

J. J. BRUNER.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
The Democratic Candidate.
Tues is a very pretty quarrel progression between the Washington Journal, of the one part, and the Raleigh Standard and Goldsborough Tribune, of the other part, originating in a rebuke by the Journal to a Democratic paper for impudently printing the claims of Mr. Holden, and depreciating Judge Ellis. The Journal's policy is the right party policy. But Mr. Holden's friends are not without justification, and an looking of their position may be gathered from the following paragraph which the Journal quotes from one of its adversaries:

"Why do so many prominent lawyers oppose the nomination of W. W. Holden? Because, if Judge Ellis be the nominee, there will be a vacancy on the bench; and it would be convenient for these gentlemen to have Judge Ellis shored into the Governor's chair, as, in that event, each of them entertains the hope that he would be 'elbowed upon' with Judge's corpse. Lawyers know a thing or two about offices, honors and emoluments are ahead, but we hope the magnanimity for which the profession is proverbial will prevent them from doing injury to a worthy mechanic, their judicial aspirations notwithstanding."

These are grave charges against that class of men which has a sort of acknowledged claim upon the Democratic party for all the offices from President down. We know nothing as to their truth, though they are, but an application to the legal wing of Mr. Callahan's charge against the whole party—"held together by the collective power of public plunder." But we hear of many of these gentlemen who are altogether opposed to Mr. Holden, on the ground that he is very well where he is; does well enough for an editor, but is not the man to be honored with the Governor's place; may be paid for his services with a long list of subscribers, but must not aspire to honorable official reward; may, in short, continue to do the party's work, (a tough job,) but must know his place. We are reminded of a historical incident perpetrated in Shakespeare's great play of Julius Caesar: Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus met at Antony's house, and having settled the distribution of patronage, the last was sent on an errand and his points discussed as follows:

Ant. To be a slight unobtrusive man. May be to me on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world to divide? One of the three to share it?
Oct. No, you thought him; And took his name; no should he seek it. In my black, obscure and private life.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen many days that you are. And though we try these honors on this man, He shall bear them as he bears his gold. To go and sweat under the hot sun. He shall be as good as the sun. And having brought you to the sun, why will, Then take we down his blood, and turn him off, Like to the empty air, to shake his ears, And grieve in confusion.
Oct. You may do your will; But he is a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that, I do think him more of a soldier. I am a creature that I want to fight. To wind, to stop, to run directly on. His capital motion governs by my spirit. And, in some sort, in the same way. He must be taught, and trained, and led. A horse-spirit, after; one that feeds on objects, arts, and imitations. Whence, out of one, and of another, he has taken: He must talk of him, But as a property.

Things stand very much in that way now. Mr. Holden is a tried and valiant soldier, who has "grained and exalted under the business," until he has made the Democratic party all powerful in North Carolina. Without him these Democratic lawyers would never have been Judges, Governors, Congressmen, Legislators, scarcely heard of. But the work is done. And when he or his friends for him ask a participation in the honors of the victory, it is only natural, now as then, that his creatures should "take down his blood, and turn him off, like to the empty air, to shake his ears, and grieve in confusion." How dare an editor of a newspaper, a printer, a man who has worked with his hands, aspire to read from the Democratic party!—*Forgettable Observer.*

THE FARMER'S BANK.
The following is the only good news we have seen from this institution, whose notes have been so hard to get rid of in this section. The Salem Press says:—
"In our last we were under a misapprehension in regard to the Farmer's Bank. On perusal of a letter handed us by a friend, we find that the Bank is not making arrangements to wind up; but the Bank at Elizabeth City is collecting her assets to meet her losses, and redeemed, in current money, \$6,000 of her notes, bent there within a few weeks past; and has funds, as we are informed, to redeem, and is now redeeming, all her paper presented."
We learn that investigation into the affairs of the Bank took place within a few weeks past, and resulted much more favorably than was expected."

Some little progress in manufacturing enterprise has been made in Mississippi. The Mississippi Manufacturing Company have a factory in Choctaw county, about forty-five miles from Grenada. Its capital is \$80,000. It was established in 1848. Its clear profits for the last four years have not been less than thirty per cent. per annum on the capital invested. Its chief operations are in making cotton yarn, cotton onaharga, and linens. The construction of the Central Railroad, connecting New Orleans with the railroad system of Tennessee, it is believed, will develop large manufacturing enterprise in this neighborhood.

Carolina Watchman.

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

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The Press in France.—The following paragraph from the Paris correspondence of the New York Commercial, shows how complete and despotic is the censorship of the press maintained by Louis Napoleon:

"A friend, who is employed in the Monitor office to make the translations from the American journals, assures me that not a single line appears in that paper that has not passed through the office of the Minister of State, and been marked by a tier. Murders, chapters from the Bible, the navigation papers, many of which have been published lately, &c., are read over carefully with the Minister. And the proof which he offers that they are carefully, is this: that frequently his translations have a sentence struck out, or are condemned entirely, because of a supposed allusion to politics. Not only does the Minister or his chief know the contents of each day's issue, but M. Pancocke, the publisher, and the two principal editors, inspect the matter before it goes to the Minister's bureau."

The crossing of the first train of cars over Trent River at Newbern, a few days since, was effected amidst shouts and other demonstrations of joy, witnessed by a large assemblage of people. The booming of cannon on the occasion, was distinctly audible here. If our friends manifested such demonstrations of joy at the crossing of the Trent, we can imagine what will be their feelings at the completion of the Road. Rejoice countrymen, you have cause to rejoice! Twenty years ago, even at a later period, who dreamed that the iron horse would speed his way through Newbern at so early a day? Yes, rejoice countrymen: we would not drop a pebble in the way to the future greatness of Old Athens, who has given birth to as great and as brave men as any nation could boast! Would that our people could rejoice from the seaboard beach to the snow-capped mountains! May the day be not distant when we shall rejoice! It really looks as though the Old North State was waking from a long sleep.—*Washington N. C. Times.*

The American Candidate.—Letter to the Editors dated:—
YADKIN CO., March 8, 1858.
MISS E. J. HALL & SON:—
Gentlemen:—I noticed in W. F. Leak's letter withdrawing from the canvass, that he said he received no encouragement from the Whigs and Americans; and I also notice that Mr. McRae will be a candidate in a certain contingency, which I suppose is if he receives any encouragement from the opposition. I have not been out among the people a great deal, but from all I can hear he will get a good vote in this county. I know prominent men, both of Whigs and Americans, who are opposed to bringing out a candidate of their own. I have always been a Whig, and have acted with the Americans, but I will now support Mr. McRae, and I know others of the same opinion. I do not think that any delegates will be appointed in this county to bring out a candidate. I have heard several Americans say they would not go in Convention, though they preferred a candidate of their own.
Snow now 8 inches, and still falling.

Southern Punctuality.—We referred on Thursday to the credit of the South in New York, in reply to a paragraph from the N. Y. Express. On Saturday we received a letter from a house in that city which fully confirms all we said. The writer says:—*Fog. Observer.*
"Our Southern friends who are in town, shiver under the winter atmosphere and hurry away to the Sunny South. They are baying very light, although we see no reason why they may not anticipate the usual demand for goods. Our receipts from the South are far better than from any other portion of the Union. The West are in a very bad condition, and we think it must be some time before they get righted up again."

Col. Thomas Allop in Town.—An English gentleman informs us that he yesterday saw Col. Allop, of London, in Savannah. It will be remembered that the gallant Colonel stands accused of having participated in the recent infernal machine plot to destroy Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France. A reward of \$1,000 or \$200, is offered for him, and he is closely being sought after by French and English detectives of the blood-hound kind; but we opine a larger reward than the above must be offered before he can be delivered over, as a question arises in the minds of the people whether the Colonel is returnable under the extradition law, and whether his offence is anything but purely a political one, aiding and abetting in a plot to overturn the present anti-Republican Government of France. We reckon that with all the intrigues of Jean Crapeau and John Bull, it can't be done.—*Savannah Georgian.*

The poet must feel flattered by the editor of a New London paper who declined some of his proffered contributions thus:—"Your Lines entitled 'Sympathy' are respectfully declined. The sentiment is excellent, rhythm sound like rolling from pumpkins on a bare floor, and the measure is not what it should be."

The Conversion of General Jackson.
Dr. Samuel A. Cartwright, of N. Orleans, in a letter on slavery, written to the Rev. Peter Cartwright, of Illinois, has the following reference to the conversion of President Jackson: The whole subject could be settled in a trice—the schisms in the churches healed and our political union cemented. If dealt with as you dealt with Gen. Jackson, bodily faced, and the truth, however unwelcome, forced upon the public as you forced the awful tenets of the church upon his attention; instead of mining matters or smothering your Methodist doctrine, (when kindly pulled by the coat in the pulpit by a brother clergyman, and admonished in a whisper of the presence of that renowned personage,) you cried out about his name—their word up before you, and you thundered in his face the awful words that "God would damn his soul if he did not get converted."

Many of the audience, knowing his impetuous temper, trembled for you, and one of the preachers, after church was over, called on him to apologize, especially for some additional remarks you made—that God would make as quick work of him as he would a Guinea negro. Jackson waved the apology from his presence. The arrow had taken effect—you had come squarely up to the standard of what a minister of the gospel ought to be, viz: to love everybody and to fear no mortal man. He naturally concluded that love for him and every soul around was the moving spring of what might be regarded as intemperate zeal, and he opened his heart to receive the Word as you preached it. When he afterwards met with you he shook you cordially by the hand, and remarked that he only wanted a few thousand such independent fearless men to officer an army to take Old England. There is reason to believe that as England and the war disappeared in the distance, heaven opened to his view, and the word you had so fearlessly preached, prompted him to win the eternal bliss he now enjoys. Andrew Jackson has gone to heaven, and left the work of taking Old England to Young America, and Young America can do it in a short time by the force of example, without striking a blow, if we only had a few thousand fearless, independent preachers to proclaim the truth revealed in the Bible in regard to the negroes.

A CHILD'S LOVE.
The following interesting incident is related by the Rochester New York Democrat:—
The death of a lovely child was mentioned in our paper a few days ago, and we have just heard of an incident connected with that event which touched all the tender feelings of the human heart. Among the many destitute children who daily seek their food from door to door, is a small girl who frequently went to the house where the little deceased boy lived. Sometimes she lingered for a few moments and by degrees became acquainted with and attached to this lovely child, until finally she often remained a long while, and shared in its amusements. The sequel shows that during this time an attachment was formed, the strength and tenderness of which was only known when the little one was cold in death.

The evening before the funeral the little beggar girl went into the kitchen, the place she was accustomed to go to, and remained until after nine o'clock, hoping, as has since appeared, to get a glimpse of the corpse of her little friend. When the procession started for Mt. Hope, she was observed by an uncle of the deceased to be near, and sobbing as though her heart was broken, but no one knew the cause of her grief. Arrived at the entrance to the place of burial, she was again seen, having walked and ran all the way in a warm day, the sweat pouring from her sun-burnt face and brow, and she panting for breath. She followed on to the grave, and after the services and the lowering of the little sleeper to the final earthly rest, the apparently friendless stranger was questioned as to the cause of her grief; and then for the first time, it was found that she grieved as only her soul could tell, at the loss of the little child, who, when she came upon her daily errand, had entwined herself around her heart. That little girl—the child of poor parents—goes in the plainest garb; it may be soiled and torn, her feet bare, and her whole appearance, so far as dress is concerned, indicating extreme poverty; but under all this, if the incident alluded to is an index to what the eyes cannot see, she has a heart containing a jewel, which God himself will give a place to in his own crown.

The Great Religious Awakening.—The New York Commercial Advertiser truly and forcibly says of the great religious awakening now in progress:—
"Never, perhaps, certainly never during the life-time of the present generation, was a religious movement less open to ridicule, or less liable to exception of any kind. We say this without any hesitation or qualification. There has been from the first, and is now, nothing pretentious or factitious. It grew up unnoticed; it came almost literally without observation or remark, and was first seen in some of its beneficent fruits. Its increase has been gradual, though rapid and great, and it has been free to a wonderful extent from sectarianism and from extremes of every kind. A work of this kind is to be judged of by its effects upon the people, and upon those who are prominent in its promotion; and, judged by this standard, the present religious movement is justified before the world, for its influence has been meliorative of sectarian asperities and promotive of fraternal feeling."

A Reckless Man.—A man named Bill Farr was killed, on last Christmas day, at Tehama, California. Bill was a notable character in his way. The Red Bluffs Beacon says of him:—
Our readers will remember an advertisement that appeared in our paper last spring, stating that Bill Farr would fight a grizzly bear, single-handed, on the 4th of July, at Tehama. His life seemed to be of no consequence to him. We have frequently heard him remark that he would as soon be killed as not; and on one occasion we actually knew of his standing up very coolly with a person as reckless as himself, each taking a shot at the other's hat, at a distance of fifty steps, and it remained on his head. The result was that Bill's hat was shot away, while the skin on the other man's cranium was laid bare for three or four inches by Bill's half-crown ball. Bill was a great terror to the Indians, he having killed a great many in his time, some of whom, as he said himself, he shot to see them fall.

Chasing a Hat.—The Worcester Bay State draws the following life-like picture of dignity chasing a hat. It is capital:—
"By the way, what is there so derogatory to dignity as chasing a hat? We saw a gentleman proceeding up street the other day in a most magnificent manner. A beautiful stove-pipe 'Leary' and an awful dignity sat upon his brow. Had he been in the interior of Africa he would have been set up for a deity, hat and all. The wind is no respecter of persons. It bloweth wither soever it listeth. It caught beneath the well-turned brim of the 'Leary.' Magnificence felt it going, and tried to prevent it with both hands. But 'twas gone. Away over embankments, gutters and pavements it flew, on crown and brim. Magnificence immediately gave chase. Did you ever see the grace with which a dignified individual tries to run? A sort of a general skip and a polished hop. Once or twice his hand was almost upon it; but fresh breezes waited it away. At last it met a horse drawing a job wagon, dodged beneath the animal's fore feet, but was arrested by one of his hind feet striking plump into it. With this novel shoe the beast made a few rods, when a vigorous kick sent it flying over the driver's head, and fell into the street a misshapen thing, with a ventilator in it the size of a horse's foot. Then it was that magnificence stood still and cursed."

Wagery.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with the baskets for contributions. Parson L.—who was one of the basket bearers taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H.—a gentleman of indubitable humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L.—extended the basket and Bill slowly shook his head.

Fun with the F's.
The fellow who fixed up the following fun (says the Augusta Constitutionalist) should find fortune in some faultless female; friends forever, fuel for his fire, and food and fodder for his flat footed and four footed forces:

Fun with the F's.—A famous fish factor found himself father of five flirting females—Fanny, Florence, Ferdinand, Francesa and Fenella. The first four were flat featured, ill-favored, forbidding faced, freckled frumps, fretful, flippant, foolish and flouncing. Fenella was a fine featured, fresh, fleet footed fairy, frank, free and full of fun. The fisher failed, and was forced by fickle fortune to forego his footman, forfeit his forefathers' fine field and find a forlorn farm house in a forsaken forest. The four fretful females, fond of figuring at feasts in feathers and fashionable flattery, fumed at their fugitive father. Forsaken by fickle fortune, when first flattered, Fenella fondled her father; favored their food, forgot her flatterer followers and frolicked in a frize without fancies. The father finding himself forced to forage in foreign parts for a fortune found he could afford to forage for his five fondlings. The first four were fain to foster their frivolity with fine frills and fans, fit to finish their father's finances; Fenella, fearful of losing him, formed a fancy for a full fresh flower. Kate favored the fish factor for a few days, when he fell in with a fog; his faithful Fanny's footsteps faltered, and fate failed. He found himself in front of a fortified fortress. Finding it foreboding, and feeling himself feeble, and forlorn with fasting, he fed on the fish, flesh and fowl he found; fricasseed, and when full, fell flat on the floor. Fresh in the forenoon, he forthwith flew to the fruitful fields, and not forgetting Fenella, he flitted a fair flower; when a fool, frightful fendish figure flashed forth: "Fellows! now! finger my fingers! I'll finish you! Go, you farwell to your fine fellows family, and face me in a fortnight!" The faint hearted fisher fumed and faltered, and fast was far in his flight. His five daughters flew to fall at his feet and fervently felicitate him. Frantically, faintly he unfolded his fate. Fenella, forthwith fortified by filial fondness followed her father's footsteps, and flung her fearless form at the foot of the frightful figure who forgave the father, and fell flat on his face, for he had fervently fallen in a fiery fit of love for the fair Fenella. He fainted her till, fascinated by his faithfulness, she forgot the ferocity of his face, form and features, and frankly and fondly fast Friday, fifth of February, for the affair to come off. There was festivity, fragrance, finery, fireworks, fricasseed frogs, fritters, fish, flesh, fowl and ferment; frigate, dip and far fit for the fastidious; fruit, fuses, flambeaux, four fat fiddlers and fife; and the frightful form of the fortunate and rampant fend fell from him, and fell he at Fenella's feet a fair favored, fine frank freeman of the forest. Behold the fruits of filial affection.

The Catholic Church in California.—A California exchange, received by the last Pacific mail, says:—
"A large amount of land has been finally confirmed to the Catholic Church. These are the old mission buildings, with their lots, gardens, and cemeteries, at San Diego San Luis Rey, San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Inez, La Purissima, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Antonio, La Soledad, Carmel, San Juan Baptista, Santa Clara, San Jose, San Francisco, Rafael and Sonoma. Besides these church houses and lots, there is a ranch of 20,000 acres in Santa Barbara county, and another of 4,438 in San Luis Obispo county."

Protection of Oysters in Virginia.—A bill is pending in the Virginia Legislature, the main features of which are to the following effect:—
1st. Prohibits the taking of oysters by non-residents. 2d. Provides for the protection of oyster beds during the spawning season. 3d. Taxes on licenses for taking and transporting oysters, calculated to yield an average of 25 cents of revenue per bushel. 4th. The appointment of inspectors, &c., to superintend the cutting of planting grounds. 5th. The purchase and equipment of four steamers for the enforcement of the law—said steamers to cost a total of \$30,000—to be employed at a yearly expense of about \$7,000.

Re-opening the Slave Trade.—We copy from the New Orleans Delta an article on this subject. It reads in every line a *hoax*. We must be greatly deceived in our estimate of public opinion at the South, in reference to this subject, if it is in favor of re-opening the slave trade. Here and there may be found a man who countenances the traffic, just as here and there may be found one who believes there is no God; but with great unanimity, we believe the people of the South are opposed to opening the doors of this unnecessary and dangerous traffic.—*Georgia Federal Union.*

A Holl upon Earth.—The Buffalo (New York) Advertiser, speaking of the liquor sold in that town, says:—"The brandy is poison; the whiskey is of that variety known as 'hard-ware'—a machine would improve it; and the gin is kept in glass bottles simply because it would eat through the staves of a barrel in fifteen minutes." Verily, Buffalo must be the abode of bad spirits."

Heavy Damages.—A jury in Chardon, Ohio, have found a verdict for \$10,000 damages against John Sumner who courted Susanah Harris for 14 years, had the marriage day appointed three several times, and then went to the State of New York and carried home another wife.

Humor in the Pulpit.—Old Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket, and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the old minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said. Of the witty Dr. South, it is said, that, preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep; he stopped short, and in a loud and altered tone of voice three times called out, "Lord Lauderdale." His Lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure, "My Lord I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the King." Andrew Fuller, one Sunday afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn before sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap, and taking the Bible, he beat against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, "I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep, but it can't be my fault to day, for you are asleep before I have begun."

Grape Culture in the South West.—Prof. G. C. Swallow, State Geologist of Missouri, in a recent letter to the Patent Office, suggests the idea that the extensive areas in Kentucky and Tennessee, known as the "Barrens," may be rendered valuable for vineyards. Should this prove true, the numerous caves contained in the limestone in those regions, would become very valuable as places of storage for wines. He says that there seems to be no doubt that it can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of all intelligent wine-drinkers that there are at least 20,000,000 acres of land in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, on which the vine will succeed as well as in France or Germany.

A farmer in Virginia who had been digging a well was called away from home, leaving none but two boys on the premises. During his absence a favorite horse by accident got into the well which was about twelve feet deep and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out. Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill the well, the prisoner tramping it down until he could walk right out upon straw bail.

Polite Burglars.—Two robbers recently entered the house of Mr. Trowbridge, near Birmingham, Michigan, and going to Mr. T's bed, told him not to stir, and allowed him in the dark to feel the edge of their knives. They asked if Mrs. T. was in bed, and getting a reply in the affirmative, apologized for the unseasonable visit, but assured her of safety. Two remained in the bed-room, while the rest of the gang ransacked the house and carried away everything of value, consisting of silver, jewelry, clothing, a set of furs, &c., first having made a hearty meal in the pantry.

Cashmere Goats.—Mr. Joseph P. Brown, of Bainbridge, Ross county, Ohio, has just received an invoice of three male and nine female Angora or Cashmere goats, from Asia, through the kind offices of Hon. John P. Brogan, Consul General of the United States. They stood their long journey very well, and it is thought the climate of Ohio will agree with them. They are fond of browsing on hilly lands, and can be crossed upon the common goat. The fleeces of the herd are exceedingly beautiful.

Deadly Weapons.—A bill has been introduced lately into the Pennsylvania Legislature, having for its object the suppression of the carrying of concealed weapons—knucklers, slung-shot, &c. The most important feature in the bill consists in its giving power to the courts, in case of conviction of aggravated assaults by means of the offenders to the penitentiary. There are some "slung-shot" and "knuckler" rascals in this city who ought to be in the penitentiary, and who most assuredly would be there if we had such a law and anything like justice was done them. At all events it is fully time that something should be done with such characters beyond going through the farce of holding them to bail every time they take it into their heads to knock down and stab offending and defenceless people.—*Balt. Sun.*

Saying and Thinking.—"You are very handsome," said a gentleman to a lady. "Pach!" said the lady, "as you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think, though I did not say so," said he.

"Even this will pass over!" was the proverb which the wise Solomon gave to an Eastern friend who desired such a motto as would make the soul strong in misfortune, and humble in prosperity.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke as well as chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order," he has quit smoking.

Princess Arthur's Letter.—Princess Arthur has sent a letter containing sentiments of friendly regard, to Mr. Buchanan. Accompanying the letter is a beautiful medal containing the likenesses of the Princess Royal and Frederick William.

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CHANGE WORKING IN AND UPON US.
The following fine passage, from the pen of Dr. George Wilson, is a part of an article quoted by Little's Living Age, from the Edinburgh Essays:—
"The living body of man unites in itself the contrasted apparently incompatible qualities, of great stability and great mobility. It is so stable that it can last for three score and ten years; for a hundred or more; maintaining its sharply defined individuality all the time. It is so mobile that it does not consist of entirely the same particles during any two successive moments. The dead matter of the outer world, it is ever changing into its own living substance; and its living substance it is ever changing into dead matter, which, as alien to itself, it returns to the outer world. Like the heavenly bodies, it undergoes a series of secular variations, which carry it with continual altering conditions through the several phases of embryonic, infant, adult, and senile life. Like certain heavenly bodies, also, it describes a diurnal revolution, knowing the alterations of sleep and waking, hunger and satiety, activity and rest. The reproduction of its kind involves a peculiar series of very complex changes especially in the maternal organism. Mechanical injuries, disabling or destroying organs and tissue require the manifestation of corresponding recuperative processes. Disease, equally defacing and destructive, demands a countervailing *vis medicatrix* to neutralize its violence; or rather, disease is a battle between the organismal elements which are quick at finding a *cavus belli* and are at perfect peace with each other. Everlasting change and yet fixity. Unceasing struggle and yet no schism. Civil war and yet no anarchy. These unlike conditions are realized and harmonized, every moment, in our fearfully and wonderfully made bodies.
"If we reduce these apparent incompatibilities to their simplest expression, we shall perhaps find it in this. Physically, the human organism is an aggregation of solids and liquids which are continually changing into each other; the solid melting into the liquid, and the liquid congealing into the solid; whilst both stand so related to the air which is the breath of life, that they are continually vaporizing into gases, and gases are continually liquefying and solidifying into them.—When Hamlet exclaimed:—
"O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew—
he was preferring a request which was granted before it was preferred, which is every moment receiving fulfillment in each of us. Blood, is liquefied muscle, sinew, nerve, brain and bone. Bone, brain, nerve, sinew, and muscle are solidified blood; and at every moment flesh is becoming blood, and blood flesh. The current in our veins is at once a river of the waters of life, feeding and sustaining all that grows along its shores, and a river of the water of Lethe quenching in oblivion everything that it touches. Like the Nile, or other great rivers of the world, it is at the same time watering down hills, and building up continents; but with this difference, that whereas the Nile is only destructive among the mountains of Abyssinia, and only constructive in the plains of Egypt, the blood at every point in its course is simultaneously adding and subtracting.
Those wondrous crimson barkers or wood-cell which navigate the arteries are keen traders, and follow the rule of the African rivers, where sales are effected only by barter; but they add to this rule one peculiar to themselves, which neither civilized nor savage men care to follow, namely, that they give away new goods in exchange for old. Here the traffickers on the red river deposit fresh brain particles, to replace those which the immaterial spirit has sacrificed to the expression of its thoughts. Jeremy Taylor taught a great physical truth when he declared long ago, that 'while we think a thought we die.' The eloquent preacher saw death near us at every moment, and nearer at each than at the moment before; but death is in us at every moment, and it is not merely *while*, but *because* we think a thought that we die. Alas! that we cannot be content with such innocent self-slaughter, which the river of life in our veins forgives into resurrection in every case as fast as it ripples along. It cannot help us, if we overlook ourselves and die before our time, but during life its mariners deal in all vital wares. As fast as the blacksmith wastes his muscles by each blow, they batter against the agent cordage of his arm new flesh-particles to make it strong as before; they restore to its integrity the exhausted auditory nerve of the musician, give the painter a new retina, and the singer a new tongue. Wherever, in a word, the million lamps of life, which keep up its flame at every point of the body, have burned to the socket, they are replaced by freshly trimmed ones; nor is it here as with the barter of Aladdin's lamp. The new lamp is in this case the magic one; the genie has departed from the old."
Mr. UREY, of this State, well known as the inventor of several original designs for cheapening and facilitating labor, is now in Washington, seeking a patent for a breech loading cannon upon a plan designed by himself by which he claims to be able to fire twenty-five or more charges in a minute, with perfect ease, certainty and safety. He has obtained a patent for an improved plow, in which the subsoil, turning, and coulter plows are all combined, so as to work jointly or separately. The combined plow is said to be simple, and to work admirably. Mr. U. is also said to be engaged in perfecting an invention by which mere *weight* is substituted for horse steam, or water power. This last scheme, should it succeed, would produce quite a sensation in the industrial and mechanical world, and prove immensely profitable to the inventor. Southern inventing geniuses at last beginning to compete successfully with that of the North, and we are pleased to record the fact.—*Wm. Herald.*