THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE NORTH CAROLINIAN.

TERMS $2 00 PER ANNUM, "THE NOBLEST MOTIVE IS THE PUBLIC GOOD" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXI.--NO. 40. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861. WHOLE NUMBER 1242

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, in advance, per annum $2,00
" " at the end of the year 3,00
Single copies, five cents.

No subscription will be received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising.

Sixty cents per square of 16 lines, or less, for the first, and 30 cents for each subsequent insertion, for any period under three months.

For three months, ... $4 00
For six months, ... 6 00
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P. J. SINCLAIR, Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

JAS. C. MACRAE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE west end of the Insurance building, Hay Street.
Fayetteville, N. C., March 26, '60. tf

JAMES C. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Carthage, N. C.
ALL business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention,
March 2, 1860. 1y

M. J. McDUFFIE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Fayetteville, N. C.

N. A. McLEAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LUMBERTON, N. C.,
☞ Collections promptly attended to.
April 21st, 1860—1y.

DUNCAN J. DEVANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
CLINTON, N. C.,
WILL practice in the County and Superior Courts of Bladen, Cumberland, and Sampson, and the adjoining Counties. Office near the Clinton Hotel.
Feb'y 10, 1860. tf

A. D. McLEAN,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
SUMMERVILLE, N. C
WILL attend the Courts of Cumberland Moore, Johnson and Harnett County PROMPT attention given the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.
Dec 23 tf*

CLEMENT G. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Fayetteville, N. C.
WILL practice in the counties of Bladen, Sampson and Cumberland. Prompt attention given to all business committed to his charge.
April 2, 1858. tf

W. S. NORMENT.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LUMBERTON, N. C.
WILL ATTEND the County and Superior Courts, of Robeson, Cumberland, Bladen and Columbus. All business intrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. Office in the Court House.
July 1, 1859. 1-y-w

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, &C.

H. GRAHAM,
Commission Merchant.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILL give prompt and personal attention to all Consignments of Spirits Turpentine, Rosin, Tar, Turpentine, and all country produce for sale.
☞ OFFICE up stairs over the Store of Mr Vonglahn and joining Lutterloh's wharf. North Water Street
June 18, 1859. tf

AVON E. HALL,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
WILL give quick despatch to Goods consigned to him. Particular attention given to all produce sent him for sale. Consignments of Naval Stores, for sale or shipment, solicited.
Wilmington, June 1, 1859. d-1y'r

S. W. ERRANT. GEO. WILSON.
ERRANT & WILSON,
Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale Dealers in
GROCERIES AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS.
NOS. 14 & 15 NORTH WATER STREET.
Wilmington, N. C.
Sept. 27. tf.

JNO. S. DANCEY Late of Bo N. C. | JNO. H. HYMAN, Late of Scotland Neck, N. C. | F. M. HYMAN, Late of Warrenton, N. C.
Dancey, Hyman & Co.,
GROCERES AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
124, Pearl Street, New York.
This House will be conducted by JNO. S. DANCEY, aided by R. HYMAN.

Hyman, Dancey & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK,
VA,
This House will be conducted by JNO. H. HYMAN and F M HYMAN.
☞ PARTICULAR attention given, in both Houses, to the sale of Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Naval Stores, &c. Sept 15 tf

BEDSTEADS AND CHAIRS
For Sale at reduced prices, at the Auction Store of A. M. CAMPBELL.
Aug 21, 1858. tf

Stoves and Grates.
C. W. ANDREWS has on hand a large and well selected assortment of
PARLOR GRATES,
COAL, BOX AND COOKING STOVES,
Which he offers for sale on his usual liberal terms.
Market Square, Fayetteville, Sept. 15.—4m

MISCELLANEOUS.

GILT FRAMES
OF ALL SIZES AND STYLES, made to order. Also, one box of glass for every size Pictures, just
VANORSDELL'S GALLERY.
Nov. 16-dtf

CARRIAGE FACTORY.
A. A. M'KETHAN
KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Vehicles of every description, which are well and faithfully made and finished in the LIGHTEST and NEATEST styles. His facilities for doing carriage work are GREATER than ANY ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH, which enables him to sell his work on the most favorable terms.
Nov. 13. 1858. tf

A. M. Campbell,
AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
East Side of Gillespie Street,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Nov. 13, 1858

J. K. KYLE,
No. 34, Hay Street.
10,000 YDS Prints unusually low, either by wholesale or retail; 50 doz. Wool and other Hats; **Clothing**, at greatly reduced prices, together with a large and varied stock of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS; all of which will be offered on as favorable terms as at any House in the State. Call examine for yourselves, at No. 34 Hay Street.
Oct. 4, 1860 wtf

Dr. Theo. Martine,
OFFICE, HAY STREET, opposite the Post Office. Medical Electricity applied.
Fayetteville, Oct. 20 tf

ERRANT, WILSON & BRO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS
IN
WINES, LIQUORS AND HAVANA CIGARS.
No. 12 HAY STREET,

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of Retailers and Bar Keepers in general to their extensive stock of
Wines, Brandies, Gins, Fancy Bottled Liquors and Cigars, which for excellency of quality and cheapness of price, cannot be surpassed by any other House in the country. Special attention is invited to their Pure German Vinegar, an article not known at the South, and when once tried no dealer nor private family will do without.
ALSO—Best Rhine Wines, for table use; first quality Sardines.
July 24, daw tf

NEW YORK
BENEVOLENT INFIRMARY.
ESTABLISHED and endowed for the relief of those suffering with Contagious, Virulent and Chronic diseases, and for the eradication and extermination of all diseases of the urinary and sexual organs, of whatever nature or kind.
The Journal of Medical Reform, containing VALUABLE INFORMATION on Spermatorrhœa and the new remedies employed at the infirmary, for the cure of the above diseases, sent to those needing medical aid, in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Don't fail to send for a copy.
To Parents of many scrofulous and diseased children, certain means of prevention will cheerfully be communicated, on application, by mail.
The Prescriptions for Consumption, used by the Infirmary, will be sent free to all who need it. It never fails to cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Catarh and Consumption, as thousands can attest. Send before you perish.
To all who apply by letter, with full descrion of age, occupation, symptoms of disease of any kind and habits of life, Cadial advice, free of charge, will be given, by the Chief Physician or Surgeon.
Address, with two or three stamps for postage.
DR. A. BERNEY, Secretary,
(Box 141.) Williamsburg, New York.
November 17th, 1860—1y.

Joseph W. Barbour,
INSPECTOR OF
Spirits Turpentine.
HAVING been appointed by last County Court, Inspector of Spirits Turpentine, I am now ready to give the business my personal attention. All who may favor me with their business will find it promptly attended to at my Ware House, in Campbellton, opposite John A. McLauchlin.
Dec. 15, 6m

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.
For Inflamed Eyelids.
THE delicate structure of the eyelid renders it peculiarly sensitive and liable to disease. When, from any cause, it becomes affected, the inner membrane rapidly inflames, and the eyelid evinces the strongest predisposition to attract to itself humors from all parts of the body. Hundreds of persons of scrofulous habit are disfigured by rawness or redness of the eyelids, commonly called sore eyes, and tortured with apprehensions of impaired vision, who, by using this *BALSAM*, may obtain almost immediate relief. In all cases, the earlier this remedy is applied the better.
In cases where the
EYELIDS ARE INFLAMED,
or the ball of the eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearances of inflammation after to two or three applications. There is a numerous class of persons that are peculiarly exposed to accidents or diseases that weaken and inflame the Eyes, and perhaps destroy the sight, such as
Miners, Mechanics,
and other operatives in metals, who, from the nature of their employments, are compelled to work in a cloud of dust and grit. Such should never be without this Balsam.
Price 25 cents per Jar—Will be sent free per Mail to any part of the United States upon receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps.
Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William New York.
For sale by S. J. HINSDALE, & Co.
Fayetteville, N. C. Dec. 15.-1m

A. W. FULLER,
COMMISSION
MERCHANT,
AND
WHOLESALE
GROCER.
NO. 2 NORTH WALTER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
☞ Particular attention given to the sale of Cotton, Naval Stores, and produce generally.
Orders for Bagging and Rope, Guano, Salt, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Corn, Bacon, Pork, Cheese, Rice, Fish and other Groceries, executed at the lowest Cash prices.
Dec. 15, '60. tf.

Presbyterian, copy 3 m.

The North Carolinian.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BLUE-FISHING AT FIRE ISLAND.

Fishing of every kind—by which I mean *catching* fish, not fishing *for* them—is pleasant. Even angling for bass, with a drop-line, over the side of a scow, until the sun peels the skin from the backs of your hands, contain some elements of excitement—especially if you rub mutton tallow on your paws before going to bed.

It seems to me, however, that some kinds of angling have more than their share of laudation. The praises of trout-fishing, for example, have been sung and celebrated by poet and philosopher until one forgets that wading up to one's waist in cold water is strongly provocative of cold in the head—to say nothing of inflammatory rheumatism and such minor complaints.

If that be the superlative of fishing which gives the greatest sport with the least labor to get at it, then is blue-fishing off Fire Island the *summum bonum* given by kind Providence to the angling tribe. You get into your boat; you light your cigar, and sail to your fishing ground—if you find no fish, you light another cigar and sail back again.

Your angler for trout walks fifteen miles on the land and five in the water, (with no better chance for success than you have, for all the finny tribe, like the white man, are "mighty unsartin,") and whether successful or not, he returns unfit for civilized society, and as tired as though he had been sawing wood all day on a wager.

And yet no one has immortalized blue-fishing as I am going to do. It is not mentioned in the pages of old Izaak Walton; and has he not described all piscatorial sports then known to the world, from the catching of minnows with a crooked pin up to the feats of that enterprising and powerful individual who

Baited his hook with a dragon's tail,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for a whale.

Mr. Gradgrind wants "facts;" and, having made a strong claim for Fire Island blue-fishing, in support of it "I submit those facts to a candid world":

Once upon a time, on a beautiful September day, the Ancient, the Scribe and I, Alf A. Sigma, walked down Dominy's wharf to our boat. Everybody who knows "what's good for himself" goes to Dominy's once a year. That is, if knowing what's good for one's self consists in a desire to be as long as possible at a sea-shore resort, where one has to dress but once a day, and that in as dilapidated a manner as suits one's personal convenience—where one gets both surf and still bathing—where the table is unequalled by any table on this "globed airth"—where the ladies allow you to come to dinner in your boating shirt if you return late from blue-fishing—where oysters are to be had for the trouble of eating them—where one can be emphatically comfortable for a few days in each year of this weary pilgrimage on earth.

Being, of course, intensely nautical, we call upon each other, to "tumble, in ahoy;" and having done so, off we go, feeling that, with Sam Hulse sailing us, we are as safe from death by drowning as though we were in the Great Desert of Sahara.

I am sitting on the bow of the boat, assiduously engaged in coloring my meerschaum, when I am attracted by the sound of war, and looking behind me I see a terrific single combat going on in the stern sheets of the cat-boat between the ancient and the Scribe for the possession of a cigar. The skipper with his legs curled up on his quarter-deck, looks [illegible] when peace is declared, and [illegible] to him—making it literally a "piping time of peace."

The bar being reached, our lines are thrown over, and remain there until we are on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Then a simultaneous tug of the lines, and a simultaneous parting of all three, show that there is trouble somewhere. Our skipper, whom you would have thought asleep or his eye had not been made constantly glancing about for signs of squalls and mermaids, suddenly becomes intently active. Lashing the helm to the binnacle, or performing some such maratime feat, he makes forward and produces three lines about as large as bed cords with squids a foot long. He thrusts these into our hands, saying, "Bigbluefish and lots of 'em!" and goes about so as to catch the school again.

Presently the Scribe shouts, "*I've got one!*" Whereupon he arises, and standing upon one leg on the washboard like an acrobat, he pulls in with such energy of purpose and dexterity that when the fish gets away, which it does about ten feet from the boat, he has cast some nine coils of his line around his neck, to say nothing of a foot or two which he has insanely packed into his watch pocket.

In another moment the Ancient and I each strike a fish and follow the Scribe's example—always excepting the standing on one leg on the washboard I pulled in my fish with such "close attention to business" that if Sam had'nt watched me and ducked I would infallibly have knocked his head off—and who would have taken us home then? His agility could'nt save him, however, from a "visitation," as the fancy call it, from the Ancient's eight-pounder; but the blow not being fatal he went about again, and for two hours we were as industrious as Satan is popularly supposed to be during a heavy blow. Just as fast as we could throw out just so fast we pulled them in.

"All things were favorable to us.' It blew just a blue-fish breeze—we had the best boatman on Long Island shore to sail us—the fish were ravenous—and the day was cool. All at once the Ancient said, "The fish have let up a little, (we were catching one every three minutes instead of one every two,) I believe I'll eat a clam." And then and there, with the fish crying out "catch us!" and the breeze saying "I'll help you, he abandoned his line and ate seven clams! So much for Fire Island appetite.

At the end of two hours we paused. The boat looked like a butcher's stall—the skippers was spattered from head to foot—our fingers were bleeding and our clothes were red with gore—the Ancient had eaten up all the clams—and so first we went about, and then we went home.

On the way we "took account of stock," where upon the gratifying result appeared that we had on hand one hundred and twenty seven blue-fish, weighing, as afterwards ascertained, ten hundred and twenty-seven pounds, to say nothing of five or six little two pound fellows, which were thrown overboard to lighten the boat. How many more we would have taken but for the clam-erousness of the Ancient I do not know.

So we sailed home to Mrs. Dominy's oyster pies, which were something superhuman, smoking our pipes, clothed and in our right minds, a little fatigued and very hungry.

Does the trout fisherman dare to compare his sport with ours? Is there any comparison between his line and our bed cords—his fly and our three pound squids—his creel and our cat boat? And as much as our apparatus was grander than his, so much grander was our sport. If he caught ten pounds of fish he esteems it a good days sport, and his shoulders ache vehemently beneath the weight of his fishing basket. I need not ask him where he would stow one thousand pounds of pisces, for if he should catch but one fish in size like unto our leviathan, which weighed thirteen pounds six ounces, he would be in the position which the tall gamekeeper suggested the probability of Mr. Winkle's attaining, if he accidentally knocked over Mr. Pickwick in and little eccentricity of gunning: that of having filled his game bag, and something over, at one shot.

They who pine in their youth can never look 'spruce' in old age.

A STRANGE STORY.

A young man, named Pesty, a farmer of Beaune-la-Rollande, in the Loriet, was tried recently, for robbery and attempted murder. The following story was told in evidence:—A shepherd, named Masson, was in the evening of the 1st of September last, driving a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep from Brausles to a place beyond Nemours. At some distance from the latter town he was overtaken by a man in a light cart, who, putting his horse into a walk, expressed admiration of his flock, and got into conversation with him. Having ascertained the direction in which he was going, the stranger drove on to Nemours, and after the shepherd had passed that town, again over-took him, and descending from the cart, began chatting with him. After a while on passing through a wood, he suddenly drew a double-barrel pistol from his pocket, and discharged it at the shepherd, wounding him in the head with the ball of one barrel, and in the neck with that of the other; after which, he beat him about the heda with the butt end of the pistol. The shepherd fell; and his assailant, thinking he has dead, dragged him into the wood. He then examined the shepherd, as if to make sure that he was dead, fired his pistol again at him, wounded him again, and left him. Masson remained senseless for some time; when he recovered, he found that his flock had disappeared, but that his dog was by his side, licking his wounds. He managed to crawl to a neighboring farm-house, and had his wounds dressed. The gendarmes were out on the scent, and soon learned that a man whose appearance corresponded with the description which the shepherd gave of his assailant, a few hours after the attempted murder arrived at a place called Chateau-London, with a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep, and had there placed them under the care of one Lejune, shepherd to Pesty, Jr., of Beaune-la-Rollande, who was driving a flock of one hundred sheep from Bransles for his master. This Lejeune was found at Beaune-la-Rollande with the two hundred and fifty sheep, and he stated that it was his master himself, young Pesty, who had confided them to him. He added that Pesty, on arriving at the village, had joined him, and remarked—"I shall get into trouble about those two hundred and fifty sheep; they are stolen, and the shepherd who was driving them has been murdered!" Lejeune further stated that Pesty made a similar statement to his [Pesty's] father, on which the latter, with great emotion, cried out, "If it be you who have committed the crime, the best thing you can do is to kill yourself!" On that young Pesty took to flight, and was no more heard of until arrested a Calais. The shepherd recovered from his wounds, and believes his recovery mainly owing to the dog having licked them. Pesty, after some vain denials, admitted his guilt. The shepherd was the principal witness against him, and created some sensation. The jury declared Pesty guilty, with extenuating circumstances [!], and the Court condemned him to hard labor for life, also to pay 6,000f. damages to the shepherd.

HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Wilburn Waters, of the hermit of Pond Mountain, in the White Top region of Virginia lately killed four bears within three weeks, one of them exceedingly large.

For more than twenty years he has lived alone in the solitude of that vast mountain region, devoting his time to hunting and stock raising. He claims, we believe, to be a half-breed of the Catawba tribe, and is a man of great physical power. He owns about one thousand acres of land, and raises [illegible] cattle and hogs, and takes [illegible] and nothing seems to be more grateful to his feelings than the dispensation of his hospitalities. But, poor man! he now has no latch-string or cabin. During a few days' absence, four weeks ago, he returned to find his home a bank of ashes, and all that his house contained consumed. When we were there last week, he had built a fire upon the spot where his domicil stood, and we partook of his hospitalities upon a log in the open air. Since his residence upon the Pond Mountain he has captured eighty-six bears, thirty-six wolves, and upwards of three hundred deer, and a countless number of wild turkeys, and the varmints of hills. He is forty six years old, has lived about half that time at his present locality, and has never been at Abingdon but twice, though only thirty miles from it.

NARROW ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.—In his visit to the field of battle at Montebello, the Emperor Napoleon narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He had pushed on as far as Casteggio, and was observing with his telescope the movements of the enemy between Barbiauello and the Portico del Stella, upon the Po, when suddenly a detachment of Austrians presented themselves before him, only two hundred paces distant. Whether they had lost their way, or whether they had advanced thus far from mere hardihood, cannot be told but it is probable that the latter supposition is correct, inasmuch as the advanced posts of the Austrians are much more energetic and daring than those of the Franco-Sardinians. Directly, however, the Emperor saw them he changed color, threw away his cigar, drove the spurs into the horses flanks, and galloped back to Voghera at a pace which would have done honor to the winner of the Derby. Louis Napoleon has faults, it must be admitted; but that of wantonly exposing his person to the enemy cannot certainly be numbered among them.

ANECDOTES, &C.

IRISH WIT.—In the time of Cromwell, a poor fellow named Riley, from Droheda Ireland, was tried for rebellion, and was of course found guilty. An English judge, named Branford, perhaps the ugliest human being that ever lived,—his face seemed to be made up of a compound of equal parts of mustard, ginger, and mortal sin,—this ugly brute asked the brave Droheda man, if he had anything to say before sentence of death should be passed. Riley replied, "Yes I have one request to make, which is that your lordship will not be buried within four statute miles, of me, in order that when the trumpet of St. Michaels calls all the dead to judgment on the day of the general resurrection, I will have time to put my own head on me before you can come to my grave, as I am sure you will never go through eternity with that ugly face upon you, if you can pick up any decent head in place of it.—*Dr. Cashill.*

A TOUGH STORY.—The village of B——— was often visited by flocks of wild geese, which occasionally stopped over night, and continued their journey next morning. They came one intensly cold winter night and settled down on farmer H———'s field. He was in want of game and anxious to secure some, but not having ammunition he did not not know what to do. After deliberating a long time, and when about to give up the idea of taking some of the geese, a plan struck him, which he concluded to adopt forthwith. He went to his pond, opened the floodgate, and let the water run slowly on his field till it was covered to to the depth of an inch and a half. In the morning, when the geese attempted to fly away, they found to their great astonishment that they were frozen in.

THE JEWS.—The Sardinian constitution, promugated by Garibaldi, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, throws it open to the Jews. The old Bourbon law decreed that the exercise of no other religion save the Roman Catholic could be tolerated. To the best of our knowledge there exist now no Jewish congregation in the whole of that kingdom. The branch of the Rothschild family that was established at Naples was no doubt restricted to domestic worship.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A BRITISH SNOB RESCUED BY A BALTIMORE LADY.—A good anecdote is told of Mrs. Patterson of Baltimore, a lady connected with the Bonaparte family by marriage. Being in Italy ant an evening party, it fell to her lot to be handed into the supper table by a young English nobleman, who had a good share of the puppy in his composition. Thinking to quiz the lady, he said:—"You are acquainted with the Americans, I believe?" "Very well." "A monstrously vulgar people aren't they?" what could you expect when you consider that they are descended from the English. Had their progenitors, been Italians or Spaniards, we might look for some good breeding among them. The nobleman did not venture to address Mrs. Patterson again that evening.

MR. THACKERAY.—The North American Review universally acknowledged as high authority in the philosophy of literature, passes the following pretty severe sentence upon one of England's most popular writer:

Mr. Thackeray takes the satirical, the merely worldly view of life and society; he can take no other. His characters are compounded of many vices and few if any virtues; or if the virtues predominate, the result is a *fool*. He has never drawn a true and dignified woman, nor a gentleman of the highest type. He has no conception of that simplicity in which nobleness of nature most largely consists.

THE DUKE OF NEW CASTLE AND HIS DAUGHTER.—The London correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* says there has been an attempt, since the return of the Duke of New Castle to England to reconcile him to his daughter, who did not marry beneath her station, but against his wish, Lord E. Vane, the son of Marchioness of Londonderry, whose makes £100 000 a year out of coals, and therefore can back her boy. But it did not suit the haughty duke, as the antecedents of the young gent was too well known; and, in fact, he proved the prophetic views of his father-in-law to be true, as a week brought about a row with the bride, which was nearly terminating he honeymoon by a separation.

DEATH AND A NARROW ESCAPE.—Two men in France lately took shelter in a barn for the night In the morning one of them was found dead, with severe injury to the head. The comrade was at once arrested, and told some "cock and bull" story about the terrible storm on the night in question and attributed his companion's death to the effect of a thunderbolt. He was not credited, and was on a fair way to be executed for the supposed crime. A scientific gentleman, hearing of the circumstances examined the place, and found a hole in the roof of the barn, an aerolite close to the spot where the deceased had slept on the night in question. The innocence of the accused was at once considered as established, and he was released.

COFFEE.—We beg to remind sportsmen and others that coffee will keep game fresh and sweet for several days. Clean your game, that is, wipe off the blood cover the wounded parts with absorbent paper, wrap up the heads, and then sprinkle the ground coffee over or among the feathers or fur, as the case may be; pack up carefully, and the game will be preserved fresh and sweet in the most unfavorable weather. Game sent open and loose cannot, of course, be treated in this manner; but all game packed in boxes or hampers may be deodorized as described. A teaspoonful of coffee is enough for a brace of birds, and this proportion [illegible] more or larger game. Fresh-ground coffee may be [illegible] and fumigator.—*Builder.*

THERE ARE FOUR SWORDS BELONGING TO THE CITY OF LONDON—The "Pearl" sword, presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Royal exchange in 1571, and named such from being richly set with pearls—this is carried before the lord mayor at all occasions of rejoicings and festivity; the "Sword of state," born before the lord mayor as an emblem of his authority; the "Black" sword, used on fast days, in lent, and at the death of any of the royal family; and the fourth is that placed above lord mayor's chair at the Central Criminal court.

THE "BOTTOM OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S HEART."—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Social Science Association, Baron Gudie, the celebrated French marine painter, who was present, delivered a speech in English, deprecating any idea of war between France and England, and urging that the Emperor was most anxious to keep up the *entente cordiale*. He also mentioned that he (Baron Gudin) had invented an apparatus, in connection with gas and water which would, he hoped, be of great benefit to the public. "The Emperor," he said, "is my friend, and I know the very bottom of his heart" At these words, Lord Brougham, who was in the chair smiled and shook his head, and, at the conclusion of the Baron's remarks, he highly eulogized his talents as an artist, and added, "But with reference to this great discovery—I don't mean that of the bottom of the Emperor's heart, but of the gas and water apparatus—I hope we shall soon hear more." These words, elivered in the noble Lord's driest manner, excited roars of laughter, which seemed to puzzle Baron Gudinimmensely.

AMSTERDAM.—Amsterdam is as good as Venice with a superadded humor and grotesqueness, which gives the sight-seer a most singular zest and pleasure. A run through Pekin I could hardly fancy to be more odd, strange, and yet familiar. This rush and crowd and prodigious vitality—this immense swarm of life—these busy waters, crowding barges, swinging drawbridges, piled ancient gables, spacious markets cooming with people—that ever-wonderful Jews' quarter—that dear old world of painting and past, yet alive and throbbing and palpable—actual and yet passing before you swiftly and strangely as a dream? Of the many journeys of this round-about life, that drive through Amsterdam is to be specially and gratefully remembered.
Cornhill Magazine.

IMPROVEMENT IN PARIS.—Much has been said of the improvements which have been effected in Paris but it appars that what has been done will be surpassed by what is about to be accomplished. By the leveling of the Rue Basse due Rempart, and the construction of the new opera house, the Boulevard des Capucines will become the most brilliant quarter in Paris. But this is not all. There is to be a grand hotel erected near the opera house, to be called the Hotel of the Opera, which will be the largest establishment of the kind in Europe. The Champs Elysees are also about to undergo a transformation. Several large mansions in the Champs Elysees have been purchased by a well-known company, and are to betaken down to make way for a gigantic phalanstera. On the site of another is to be erected a vast riding-school, which will be a monument of art, and the largest building of the kind ever constructed. The trees in the Park Monceau are being felled to the ground. Its grass-plats and flower-gardens are being covered with charming villas and romantic-looking cottages and small hotels, handsomely decorated.

TRAVELLING EIGHTY-THREE YEARS AGO.—In the Pennsylvania *Evening Post*, published in Philadelphia, for Sept. 4, 1777, is the following advertisement:

A person wants to go to Boston, and would be glad of a place in a chaise or wagon going there, or if only half the way on that road, and a genteel price will be given. Any one this will suit, will be waited on by leaving a line with the printer.

A PRINCELY PRESENT.—The following anecdote is going the round of the journals:—"When the late Madame Bosio, the eminent cantarice, who died not long since at St. Petersburg, was singing one night in a private party at the residence of Prince——, a passionate lover of music, she noticed a beautiful Havana lapdog, as wite as snow, lying on the sofa. 'What a pretty creature!' she exclaimed, and going towards the sofa she added, 'How intelligent he looks!' She then took the animal in her arms, and after caressing it, returned it to its silken couch. Madame Bosio soon afterwards, at the request of Prince ———, sang a favorite, air by Glinka, the Mozart of Russia, and author of the fine opera '*Mort pour le Czar*.' This piece was received with enthusiastic applause, and the Prince, addressing the fair artist, said, 'What can I do, madame, in acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us by singing that beautiful production of our national composer?' 'Give me your little dog, Prince,' she immediately replied. 'You shall have him to-morrow, madame.' The next day a servant brought the animal, the fair artist so much desired to possess. As it was very cold that day, the Prince had wrapped the little fellow in an Indian kashmere worth 45,000f, and he begged Madame Bosio to accept the dog with his wrapper. This was certainly a most ingenious mode of making a princely present."

THE MAELSTROM.—The far-famed Maelstrom is found between two of the southern islands of the Lofoden group; and from one of these islands it is named the "Mosken-stream." Its violence greatly depends on direction and strength of the wind, as well as on the tides, and the moon's influence thereupon. It is said to be most violent with gales of westerly winds and on the full and change of the moon. Sometimes a small boat can pass right across it without danger at other times it would be dangerous for even a large steamer to approach it. Not that she would be swallowed up and worried down to the mermaids, but that she would probably be turned round, lose her steering and be dashed against the surrounding rocks.

MICROSCOPIC PHENOMENA.—Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but, seen through a microscope, exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square and conical, and mostly irregular: and what is more surprising, in their cavities have been found, by the miscroscope, insects of various kinds. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibits a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers and fruits, are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long, white, transparents stalks, and the buds, before they open, are little green balls which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of butterflies, proved by microscope to be beautiful and well arranged little feathers. By the same instrument the surface of our skin has scales resembling those of fish; but so minute that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale covers five hundred pores whence issues the insensible perspiration necessary to health; consequently, a single grain of sand can cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores of the human body.

NATURE.—Nature is no spendthrift, but takes the shortest way to her ends. As the General says to his soldiers "if you want a fort build a fort," so nature makes every creature do its own work, and get its living. Is it plant, animal, or tree? The plant makes itself. The animal cell makes itself, then what it wants. Every creature, wren or dragon, shall make its own lair. As soon as their lair is fit for occupation, and also lining and wadding of [illegible] life is in the direct ratio of [illegible] amount. You may be sure the new born is not inert. Life works both voluntarily and supernaturally in its neighborhood. Do you suppose he can be estimated by his weight in pounds, or that he is contained in his skin, this reaching, radiating, jaculating fellow? The smallest candle fills a mile with its rays, and the papillae of a man run out to every star. When there is something to be done the world knows how to get it done. The vegetable eye makes leaf, percup, root, bark, or thorn, as the need is; the first cell converts itself into stomach, mouth, nose, or nail, according to the want; the world throws its life into a hero or a shepherd, and puts him where he is wanted. Dante and Columbus were Italians in their time; they would be Russians or Americans to-day. Things ripen, now men come. The adaption is not capricious. The ulterior aim, the purpose beyond itself, correlation by which planets subside and crystalize, then animate beasts and men, will not stop, but will work into finer particulars, and from finer to finest.—*Emerson.*

COST OF FRENCH WAR STEAMSHIPS.—According to a letter from Cherbourg, a steamship of the line, of the first class, carrying one hundred and twenty guns, costs three million two hundred thousand francs; a steam frigate of fifty or sixty guns, about one million eight hundred thousand francs; a steam corvett of twenty-six or thirty guns one million four hundred thousand francs; a steam cutter of ten guns, seven hundred thousand francs. So that a fleet composed of eighty steamships of the line, fifty frigates, thirty corvettes, and sixty cutters, would be worth four hundred and ten millions of francs. But this, (remarks a Paris correspondent,) is a trifling expense compared with the cost of a similar navy composed of steel cased vessels. A steamship carrying one hundred guns, and cased steel would cost seven millions of francs.

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY.—Accuracy is an invariable mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transactions of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, we may make an end the sooner." Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed to us, "It is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet, in business affairs it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decide men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be done over again, and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation, and trouble.

A NOVEL CASE AT LAW.—Mr Church, of Meriden, Connecticut, owned a hen. The hen took a notion to set. Mr Church encouraged her in the extent of giving her sixteen eggs to commence on. With commendable industry, the hen went to work "setting." For one week she applied herself to it without interruption. At the end of the week Mr Tinker's turkey came along and, without crowding the hen off her nest, took the business of incubation under her own wings. Being more of her muscle than the hen, she maintained her position until a brood of chickens stepped out of the shell and peeped. The turkey then took the chickens in tow, and returned to her own and Mr Tinker's residence. Mr Church brought an action of trover for the chickens, claiming them on the ground that his hen laid the eggs and did the best part of the setting. The case was tried on Saturday; and judgment was given for plaintiff to recover eight cents apiece for the chickens.

A NOISY EARTHQUAKE.—The Bangor (Me.) News says that in Readfield, Me., the noise of an earthquake on Sunday last was so loud that it drowned the ministers's voice, and started several ladies to their feet, and to the windows.