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Poetry.

A Doubting Heart.

Where are the swallows fleet
From and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore,
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
Their sails in sunny sky,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.
Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned their life
In the cold tomb, homeless of tears or rain,
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below,
The soft white crumpled snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.
The sun has hid its rays,
These many days,
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden birth.
Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night,
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Miscellaneous.

More Blessed to Give.

"More blessed to give than to receive." It was the low, half-questing voice of a child, whose thoughts went out into audible expression. "More blessed to give?" she repeated. "More blessed?" "And then she was silent again. She had been reading, and this divine truth falling into the rich-tender soil of her young mind, had already begun to germinate. "Mother; the child was now standing by her mother, and looking into her face, "Is it more blessed to give than to receive?" "Yes, dear, far more blessed." "What does it mean by being more blessed?" inquired the child. "It means, that giving will make us happier than receiving." "Then you and father will be happier to-morrow, than the rest of us; for you will make all the presents." "Don't you intend making any presents, my love?" asked the mother. "I never thought of that," answered the child; and then her countenance took on a more serious aspect. "It is hardly fair that we should be happiest of all," said the mother. "You are best of all, and should be happiest of all," replied little Ernestine, quickly. "The mother could not help kissing her child. She said, as she did so, 'We are happy in our children; and whatever increases their happiness, increases ours.' Ernestine looked down to the floor, and mused for some moments. The good seed was quickening into life. "I have nothing to give." She looked up as she spoke, and there was a touch of regret in her voice. "Think, it was all the mother said. The child thought for some time. "There is half a dollar in my savings-bank. But you know I'm going to buy a little sofa for my baby-house." The door of the sitting-room opened, and a child came in with some coarse aprons and napkins which her mother had been making for the mother of Ernestine. Her clothes were poor, and not warm enough for the season, and she had on her head the wreck of an old bonnet that let in the wind at a dozen places. A few words passed between her and the lady, and then she went, with quiet steps, from the room. The eyes of Ernestine were fixed upon this child intently, while she remained; they followed her from the room, and rested upon the door for some time after she had withdrawn. Her mother, who had become interested in the work brought home by the little girl, said nothing more to Ernestine, at the time, and so her thoughts were free to run their own way. The evening which closed in that day, was the evening before Christmas. "Where is Ernestine?" "It was the child's father who made inquiry. He had returned home from his office a little earlier than usual, and before the twilight had given place to darkness. "She was here a few minutes ago," replied the mother, and she lifted her voice, and called, "Ernestine!" "Ernestine! Ernestine!" "Still no reply came." "I wonder where she can be?" While the question was yet on her lips, the street door opened, and the child came in, with hushed and gliding footsteps. She had a small package in her hands, which, on seeing her father and mother, she made an effort to conceal. "Ah! Here is our pet!" said the father. "Why, darling, where have you been?" "There came a warm flush into the little one's face; and something of confusion showed itself in her manner. "I know all about it," spoke up the mother, gaily. "No you don't!" And Ernestine's face took on a serious aspect. "Yes. It's the sofa for the baby-

"No." The flush came back to the child's fair brow.

Almost a minute of silence passed. It was a picture for a painter, that group. The child stood, half timid, half-irresolutely, with her eyes upon the floor, and her hands behind her, endeavoring to conceal the package she held; her parents looking at her in loving wonder. Slowly, at length, a hand came forward—

"What is it, darling?" The mother's voice had in it a slight flutter, for something of the truth was dawning in her mind.

"It isn't the sofa," said Ernestine. Her mother took the package, and opened it, it contained a netted hood, coarse, but warm.

"Who is this for?" "I bought it for Mary Allen." "Her Christmas gift?" "Yes."

"It was very kind, and very thoughtful in you, dear," said the mother, speaking calmly, though with an effort. And she stooped down and kissed the lips of her child. "God bless you!" was spoken in her heart, though the benediction came not forth into words. "Who is Mary Allen?" asked the father.

"The child of a poor woman who has done some plain sewing for me. She needs a warm hood, and Ernestine's Christmas gift will be a timely one, I am sure."

What a loving look was cast by the father upon his child. How his heart stirred within him.

"I wonder if Mary Allen doesn't need a pair of warm stockings, and stout shoes as well?" he said, looking down into the face of Ernestine.

"Oh, yes, father; I know she does!" The child spoke eagerly, and with a hopeful expression in her eyes.

"You shall add them to your gift, to-morrow," said the father. "I shall be so happy!" And Ernestine clasped her little hands together in the fervor of her delight.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." The mother's voice, full of meaning for the ears of Ernestine, trembled as she uttered these words, which were now radiant with light.

But the child felt their meaning still deeper, as she stood at her window on the next day, that was Christmas—a day of icy coldness—and saw Mary Allen go past, wearing a comfortable hood in place of the old, thin bonnet, and having warm stockings, and new shoes upon her feet. Ernestine received many beautiful gifts on that day, and she was very happy; but her joy in giving was deeper, purer, and more abiding, than her joy in receiving.

Salt Lake.

Mr. Greeley, in one of his letters to the Tribune from Utah, gives the following concerning this remarkable body of water:

"That this lake should be salt, is no anomaly. All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, while they have several no outlet, or are should be salt. If one such is fresh, that is an anomaly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline matter as Salt Lake; but she discharges it through the Jordan and remains herself fresh, while Salt Lake, having no issue save by evaporation, is probably the saltiest body of water on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediterranean at Leghorn is not half so salt. I am told that three barrels of this water yield a barrel of salt; that seems rather strong, yet its intense saltness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, his mouth, his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay bank, but a very little of it in your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach, over a chaos of volcanic basalt that is trying to the feet; but at a depth of a yard or more, you have a fine sandy bottom; and here the bathing is delightful.

The water is of a light green color for ten or twenty rods, then "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." No fish can live in it; no frog abides it; few birds are ever seen dipping into it. The rugged mountains in and about it—just such scathed, and scathed, and gullied precipices as I have been describing ever since I reached Denver—have a little fir and cottonwood, or quaking asp, in their deeper ravines or behind their taller cliffs; but look bare and desolate to the casual observer; and these cut the lake into sections, and hide most of it from view. Probably less than one-third of it is visible from any single point. But this suffices.

Nothing Finished.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "head-purse," a sort of half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete whisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one half of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love, but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed

to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and mute as they were, these half-finished forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing her work. It was a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men and women and little children have done.

Cause of the Aurora Borealis.

M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner: "When the sun having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our hemisphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap enveloping the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper part of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles of ice floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen globes conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole and are, at the same time, illuminated by these currents or electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin which, less dense than the remainder, is colored red; and, indeed, it is very frequent near the pole during winter months, and especially in those where there is an abundance of vapor in the air."

Letter of a Dying Wife.

The following letter from a dying wife to her husband (says the Nashville Gazette) was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with her tear-marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leave you, whom I loved so well; and this 'bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle so silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning on His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping even all this to myself."

"How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you! I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head on my breast with the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departed spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be, and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death, and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the un fading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I

know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold; each perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you there, and whisper among the waving branches—'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

A Spiritual Marriage.

At the late convention of Spiritualists, at Plymouth, Mass., various curious features were presented, and among them the solemnization of a spiritual marriage, which is thus described:

The next matter in order was the solemnization of marriage between Mr. Nathan C. Lewis and Mrs. Eunice A. Babbitt, of Boston. The lady was dressed in loose flowing robes of white deeply trimmed in blue, and wore blue satin shoes. Two little girls, daughters by a former marriage, were dressed in exactly the same style, and followed her to the platform. The bridegroom placed himself beside her. He is a physician. Both had been married before, and are each about thirty-five years of age. Mr. Loveland, who was formerly a Methodist, though he does not now appreciate the title of "reverend," addressing the congregation, said—

"Although spiritualists in general do not accept, but are opposed to the regulations that exist legally in regard to the subjugation of woman in the marriage relations, still they do generally, if not universally, admit the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of their relations."

Then, turning to the interested parties, he said: "My brother and sister, I ask you to make no promise; I impose upon you no obligation. All the obligations you have, you have yourselves assumed in your own spirits. I know your hearts. You have already in your spirits, consummated the union as far as it could possibly be. I stand not here to marry you. This congregation are not witnesses, and are not called upon to be witnesses of your marriage. But I stand here to affirm, legally, the fact, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and a blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you here, formally, before the world complete. In token, then, of this union, which you here cemented in your souls, and which you now confess before the world, please join your hands."

The happy couple complied with the request. Then Mr. Loveland placed a hand on each of their heads, and blessed them in this form: "And now, on behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the attending spirits that are around us and with us, I bless this union; I bless you in their behalf, as you start together on the journey of life."

This was the whole ceremony.—The bridegroom made a formal bow to the audience. The bride, who had been quietly fanning herself through the performance, dropped a courtesy.—The pair, with their little attendants in white and blue, stepped off the platform, and the audience applauded so long that it seemed as if they wished the last scene encoed."

The Tom-Boy.

Some parents seem still to entertain the notion that young girls need no training except that of the mental faculties; that their forms are of less consequence than their dresses, and that a development of physical strength would impair their delicacy, and tend to make them masculine. By restricting their physical education and limiting their sphere of activity, they are condemned for life to feeble health, and an aimless, idle existence. Let such parents ponder the truth embodied in the following remarks, which we cut from a late number of the Southern Homestead:

"The 'tom-boy' is an eager, earnest, impulsive, bright-eyed, glad-hearted, kind-souled specimen of *genu femine*. If her laugh is a little frequent and her tone a trifle too emphatic, we are willing to overlook these for the sake of the true life and exulting vitality to which they are the escape valves; and indeed, we rather like the high-pressure nature which must close off its superfluous "steam" in such eruptions. The glancing eye, the glowing cheek, the fresh, balmy breath, the lithe and graceful play of the limbs, tell a tale of healthy and vigorous physical development which is nature's best beauty. The soul and the mind will be developed, also in due time, and we shall have before us a woman, in the highest sense of the term.
When the 'tom-boy' has sprung up

to a healthy and vigorous womanhood she will be ready to take hold of the duties of life—to become a worker in the great system of humanity. She will not sit down to sigh over the work given her to do, to sinner nonsense, languish in ennui, or fall sick at heart; but she will ever be able to, take up her burden of duty. In her track there will be sound philosophy; in her thoughts, boldness and originality; in her heart, Heaven's own purity, and in her spirit, and these will give her power and the endurance, without which her life must be, in some respects at least, a failure.

Execution of Col. Hayne.

Among the distinguished men who fell victims during the war of the American Revolution, was Col. Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightiness, had secured the good will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six small children, the oldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event hastened not improbably by the inconvenience and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Col. Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the British forces and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A number of persons, both English and American, interceded for his life. The ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented on their bended knees as humble suiters for their beloved father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of their father, the eldest son was permitted to stay with him in prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavored to console him, by reminding him that the unavailing grief of the son tended only to increase his own misery; that we came into this world merely to die; and he could even rejoice that his troubles were so near to end. "Tomorrow," said he, "I set out for immortality.— You will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your mother." The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die with you." Col. Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said to him in reply—"Live, my son; live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters."

The next morning Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, "Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life's sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart; our separation, it will be but short. To-day I die; and you, my son, though young, must shortly follow me." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you, for, indeed, I feel that I cannot live long." And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly; but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears were stanchied, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called upon his father, in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.

A Good Institution.

A patent has recently been issued for an improvement in locomotive engines. It is the *magnetism of the driving wheels*, thereby causing 75 per cent. additional adhesion to the iron track; thus enabling a light engine of seventeen tons weight to perform the work of a heavy engine of thirty tons. An experiment was lately made, when the track and wheels were greased, and the locomotive chained to a post; steam power was then applied, without this attachment, when it required 19 lbs. to the inch to slip the driving wheels; with the attachment, it required 85 lbs. steam to slip the wheels. On a clean rail it required about 50 lbs. steam per inch to slip the wheels without magnetism. With magnetism and the same kind of rail, 85 lbs. of steam. It is claimed that the value of the invention to Railroad Companies consist in the saving of the cost of locomotives, as one weighing seventeen tons can be made to answer all the purposes of one weighing thirty tons. Experiments are soon to be made on the New Jersey Central Railroad.

The end of too much cold meat is mostly a broil.

Well Put.

The Democracy of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and other Southern States, says the Nashville "Patriot," insist that they are the peculiar friends of slavery; and as such, should receive the united support of the people of the entire South. This is the main staple of the Democratic speeches now being made in several of these States where elections are pending. The hollow-ness of this pretense on the part of the leaders of the sham "nationals," is well put up by the Aberdeen "Miss." Conservative in the article concluding with the following reminiscence:

"The Democracy do not say that the reason why they invite our co-operation is because they are disgraced and threatened with ruin and defeat. Exercising a patriotic self-abnegation, they ask our aid in defence of Southern institutions. Now, upon what grounds can the democratic party, as a party, assume to be the special champions of slavery? The history of the party does not lead us to any such conclusion. The first coalition ever made by any party with the northern abolitionists, was made by the democratic party with the abolitionists of Massachusetts. By this coalition, Webster, Winthrop, Choate and the national men of Massachusetts were defeated and the notorious Chas. Sumner placed in the United States Senate. The Wilmot-proviso was framed by a democrat. The whole of the northwestern States, under the ordinance of 1787, was made free soil by democratic votes. Every abolition candidate who has ever run for the presidency—Birney, Van Buren, Hale and Fremont—were all democrats. The pestiferous doctrine of squatter sovereignty had a democratic origin, and has been fostered by democratic leaders. By democratic authority it was incorporated into the Cincinnati platform and when A. G. Brown, the only man who had the boldness and honesty to do such a thing, wished to rip up this plank of the platform, he was summarily voted down. The platform went forth with this rotten herefy; stealthily concealed in it. The southern democracy connived at the fraud; aided and abetted the swindle; though now, after their trick has elected their president and begins to bear heavily on the South, they affect much virtuous indignation, and wish to make Douglas the scape goat to bear that of which they are equally guilty. (Such is the party we are asked to join—such is the feast to which we are invited—a party which from its own admission is utterly unable to abate the nuisance it complains of; for it claims to have controlled the government for years, yet we see that under this dynasty, abolitionism has been fomented, fostered and encouraged, until it has grown from an insignificant faction to a powerful party.)"

The Dying Hebræite.

What a spectacle is this! What a lesson does it teach! The destruction of man's corporeal frame is not pleasant under any circumstances. The taking down his "clay tabernacle," even when he hopes to enter a "building not made with hands," in the upper skies, has something melancholy in it. But when we see a mortal, rethel upon his dying couch—whos' life has been spent in debauchery and revelry, what is there connected with his future, that does not present the most horrible and forbidding aspect! Life is gone, property is wasted, character blasted, wife and children beggared—there he lies on his bed of straw with parched lips, bloated countenance, and blood-shot eyes, the very personification of ruin. Tossing upon his hard and uncomfortable couch, panting for breath, and calling for help, but all in vain. Death marks him for his victim, and now, if for a while he is relieved from frightful ghosts and demons which hitherto haunted his disordered imagination, conscience the sleeper monitor, with redoubled vigor, assails him in every act of his worthless life, to blast his still conscious soul, and brings up before him all his hopes, to plunge him in deeper agony, and to hurry his afflicted spirit into the presence of his God. How loudly and bitterly does he complain of life, of friends, of God!

He prays, but it is the angry imprecation of a speedy discharge. The wild glare of his scorched eye, his restless tossing, his retching hiccough, and his deep, hollow groans, tell us how hard it is for a drunkard to die. The very presence of a once-loved wife and children kills in advance, the very fires of hell. The soothing voice of mercy, and the plaintive prayer of the man of God kneeling by his bedside, but add fuel to the already raging flame. He calls for water! water! now, ere he takes his habitation here "one drop" will not be allowed him; but ah! the cool draught only adds force to the devouring fire. Friends gather around to take a last farewell, and his tremulous hands are extended to bid them adieu; thoughts of the past and of the future send their piercing arrows, barbed with the poison of death to his bursting heart; and with one strong, agonizing struggle, his

ruined soul staggers into the spirit land to receive its sentence. Pity, compassion, humanity, would let the veil drop here; cover up till the great assize, the doom of the deluded, misguided wretch; but, divine truth has said "All drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

What Should be Taught.

The Scientific American thinks our common schools would have done a great deal more good to the people if they had paid more attention to the physical and mathematical sciences. There is a great deal of truth in this observation. Probably four-fifths of the pupils of our common schools are destined to make their living in some of the mechanical arts, or in the workshops of the country. Yet very little does the practical training they receive in our schools fit them for eminence in their professions. Natural philosophy is ignored just as much as if no such knowledge existed. Boys leave school to work at trades, knowing nothing at all of the principles of mechanics which lie at the foundation of their professions. Great care is taken with them in elegant and ornamental penmanship, but not a single hour is devoted to the drawing of mathematical figures, or in making practical draughtsmen of the pupils. Geometry is scarcely touched, grammar and geography being considered more important. Hence much of the information which the pupil spends the earlier periods of his life in learning; is but little use to him when he leaves school, and is forgotten early, unless his after pursuits require him to keep up an intimate acquaintance with it. That which would have been practically useful to him and which would have made his labors in his profession a source of pleasure and of solid acquisition, instead of being a task to be got rid of as soon as possible and never thoroughly comprehended, is not learned at all. The true value of education is the uses to which it can be put, and that would seem certainly to be the best education, which enables the pupil to put the knowledge gained at school to immediate use in maintaining himself respectably in society. Not simply himself, but the world, would receive the benefit of an educational system which would substitute physical and mathematical science for a great deal which is now taught, or at least divide the time of study, so that the most useful should have at least as fair a share of attention as that which is less so.

High Taxes.

The few returns of the Sheriff's of this State made to the Comptroller, show an increase of revenue of twenty-five per cent. over that of last year. This is a large increase and will raise the revenue of the State to the large sum of \$700,000 and upwards. Should the revenue bill of the last Legislature, give a proportional increase, another Legislature will be called upon to reduce it. The honor and credit of the State demands a revenue to meet and discharge her debt promptly, but beyond this, our honest people will not submit. The present large taxation is burdensome, and at this juncture our Sheriff find it difficult to collect, owing to the scarcity of money. There are various causes for this. Some of them must fail to pay, up in time, unless the Banks come forward and assist them. We hope they will not be backward in rendering assistance.

Wash. (N. C.) Dispatch.

Douglas and Harper's Magazine. Douglas has written an article on the subject of 'Squatter Sovereignty,' for Harper's Magazine, which the proprietors have copy-righted. This has made no slight sensation among the northern editors, and it is said the result is worrying to the 'Little Giant.' We suppose it matters little what Mr. Douglas does or says; he has the best chance for the nomination at Charleston. Four-fifths of the Democracy will then swear he is the greatest and best man in the country, and the most reliable friend of the South. Then, too, all the thousands of copies of Harper's—now shelved—will be eagerly sought for and command a premium.—Monte (Ala) Mail.

"Squaring the Circle."

Among the parlor games, occasionally used is one called "squaring a word." It consists in arranging words in such a manner that a perfect square of known words shall be made, which will read vertically in the same order as horizontally. The problem of "squaring the circle," which has puzzled philosophers and mathematicians for ages, has been solved in this way, thus:

C I R C L E
I C A R U S
R A B E T
C R E A T E
L I S T R E
E S T R E M

This is a pleasant game for evening parties, and requiring considerable ingenuity.—Cleveland Herald.

A stranger meeting a man in the streets of Boston a few days since, strongly accosted him with, "ere, I want to go to the Tremont House!" The deliberate reply was, "well, you can go, if you don't be gone long!"