

nas his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his day may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forest decorate the majestic oak with their odoriferous garlands. Finally, the pair live united, and in death are not separable; in dust they lay side by side, and their souls are re-united beyond the limits of the tomb.”

BRUTAL.—A correspondence of the Mariposa Chronicle, writing from Milerton, on the Frenzo, says that a man named Andrew McFarlane visited an Indian rancheria near that place, on the 22d of February, and demanded that an Indian woman be given to him for the night. He caught one of the women, and attempted to use her roughly, when one of the Indians interfered. McFarlane then drew his knife, and stabbed the Indian, killing him instantly; and then made an assault upon another of the savages, cutting him severely. He then fled, and has not since been heard of.

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