O. H. Perry.
State Librarian

J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

TO-MORROW.

FOR SALLIE.

To-morrow comes along with haste 'tis true,
But o it freught with good for me and you;
Or is some evil hid behind the veil,
Which we can never know with our frail
And weak senses, until it casts us down,
Without a moment's warning to the ground,
Far from the helping hands of kindred dear,
Or friends to shed a sympathising tear,
But there in solitude upon the sod,
To breathe our last—our last breath! to none but God
Who gave it. Gave also reason, and will,
And judgment, that we may avoid the ill
And choose the ways of Wisdom—Happiness—
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and peace,
Gently leading through the misty morrow,
Far from the paths of sin, disease and sorrow,
With an all wise hand to direct us through,
And Omnipotent arm to shield us too.
Then for the morrow may we be prepared,
Always guarding whatever we can guard,
And thro, our utmost duty duly done,
Gladly welcome what we cannot shun.

LUCRETIA.

Carolina Watchman.

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

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It occurs to us that the administration is active at the wrong time and place, when it attempts to shut in and starve out Walker and his comrades in Nicaragua. We have no doubt of the obligation of the Government to prevent the sailing of all such expeditions from our shores, but when they have once gone fairly and fully without the jurisdiction of the country, the President cannot atone for his delinquency, or that of his officials, by molesting them after his authority has ceased. We believe that Walker is the *de jure* of Nicaragua. We hold that those American citizens who have expatriated themselves to share his fortunes exercised a right acknowledged by our government from its foundation. The President has no right to make war upon them, as he is virtually doing by blockading the ports of Nicaragua, and conspiring with a British naval force to throw them into the hands of Central American savages. The spirit of our people will not tolerate such an usurpation. Walker is entitled to a fair chance in his effort to re-establish his authority.

Petersburg Intelligencer.

Mode of Proceeding in Making Purchases of Public Land.

The *Washington Union* says:—When an individual applies to the register of a land district to purchase a tract of land, he is required to file a written "application." On such application the register endorses his certificate, showing the land is vacant and subject to entry. That certificate the applicant carries to the receiver, and it is the evidence on which the receiver permits payment to be made, and issues his "original receipt," the duplicate of which is handed to the purchaser as his evidence of payment, and which is required to be surrendered, when a patent is forwarded from the General Land Office for delivery. The "original receipt" is handed to the register, who indicates the sale on his township plat, enters the same in his tract book, and it is transmitted by the register to the General Land Office, with the monthly abstract of sales and certificates of purchase. This is the formality prescribed to individual purchasers, and must be observed not only for their protection in securing titles, but for the protection of the interests of the government. The law has established two officers in a land district—the register and receiver—and prescribed a mode of proceeding to serve as a check upon each other. If a claimant fails to observe the requirements, he does it at his peril. If he deposits money with any person connected with the district office, even with a receiver, without having first filed a written application with the register, he does so at his own risk, the government not being responsible for any loss where the terms on which the law authorizes entries are departed from.

DEATH OF JUDGE POTTER.

Hon. Henry Potter died at his residence in this vicinity on Sunday last at 3 o'clock.

Judge Potter was in the 93d year of his age, having been born in 1765. He has held the office of Judge of the U. S. District Court, since 1801, when it was conferred on him by President Jefferson. He was for many years a ruling Elder of the Presbyterian Church, and was respected and esteemed by the whole community.

On Monday last, a meeting of the Citizens of this town was held, at which, resolutions of respect to his memory were passed.—*North Carolinian.*

A Good Determination.—It is stated that the Honorable Mr. Speaker Orr, has announced his determination to enforce strictly the rule prohibiting the custom of bringing liquors into that part of the Capitol under his especial charge. This, if strictly followed out, is a species of reform very much needed, and cannot but be productive of good effects. It is unfortunate, however, that he cannot extend the operation of the rule so as to prevent certain notorious members from surreptitiously bringing the article into the building in their stomachs.—*Petersburg Express.*

Pea Nuts.—Two arrivals at Philadelphia, last week, from the Western Coast of Africa, brought nearly seven thousand bushels of pea or ground-nuts. It is said that from fifty to sixty thousand tons a year are shipped from Africa to this country, and to Great Britain and France.—The export of pea-nuts and palm oil only, to America and Europe, represents the annual value of at least fifteen millions of dollars! So much for merely two articles of African produce.

Relics of Jonah.—The Charleston Advertiser says a whale of the humped back species was driven ashore at Nahant, a few days since, and upon being cut open, a pair of boots, marked "J.," in a good state of preservation, were found in his entrails. It is supposed that the boots, as they were marked "J.," belonged to Jonah, and were taken off and left behind by accident when he made his exit from the big fish.

Colour of Country Houses.

It is easier to decide what the colour of city houses should be than of those in the country. Every one can see that streets lined with rows of white buildings would be intolerable; none but eagle's eyes could endure the glare. City houses should mostly be of a sober tint, absorbing, not reflecting, the sun's rays, and not easily disfigured by dust and smoke. But the case is somewhat different with buildings in the country.

Formerly, white was the prevaling fashion. It is a neat and cheerful colour, and supposed to be the most durable.—But a change was at length decreed in this fashion. Foreign writers condemned it, and native writers echoed their words with emphasis. Artists and travellers gave it a shower of ridicule. White, they say, "is too intense a colour—it does not harmonize with the hues of a landscape. A house so painted forces itself into notice—it impudently stares you in the face. An object of a sober tint, unexpectedly gilded by the sun, is like a serious countenance suddenly lighted up by a smile; a whitened object is like the external grin of a fool. No artist, of any reputation would introduce a white house upon his canvass. The colour is too glaring for the eye to rest upon under our brilliant sunshine." And so on. These criticisms turned the fashion in the opposite extreme. Dark, sombre colours became all the rage. Many beautiful cottages and cheerful houses embowered among trees, were changed into gloomy, barn-like, prison-like structures. The most popular colour was what the painters styled "Victoria brown," a dingy, melancholy hue, in faint imitation of freestone. Nobody really liked the change; it was a little too abrupt; but then it was the fashion, and it must be swallowed down as a very genteel thing. But common sense could not be long silenced, and she soon spoke out as follows: "O, ye sons of men! why run to such extremes? Because white is too glaring, must ye therefore take refuge in black? Choose some of the softer and more cheerful colours which I furnish you—the various shades of gray, fawn, light drab, cream colour, straw colour, the many pleasing tints in your rocks and sands." Men listened to this monitor, and the result was most happy. Now, houses are mostly painted in sober hues, but not in gloomy brown; in cheerful hues, but not in offensive white.

Let us not maintain, however, that no country house should be painted white. A white cottage, with green blinds, nestled among trees, and festooned with vines, is one of the pleasantest scenes in any landscape. Nor would we subject, in all cases, to green blinds or other houses which are painted in some neutral tint. The porch, cornice, window frames, and other dressings should be painted a darker or lighter shade than the house itself, to relieve what would otherwise be habit harmony.

Barns and other out buildings should be painted a darker shade than the house to make them inconspicuous, and to mark their inferior uses. Several enterprising farmers of our acquaintance have lately rebuilt their barns, slap-boarding them, and *painting them white!* Why do you do so? we asked the other day. "Oh, well," said he, "I think as much of my barn as I do of my house; and then, I wanted to spruce up a little." *Wanted to spruce up a little!* that was it. But his cattle and pigs have rubbed their muddy hides against his clean white paint, as if to get it as near the once fashionable "Victoria brown" as possible.

Fences should be painted in some subdued colour, so as not to attract much notice. "A fence," says Cooper, "which looks as if it were covered with clothes hung up to dry, does very little towards aiding the picturesque."

And now, having left the house and got on "the fence," we shall decline saying anything more.—*American Agriculturist.*

Effect of the Sun's Heat.

Allen, in his book entitled "Philosophy of Nature," supposed that the sun is constantly sending us a ponderable fluid, of which light, heat, and electricity are various forms, and that working forces are the result of the motion of that fluid, in the same manner as they result from the motion of any other body. Professor Youmans, who recently lectured in New York on chemical science, took the same general ground, and presented a few happy illustrations of this hypothesis. When a few years ago, the fashion was to hang pendulums from the top of buildings for the purpose of proving the rotation of the earth after Foucault's theory, it was found that said buildings used to rise slowly on the sunny side from morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and to come down in the same manner till sunset.—The Bunker Hill monument is higher in the afternoon of a sunny day. The iron tunnel, four hundred feet long, over the Menai in England, affords an opportunity of measuring the mechanical power of the sun's rays. When a heavy train, say four hundred tons, is in it, the deflection in the middle is half an inch; after the sun has warmed its top flooring a few hours, it is deflected upward one and one half inch.

TO PURIFY WATER.—As much pulverized alum as will lie on the point of a small case-knife mixed thoroughly with a bucket of water, in an hour will settle all impurities at the bottom, making it clear and pure.

From the Live Gentile.

MATTER OF FACT;

OR,

How Obadiah killed the Snake.

Obadiah Winkle was a very clever man and a very useful man—a peaceable and popular man withal; but had a constitutional abhorrence to snakes, which he never could overcome. He was no coward, and whenever he saw a snake he wished to kill it; but somehow or somehow else his legs would always carry him off as fast as they could, and that was not very slow, for the sight of a serpent seemed to oil their joints and strengthen their sinews and muscles.

But Obadiah *did* kill one snake one time, and it was the event of his life we will tell how he did it.

He had been detained from home one night until unfeasibly late, and when he arrived there, just as he got upon the steps of his door, he happened to turn his head, and there, not ten steps from his house, he spied a large black snake basking in the beams of the moon. Obadiah had, in common parlance, a "houseful of children," and he loved them dearly and cherished them tenderly; and all the anxiety of the parent for his offspring was aroused in an instant. He shuddered at the thought that one of them might be clutched by the ugly serpent; and for once the parental anxiety for his children overcame his constitutional infirmities—at least to some extent.

But he would be certain that it was a snake before he proceeded to execute any of the many plans that floated confusedly through his brain, and for this purpose he fixed his eyes steadily upon it; and once enough he saw it move. This was enough. He sprang to the door and began to batter it with his fist and call loudly for his spouse, keeping his eyes all the time fixed upon the snake, lest it should make its escape. His wife was asleep—the servant girl who slept in the house was asleep—the children were all asleep; and Obadiah was in a "fix." What if the hateful thing should come at him! He almost pumped out of his skin at the bare thought; and he kicked the door lustily and roared for his wife with all the power of his lungs.

The kick and the squall broke the spell of Morpheus, and his spouse arose, alarmed at the unusual conduct of her "lord." She knew he was too good a Temperance man to get "tight," and at once guessed that he had seen a snake. But he soon or did she answer his call than he entered her

"My gun," says he, "quick!—here is a great snake right in the yard, and it might bite some of them. Give me my gun—quick!"

His gun was quickly in his hands, and in a moment he let fly a large load of shot at the "hideous creature," and knowing he had now done all he could do, he bounded into the house, slammed to the door, and went to bed.

Early the next morning, he arose and opened the door very cautiously to see the effect of his shot. There lay the "fine" cold and stiff, with the dirt torn up about it, and he turned to his wife exclaiming:

"It's nothing but a streak of coffee grounds that the cook threw out of the coffee pot!"

And sure enough it was nothing else, but his wife still tells him that he did kill one snake, and he swallows the joke as well as he can. O. Z.

A Romance on the River.

On the 20th instant, as the fine steamer Florida was about starting on her maiden trip from Omaha to St. Louis, a tall, gaunt fellow, of about twenty-six autumns, came on board with a blooming country girl, of apparently not more than fourteen gentle summers. He informed the clerk that she was his sister, and so timorous that it would be necessary that they should occupy a state-room together. The clerk saw that their mutual concern was deeply sincere, and assigned them a room—one next the captain's—registering them as Mr. Bigbear and sister. The subject being incidently mentioned to the captain, J. H. Baldwin, he remembered that a young lady much resembling his fair passenger had come on board to see them away. The statement of the kind brother that they had no relatives in that part of the country, and were bound to Joliet, therefore excited his suspicion. A plan was formed which resulted in converting suspicion into certainty.

The captain, whose heart was in the right place, consulted with his officers, and it was resolved unanimously that the pair should be watched. The happy intelligence was communicated to the parties in the most considerate and appropriate manner. They were called into the cabin and their mutually delightful destiny solilized. The young lady at once rushed to her fraternal companion's arms, with more than sisterly fervor, crying: "Oh, Jim, didn't I tell you we couldn't pass for brother and sister?" and clung to him in a transport of grief and joy.

It was evident that she would perform, without prompting, her part of the marriage ceremony, but he appeared to think her "too willing." He was, however, informed succinctly of the captain's ultimatum—he must marry her, or she should be landed on one side of the river, and the other upon the opposite side. To this he seemed not unwilling to assent. His fears, however, would not trust her Leander across the Mississippi. But his reluctancy was overcome, by the clerk's solemn and confidential assurance that the captain was in a horrible passion, was a most desperate person, who would sooner shoot a man than eat, and that he had a pistol in his pocket, which, it was plainly to be seen, his hand was burning to use. The young gentleman feeling thus compelled to volunteer, explained that he would have married before starting, but that he should have missed the boat, and, "so help him God," he would have married her in St. Louis.—Arrived at Brunswick, Mo., a justice of the peace was summoned, who shortly appeared in the ladies' cabin, where a circle was formed with the happy twain in the centre, and they were made one. The bride was the beaming picture of delight, he the saintlier one of submission. Capt. Baldwin and the clerks—Messrs. Johnson and Dill—each gave appropriate advice and kissed the bride, whose gratitude was unbounded. The boat arrived here on Saturday, when Mr. and Mrs. Barbour took the cars for Joliet, having so far fulfilled the reasonable expectations of their friends.—*Lou. Jour.*

The Power of Association.

The most casual mistake—the most innocent inadvertence—nay, even the most appropriate illustration—shall send half an orator's audience, especially if it be a Christian congregation, a million leagues from the subject of his discourse. I remember a preacher once innocently but irrelevantly indulging in some "illustrations," derived from "inductive and experimental philosophy." Those unlucky illustrations ruined the attention of as many hearers—to wit, of three friends and myself. The most amusing thing was to observe, that they had sent us all off by different routes of association—such is the activity of this versatile faculty. On comparing notes, we found one of us had no sooner heard the word, than he was transported in imagination to a lecture-room of the Royal Institution—peeped into two or three jars of chemicals—received a shock or two from a new galvanic apparatus—saw two or three young gentlemen cut a caper under the influence of the nitrous oxide—and could not get back till the preacher uttered the words "thirdly and lastly." The second instantly found himself deep in the first book of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, and unconsciously illustrating the *idola tribus*. The third was sent instantly into the very midst of the mechanism of a new pump for which he was about to take out a patent, and got so entangled amongst levers, pistons, valves, and tubes, that he did not recover himself till the benediction. For myself, the mention of inductive philosophy sent me to Newton; Newton sent me on a long ramble through the planetary system—comets rushed by, and I went hither skelter on with them into the very thick of the fixed stars—the fixed stars led me up to heaven—heaven, by a very natural reaction, brought me back to my duties on earth; and I found myself in church at my devotions again, just as the preacher was insisting on the duty of keeping our thoughts from wandering during religious service. Perhaps there was not one of the audience an inch nearer heaven for the illustrations. "The preacher's 'experiment' was a failure," said one of my friends. "It was all naturally 'induced' by his 'induction,'" said a second. "After all, what has Christianity to do with 'experimental philosophy?'" said the third. "Quite as much as we had," replied I, "or, for the matter of that, the preacher either." But is it not mortifying to think that a chance word, a passing absurdity, a little inadvertence may, like a pebble thrown among a flock of pigeons, send the minds of half the audience *whir-whirring* a thousand different ways! Surely the faculty of association is one that a public speaker ought to be well acquainted with. I begin to think from that last illustration, that Plato was right when he makes Socrates ludicrously compare the ideas in our minds to a large pigeon-house; they certainly go flying about with similar volatility, are as easily startled, and as difficult to catch. —*Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.*

Gift to Etah.

A beautiful silver collar was formally presented to Dr. Kane's dog "Etah," which is attached to the exhibition at the Melodeon, on Tuesday evening last. It is of massive silver, and upon its centre is inscribed, "Presented to Dr Kane's Dog, 'Etah,' by William Morton's Many Friends in Boston, Sept. 23d, 1857." At the right and left of this are the Masonic and Sons of Malta emblems raised in gold, and extending entirely around the collar in bold relief are representations of the Polar bear, William Morton with sledge and dogs, an Esquimaux javelin, a native hut amid icebergs, and the brig Advance, and Etah himself. It was manufactured by Harding & Co. at a cost of one hundred dollars. Even the heavy padlock is of silver.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Not long since, our friend B——, of Mobile, was on a visit to Look Out Mountain, Georgia, and much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted, in his polite and rather precise way, a plain countryman, with:

"My friend, is this water forced up with a *ram?*" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"Ram," exclaimed the countryman.

"I say ram?"

"No, sir. It's a darned big mule, and hard work at that. Come here and I will show him to you!"

A HAPPY BURLESQUE.

If Mat Peel, of the counterfeit darkey fraternity, had been on the levee yesterday, he might have got a happy wrinkle in his line from the performances of the genuine colored gentry. The *carte* for this entertainment was a burlesque auction sale. One of the darkey men, selected for his tongney qualities, announced to a large assemblage of idle negro laborers, that he was now about to offer them, for cash, "to de highest bidder in dis crowd, a fus rate boy, A 1, soun and healty, an warranted not to cut in the eye, balk in de step, nor steal chickens dat don't long to him; also 'ditional, dis boy wars only one par shoes a year, an dey's good at de end of it, takes keer on his close in particklar, an sober goes a cortin; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'spectful and 'bedient, is six foot tree inches high, an weighs two hundred an twenty pouns, an can do more work in hous an fiel dan enny oder two niggers; 'sides, he eats less dan enny oder one nigger. Step up hyer, Sam, an show yersef to dese gemmen! 'mire him for yourselves."

And the sable auctioneer pointed with triumphant gesture to the subject of extravagant eulogium—a scrubby, knotted, runted, gray headed specimen of field-hand, about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amid vast roars of laughter from the crowd.

"Dar he is, gemmen! 'zamine him, an start him at suffin, for he mus be sole. What does yer say?"

Several colored "gemmen" mounted the stand and proceeded to "zamine" him. One violently pulled his mouth open and reported—

"Dis nigger not sound—one jaw toof done gone.

Another tried to straighten out a lock of his wool, with "don't like dis—his har kink too much—nigger lazy!" Another pretended to discover something besides ideas running through his wool and concluded "nigger's head too pop'lar!" (populous." Another—"nigger's toe-nails too long—scratch paint off n my parlor floor. No want dis nigger. Yah! hy ah! yah! yah!"

"Well, gemmen, is you done lookin' at dat nigger? Is you satisfy? He's prime lot! What do you say for de boy? Start him at suffin—he's got to be sole—prumptory sale!"

"Ten cent!" came from the laughing crowd.

"Ten cent!—ten cent! Going at ten cent!—ten—ten—ten!"

"One dime!" from the crowd.

"Talk you, sar. One dime—one dime—one dime; goin' at one dime—d-i-m-e! Too bad, gemmen, make me sacfice dis artikel dat way. Say 'leben!"

"One bit!" from the crowd.

"Much 'bliged, sar. One bit—one bit—one bit—bit—bit—bit—goin—goin; won't nobody say 'leben for dis A 1 warranted," &c., "boy! Goin at one bit—goin—g-o-i-n—gone at ten cent! Yours, sar, an a dog sight more dan he's wort!"

And he "knocked down" the property to the quasi purchaser with a tremendous blow on the head with a barrel stave he used as a "hammer," which broke in the middle and "knocked down" the sold party off the box without his apparently feeling the blow, so massive was the conformation of his cranium. That was the greatest auction sale that ever we saw.

[New Orleans True Delta.

The Wicked shall not go Unpunished. The New Orleans Bulletin, in an excellent article referring to the above subject, says:

"The inventor of the guillotine perished by his own engine, and we believe the same is true of the maker of the first bowie knife. And we think that if the history of every desperado who has travelled upon the Mississippi for the last twenty or thirty years could be accurately known, it would be found, we are confident, that almost if not quite without exception, these men have perished by the hands of each other, or in the same way in which they have taken the lives of others. Retributive justice has overtaken them, and generally without the intervention of any great delay—frequently so suddenly and signally has it been visited upon them as to "justify the ways of Providence to man." Human tribunals may be at fault; may be imposed upon; may be bribed, and the heartless assassin, all reeking with the clotted gore of his victim, may be permitted to trample upon human laws, to walk off with an air of triumph, and exult in his own desperate deeds. Not so with divine justice. Steadily and surely as Fate itself does that vindicate itself. Unerringly does it pursue the man of blood, and swift and terrible, at the appointed moment, does he feel the thunderbolt. No disguise, trick, pretence or power, avails him when grappling with the unseen hand of divine retribution. When least expected it comes upon him. Let the desperado remember it. Let him "remember the hour."

A Western Simile.—A Western college professor thus "illustrates" an important branch of a young lady's education:

Besides this, there is the piano, where the fingers are compelled to travel more in one day than the feet do in one term; and the mind must be kept on the stretch over spider tracked music till the reason reels and the brain swims, and the notes on the page before her carry no more idea to the mind than so many tadpoles *trying to climb over a barred rail fence.*

The Power of Music.

The following anecdote from the memoirs of Dr. Armstrong, late Bishop of Grahamstown, illustrates the influence of music upon savages: "While we were conferring with Umhalla, my wife, surrounded by Kaffir women and children, went into the chapel; and, bidding them sit down quietly, she played solemn tunes on the harmonium we had brought with us, they sitting like things entranced, with earnest faces and motionless limbs, evidently showing that sacred music might become a powerful instrument in influencing and softening them. I heard afterwards that one Kaffir said, that 'where there was music, there could be no war;' and another, listening one Sunday outside the chapel, thought that 'heaven must be there;' and another, a very bad fellow, said that 'he could have almost cried.'"

Marbelized Wood.

The *Philadelphia Mercury* gives the following directions for painting wood so as to make it resemble white marble: "Procure some small fragments of white marble from the stone-cutters, and pound them up to a fine powder. Mix this with a convenient painter's size, which you may obtain from the dealers in varnishes, and apply two coats to the wood, allowing the first coat to dry before putting on the second. Polish it handsomely when the second coat is dry, and apply a coat of white varnish made of gum shellac and white sandarac. If the work is well done, a perfect imitation of white marble may be produced in this manner."

Wonders from Cultivation.

Commenting on the extraordinary ameliorating effects produced by cultivation, Dr. Paris, an eminent author, says that there is scarcely a vegetable which we at present employ, that can be found to grow naturally. Rice, rye, and barley have been altered by the industry of mankind from plants not now resembling them, even in such a degree as to enable us to recognize their relations. The colewort, a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing half an ounce, has been converted into cabbage, and the potato was derived from a small, bitter root, wild in China and Monte Video. Metamorphoses as wonderful have taken place in horticulture; the tough covering of the almond into the soft flesh of the peach; the sour sloe into the delicious plum; the austere crab of the woods into the golden pippin. The apple itself has been reproduced in endless variety, emulating, says our author, in beauty of form and color, in exuberance of fertility and richness of flavor, the rarer productions of warmer regions and more propitious climates.

Female Clubs against Celibacy.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says:

"Several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others are modelled, has been in existence for four years. Each member pays ten francs monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually twenty-four thousand francs, to which is added the amount raised by two half-yearly lotteries, of which the prizes are composed of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of two hundred young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of thirty or forty thousand francs, which serve to give a marriage portion to two or three of the members, chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year, the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year. The members of the club continue to pay their subscriptions for ten years after their marriage, and are bound to facilitate by all means in their power the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow members under all circumstances."

Sunday Sickness.

There is a remarkable and mysterious kind of a malady that prevails extensively in every community. It is a Sunday, or seventh-day epidemic, not named or described in the books of the medical faculty. Its peculiarity consists in the fact that it is an intermittent or hebdomadal disorder, which keep the patient away from church on Sunday, though he is always well enough to attend to his business on Monday morning. Though a contagious disease, we never knew it to kill any one—and it is an extraordinary fact, that while it lasts, the patient has a first-rate appetite, and actually eats and sleeps rather better than usual.

If the disorder is checked so that the patient escapes an attack on Sunday, he is apt to have a relapse about the following Wednesday night, in consequence of which he is unable to go to the lecture. He is up again, however, bright and early on Thursday morning, eats a hearty breakfast, and hurries off to business, and no one who sees how intent he is on making money all day long would suspect that he had been so sick, only the night before!—*Central Presbyterian.*

FOR COWS.—Dairymen state that on an average, and the season through, the cream from fourteen quarts of milk is required to make a pound of butter. One who feeds pumpkins to his dairy cows claims that with this food nine quarts of milk yield a pound of butter. Farmers and dairymen who have tried pumpkin feed, state that there is invariably a large increase in butter and cheese. As pumpkins can be raised at small expense, there is no reason why they should not become a profitable article of food for cows.

SALISBURY FOR 1858.

	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JANUARY.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28						
MARCH.		1	2	3	4	5	6
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	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
APRIL.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY.							1
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	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE.			1	2	3	4	5
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	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
SEPTEMBER.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
OCTOBER.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

A Good Cow.—A cow that will average five quarts of milk a day through the year, making 1825 quarts, is an extraordinarily good cow. One that will yield five quarts a day for ten months is a good cow, and one that will average four quarts during that time is more than an average quality. That would make 1200 quarts a year, which at three cents a quart, is $36. We believe the Orange county milk dairies average about $60 per cow, and the quality of the cows is considerably above the average of the country. It is as important to keep a cow good as it is to get her good. This can never be done by a careless, lazy milker. Always milk your cow quick, perfectly clean, and never try to counteract nature by taking away her calf. Let it suck, and don't be afraid "it will butt her to death." It will distend the udder, and make room for the secretion of milk. Be gentle with your cow, and you will have a gentle cow. Select well, feed well, house well, milk well, and your cow will yield well.

MEDIUMS AND INK.

The following analysis of the manner in which spiritual music is sometimes produced, occurred a few days since in Lowell, Massachusetts. The *Vox Populi* says:—"The celebrated 'Davenport mediums' who have been performing here the last two weeks such wonderful tricks as drawing music from various instruments without touching them, were outwitted, a day or two since, by a printer of this city. The two boy-mediums were tied hands and feet and put into a dark (of course!) place with the instruments, the whole arrangement first examined by the spectators. Now, on this occasion, the said printer was a visitor, and he had been disposed to apply a little private test for his own satisfaction. He took along with him a very little printing ink (which is as tenacious as wheel-grease,) and marked therewith the instruments. The performance went on; the mediums were firmly tied and bound to their seats, to convince the audience that they could not touch the instruments; then came the darkness; then instrumental music by the spirits; then the manager said, 'Let there be light,' and the mediums were unbound and came forth—each with *fingers well benumbed with printers ink!*"

TOMATO WINE.—Select and mash well *ripened* fruit; press out the juice; add one pint of water and one pound of sugar to each quart of juice. Set away in a partially filed vessel to ferment, similarly to grape wine. After fermenting sufficiently, put in tight kegs and keep in a cool, dry cellar, until spring, when it may be carefully drawn off and bottled, adding a small piece of root-ginger to each bottle. When opened for use, a brisk effervescence takes place, and to one skilled, even in grape wines, it is difficult to distinguish its origin.

There is a proverb in Suabia, "A faithful swain weds early; a prudent one, never." Another:

"Marriage is an evil—
A bitter sweet chain;
'Tis like eating an onion—
You weep, and eat again."

Hudibras calls matrimony a perverse fever, beginning with heat, and ending with frost.