

Carolina Watchman.

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

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J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

FULLER'S COMPUTING TELEGRAPH.

The *Calculating Machine*.—We used to think it was a just—the idea of a calculating machine; but we have seen it and its ingenious proprietor, Mr. Fuller. The rapidity and accuracy with which all business problems are solved is truly surprising. It needs only to be seen to be admired. Although an American invention, it has been extensively sold in England, France, Germany and Holland. Upwards of thirty of the principle London bankers have it in use. It computes interest, at every possible rate per cent. upon any sum of money, for any length of time, both at three hundred and sixty and three hundred and sixty-five days to the year, and has a most perfect time telegraph to compute the number of days any note has to run. The work equates of payments, or average of accounts, is one of its conveniences. Copies have been purchased in Washington by all the departments, for use in the public offices, as well as by the principal bankers, merchants and mechanics. Less time is required to obtain an answer to any business question than to prepare the statement. Full printed directions accompany the work. It is learned by one or two hours' study and practice. It occupied a prominent place in the Crystal Palace.

In response to some questions yesterday, he stated in less than five minutes could be prepared or the answers recorded, that the Rotunda of the Capitol, being 90 feet in diameter, would contain 2,800 persons, and allow each 24 square feet, or 18 by 18 inches. The Crystal Palace, he said, being 1,500 feet long, and 400 wide, with an additional acre to the front of centre, measures 85 acres, and would contain at the same rate 347,000 persons upon the ground. The population of the globe being estimated at 200,000,000, could stand upon forty square miles, or an area of six and 23 100 miles square.

If 300,000,000 of persons pass away every thirty years, and the world should be six thousand years old, this would be equal to 200 times 200,000,000. Thus the entire number of persons would have standing room on 200 times 40 square miles, or 8,000 square miles of land, or a trifle less than ninety miles square.

If 300,000,000 die every thirty years, in one year thirty millions die. If 30,000,000 die in 245 days, in one day 82,000 die. If in 24 hours 82,000 die, how many per hour? Ans. 3,420. If in 60 minutes this number die, how many per minute? Ans. 57.

The expense of the United States House of Representatives, at \$8 per day, amounts to 1,944. The salary of the President is \$684 per day. The pensions of the late Queen Adelaide, was \$100,000 per annum, equal to \$1,825 per day.

The revenue of the United States for 1851, at \$52,000,000, is equal to \$1.63 cents per second.

Washington Telegraph.

Immersion.—It is a very noticeable fact that the *New York Chronicle*, the organ of the New Version Baptists, begins to show signs of misgiving in reference to the main idea which suggested the new translation. The opinion of the late Dr. Cone was too often expressed to be misunderstood, that *baptizo* was merely transferred and not translated by the word baptism, and that it should be rendered by the English word *dipping* or *immersion*. Dr. Cone is now dead, and the great leader being removed his followers begin to doubt. The *Chronicle* says:

"We much doubt, therefore, whether, if universal Christendom were to agree in rendering *baptizo* *immero*, and yet still continued to practise as they do now, they would not rather change the meaning of the new rendering, than affect the convictions of the people as to what baptism is. But if we, as a single segment of the great Christian circle, were to translate the word thus, it would rather operate against the progress of our views, by creating the impression that we could not trust ourselves to a version which was not modified to suit our sectarian position."

Very true; but is not this an afterthought? Have the translators employed discovered that they cannot make the Bible teach immersion, and is this the secret of the change?—*Presbyterian*.

THE WAR FLURRY OVER.

There never was a flatter and more positive opinion of feeling, never a more absolute contradiction of rumor by fact, than have followed the recent little flurry about a war with England. As was the case several months ago, the war alarm was got up, without any reasonable grounds, by the London press. The stories they put in circulation prove to have been wholly untrue. There have been no angry words between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Buchanan; the latter gentleman has not demanded his passports; there has been no offer of mediation and no necessity for it. The disputes between the two countries, so far from having reached a dangerous crisis, are in a fair way of amicable settlement. Mr. Buchanan, having no very serious business on hand, was about leaving London for a pleasure trip on the continent. If he should not conclude the negotiations which would allow the arrival of Mr. Dallas, who will take out new instructions which will probably enable him to bring the differences to a speedy adjustment.

The recent correspondence between the two governments will probably soon be laid before Congress in response to a call from the Senate. A call for the same correspondence, proposed in the British Parliament, has not been encouraged by the ministerial party. From this we are led to believe that our government occupies the strongest ground in the contest. The question at least, and this is corroborated by the very positive declaration of the government organ at Washington that no apology whatever has been made by the British government, but that they have only striven to justify and excuse what was, to say the least of it, a very great mistake on their part. From present appearances we have the advantage over England in this point, and it is not doubt the consensus of this that makes England's policy of publishing the correspondence. But England, in spite of her blustering press, is a reasonable and enlightened nation, and she will certainly see the propriety of making the amendment she has readily done in a wrong by a violation of our laws. At all events, she will not risk a war on a mere matter of etiquette, such as this adjustment question has now become.—*Philo Evening Bul.*

Curious Financial Alchemy.

Yesterday afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the following singular incidents took place between four of our city banks.

The Merchant's Bank and the Granite Bank a large deposit to contain \$5,000 in gold; the Granite Bank paid the Market Bank the same; the Market Bank paid the Exchange Bank the same; and the Exchange Bank discovered that the large deposit only \$2,000 in gold, and on opening it found that the money was copper, instead of gold!

The large sum returned to the Market Bank, who paid in exchange a bag of gold, and sent the copper back to the Granite Bank at 24 o'clock. The Granite refused to receive from the Merchants, and what we supposed was gold; but the copper was left on the counter, and now remains in the Granite Bank.

EGYPTIAN LIGHTHOUSE.

Have you ever read about the beautiful light-house, built of white marble, that stood many centuries ago, at Pharos, in Egypt? It was erected at great expense, and on the summit of the tower, which was several hundred feet above the ground, was a great fire kept burning every night. So, as the sailors that passed over the Mediterranean sea, came near the city of Alexandria, they saw far away in the distance the beacon-light, by which to steer their course.

Now, the Bible is the same to you as the light-house is to the sailor. It is a "lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path."

How earnestly does the pilot gaze to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the bright beacon-light that shall guide him safely over the dark sea!

So, should you make the holy Bible your guiding star, giving heed thereto, as a light that shineth in a dark place.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
To guide our souls to heaven.

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF PRECOCITY.

The Rev. Orville Dewey has furnished some brief but sententious hints on the progress of precocity in this country.—He appears to think that the young are getting forward too fast; and that impudence and impertinence are taking the places of affection and respect. He says:

"There never was anything quite equal either to the presumption of the young, or to the meekness and acquiescence of the elders in this matter. Men advanced beyond the middle of life are called 'old fogies,' by their juniors; and as if this were not slang unfit for the very street, it is carried up into Congress, and grave legislators accept the title, and bandy about it in their speeches as a good jest. In society, especially in our cities, people are scarcely married and settled in life, before they are regarded as on 'the shady side' of their day, and are treated accordingly—and by whom? Why, by boys and girls between the ages of seven and twenty-one. I hear constant complaints of this, and my reply is constantly the same: 'if there is not manly and womanly sense and authority enough among you to repress and put down such folly, you ought to suffer.' But this extraordinary delinquency does not stop here; it extends to many and impertinent boys in the streets, in public places, at railway stations, and wherever boys congregate. The elders say, 'This is a free country; what right have we to the street or the station, more than they? They may insult us if we interfere—throw sticks or stones at us—and what can we do? It is a fact; this language is used; I have often heard it. With a view to satisfy my curiosity on this point, and perhaps to feel the public pulse, I have put the following question to half a dozen gentlemen in one of our cities, and have uniformly received the same answer: 'If, as you are going down town, you should approach a dozen boys playing on the sidewalk, and obstructing it, so that you could not conveniently pass, which would you do—would you say, 'boys, you must not gather here in this way, and occupy the walk, or would you get off from the sidewalk into the street, go round, and come on to the walk again, when you had got by? And they all said, 'we should go round.' Now, if men choose to abdicate all the rights, all the proper authority of manhood, they can do so; but I must say that I know of no greater, or more gratuitous, or more perilous mistake they could commit. Men can speak gently and firmly to boys, and be listened to. But if not, if everything is to yield and give way before the heedlessness of youthful impertinence, this will become before many years, an intolerable country to live in."

There is not a little truth in the foregoing. Scarcely a day goes by, that the observing might not point out illustrations. This is conceded to be a fast country, and the Americans are a remarkably progressive people. But when age ceases to command respect, and when the young habitually treat their seniors with indifference and contempt simply because they are their seniors—it is time for the thoughtful and the proper-minded to reflect upon the subject in a calm and energetic spirit, and with a view to reform. How essential is it to hear boys and girls speak of their parents as "the old man" and "the old woman," and to do so too, with a manner at once irreverent and pert! They fancy that it exhibits smartness as well as independence, when, in truth, it shows that they have been badly trained, or that they have had hearts.

Another error of the time is, the disrespect which is so frequently manifested to those in authority—magistrates, judges, and all on whom power is conferred to administer the laws, preserve the public peace, and protect the lives and property of the community. This is shown in the resistance which is so frequently made to the officers of the law by the ruffians and rowdies of the day, a resistance which some of them appear to think is altogether chivalric and heroic. Not satisfied with violating the law in the first case, they attempt to brow-beat and overcome its agents and ministers in the second. All such offenders should be punished with the utmost severity. They should be made examples of, and thus a lesson at once of admonition and of penalty, should be held up to all who might feel disposed to do likewise. No country can be said to be well governed, no community to be tranquil, calm and safe, in which laws may with impunity be violated, or in which the agents and ministers of the law may be insulted and assailed, without exciting the deepest indignation, and eliciting the promptest repress.

Bible Burning.—The Papists have very ancient, and perhaps they might say scriptural, authority for their favourite amusement of Bible-burning. This may be found at large in the thirty-sixth chapter of Jeremiah.

Salaries of Methodist Preachers.—The average salaries of New England Methodist ministers are said to be about \$400 a year.

The following beautiful hymn, sung at the annual meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Sabbath Schools in Boston, on Sunday evening, the 11th inst., was composed by Hodges Reed, Esq., of Taunton:

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little maid, one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close—
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me."
A still small voice she heard within her soul,
"What wilt thou, child? I hear thee—tell me all!"

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt send me down
To carry in my heart,
And ever be my friend,
The path of life a dark—
I would not go astray,
Oh, let me have thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not—I will not leave thee, child, alone—
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own."

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away,
The aged soon must die,
And even children may,
Oh, let my parents live,
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"

"Fear not my child, whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."
Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber, now,
She passed forth, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.

"Mother, I've seen the Lord—
He had in mine I felt,
And, oh! I heard him say,
As by my child I knelt,
"Fear not my child, whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

GIVE ME THE HAND.
BY FRANCES A. CARR, OF BRISTOL.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,
Give me the hand that is calm, true and steady,
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me the grasp that I may believe thee
Soft in the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard in the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand—'t matters not—never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has harmed no another,
Give me the hand that has never foresworn it,
Give me the hand that I may adore it,
Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-eyed maiden;
Ugly the hand of the workman's over-energetic;
Lovely as agate—matters not—never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the link of the vine of the Summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has wronged no another;
Soft palm or hard hand—'t matters not—never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.
Who would never freedom's shrine
Who would defend the inviolable
Though by both one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land—
Dear the central mountains band—
Dear New Foundland's rocky strand—
Dear the glorious West.

By our altars pure and free;
By our laws' deep rooted tree;
By the Past's dread memory;
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,
By the love of country strong—
We will still be one.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.
BY ELIZA COOK.

To will to woe, 'tis well to woe,
For to the world has done
Since morning's dew and noon's glow,
And morning brought the sun.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Mr. Crane: "Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you."
Widow: "Oh, Mr. Crane, excuse my commotion—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that bottle of camellie off the mantel shelf—I'm rather faint—dew put a little mite on my handkerchief and hold it to my nose. There—that'll dew—I'm obliged to you now I'm rather composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane."

Mr. Crane: "Well, widder, I was going to ask you whether—whether—"
Widow: "Continue, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's terrible embarrassing. I remember when my deceased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never get out in the world, and I 'pose it's generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're generally concerning about what kind of answer they're agwine to git, and it kind of makes 'em nervous. But when an individual has reason to 'pose his attachment's reciprocated, I don't see what need there is of being flustered—the 't must say it's quite embarrassing to me—may continue."

Mr. Crane: "Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?"
Widow: "The dragon!"
Mr. Crane: "I hadn't said anything to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Tryphena we were engaged some time before Mr. Keipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, I think me I'll do it right this time and speak to the old woman first."

Widow: "Old woman, hey! that's a party name to call me!—amazin' perlike too!—want Melissy, hey! Tribble! gracious sakes a live! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I didn't think you was quite so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye! If that don't beat all! What an everlasting old fool you must be to 'pose she'd look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more too—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-fourth year. What a reel-reeks idee for a man of your age! as a rat, dew!"

I wonder what this world is comin' to! 'tis astonishing what fools old widowers will make of themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"
Mr. Crane: "Why, widder, you surprise me; I'd no idea of being treated in this way after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls!"
Widow: "Slet your head, Tim Crane: nno of your saas to me. There's yer hat on that are table and here's the door, and the sooner you put on one and march out of Cutler the better it'll be for you. And I advise you before you get to be married again, to go out west and see 'er wife's cold; and after you're satisfied on yer hair, 't would just to your appearance undoubtedly, and be of service to you when you want to flourish among the gals, and when you've got yer hair fixed, just spin the spine of yer back; 't would n't hurt yer looks a mite; you'd be entirely unresistible if you was a leetle grain straiter."

Mr. Crane: "Well, I never!"
Widow: "Hold yer tongue, you consarned old dot, you! I tell ye there's yer hat and there's the door; be off with yer self, quick miter, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick!"
Mr. Crane: "Gimment!"
Widow, rising: "Get out, I say; I ain't goin' to stand here and be insulted under my own roof—and so—git along, and if you ever darken my door again, or say a word to Melissy, I'll be woe for you; that's all!"

Mr. Crane: "Tremenjous! What a buster!"
Widow: "Go long go long, you everlasting old gun! I won't hear another word (stop her ears!) I won't, I won't, I won't!"
Exit Mr. Crane.

DOING AND NOT DREADING.
If we spent the time, the nervous energy, and mental fire in doing the duties of life, which we often spend in dreading them, we and the world would be stronger and better. All the severest tasks of life only grow more formidable as we look at them from a distance, while we grow weaker all the while, and less disposed to grapple with them. We should improve, with an honest, brave heart, what are our duties here and now, and with what of mental energy we can summon at the moment we should go forward to perform them. In the very act of attempting to do them, we shall gain strength to do them. Not before, but at the time, the needed strength will come. Not while we dread, but while we do the work of life, the Master helps us.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES EXPECTED.
Professor Faraday is of the opinion that we are on the verge of important discoveries concerning the nature of physical forces, and their relation to life and physiology. He says that all forces have a similar dual property, and that even gravitation will be ultimately determined to possess it. One force cannot be called into action by electricity without the other, and they are always equal. When the north poles of four magnets are placed together at right angles, so to form a deep square cell in the centre of that cell there is no magnetic attraction at all. "Northness" and "southness" of a magnet, Prof. Faraday says, takes in curved lines outside, not inside, a magnet.

INSECT LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

In truth, this country seems the favorite home of insect life; insects here are endless in number and form. Many are most singular and curious; but the ants, the flies, the centipedes, and the scorpions, are a terrible nuisance. The bite of all these is severe and venomous. There is a red-spider, too, whose bite is said to be deadly; but the ants are the most numerous, next to the flies. They cover the whole surface of the ground; I might almost say, of the whole colony, of all colors and sizes, and almost every variety of them stings keenly. Nor is it the ground only on which they swarm; there is not a log lying on the ground, nor a tree standing in the forest, up and down which they are not creeping in myriads. Trains of them are constantly ascending to the topmost twigs of the loftiest gum trees two hundred and fifty feet high, and other trees descending. They appeared to be a main cause of the prevalent hollowiness of the trees, as they pierce to the centre of the young ones, and eat out and make their nests in their hearts. They eat the wood of the boughs, so that immense ones fall off, with a sudden snap; just if they had been cut asunder by an axe. The other day we cut down a young stringybark tree, and split it to make some trestles, and the heart of it was all out and occupied by ants. These insects, many of them an inch long, severely contested the ground with us when we are pitching our tents in any fresh place, and their sting is as severe as that of a wasp.

Birds and Insects.—Numbers of the birds here appear quite insensible to shot. I have seen a parrot fired at half a dozen times, and evidently hit each time, go off at last as if there was nothing in the world amiss with it. But the life-tendency of these birds is nothing to that of the insects. To the accounts I have given you of them I may add, that we have watched the actions of the large inch and a half long winged, called bull-dogs, and are satisfied that they sting exactly as wasps do. We laid a quantity of rice, which had got wet, to dry in the sun. A cloud of little black flies settled on it, but very soon advanced a host of bull-dogs. They pounced on the flies, as tigers would on their prey seized the flies with their mandibles, and stung them with their tails. Their death was instantaneous, and the ants then marched off with them. If the bull-dogs only killed the black fly, we should regard them as no trifling benefactors; but they are so vicious, and sting us so abundantly on all occasions, that we wage ruthless war on them, if they enter our tent; but as to killing them by cutting them to pieces, that is hopeless; cut them in two, and the head will immediately seize the body, and grip it fiercely with its nipper, and the tail will strike away at the head. They never trouble themselves to die; and the only way to destroy them is to crush them to powder.

PRESENTIMENT.
An almost infallible cure for presentiment, however violent, is a good emetic, a grubbing hoe, with a few days' bread and water diet. For ourselves, we would omit the emetic, as we do not patronize physic, except by proxy. The reason we give medicine at all is that people are always in a hurry, not exactly to get well, but to get able to eat; if they can only eat, nine out of ten think they are getting along famously. Every body wants to get well in a minute, and for the bare chances of doing so, with a slight degree of assurance to that effect from some one who is willing to promise it, having the wit to see at a glance that the assurance must be father to the fact—we repeat, with a very slight assurance of being made well in a short time, the majority of invalids would swallow a quart of Spang's soup three or four times a day, and soup made as the reader may remember, by several old witches, of such things as old men's eyes, frog's toes, lizard wings, stings of rattlesnakes and other ingredients not necessary to be named, but all brought to the climate point by—omms.

BOARDING.
"Don't talk to me about keeping home," you will hear a young lady say; "I will board, and the annoyance of servants!" All very well imagined. But the reality of boarding is not at all ways so agreeable. Here is the other side, presented by a correspondent of the *Home Journal*. He says:—"It is not living—it is only staying—to be in a house full of strangers—people with whom we have no feeling in common—if disagreeable to you, still compelled to meet them, morning, noon, and night; and if agreeable, to have your time encroached upon, your room entered at all times, taking away all sense of privacy or retirement—if in trouble or in joy, to feel compelled to hide all traces from the gaze of strangers. To lack the comforts of a home—to eat what others choose you should, cooked as they please—whether sick or well, to undergo a system of surveillance almost equal to that described by Bayard Taylor as existing among the Japanese—feeling only free when your door is locked for the night—to feel constantly obliged to entertain company, and (worst of all) to be entertained—to be waited upon by entirely careless servants—obliged to keep everything under lock and key, and to be a witness of the glances of boarding out, which so many choose in preference to a home."

NO MORE SLAVE STATES.
This is becoming more and more the cry of the ultra Free-soilers of the North; but suppose, suggests the *Richmond Enquirer*, the South should insist that there should be no more free States; would not there be far more of good sense of humanity and justice, in her position, than in that of the North?

First—Slavery excludes, neither in theory or practice, any law-abiding citizens of free States from the States where it exists. Slave States are equally open to all the people of the Union with all their property.

Secondly—All the territory out of which new States are to be formed, was either ceded to the Union by slave States, or acquired chiefly by Southern counsels, Southern arms, Southern soldiers, and Southern statesmen.

Thirdly—Slave society is the oldest, the most common, and the most natural form of society; whilst free society is a little experiment, small in extent, and short in duration, yet which has been attended, by the showing of its own authors, with a thousand times greater evils than slavery has inflicted on mankind, throughout all ages, and all countries.—For a single season in Ireland was fraught with more of human suffering than all the annals of slavery exhibit!

In view of these facts, would it not be more reasonable for the South to object to the admission of free States, than for the North to refuse to admit slave States.

Hollinger's Pills unquestionably the most efficacious Remedy in the Union for Asthmatic Complaints and Coughs.—The number of cures these wonderful Pills have effected in all parts of the Union, more particularly in cases of asthma of long standing, and coughs, leave no doubt upon the mind of all who have used them that they surpass any thing of the kind ever made known; by a perseverance with this admirable remedy, the sufferer is speedily restored to health, after every other means have failed; and it is a truth beyond dispute, that there is no case of bilious disorder, or liver complaints, but that will quickly yield to the powers of this mighty medicine.

Population of Rome.—The General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants; among whom there are 36 bishops, 1226 secular priests, 2213 monks and other religious, 1919 nuns, and 687 seminaries. At Rome, therefore, there are in all *five thousand and eighty-one* priests, monks, nuns, or seminarians—that is to say, one to every thirty-five inhabitants.

Mr. Francis, of New York, has exhibited his iron military wagon to Louis Napoleon at Paris. The Emperor was delighted, and presented Mr. Francis with a gold snuff box, richly adorned with diamonds.

CURIOS CALCULATION.

What a noisy creature a man would be were his voice in proportion to his weight, as that of the locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.

COLD FEET.
Cold feet are the avenues of death to multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation, and of want of vigor of constitution. No one can be well whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health. If there be less blood at any one point than is natural, there is coldness; and not only so, there must be more than natural at some other part of the system, and there is fever, that is, unnatural heat or oppression. In the case of cold feet the amount of blood wanting there collects at some other part of the body, which happens to be the weakest, to be the least able to throw up a barricade against the intruding enemy.—Hence, when the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or spitting blood. Clergymen, or other public speakers, and singers, by improper exposures often render the throat the weakest part; to such persons, cold feet gives hoarseness, or a raw burning feeling, most felt at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck; and so we might go through the whole body, for illustration.

If you are well, let yourself alone. But to those whose feet are inclined to be cold, we suggest that as soon as you get up in the morning to put both feet at once into a basin of cold water, so as to come half way to the ankles; keep them in half a minute in the water, a minute or two in sunlight, rubbing vigorously, wipe dry, and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of the feet feels as dry as your hand, then put on your socks or stockings.

On going to bed at night draw off your stockings and hold the feet to the fire for ten or fifteen minutes until perfectly dry, and get into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet. All Indians and hunters sleep with their feet to the fire.—*Hall's Journal.*

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First—Slavery excludes, neither in theory or practice, any law-abiding citizens of free States from the States where it exists. Slave States are equally open to all the people of the Union with all their property.

Secondly—All the territory out of which new States are to be formed, was either ceded to the Union by slave States, or acquired chiefly by Southern counsels, Southern arms, Southern soldiers, and Southern statesmen.

Thirdly—Slave society is the oldest, the most common, and the most natural form of society; whilst free society is a little experiment, small in extent, and short in duration, yet which has been attended, by the showing of its own authors, with a thousand times greater evils than slavery has inflicted on mankind, throughout all ages, and all countries.—For a single season in Ireland was fraught with more of human suffering than all the annals of slavery exhibit!

In view of these facts, would it not be more reasonable for the South to object to the admission of free States, than for the North to refuse to admit slave States.

Hollinger's Pills unquestionably the most efficacious Remedy in the Union for Asthmatic Complaints and Coughs.—The number of cures these wonderful Pills have effected in all parts of the Union, more particularly in cases of asthma of long standing, and coughs, leave no doubt upon the mind of all who have used them that they surpass any thing of the kind ever made known; by a perseverance with this admirable remedy, the sufferer is speedily restored to health, after every other means have failed; and it is a truth beyond dispute, that there is no case of bilious disorder, or liver complaints, but that will quickly yield to the powers of this mighty medicine.

Population of Rome.—The General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants; among whom there are 36 bishops, 1226 secular priests, 2213 monks and other religious, 1919 nuns, and 687 seminaries. At Rome, therefore, there are in all *five thousand and eighty-one* priests, monks, nuns, or seminarians—that is to say, one to every thirty-five inhabitants.

Mr. Francis, of New York, has exhibited his iron military wagon to Louis Napoleon at Paris. The Emperor was delighted, and presented Mr. Francis with a gold snuff box, richly adorned with diamonds.