on the gatestead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands about three feet assunder, held up to him, begging the passers by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a door-way himself!

MALAGA RAISINS.
The editor of the Rochester Advertiser, while American Consul at Tangiers, on an excursion through the South of Spain in the course of his jaunt passed through the country in the vicinity of Malaga, where the most delicious raisins are grown. He thus describes the very peculiar manner in which the choicest are prepared:—

"You have often partaken of the Malaga raisins, the most delicious of all served fruits, and so have all our countrymen; but every one may not know how they are prepared. The process is the most simple imaginable. As soon as grapes begin to ripen, the vine-dresser passes through the vineyard and cuts clusters off from the vines, and leaves them on the naked ground, turning them over daily, until the heat of the sun and the warmth of the earth upon which they have baked and dried them, when they are gathered up, put into boxes, and ready for use. This is all the wonderful mystery there is in preparing this delicacy. To my inquiry why they do not place leaves, or some clean dry substance of the kind upon the ground, for the fruit to lie upon, I was told that the ground was much better, that in fact the fine flavor of the fruit was dependent more upon the warmth of the earth, and the more external heat of the sun. It has to be taken, however, that the fruit does not get wet while undergoing the process. But as it seldom rains during summer or vintage in this country, it is very rarely that the fruit has to be dried up before it is dried.

Four Children at a Birth.—It is stated that a lady residing in West Philadelphia on Wednesday gave birth to four children, two girls and two boys.