Carolina Watchman.

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

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J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.

The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates:

	1 Insertion	2 Insertions	3 Insertions	4 Insertions	5 Insertions	6 Insertions	1 Month	2 Months	3 Months	6 Months	9 Months	12 Months
Less than square												
Square												
2 squares												
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4 squares												
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6 squares												
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9 squares												
10 squares												
11 squares												
12 squares												
1 column												
2 columns												
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5 columns												
6 columns												
7 columns												
8 columns												
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A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines.

An advertisement making 1½ or 1¾ squares, charged in proportion to 1 square: Making 2½ or 2¾ sqrs. charged in proportion to 2 sqrs. All fractions of a sqr. equal to ½ or ¾, charged in proportion to the whole, of which it is a fractional part.

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☞ No discount on these rates.

For the Watchman.

WHAT IS LOVE?

By Ida.

'Tis like some deep, quiet river,
That floweth softly on,
The music of whose crystal waves
Is like the angel's song.—
Upon whose borders flourish
The lily and the rose,
And sheltered by those gentle flowers,
The modest violet blooms.

What is Love?

'Tis a pure and gentle blossom,
That maketh glad the heart;
Its hues are bright and beautiful,
Beyond the reach of art.
And hope and memory cherish it,
Like dews at morn and even;
And it sheds a fragrance all around,
Like the balmy breath of heaven.

O! beautiful and holy!
This flower unrivaled stands—
Methinks from Eden's bowers
'Twas borne by angels' hands.
And wreathed around the human heart
Its tendrils reach above,
And it still makes paradise on earth,
For God himself is love.
This is love.

Taylorsville, N. C., March 1854.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

The orators of the United States have learned to talk with great glibness and composure of a dissolution of the Union. The last sectional controversy gave the first serious shock to that confidence in its permanency which was once general and apparently immovable. Then, for the first time, men began to suspect that the federal Union was not the immutable political structure which they had been accustomed to suppose; that there was no cabalistic influence in the combination of the letters of the Constitution, nor mysterious power in the parchment on which they were inscribed, which would warrant the prediction that it would last forever. There is no standing army to uphold it; no physical force by which one-half the States can force it down the throats of the other half; no other security for its existence but that which brought it into being—the mutual consent and good will of the various sections which compose it.

Hitherto it has been supposed that the South was the party in which there was most discontent with the Union, and she certainly has had more practical grievances to complain of than any other section. But in this Nebraska controversy the threats of dissolution came from the North, and they come thick and fast.—Even such a moderate, cold-blooded and philosophical fogy as Professor Silliman talks about dissolution as coolly as he would talk about any other sort of dissolution or decomposition to his admiring pupils. The anti-Nebraska movement, it must be admitted, seems to include those conservative classes of the North which have hitherto refrained from abolition agitation, and the dissolution seems to be regarded by them as a less evil than the permission of Southern men to go, if they choose, with their negroes to Nebraska. We cannot comprehend why a measure, from which the North will suffer no practical evil, should be made the occasion of such general and extreme indication.—What injury would the North suffer from the passage of the Nebraska bill, to be compared with the calamities, both to her material interests and to the cause of human liberty, which would follow a dissolution of the Union?

If these menaces of dissolution are intended to intimidate the South, they will signify fall. They will produce no other effect than increased alienation of feeling. The South loves and cherishes the Union from a disinterested passion for that liberty which is bound up in it, and which was purchased at so much cost of blood and treasure by the founders of the Republic. But she has no selfish motive in her patriotism. Were she governed by considerations of dollars and cents, she would seek an immediate dissolution of the Union. She would be prosperous and flourishing if she were released from her commercial and manufacturing dependance upon the North, and fo longer a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the general government and the Northern people. Fondly as she loves the Republic, she has some pride and some self respect left; and if the boon of independence is forced upon her, she will not refuse it.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Philosophy of the Eastern Question.—The struggle that has commenced between Russia and Turkey has been represented by the journals of Western Europe as the result of efforts on the part of the stronger power to oppress the weaker, and to wrest from it a part, if not the whole, of its territories. If we divest our minds, however, of the impression which such appeals to our sympathies are calculated to produce, and examine dispassionately the events which, the last two centuries, have brought Russia and Turkey into such frequent collision, we will find it is attributable rather to the operation of an organic law which governs empires, institutions, creeds, and even human nature itself, than to the ambition of individual rulers. In fact, the present contest is merely a continuation of that long war of principles which began with the subjugation of the Roman empire by Christianity, found its middle term in the expulsion of the Greeks from Constantinople by Mahommedan invaders, and is now entering upon its third, in the efforts of the former to regain the ground which they had lost. We must not suffer ourselves to be deluded into the notion that this is a mere struggle between persons and dynasties. Whatever may be its issue, there are great elementary principles involved in it, which will continue in full vitality as long as there is an opposing influence to that of Christianity.

As well might the Western powers attempt to arrest the ocean in its bed as to prevent the reflux of Greek civilization into Asia. It is now the turn of Mahommedanism to recede before the banner of Christ, and the crescent will have to give place to the cross on the mosque of St. Sophia. What the Greek rulers of the South lost by their vices and their effeminacy, those of the North will regain by their hardihood and energy. Even in our own time, Constantinople may again become the seat of another Byzantine empire, diffusing the light of Christianity and the blessings of civilization throughout the whole continent of Lesser Asia.

Such, it appears to us, is the "manifest destiny" of Russia, as the instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of those great designs of which the revolution in China is but the foreshadowing. Who can doubt that this most remarkable event of modern times is the herald of mighty changes, in which Christianity will, as usual, be made the potent agent of civilization? The part that Russia is destined to play in this great work of human regeneration seems to be clearly marked out by the finger of Providence, and the combined efforts of all the European governments cannot prevent the fulfilment of that destiny. The intervention organized by the Western powers in this contest between Christianity and Mahommedanism is, therefore, a false and unnatural position, and will generate some extraordinary and sudden outbreak or revolution within the dominions of the rulers who commit themselves to it.—*N. York Herald.*

Col. Fremont and his Party.—It is known that this gentleman has attempted to make the trip across the country thro' the Coochatope pass, to California, in the winter, to test its practicability for a rail road route. It was in the vicinity of this pass, a few years ago, that his party met with such terrible reverses. For his enterprise in this matter, which is undertaken at his individual expense, he deserves the acknowledgments of the community. Until a few days ago, we had received no information from him or his party. It will be remembered that, at the outset, Col. Fremont was taken sick, and returned from the Missouri to this city, where he remained some time. In the meanwhile his party preceded him to the Plains.

Lord Fitzwilliam, who returned a few days ago from the Plains, informs us that he arrived at Bent's Houses, situated about two miles below the River de los Animos, a tributary of the Arkansas, at the Point of Rocks in the Big Timber, on the same day that Col. Fremont left, but did not see or speak to him.

At Bent's Houses he learned that the Colonel had lost at Salt Creek, on the Crow river, seven animals, and afterwards had five more stolen from him by the Cheyennes. These Indians subsequently said they stole them, supposing they belonged to the Delawares in the Colonel's party. They offered to give them up, but the Colonel refused to receive them. His party, before he overtook them, had consumed most of his provisions—at least that portion most desirable for the plains, and he was compelled to recruit in horses and provisions at Bent's Houses. The impression was that his men, who had been encamped at Salt Creek some time before his arrival, had destroyed most of his provisions for the journey.

The last snow which Lord Fitzwilliam met with was at Petty Encampment, about 140 miles from the 'Fontaine qui Bruielle creek," down the mountains.—This gentleman has visited much of the Oregon and Washington Territory, Puget's Sound, and Vancouver's Island, and as he is familiar with Western life, has been able to make many useful observations. He is on his return to England.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Supreme Court of the State of Texas, sitting at Galveston, has just rendered a decision of great importance fo settlers and purchasers of lands in Texas, settling a principle which applies to hundreds of land titles. The question at issue was, what under the colonization laws of Texas constituted a residence which entitled a man to enter land, as head of a family, and transmit it to his heirs, he never having carried his family to reside there.

The case before the court was that of one Russell, from the State of Maine, who went to Texas in the year 1834, and in August, 1835, obtained a grant of land in the then county of Montgomery, representing himself as having come to the country with his family to reside. Shortly after, he went back to Maine, for the alleged purpose of bringing out his family, but died soon after. In 1841, his daughter's husband took possession of the land and made a crop. In 1849, one Randolph located a land warrant upon it as vacant land, alleging it to be public domain, by reason of the invalidity or forfeiture of the grant to Russell, first as a non-resident, and then for fraudulent description of himself.

The court sustained the grant on both grounds. It decided the Russell's residence, with the intent to make his home in Texas, departing only with the purpose of bringing back his family, entitled him to enter the land, and that constructively and legally, the domicil of his family was with him, and his declaration that his family was with him, was legally correct, according to the laws of Texas. The departure, with a *bona fide* intent to return, did not affect the domicil he had acquired, and the grant of land, therefore, enured to his heirs.

HOW TO BE A GOOD FARMER.

Here is a secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, in some shape or other, without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to be observed: Drain until you find that the water that falls from Heaven does not stagnate on the soil, but runs through it and off it freely. Turn up and till the land until your foot sinks into a loose powdery loam through which the air and heat will penetrate. Let no weed occupy the place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that can be obtained, whether liquid or solid.—Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth, and to an enrichment and not impoverishment of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in the soil, and leaves in the air.—And, in all your operations, endeavor to be a little ahead of your neighbors.

Blake's Every Day Book.

Reverend Rascal.—The Richmond *Dispatch* contains a long and interesting account of the conduct and character of Rev. James Cowper, calling himself a Methodist preacher, who had almost succeeded in getting charge of the Clay Street Chapel in that city. C is an Englishman, who is strongly suspected of having poisoned his first wife, and is known to have made divers attempts to secure the affections of young females, and even of married ladies, to accomplish their ruin. These attempts, which were made in the North, were sometimes but too successful, and he completed his career of infamy, by engaging the affections of a young lady, named Miss Martha Fletcher, in South Groton, Mass., whom under a false name, he married and with whom he came to Richmond, on a call as he said, from the Clay Street Chapel. The unhappy parents of the girl, learning his character, determined fo expose him and save their daughter, and the uncle of the latter followed the rascal to Richmond with abundant proof of his infamy. Miss F. has gone home, with her uncle.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT—FORTY-FIVE LIVES LOST—STEAMER CAROLINE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Louisville, March 14.—The steamer Caroline, running to Memphis, was burnt on Sunday, the 5th, near the mouth of the White river, the fire having caught between decks, and spread rapidly among the freight.

The boat was not only destroyed, but forty-five of those on board either perished in the flames or were drowned. The flames spread so rapidly that it was with difficulty any escaped.

As soon as the fire was discovered, the pilot endeavored to run her ashore. Fifteen persons seized the yawl and attempted to reach the shore, but the boat sunk and all perished. Captain Creighton jumped in the river and was drowned. John Trace, the pilot, *perished at the wheel.*

The Boat was burned to the water's edge, and then slipped off the bank and sank. Only two cabin passengers were lost. The remainder of the victims were the boat's hands and deck passengers.

A CASE.

Miss Fitznancy, elderly maiden, charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his personal appearance, was short, very short, considering his whiskers; his height, even in French boots, reached only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitznancy, on the contrary, being fond of extremes, ran up a foot higher and staid there, being of remarkably rigid department. She swore the abbreviated, yet amorous bitcher kissed her by assault, and she hauled him up for it.

Butcher, with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denies the charge.—Butcher was fat, lady wasn't; Cleaver had antipathy to what he irreverently termed 'scraggy' women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her, and wouldn't. Money couldn't hire him to.

Being cross-examined, lawyer enquires of the lady the circumstances, when, where, how, &c. Lady replies with particularity: On Monday morning, ten o'clock, in the entry, resisted all she could, but he persevered, and triumphed.

Lawyer asks, 'did he not stand on anything but the floor?'

'No; he stood on the floor, no chair, stool or any thing else being brought into requisition.'

'But my dear madam, this is impossible!—You are twelve inches taller than he. How could he reach your lips?'

Lady hadn't thought of that, but she was not to be tripped up by the glibbest lawyer of them all; so she replies,

'Oh! ha! well, I know, yes, to besure, but then you know, I scrooched a little!'

'Exactly!—Thank you, madam, that will do.'

'Nothing further, your honor.'

Verdict for the short defendant.

Popping the Question.—Mehitable Merit, a young lady of thirty-nine who had never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting room, when a knock was heard and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Goodness gracious!" thought she, "I wonder what he's come for—can it be——"

But we wont divulge the thought that passed through the old maid's mind.

"How do you do, Miss Merit?" said Solomon.

"Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Periwinkle.—Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You see as I was coming by, I thought I'd step in and ask you a question about—about—"

"I suppose thought Mehitable, he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you wont think it strange?"

"O no," simpered Mehitable, "I dont think it at all strange, and in fact, I've been expecting it."

"O," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart, he means," said Mehitable, aside. "Well, sir," she continued, aloud, "it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"*What!*" *I got your umbrella*," exclaimed Solomon, in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me."

"I beg your pardon," said the discomfited old maid, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella which I barrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else."

"If," said Solomon, "there is any think of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it—"

"Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Mehitable, coloring. "Good morning."

Murder Discovered by a Dog.—A man named Lipmann, residing at Phalsbourg, (France,) says Galignani's Messenger, left his house a few days since on some business, and not returning at the time expected, although he had been seen by a neighbor on his road home, his family began to be seriously alarmed. Two days elapsed, and although every search was made, no clue could be found to him. A gendarme at length conceived the idea of making use of a famous dog belonging to a person in the neighborhood, and with which he proceeded into a wood, and had not gone far before the animal, by his barking, gave notice that he was on the scent of something. On the gendarme coming to the spot, he saw the dog scratching in a place which bore the marks of having been recently turned up, and on digging, the body of Lipmann, was found buried there, after having been murdered. This is not the first time that the dog has rendered similar service to the gendarmes. A short time since a prisoner had escaped from them, and the dog was turned out on the scent, and soon discovered the fugitive, whom he kept fast hold of, but carefully avoided injuring. What is singular is, that the dog will not allow itself to be fondled by any one but his master and the gendarmes, for whom it appears to feel a strong partiality. The police are actively endeavoring to discover the murderer or murderers of Lippmann.

Fire.—Like other cities, we had the dull monotony of a moonless night varied by the cry of fire, on Tuesday evening last. Bells were rung, stentorian lungs vociferated the harrowing cry, and a general rush was made towards the spot where the lurid flames lit up the surrounding darkness; happily the alarm originated only in the burning of a pile of brush-wood, about a mile from town, consequently no *other buildings* were damaged by the conflagration.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to those of our citizens who zealously rushed to the rescue, under the impression that danger was hovering near some unfortunate fellow townsman; and no doubt, had a fire really been raging, that every one would have rendered as efficient service as could have been expected of men who, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to take along the hooks and buckets, provided as aids in extinguishing fires. We have no doubt, however, that if there had been a sure-enough fire, the company would, after running round it and *hollering* awhile, have sent back for the hooks and buckets.

Would it not be better to form a company whose especial business it should be to take charge of these hooks and buckets?

Warrenton News.

Murders.—A few days since a man named Moses Freeman was killed by his wife. She stabbed him with a knife causing his death almost instantly. Freeman lived in Henderson County. Our informant carried the painful news to the Mother of the deceased; and the reply of the poor old woman was, "that she expected nothing better, for they were both always drunk."

A young man named Whitaker was committed to jail in this place last week upon suspicion of having shot Evans Suttles of Henderson County. It was thought at first that Suttles would not live, but he has recovered so far, we understand, as to be able to walk without any inconvenience. Whitaker is still in jail.

Last week just over the Tennessee line on Walnut Creek "Stob Rod Shelton" was killed by a man named Norton. The murderer has been apprehended and sent to Greenville, Tenn. jail. The prisoner and the deceased were both citizens of Madison county.

In all of the above cases, as well as in that of Gentry mentioned a short time ago, the cause is found to consist in the diabolical influences of intoxicating drink.—*Asheville Spectator.*

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The *Perthshire Advertiser* reports a recently discovered mode of conversing with those afflicted with partial deafness, viz: by taking the individual by the hand, at the same time placing the two thumbs together. By this simple process, the sound is conveyed in a more direct manner to the ear, and the person spoken to will hear distinctly in tone of voice several notes lower. It is also important to add, that a chain could be formed upon the same principle, by a number joining hands in the manner alluded to, when the individual affected will hear in a moderate key at either end of the chain.

PRIESTLY CURSING IN LONDON.

A correspondent of the *London Daily News* says:—"On Sunday the 5th ult., after the eight o'clock mass at the Roman Catholic chapel in Duncan Terrace, Islington, the Reverend F. Oakeley, a Roman Catholic priest (an Oxford pervert,) proceeded to the Irish courts in Islington, near the Angel, and after giving the Irish people a long lecture for sending their children to the Protestant schools, pronounced the following curse:—'We hereby give notice, that if any persons, after this our solemn warning, do send their children to the Protestant schools; (six schools were here named,) or, if they have been already tempted to send them, do not instantly remove them, they shall be counted guilty of mortal sin; shall be refused all the rites and sacraments of the Church; at death, the extreme unction shall be denied to them, and their bodies, either his or hers, refused burial in any cemetery belonging to the Church. The curse of God shall rest upon them, body and soul, living or dead.'"

NEWSPAPERS.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age—of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; besides, they never think much, nor find much to think about. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who would be without a newspaper?—*Dr. Franklin.*

A New Thing.—Two ladies appeared on the streets of Baltimore, dressed in the height of fashion, one of them wearing a long train on her magnificent silk dress which swept the ground for several feet behind. Following them was a stout Irish boy, apparently about 14 years old, dressed in livery, consisting of tight pantaloons, red vest, and tight-bodied coat with large buttons, and a high black hat put on his head, with a white feather in it. The young livery man's chief occupation seemed to be to raise his young mistress' trail as she crossed the streets and muddy places. The youngsters on the streets tormented him some.

☞ To dream of being in company with a chimney sweep, denotes black looks from rising friends.

☞ No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether, irreclaimably depraved, [*Carlyle.*

☞ A man in Burlington advertises hams and cigars, 'smoked and unsmoked.'

A Strange Race

IN THE

HEART OF CALIFORNIA.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Through the very centre of the Great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquitto or Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west and empties in the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it is the river of San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land broken occasionally by Sierras of no great length which shoot up above the general elevation. About half way between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is the country of the Mosiquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a Butte of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if some great power had sliced off the summit. Away up here the Mosquis have built their large villages, where they rest at night perfectly secure from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the north and east of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached by a step flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land which the Mosquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, says Capt. Walker, are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheeps and goats, but very few beasts of burden or cattle. They are a harmless inoffensive people—kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked. The warlike Navajose, who dwell in the mountain to the north-east of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is moveable from their farms, and fly for refuge to their mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the tops of the rocks and houses, watching his movements. One of their villages, at which Capt. Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar—some of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts and manufacture excellent woolen clothing, blankets, basket-work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this country the women work within doors, the men performing all the farm and out door labor. As a race they are lighter in color than the Digger Indians, in California, indeed the women are tolerable fair, in consequence of being not so much exposed to the sun. Among them, Capt. Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and yellow eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zuni villages, nearer the Rio Grande. They are no doubt Albidos, and probably gave rise to the rumor that has prevailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin.

The Mosiquis have probably assisted nature in levelling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have cut down the rocks in many places, and have evacuated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms for manufacturing woolen cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never war with any other tribe. The Navajose carry off their stock without opposition. But unlike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Capt. Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symetry. They are very neat and clean and dress in quite a pisturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a dark robe with a red border, gracefully drapped so as to leave the right arm and shoulder bare. They have beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of the female may be known by the manner of dressing the hair. The virgins part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a rosette. The effect is very striking. The married women wear their hair twisted into a club behind. The Mosquis farm in the plain by day and retire to their villages by night. They irrigate their lands by means of the streams running out of the mountain.—Sometimes when it fails to snow on the mountains in Winter, their crops are bad for this reason, they always keep two or three years' provisions laid up, for fear of famine. Altogether, they are a most extraordinary people, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent. They have never had intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization organized with themselves.—What a field is here for the adventurous traveller! We have rarely listened to any thing more interesting than Capt. Walker's plain unaffected story of his travels in the Great Basin.—*Live Giraffe.*

☞ 'The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.'

A LOVE SCRAPE.

BY HARRY HILL.

Attending a singing school some years ago, I became acquainted with a very fine girl, (I beg pardon, they call them young ladies now.) From our first acquaintance, I thought I loved her, and we became in a very short time 'very warm friends;' and then occasionally I visited the house, under the pretence of 'coming to see her brother, a wild, mischievous chap, who loved fun better than he did his dinner. And from that I got so fast that I became an 'every evening visitor' to see my fair charmer.

Now, my fair one's father was a very pious, sedate, old gentleman, and was down on fun or mischief of any kind. But with all that he had many fine points about him, if he was very fat. I think if there was a chance of measuring the least section through him he would measure at least three feet in diameter. But never having an opportunity to callipper him, I can't say for certain, how large he was. It matters not, however, all I know is he was a fine old man.

Now, the old gent, or the 'Governor," as we used to call him, had taken a great fancy to me. I used to sit and talk politics to him, and he often said I was a fine, quiet, considerate, 'perfect model young man.' And he would not suffer 'Lielia,' his pretty daughter, to go out of his sight with any but me—'the nice young man.' And he always wished me to be intimate with his wild son Charley, thinking he would reform, if he was in my company part of his time, and I'll assure you I did not undeceive him, as to my real character, for the fair Lielia's sake.

One night, I remember, (how can I forget it!) Charley, a jolly friend named Frank ——, and myself, returned from a day's fishing. There was the fair Lielia preparing our supper for us. Charley had slipped from the kitchen, and Frank was apparently amusing himself by poking his cane in a cage at a favorite canary. And I—felt as if I was alone with the girl I adored. Presently we sat down to supper.

While I was 'wrestling with a joint of beef, bang came a cold potato in the door and struck me in the eye; then we could hear footsteps and a hearty laugh retreat through the entry.

We had by this time finished nearly all there was on the table.

'Lielia,' said I, apologizing for our swinish propensities, 'you see we're very hungry.'

'Excuse the light gentlemen,' chimed in my ladye layer, cutting me short in my apology. 'I will bring you something more to eat.'

While we were waiting for the 'fodder,' Frank sat thinking of —— I don't know what, and I about Lielia, the possessor of my heart. Or, at least I thought she possessed it.

And from hearts I got thinking of nice little cottages, and from cottages to cradles, and from cradles I kept on thinking and thinking—

'Hist!' said Frank, 'don't you hear Charley coming? He wants to give us another shower er of potatoes.'

Well, we listened and I heard some one coming stealthily down stairs chuckling. "Now,' thinks I, 'this is amusing to be interrupted while such pleasing thoughts are passing through your brains, to receive cold potatoes in your eye, romantic aint it?

'Let us give him a trouncing,' said Frank with a chuckle, that told plainly he wished to turn the tables.

He crawled around the room in the dark, and Frank had found a broom, and I had got hold of the plunger of a churn. We sneaked to the door just as the object of our revenge had arrived.

'Rush on,' said Frank, and with that he made an assault on the 'fellow creature.' I felt the plunger dash against his ribs, and we beat him dreadfully, not even giving him a chance to say a word.

'Throw potatoes, will you?' said I. 'We'll show you, you rogue you.'

Then up from the cellar emerged Lielia, and as soon as she reached the top of the stairs with the light, she gave a scream.

Well, she had cause to scream, for there against the wall, with ribs all punched in, broken for all we knew, and the wind entirely punched out of him, (not because he had a good bottom though, stood the "venerable paternal relative" of the girl I loved; yes, there he stood, and the "model" young man had punched his body for him. And Charley stood at the head of the stairs, with arm full of potatoes and corn-cobs, and laughed till the salt water appeared in his eyes.

What a sight to gaze upon, the breathless body of my fat friend! It may be imagined how horror-stricken we were, and how soon we made our exit, through the basement windows, like thieves, surprised in their midnight depredations, and after leaping over the area railing, we made a straight coat tail of it, until we could no longer see the house that contained her—the girl I first loved.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

A Good Man's Wish.—I would freely confess to you that I would rather when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him;" or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "there is your friend and mine. He visited me in affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say, I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most beautiful cenotaph ever reared.

We see it stated that Dr. Speer, of Mellonville Florida, has raised 20,000 lemons from 250 trees. He is said to be the largest lemon grower in the country.

☞ Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.