

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XII.—NEW SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 4, 1856.

NUMBER XL.

J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

FINANCIAL.

The Baltimore Patriot, of Friday evening, says: "We have to note a gradually increasing ease in financial affairs. Capital is accumulating and seeking investment, whilst the demand decreases. This condition of affairs exists in all the principal commercial cities. Good negotiable notes well secured, are negotiable on the street at 7 1/2 and 8 per cent. Second class do. 10 a 12 per cent. Money on call is offered at 6 per cent. But little paper offering on the street. Our banks are discounting liberally.

"We note more firmness and confidence in stocks generally, with a general upward movement. "We have now it is hoped, passed nearly through the severe weather, which laid a serious embargo upon all branches of trade, and there are hopeful prospects for the future. Business promises to be unusually active, and money abundant."

The New York Post, of Thursday evening, says:

"The supply of money on the market continues to increase out of all proportion to the wants exhibited, and rates are rapidly declining. The best description of mercantile paper of 60 and 90 days is taken at six per cent., and other kinds at seven, while paper having 90 days to 6 months to run to maturity, is taken at 8 per cent. Call loans are easy at 6 per cent., and many loans are making at 5. The offers to lend money at six are very numerous, and the opportunity to employ the large amount of capital available is at present wanting. This cannot fail in a little time, to occasion unproductive speculation as money will seek employment and spread itself, in either old or new enterprises.

"The only speck of difficulty is in the state of our relations Great Britain, but Wall street does not believe at present in the probability of war between the two countries."

Editors.—A good Editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet, born—not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, loud and grand; they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the editor of the Times, to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." The "Thunderer" in the Times, therefore, have, so far as we know been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Butler, and D'Israeli, failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips, succeeded, and De Lane and Lowe succeeded. In England editors rarely write for their journals; they read, select, and "cut out the work." In this country, with a few exceptions, editors have not only to read, select and "cut out the work," but do the writing too. On the whole, American editors are the hardiest writing men in the whole world.

THE PARIS FASHIONS.

Paris, January 24. The evening toilette consists generally, for those who dance, of light colored silks, covered with two or three skirts of tulle, lace, or blonde. Gothic blonde is much in vogue. The corsage is made low and plain, with a berthe of Gothic blonde; the short sleeves are draperies, and trimmed with a fall of blonde. The skirt has three flounces of deeply indented blonde, and a short upper skirt of the same elegant material.

There is no change in the shape of bonnets to be remarked; the trimmings are in great variety and very fanciful. Many are decorated with blonde, and have tufts of feathers on marabout at the sides, according to the material of which the bonnet is composed. Necklaces are again worn, and are endless in variety and beauty—strands of diamonds and pearls, or fine gold chains forming festoons by clasp of precious stones.

Bodies of dresses with basques remain quite the fashion this winter. The only difference in the shape, that this season they are worn longer than last year. Robes of very rich materials require no ornaments except the basques. The skirts are plaited flat round the waist, and are fastened down sufficiently low to base only the bottom of the basques, which are trimmed with the richest ornaments. Some robes of white mousseline, with large bouquets of white roses, have the basques entirely covered with narrow fringes of white feathers, surrounded by strings of white rubies. The cloak is of black velvet, with three rows of narrow black lace; the capote made of quilted white satin, trimmed with narrow blonde lace.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

The Baltimore Patriot says: "The wife of a gentleman residing in the western section of the city, a few days since presented to her astonished lord four little responsibilities at one birth, two of each sex. We learn that both mother and children are doing well. The happy papa, though proud of these little pledges, admitted that in these hard times, such a rapid increase of his family circle, is far from desirable, and a great deal more than he bargained for."

Facts about the Human Body.

There are two hundred and eight bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy materials, the former predominating in youth, and the latter in old age, rendering the bone brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-four small bones, called the vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously locked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar, so to speak, by which the human frame is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than five hundred. The red meat of beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bone one way, and another to draw it back again. We cannot describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic threads, bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just within the skin; and which can be observed to move when the hand is opened or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of the muscles.

In adults there are about fifteen quarts of blood each quart weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, the arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood, as it returns to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out about two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from seventy to eighty beats in the minute, a whole pint of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fever the pulsations are accelerated; the waste of the body goes on faster than it can be repaired; and consequently death comes if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is the boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing on either transversely, turn the food over and over, chewing it up in the gastric juice, till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours. Emerging from the stomach, the food enters the small intestine, where it is mixed with bile and the pancreatic juice, and converted into chyle. These intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed with coils, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes, which act like suckers, and drawing off the chyle, empty it into a large artery, and discharge its contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes into the heart, to assist in forming arterial blood.

The lungs are two organs, connected with open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the surface of the lungs, each tube terminating in a minute air cell. The other surface of these air cells is full of capillaries, or infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood. The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for iron than for blood, passes through this thin membrane, in a gaseous state, combines with the iron in the air cells, and is expelled with the next expiration. Meantime the oxygen of the air unites with the blood and becomes purified, then passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities from the human system. It is traversed by capillaries which contain more blood, in the aggregate, than all the other capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drain away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours, or five-twentieths of all that the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body and also a conductor to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine, over the whole frame, in infinitely fine fibres, like the bristles and twigs of a tree.

How it Act.—We are informed by a passenger on the cars, that on Sunday morning last, about 10 o'clock, as the passenger's going North were entering the Steam Boat, opposite Wilmington, a cry was heard of "man overboard!" It was quite dark—the water very deep and the current remarkably rapid—no one could tell who the unfortunate individual was; all was consternation and alarm. The life boat of the steamer was accidentally absent; a rope was obtained and thrown to the struggling object, but it seemed to be unheeded;—at that moment, a "slave," by the name of Alexander, the property of Hon. Wm. H. Washington, who was on his way from the South, asked permission to go into the River to the rescue of the drowning person;—a rope being fastened around him he was allowed to do so, and with wonderful courage and dexterity brought the object ashore insensate. Reader, see that now you are wise enough to persevere the word of God, that you may not have to cry, "O, for but one year to read it!" when you are about to meet your Creator, and give in your account.

From the Yankee Blade.

DEAD LETTER DEPARTMENT.
NUMBER FOUR.
We have room this week for only one of the "dead letters," and that one is enough to put to flight all proclivities to matrimony—especially among old bachelors.

January 16th, 1854.
My Dear Julietta:—If you are as anxious to know how my plans succeed, as I am concerning yours, I shall wait but a few days for an answer to this. It was the luckiest thing in the world that I heard of the experience of Mrs. Flamingo, who, you remember, we all thought a paragon when she came among us plain Miss Cutburn, and who so soon secured the match in town. It provoked me exceedingly, at the time, for, between you and me, I had set my heart upon spending old Flamingo's money; but I don't care now. As I was saying, it is lucky for us that I heard of his mortifying failures in Philadelphia. There was no end to the money he borrowed to carry on his operations, and at last, when she thought she had secured a prize, to be arrested for debt, in a hall room, while hanging on the arm of her affianced, must have been excessively mortifying.

No matter for Mrs. Flamingo. As soon as I knew his history, my way was clear, and how quick you caught at the idea, your present place of residence shows. Success be yours, in the shape of a cool hundred thousand; but I must secure my own prize.

I had an introduction to Col. Mason's family, which, well followed up, has given me an entrée to the very first circle in the place. You know I am not deficient in talent. My wardrobe is all new here, and I have found a capital dressmaker, if I had any retelling. So I look about me, and soon discovered a very old familiar of mine, who has more than the usual hundred, but I was not introduced for several weeks. It was not long before, in my present character of a son of fortune, I secured a partner and, beside, I had a better opportunity to find his weak points. He does not like to be admired, and is soon disgusted with flattery, who seeks to please. He is a great reader of history, admires good music, and, I take it, is really in want of a wife.

As soon as I had made these observations, I caused an introduction to take place, but turned at once to my friend, and had to work or look for Mr. Sykes. I saw that my indifference pleased. Such a song was commenced. I joined the musical circle, and some one remarked:— "You do not sing, I believe, Miss Carson, or I would ask you to join Mrs. Gray in a duet." "I think I could manage to perform a soprano, if I was allowed to play my own accompaniment."

I had seen the music in the gentleman's hand, and knew that it was my best shot. "We shall be delighted," all exclaimed, and the poor silly young thing gave me her place at the piano, and I rejoiced to see, in the opposite mirror, old Sykes follow in my train. I had a perfect triumph; it was a lucky stroke, the case was well stormed. Sykes came to me, as I was ready to go with Col. and Mrs. Mason, and asked if he might have the honor of attending me to my carriage. "I thanked him, but believed I would take the col's arm, and with a steady bow, swept away from him. That was a weak age, and he has passed four evenings in my society since. I have read history, for the last month, every morning; now I manage to take the lead, and keep off sand bars. "I had a perfect triumph; it was a lucky stroke, the case was well stormed. Sykes came to me, as I was ready to go with Col. and Mrs. Mason, and asked if he might have the honor of attending me to my carriage. "I thanked him, but believed I would take the col's arm, and with a steady bow, swept away from him. That was a weak age, and he has passed four evenings in my society since. I have read history, for the last month, every morning; now I manage to take the lead, and keep off sand bars. "I had a perfect triumph; it was a lucky stroke, the case was well stormed. Sykes came to me, as I was ready to go with Col. and Mrs. Mason, and asked if he might have the honor of attending me to my carriage. "I thanked him, but believed I would take the col's arm, and with a steady bow, swept away from him. That was a weak age, and he has passed four evenings in my society since. I have read history, for the last month, every morning; now I manage to take the lead, and keep off sand bars."

HARRIET CALSON.
Dying words of Salmastus.—Salmastus, one of the greatest scholars of his time, saw cause to exclaim bitterly against himself when he came to die.—"O!" said he, "I have lost a world of time—the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in perusing David's psalms and Paul's epistles."—"O, Sirs," said he, addressing those about him, "mind the world's loss and God's more."

Reader, see that now you are wise enough to persevere the word of God, that you may not have to cry, "O, for but one year to read it!" when you are about to meet your Creator, and give in your account. Take the dying advice of Salmastus, and "mind the world's loss, and God's more." For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? A friend saw in Brooklyn, the other day, a poster, reading— "Lecture to-night by Mr. Chapin." Under which poster, in big red letters, "The most successful Vermifuge in the world." The greatest living Historian is Wm. H. Prescott—an American.

Anecdote of a Fat Man.

Bridget, said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, to her servant, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got there. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, keeping a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. Sure, when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl?" asked the gentleman. "Yes, sir, wants to speak to ye, and says would ye be good enough to walk in, sir?" This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at her mistress door, put her head in and exclaimed:— "Fat gentleman's in the parlor ma'am." So saying she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor," thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered," but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow. "Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said:—"Well you pardon the terrible blunder of a day, I bid you, my dear sir. I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, which she has made a mistake, you see."

The fat gentleman, leaning back in his chair and laughing such a hearty laugh, "ha! ha!" as never comes from your lean gentry. "No apologies needed, madam," said he; "it is decidedly the best joke of the season. 'Ha, ha, ha,' so she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months such a good joke."

Such a roll up the street, and around the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman, as he brought down the cone, every now and then, and exclaimed such a joke?

A wonderful Mirror.—Among the curiosities to be met with in the Paris Exposition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold: you see yourself not a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body, and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright it was Louis XV—placed his majesty on the right spot, and made him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw.—The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his Majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he would never again look at the mirror or its owner.

The Strike of a Race Horse.—Mr. J. E. Herring, Sr., the celebrated animal painter, states that a race horse will clear from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound, and from the impression left on the turf he infers that a horse at full gallop places only one foot at a time on the ground. This, he says, is more convincing to a horse galloping on a hard road, it will be found accurately exhibited by placing the little finger on a table of pane of glass, and causing the other three fingers to follow in rotation; by so doing, the precise sound of a horse galloping will be produced. Then follows the bound, and again the one, two, three, four in regular succession. Peytona, in her celebrated race with Fashion, cleared twenty-seven feet at a bound.

Do you think I shall get justice done me, said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!" **The Love of Simon** sitting beside his sweet-heart, holding "Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was a bait. Look here, how I'd love!" A witty doctor says that tight-lacing is a public benefit, as it kills off the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow to be women.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A FROG.

We saw yesterday on Bollingbrook street a lump of solid transparent ice, about ten inches thick and wide, in the heart of which was a large frog nicely frozen up, and looking quite pleasant with a beaming eye. The ice was found on the marsh behind the gas works, and when melted down, the frog very good humoredly shook himself and jumped about quite lively. We heard a railroad operative describing the philosophy of the thing to a friend of his, as follows:—"Ye see," says Mikey, "the poor creature's instinct told it the air was going to be cold and that the frost was going to power down red hot, so it jumps into the water to get out of the dampness and wraps itself up in a foot square of the liquid to keep the frost out, as Whiskey wasn't convenient, which is the correct clothing for any intelligent baste—barrin a Know Nothing—to dress his interior with. And ye know that water is transparent, for it runs into ye at one end an' out of ye at the other, and never gets into yer head at all; and so, it began to snow with a fever heat, and the cold penetrated the bones of the frog through a foot thick of dry water, so he shook his feathers to keep up the circulation of his blood, which the Haythins call ichor, till by dint of kickin, with his hands and toes—for devil a leg has a frog or any other natural biped in Ameriky—the soon got a comfortable warm congealment of ice round him, and there he squatted as happy and cozy as if he was on Miles' soft leather bed which was made out of hard porky-pine quills, and looking for all the world like a baste in a snifter's eye, or like a new airy pig picture, which is the representation of no mortal conceivable thing any way you can take it. So you see the ice congealment round about the frog, for he lit on that plan like an Egyptian mummy to preserve himself in scold scoldom, as the prait says, till conjugal times should come, when pop goes the weazel, and he'd come out in a blazing perspiration!"

"And was it the frog did all them things by himself?" demanded Tady. "Twas the frog's own natural philosophy," answered Mikey. "The frog?" said the incredulous Tady. [Petersburg Democrat.]

ARREST OF A SUPPOSED MURDERER.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21. E. D. Worrell, charged with the murder of Gordon, in Missouri, was arrested last night at Dover, Delaware, by officers, who traced him thither. He expresses his willingness to return with the officers to Missouri, without waiting for the requisition of the Governor. He denies the commission of the murder, but acknowledges standing by at the time. A watch, pair of saddle bags and a blanket, found in possession of the prisoner, were recognized as belonging to the deceased. The arrest was made at the house of Worrell's father.

Fatal Duel Near Paris.—The following story appears in the Constitutionnel: The lieut. Roi, a part of the domain of Neuilly, was yesterday the theatre of a mysterious event. At about 10 o'clock in the morning, a boatman, in a state of great excitement, presented himself to the Commissary of Police of the quarter, and made the following deposition:—"About an hour ago, as I was standing on the bank of the river, near my boat, a carriage drove up, from which there alighted six gentlemen, remarkably well dressed, of whom three wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor. They appeared very gay. "My friend," said one of them to me, "will you row us over to the island?" "Certainly," said I, and ten minutes afterward they all landed there. They then began to look more serious. I wanted to retire, but they desired me to stay, and, while two of them remained behind to watch me, the others walked on to a group of trees, on the other side of which they stopped. I then found that they had come to fight a duel. I saw the swords, and heard the clink of them one against the other while the light lasted, which was but for a very short time. Presently the dead body of one of the persons was brought down to my boat. He had received a sword thrust right through his breast, and was covered with blood. According to the little I could gather from the conversation I heard, the duel arose out of a quarrel which occurred at the last masquerade ball at the Opera. The seconds had the appearance of military men executing their orders. I took them back across the Seine. They placed the corpse in their carriage and drove off to Paris."

Halloway's Pills. invaluable to persons afflicted with diseases of the Liver and Stomach. The virtue of these Pills, having been tested in all parts of the civilized world, particularly by the citizens of the Union, renders it needless to expatiate upon their merits; the thousands who have derived benefit from them in each and every one of the States, being sufficient to convince the most incredulous. All those who are afflicted with liver and bowel complaints; indigestion, sick headaches, and dizziness, cannot make use of a remedy so certain in its results as Halloway's Pills; for determination of blood to the head their effect is equally positive. They are also an unfailing remedy for asthma, if used in conjunction with Halloway's Quinine, which must be well rubbed into the chest night and morning.

BEING IN DEBT.

It is a trite saying that the pen of genius can redeem the tritest subject from its triteness. A striking illustration of this is contained in the following observation by Henry Ward Beecher on the dry and hackneyed subject of interest. How vividly he paints the miseries of debt! what biting sharpness in the words—what pith and pregnant sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its foot-steps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is no crop that can afford to pay interest money on a farm. There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its root, whose blossoms are very prolific, and every flower is father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every single plant is like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host. The whole is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to lie at ease upon interest."

A Sum for Teachers.—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?" "No, sir, I can't do it." "Can't do it! I am ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum you set me." "I think, sir, I know a sum you can't do it." "Well, Sally, let's hear and we will see." "It's this, sir: If one apple entailed the ruin of the whole human race, how many thump will it take to make a barrel of thider?"

Coming Up.—"Papa, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?" "Why potatoes, of course." "No, sir! There came up a drove of logs and eat them all." "The 'man gin' in."

Compressing the Bulk of Flour.—The Albany Journal states that Louis Napoleon in 1854 conceived the idea that it would be practicable to compress flour, so as to diminish the bulk, and in that way facilitate its transportation, and yet not injure its quality. In July of that year, an experiment was made by his command to test his views. Flour, subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 300 tons, was reduced in volume more than 24 per cent. On close examination, it was found to possess all the qualities it had previous to its violent treatment. It was then put into zinc boxes and sealed up. At the same time, other flour manufactured from the same wheat, was sealed up. In October thereafter, several boxes containing both kinds of flour were opened and examined. The pressed was pronounced to be the best. Twelve months after this, Oct., 1854, another examination took place, and with the same result. The two kinds were then kneaded into loaves and baked. The pressed flour made the best bread. In March, '55, more of the zinc boxes were opened, and on examination, the loose flour showed mouldiness, while the pressed was sweet, and retained all its qualities. Made into bread, the same differences were observable.

First Experience.—A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America: "I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, the cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c. were kept, and then sent me to my supper. After supper, he said to me:—"James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear."

I went out and walked about, thinking, "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up:—"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear."

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal was this Yankee cow he I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean the mouth?" He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man. "I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear." "Let a man live long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest." The greatest Ornithologist was J. J. Audubon—an American. Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart, which seeks for another heart to make it happy will not seek in vain.

REVISION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The established church of England are agitating the subject of a revision of the Scriptures. At a meeting of both houses of convocation of Canterbury, at Westminster, on the 1st inst., Canon Selwyn gave notice of motion:

"To propose a petition to the upper house, requesting his grace and the lordsships to take into their consideration the subject of an address to their consideration the subject of an address to the crown, praying that her most gracious majesty may be pleased to appoint a body of learned men; well skilled in the original languages of the holy scriptures; "To consider of such amendments of the authorized version as have been already proposed, and to receive suggestions from all persons who may be willing to offer them; "To communicate with foreign scholars on difficult passages when it may be deemed advisable; "To examine the marginal readings which appear to have been introduced into some editions since the year 1611; "To point out such words and phrases as have either changed their meaning or become obsolete in the lapse of time."

CINCINNATI FUGITIVES.

Major J. J. Faron, of Cincinnati, has discharged two of the city police for aiding in the capture of the fugitive slaves now on trial in that city. The Mayor holds that city police has nothing to do with fugitive slaves, unless called upon by the United States officers to aid them in arresting or retaining custody of such fugitives. He holds that any man who will neglect his regular business and assist in hunting up runaway slaves, without authority of law, and for the sole purpose of obtaining a reward, is unfit to be a city policeman.—Plaindealer.

ARREST EXTRAORDINARY.

Edward H. Roloff, physician, was tried and convicted in Tompkins county, for the abduction of his wife and child. He was sentenced to ten years at hard labor in the Auburn State Prison. On Saturday morning the long period of his service in prison was ended, and he went out a discharged convict. No sooner had he been discharged than the Sheriff of Tompkins Co., E. J. Ives, arrested him upon a bench warrant for the murder of his wife and child. It seems that at the time of conviction suspicion rested upon him that he was their murderer, but the act could not be proved. The warrant is issued upon evidence sufficiently strong to convict him. During his incarceration it is said a large property has fallen to him in Europe. We have not been able to learn the particulars in relation to this fact.—Auburn Advt.

THE GREAT BUG QUESTION.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Intelligencer thus explains a mystery mentioned some time since: "We see an article going the rounds in many papers, taken from the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, styled 'A Phenomena,' and asking for light on the 'bug question.' It appears that during a shower of rain there fell a shower of black bugs, about the size of coarse powder, in Fairfax county, Va., on the 12th of January. They set the strangers down as among the unaccountables, and asking for light, and it appears no one as yet has given them any light on the subject. We propose, through your paper, to enlighten our friends of the Old Dominion and elsewhere. The bug is the black Cochenille, blown from Mexico by a strong wind or hurricane. The bug is about the size of a grain of blasting powder. When the wind ended in rain the bug fell, and there being snow on the ground you could see the insect. Had there been no snow, they could not or would not be seen. The rain of bugs was perfectly natural, and could not have resulted from any other cause.—There are two specimens of Cochenille, the black and the grey."

A man entered Mr. Whipple's Daguerreotype saloon, Boston, a few days since, and wished a daguerreotype of his uncle. "I can do it, sir; but where is he?" "Oh, he's dead," was the simple reply; "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

In Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people. "Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country schoolmaster of his pupil. "Cause he hadn't got no knife," said the youngster.

Good at Garrison.—"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" "I guessed it." "Then, be the powers, if ye are so good at guessing, y'd better guess the way to Burlington." Sally Jones says when she was in love, she felt as if she was in a tunnel, with a train of cars coming both ways. "We once heard a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It's the accident," said he, "that I mind; but the idea of being run over by an infernal mill cart, makes me shiver."