E. J. HENRY, Editor and Proprietor.

There is a bill before Congress to authorize the Postmaster General to make contracts for the transportation of the mail between New Orleans and San Francisco, in California; and by which it is intended the mail for and to California shall be made up and delivered at that city.

The Wilmington Herald objects to it, and urges many and strong reasons to show that Wilmington, North Carolina, would be a better point from which this mail should start, and at which received. We hope the voice of the Herald may reach the ears of Congress, for its views on this subject strikes us as practically true.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

THE HERALD'S RECORD OR LIFE A MOCKERY.

In the gay and busy throng that pass us in-dent upon business or pleasure, how many sad and aching hearts are concealed by smiling countenances! How many sorrows lie hidden from curious eyes buried away in the secret recesses of that prison house the *heart*. Little do we know of the anguish secretly endured by those we meet in daily intercourse, of the floodtide of misery pent up in their souls, of the great sorrow that none must know. Could we remove the vail, what an astounding revelation would be made, and much that we now admire and even envy we should then pity. We should behold crushed hopes, unrequited affections, cruel disappointments, busy remorse, torturing remembrances, all now carefully concealed by a mocking smile. In the gay young man of sparkling wit and repartee whose pleasant sallies are as shining drops of dew on the tender plant at once beautiful and refreshing, we behold the youthful aspirant whose cherished hopes and highest wishes have dissolved before his vision like the fabric of some fairy tale, leaving him stunned and bewildered at the shifting scene, hurriedly he dashes away the secret tear of disappointment, stifles the sigh of regret and invokes the gay smile of pleasure, yields himself to the force of surrounding circumstances, and feels that to him, life is a mockery.

The gentle maiden whose quiet grace and cheerful smile oft excite admiration not unmixed with envy, feels that to her, life must be one bitter struggle, no green spot is left on which her eye may rest; the full tide of her affections is turned back upon the heart that once with all its wealth did homage to a false one, yet spurning all human sympathy, she fortifies herself with a false pride, raises an impenetrable barrier that the floodtide of feeling escape not to reveal the spirit's agony; wears the mocking smile and mingles with Earth's pleasure-loving children to chase the flying phantom happiness. In the simple, reknose the humble pilgrim, the wanderer over sea and land, the man of business, and votary of pleasure, we behold the victims of remorse, crime and disappointment, better remain because mingle in their daily cups, dark shadows lie on their pathway and in vain they seek the Lethean waters, that in forgetfulness they may find that relief for which the spirit pines. Sad indeed is the record of the heart, and hard the lot of the spirit-burthened. Alone in their sorrow, with its crushing weight upon their souls a false world with its conventional forms bids them smile on while the very heartstrings may be snapping, mocking fiends at every step present to them skeleton forms wearing the gay robes and bright garlands of earth's pleasures, and bare them on through a pathway fraught with life's mockeries. To them deception is a form, sincerity another name for betrayal, and life a farce, to end when the curtain of eternity shall be raised, and the closing scenes of earth fade before that light, by whose effulgent ray the secrets of all hearts shall clearly be revealed.

M. E. B.

☞ Political Editors are often very bitter towards the opposing members of the fraternity; but their acrimony is generally only ink deep." They know how to appreciate a noble adversary and cherish, for him the kindliest personal feelings, notwithstanding they have to break many a lance in the political arena. The following from the Petersburg Democrat, is a case in point:

We understand that our friend and neighbor of the Petersburg *Intelligencer* will shortly leave this city and become the Editor of the Raleigh *Register*, which he has recently purchased.

We make this announcement with unaffected regret, for while we have sparred and jarred frequently in the papers, our social relations have been always marked with kindly feelings, courtesy and regard. And now as he is going to leave us, we repeat that we part with him in sorrow, which is only solaced with the hope that he makes the exchange for his own good.

We do him but justice when we say that he writes with ability and power, and that within the limits of the South there cannot be found a more caustic and humorous paragraphist. Of ourself he has said very many capital things; and though we have felt the keenness of his blade, and frequently smarted under his skilful incision, yet this fact shall not deter us either from awarding him his meed or from bespeaking for him the friendship and kindly confidence of those among whom he will shortly take up his abode.

The Slave Trade at the North.—The New York Journal of Commerce has the following paragraph for the digestion of the descendants of the men who pocketed the profits of the slave trade, which is now declared to be piracy by act of Congress:

We have been thinking over the question of the proposed revival of the slave trade in this country, and have come to the conclusion that if ever it should come to pass, it will be done by Massachusetts rather than South Carolina. A modified slave trade is already carried on from Boston as well as from New York, but not all from Charleston or any Southern port. We allude to the traffic in Chinese coolies, who, being comparatively white, their enslavement under various forms of imposition, is all right, as estimated by Northern cupidity. So far as the African slave trade is carried on from Northern ports, it is done by foreigners, who skulk from public observation; but the *coolie* slave trade is conducted openly and largely by Yankees.

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. VIII SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 23, 1856. NUMBER XXXX.

☞ At the recent Southern Commercial Convention, a letter was received from Senator Toombs, containing propositions of interest to the South. Mr. Toombs says the South should secure her just share of the foreign commerce, which is mainly supported by her industry.—This end must be accomplished,—it is necessary to the wealth, the prosperity, the strength, and therefore the safety of the Slaveholding States. It can be easily, speedily and constitutionally accomplished. It cannot be done by voluntary commercial associations; it will not be done, by *law*. Federal legislation has been one of the important agencies which hitherto has driven foreign commerce away from our ports; State legislation can bring it back, and nothing else can, as long as this Union exists. The power of the State government to tax without limit, all items of material wealth within her jurisdiction, is clear, unquestioned and unquestionable. The Federal Courts have expressly and repeatedly affirmed it. A State cannot, under the Federal Constitution, lay duties on imports, but she can tax all imported commodities offered for sale within her limits.

Acting under this power, Mr. Toombs would have the Southern States levy an *ad valorem* tax upon all goods, wares and merchandize offered for sale within their limits, other than those imported directly from foreign countries. This tax should be high enough (1st) to prevent all indirect importations of foreign goods, and (2d) high enough to raise sufficient revenue for all the wants of the State, without the imposition, upon the people, of any capitation or other direct tax whatever.

We are not advised of the action of the Convention upon this proposition of Mr. Toombs. Nor are we prepared to express our unqualified concurrence therein. It is a novelty in its way, and deserves consideration. Indirect taxes are more easily and cheerfully paid than direct taxes, and it would seem at first blush that the adoption of Mr. Toomb's proposition would have a tendency to bring direct trade to our ports, give profitable employment to our capital and labor, and materially assist in building up at the South prosperous and powerful ports and cities.—*Wilmington Herald.*

CHURCHES BURNT.

MONTREAL, Dec. 10.

Christ Churches and the Episcopal Cathedral were burnt this morning. The loss is estimated at £30,000—insured for £17,000.

KANSAS NEWS.

The St. Louis Democrat publishes a letter dated Lawrence, the 20th ultimo, signed by Col. J. A. Harvey and ninety free State settlers, denouncing the Kansas Aid Society as a speculating concern, originating in Yankeedom, and warning all honest donators to be duped no longer for "bleeding Kansas."

SINGULAR DEATH OF A SPIRITUALIST.

We have to record the death of a young lady, Miss Harriet Eager, well known among spiritualist circles, on Tuesday morning, at one o'clock. The circumstances attending her demise are of a singular nature. Fourteen days prior to the date of her death she was thrown into the trance state, and being controlled by an influence she could not resist, predicted that her death would occur in two weeks. This prediction she was not informed of. The two weeks expired on Tuesday last. On Monday she appeared in her usual cheerfulness, and at 6 o'clock, while sitting at the tea table, was again entranced and influenced to draw a casket upon the paper, and also to write immediately beneath it, "All will be revealed in a few hours." Then doubling the paper, she gave it to another lady, who carefully kept it from her, as she had concealed the other circumstances, so that she was as unconscious of the last proceeding as she was of the prediction made the two weeks before. She went up stairs immediately after coming out of the trance, disrobed herself and laid down upon the bed. She was taken with violent vomiting & purging, and died, as above stated, at one o'clock. She was an estimable lady, much beloved and respected among the friends with whom she was intimate.

Boston Herald, Nov. 27.

NUMBER OF STARS.

Of the stars, thousands are visible to the naked eye, and millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschell calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough in both hemispheres to be distinctly counted in a twenty foot reflector, and thinks that the actual number is much greater. His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens, in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed suns. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector and the great refractors at Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulæ has given way; and the better opinion now is, that every one of them is a galaxy, like our milky way, composed of millions of suns.

I'm Growing Old.

The following beautiful stanzas first appeared in the Andover *Advertiser*, and were written, as we happen to know, by a lady of New York city. However it may be with the frail physical frame, the heart, we are sure, that gushes out in these lines can never "grow old."

For growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams!

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes, to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
Whilst glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old—
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthning shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in common glow.

I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun; God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing;
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young I called them mine—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other,
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

O! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend,
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, insulated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery—City of the Dead. Each tree in this grove, cankered, and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the effecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself; from the root of the dying parent stem the tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographic boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers about the roots of the tree will give him ample food for contemplation, as emblems of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer.

A Great Land Grabber.—Mr. Buchanan's filibustering notions are not confined to the Ostend Manifesto. We see it stated, in the Journal of Commerce, that at the close of his mission to England, he told the Londoners at the Lord Mayor's dinner that "the honest and fair extension of the borders of England and the United States over *all the unsettled parts of the earth*, ought to be considered a blessing to mankind."

Triplets.—A lady in Jay street, New York, gave birth to triplets on Thursday last—all boys, and all doing well at last accounts. The eldest was brought into the world fifty-four hours before the other two made their appearance. The name of the mother is Roper.

A TIGER STORY—FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Lucy and Fanny were two little girls who lived with their father and mother in London. When Lucy was six and Fanny five years old, their Uncle George came home from India. This was a great joy to them; he was so kind, and had so much to tell them about faraway places and strange people and animals, and things, such as they had never seen.—They never wearied of hearing his stories, and he did not seem to weary either of telling them.

One day after dinner, they both climed on his knees, and Lucy said, "O, Uncle, do tell us a *tiger* story!"

"Very well," said he, "I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some friends of my own. This gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. That is a kind of house made of cloth, by driving high sticks firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe.

"One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said, 'O, I feel so afraid to-night; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood; and what if they should come out upon us?'

"Her husband replied, 'My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep a watch, and you need have no fear; and we must put our trust in God.'

"So the lady kissed her baby and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger, and they repeated that pretty verse, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.'

"In the middle of the night the lady started up with a loud cry, 'O, my baby! my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains and ran away with my child!'

"And when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there! O, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there in the moonlight they saw a great animal moving toward the wood, with something white in his mouth. They aroused all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had laid down and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for help, and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, 'O, you will kill my child!'

"But the man raised the gun and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all ran forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling as if it were not at all afraid."

"And did the baby really live?"

"Yes, the poor lady was very ill afterward, but the baby was not at all. I have seen it often since then. You may be sure that often when they looked at their child afterwards, the parents gave thanks to God. It was he who made the mother dream and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes so as not to hurt it, and the man fire so as to shoot the tiger and not the child. But now good night, my dear little girls; and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep *you* safe, as my friend did that night in the tent."

COLD REGIONS EXTENDING.

It is well known as a matter of history, that when Greenland was discovered, it possessed a much warmer climate than it does at present. The ice packs have been extending south from the polar regions for some centuries, and the Northeast coasts of our continent are much colder than they were three centuries ago. The cause of this is not well understood, the fact only is known. It is believed by some persons that there is a great eddy in some part of the polar ocean which sometimes changes it direction, and by drifting large icebergs from one place to another changes the climate of those places whence they are drifted by the presence of such masses of ice diffusing their low temperatures to great distances.

In the month of July last the White Sea was blocked up with huge mountains of ice, and the Commerce of Archangel stopped—something which never happened before. In the Faroe Islands, snow fell in the valleys in the middle of July, the like of which also never happened before. If this drift of ice continues regularly for a few seasons, the coasts of the White Sea will become as inhospitable as those of Greenland now are.

Scientific American.

BURNING OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.

Jefferson College, in this city, was burnt last night, together with the library, containing ten thousand valumes.

From the Scientific American.

GROWING THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—As the Chinese Sugar Cane is attracting the attention of the community, and it is likely to be of great value to the farmers of the United States, and as you have given us an article on this subject in No. 1 Vol. XI, of the Scientific American, I thought I would write down and send you the result of my own experience in the growth of this plant.

Sometime during the last winter I obtained about three hundred seeds of the "Sorgho Sucre" from the Patent office, which I planted on the 1st of May last, on land that had been cleared three years ago. I laid the field off in checks three feet apart for corn. In some of these hills I planted the seeds of this sugar cane, dropping eight seeds in a hill, making thirty-seven hills in all. I worked the cane precisely as I did the corn, giving it three plowings and three hoeings. In four months from the time the seeds was planted the cane was fully manured. It then measured ten feet six inches high, and one inch and three eights in diameter at the butt end. The joints average twelve in number to the cane, measuring from six to eleven inches long, the shortest at the bottom and the longest at the top. As soon as the seed was ripe, another head of seed put up out of the second joint from the top, and in a short time grew as high as the original head, though not quite so large. By the time the seed on this head began to turn dark a third head sprung up from the third joint, which was about the size of the last head, and now a fourth head is making its appearance from a fourth joint. Where this shooting forth of new heads would end, if no frost should come to kill it, I cannot tell. The roots, where I cut off some of the canes some time ago, are sending up sprouts, some of which are four inches high. I am of the opinion the Sorgha Sucre is a perennial plant, and would grow all the time if there were no severe cold to kill it. It appears to surpass anything we can plant in producing fodder for cattle. There are commonly twelve leaves on a cane, and these measure on an average, three feet long, and three inches and a half broad. We commonly plant two stalks of corn in a hill. I had eight canes in the same space, each cane producing full as much fodder as one stalk of corn. At this rate, which is to me matter of fact, one acre of cane will produce as much as four acres of corn. But I am persuaded that I might have planted the cane in drills of three feet apart, dropping eight seeds in every space of eighteen inches, and by this means have eight times as much fodder as corn would produce.

One head that I picked up at random measured three gills, and one gill contained eight hundred seed. I then seleced a large head, measured it, and found it to contain four and a half gills of seed. The 37 hills that I planted produced three pecks of seed, this, after drying it two days in the sun, weighed 82 ponods. I had no mill to squeeze the cane, in order to make experiments in syrup and sugar. I made a little roller, which I thought might press out some of the sap, but it was a failure, for want of sufficient power. I twisted a joint in my hands after being flattened with the roller, and obtained about half a gill of sap, which was as sweet as any of the sap of the sugar cane of the South. I intend, Providence permitting, to plant at least half an acre next spring, and procure a proper mill and boilers, and make a thorough experiment.

JOS. McKEE.

Juno, Lumpkin County, Georgia, Sept. 1856.

Short Sugar Crop in Louisiana.—A letter from the Plaquemines district, November 22, says:

"The sugar crop in this region will be shorter than it was at first expected. About a month ago, some of our planters calculated on making about half a crop, for they then generally believed that the yield of the cane would be equal to that of former years; but in that, as in many other things, they were greatly mistaken, as they found out as soon as they commenced grinding. The average yield of the best looking cane scarcely reaches a thousands pounds to the acre. The sugar is, generally speaking, of much superior quality to that of last season. By the 20th of next month, at the farthest, grinding will be over on all our sugar estates."

Birds.—It is stated that no less than 20,000 singing birds are disposed of every year in New York. They are raised chiefly in Germany, among the Hartz Mountains, by the peasants, and are brought over here during the summer.

The High Price of Molasses.

With the exception of sugar and molasses, our market is well supplied with every article, commanding the very highest prices, in fact exorbitant when compared with former years. Last year at this time, molasses was selling at 26 to 29 cents per gallon; now it commands 56 to 61 cents. In 1855 it sold at 10 to 18 cents. Sugar last year was 6 to 6¼ cents; now the same quality commands 9¼ to 10¼ cents. There will undoubtedly be heavy importations of foreign sugars. The shipments from Calcutta from the 1st of May to the 31st of August, 1856, four months, were eight thousand seven hundred and one bags, against twelve hundred and ninety-four bags same time in 1855. The high prices throughout the country, with short production in this State, will encourage shipments from every part of the world where it is an article of production. There will be more dirt and sand consumed in the United States than in any previous year since sugar has been regarded one of the necessities of life, though in the olden time it was merely deemed a luxury. The weather has been, in most of the sugar regions of this State for the past two months, as favorable as could be desired for the maturing and ripening of the cane and the estimate of 120,000 to 130,000 hhds have many adherents. This reduced crop will have somewhat of a felling effect on the many boats, coasters, gimlet rangers, brokers and others who have for so many years been engaged one way or another in the article. The shipments to Northern ports will be little or none.

New Orleans Circular.

How to Convert a Stiff Clay Soil into a Friable Loam.—An instance was lately mentioned in which the clay soil of a garden was greatly ameliorated by the addition of a coating of about two inches of well-dried and pulverized muck. An instance of a similar kind is noticed in the Boston *Cultivator* of September 6. The following account of the conversion of a hard clay soil into a loam of easy tilth may serve as a hint of considerable value to some who are troubled with the uncomfortable tenacity of clay:—"We once saw a most inveterate clay converted into an excellent friable loam, and devoted to a garden, chiefly by the application of white-oak sawdust. Several years were required to fully effect the change. The dust was spread on the surface two inches thick and spaded in—in part of the lot two spades deep. The same dressing was made, succeed by the same mixing process, for two or three years; and with only moderate applications of manure, the garden was brought to a pitch of fertility and productiveness unequalled in the vicinity.

Horse-radish.—Inquiries are often made as to the most successful mode of growing horse-radish, and having had some experience in the business, I will communicate the process which I have found to be the most generally successful. The soil most congenial to the horse-radish is a moist, deep soil, replete with *humus*, but not wet. The land should be thoroughly ploughed and reduced to a fine tilth, and have sufficiency of old, well decomposed manure, well worked in. It should then be ridged in ridges three feet apart one way, and the roots—about half an inch in diameter—cut into pieces one inch in length, and planted in the ridges, two feet apart, and but one piece in a place. The covering should not be deep, say one inch, and the after culture to the same in every respect as that of potatoes. The crop may be pulled after the severe autumnal frosts, stripped carefully of their fibres, and either marketed or deposited in the cellar for winter or spring use.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Portable Filter.—The following is an exceedingly useful, and certainly an exceedingly cheap, filter. It consists of a conical formed jar, with an aperature at the bottom, into which a clean sponge is pressed as firmly as possible; and the jar being then filled with water, and placed in such a manner as to allow the water to pass through it into a receiver, it will be found that all the grosser impurities of the water will be removed, and the water at the same time will be much softer and less dangerous to drink.

Death of an Old Colored Preacher.—Andrew Marshal, the old colored preacher, so well and so favorable known to our citizens, died in Richmond, Va., on Tuesday last, aged one hundred years. Andrew was one of the most gifted of his race and by his many excellent traits of character had won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was for many years pastor of the African Baptist Church of this city.—*Savannah News.*

Excellent Sense.

Frances D. Gage of St. Louis, a woman of rare good sense, whose writings in prose and verse have won for her an enviable reputation, makes about the worst-looking and most illegible manuscript, that ever puzzled and vexed a compositor, or tormented a proof-reader. In a recent letter to the *Woman's Advocate* she thus "owns up;"

"Dear friends of the *Advocate*, I write the worst hand in the world; can't read it myself when it gets dry:

The T's are not crossed, the I's are not dotted,
Some words are expunged, and others scribbled,
And some are spelled wrong, or letters left out;
One scarcely can tell what I am writing about.
My capital letters are all on a spree;
Every B is an L, every L is a B;
The P's and the Q's are exactly alike;
The M's, N's, and U's are out on a strike;
Some letters are large, and some very small;
And, the words hop about, like straws in a squall;
No wonder the poor girls can't read it at all.

"You will ask why I do not reform myself. I can only answer that I do try, constantly; every letter, every line I write, I think of it, and am ever striving, seemingly to no purpose. Till thirty years old I had never a serious thought about the matter—had taught myself to write—was a constant scribbler for my own amusement, and fixed my bad habits by years of practice, which it now seems impossible to change. Now a word to the young: Strive in the beginning to write well—that is, a clearly legible hand—beauty or flourish is not so essential. A bad, careless, handwriting is a source of annoyance to both the writer and receiver of manuscript. It deprives the letter of a friend of much of its relish. If it is so scrawled as to cause real trouble and guessing to make it out. A business letter, badly written, often is cause of great pecuniary loss. For a public writer the extent of the misfortune can hardly be estimated. Habits are stubborn things and may not be easily broken, and with a majority the handwriting is made by habit; with many it will cost hours of persevering trial to attain excellency in this branch of education. But it is worth much, very much time and pains."

A Cure for Stuttering.—A gentleman in a neighboring county writes to us to say that he was most effectually cured from stammering, stuttering, tongue-impediments, sneezing, winking and talking soft nonsense, &c., by repeating the following over twenty times daily, before each meal, and then keeping silent till Echo answered, "Where."

Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, and if Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, where is the sieve full of unsifted thistles that Theophilus Thistle, the thistle-sifter sifted.

Paying a Member for Doing Nothing.—The act of last session for compensating members of Congress, pays members about $25 per day, for attendance, and deducts $8.33⅓ for each day's absences; so that a member who stays away during his whole term will henceforth be entitled to draw about $4,000 from the treasury. This is a pretty good premium for doing nothing. If the principle is right of making a deduction on account of absence, the amount deducted should at least equal the amount received for being present.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Abolition Philanthropy.—A late number of the Providence Post contains the following notice of a case of Abolition Philanthropy that came immediately under its observation recently: "A manufacturing firm in this city, the members of which are loudly proclaiming their love of freedom, and are battling warmly for the Black Republicans, on account of their hatred of slavery, men who go about charging Democrats with being pro-slavery men, during the present season have secured a debt in the South by attaching negroes and selling them at auction under an execution, and now have in their treasury the proceeds of a sale of negroes! Oh, what beauties you sereechers for freedom really are."

FORETELLING THE WEATHER.

E. Merian of Brooklyn, New York, who has been called the "clerk of the weather," and who for twenty years has made himself a martyr to meteorology by taking *hourly* observations of the thermometer, barometer, &c., thus striping the "weather-wise" of their gift of prophecy:—With all my practice and experience in observing atmospheric changes, and recording hour by hour and day by day thermometrical and meteorological observations, and in connection with simultaneous observations made and recorded elsewhere, I feel more and more convinced that it is not in the power of any human being to determine even a single day in advance what changes will take place in the atmosphere.

FORGETTING HOW TO READ.

The following important statement was made by the Rev. Francis Trench of Reading, England, at the meeting of the Hants and Wilts Education Society, held at Basingstoke on the 7th of last month:—"I had the privilege of being chaplain of the Berkshire Hospital for about six years, and during that time I was constantly surprised by the large number of adults who could not read at all, and the still larger number who could only read very badly. This was specially the case among the men, and I want to encourage all present to increased exertion for the good cause now before us, by impressing on them the fact, too much unknown and forgotten, viz: that a large number of our laboring population learn to read in early life, but forget it all afterwards. A deteriorating process goes on. It is a case of *in pejus ruere*, and, according to a line which has been not unnaturally ridiculed, this art of reading becomes 'ing by degrees and beautifully less,' till in middage the man cannot read at all. All this was proved to me in the clearest manner by what I constantly saw in the above-named Institution. We had a lending library, and I used to take the books round; but one after another used to shake his head, saying, 'Can't read, sir,' though on subsequent inquiry I found that he had been at school in his early days, and had learned to read."