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THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Love is not taught, Queen Cloe; 'tis a gift
Mysterious as life, and more divine;
The congregated glories of this cave,
With all its jeweled lamps and sparkling roof,
Could never purchase one of its small joys.
Love, in exchange, takes nothing but itself.
Power cannot claim it—fear cannot command—
It's a tribute queens cannot exact.
The humblest peasant singing in her hut,
Is often richer than the proudest princess.
It is the gift of God left the human race
To keep them from despair, when sin and shame,
Pain, poverty, and death, and madness came
Among the people. When a youthful pair
Look in each other's eyes and say, "We love,"
The common earth grows to a heavenly world.
Singing of birds, shining of summer suns,
Blooming of flowers, and brightness of the moon,
Have a new charm to their elated sense;
They hear the music of the universe.
Walking, with light feet, to the harmony;
Careless of care and disbelieving pain,
Grateful for life—and all because they love.

FINIS MUNDI.

Finis mundi, in a horne,
Femina frightened, et forlorne,
Cometa, busta, venio est,
Ego outibus catch the rest.
Inkabus!

Omnes prudens will prepare,
For ignis copia et to spare,
Dominus, save us, cometa cum,
If not, givabus time to run.
Inkabus!

Bustum comet, magnum tail,
Malum signum cannot fail,
Smashum, scrunchum, I don't care,
Ego flecabus off from here!
Inkabus!

Ego scio sticabus once,
Ego erat largibus dunce,
Ego cussibus—time to run,
Omnes exeunt one by one!
Inkabus!

African Slave Trade to be Revived.

The world is full of hypocrisies; but the greatest now extant upon the distinguished arena of the world, is the sensitiveness of England and France to the continuance of the African Slave Trade in Cuba and Brazil. Inquiries and responses have just been gravely put forth in the British Parliament, showing the philanthropic vigilance of the British people upon this subject. In the course of the debate, however, Mr. Labouchere stated "that, during the last nine years, 30,000 persons had emigrated to the tropical Colonies of Great Britain." Who these persons are, and from whence they came, Mr. Labouchere does not mention. They consist of Coolies and negroes from the East Indies and Africa. The poor Coolies hear glowing pictures of the earthly paradise in the West Indies, and are tricked into a slavery for life under an apprenticeship of eighteen years. Without any such visions to cheat their fancies, the Africans taken on the high seas from the Spanish slavers are taken to Sierra Leone, and from thence shipped to the British West Indies as emigrants. As they are all slaves in Africa, these negroes take to the bondage designed for them very naturally. The operation has been so successful that the London Times cannot refrain recommending it as a fair open operation. Discoursing on the debate in Parliament, it speaks as follows:

"Talk to most people about bringing negroes from Africa to Jamaica or Trinidad, under some system of apprenticeship or contract, and they will probably say that it is only a slave trade under another name, and that the adoption of such a scheme would destroy all the influence we have acquired, and carry the world back to the worst days of inhumanity and recklessness; but once let the real slave trade have ceased forever, and not only the British colonies, but even those American States which have, to their credit, abolished slavery altogether, will find it to their advantage to bring over Africans under some wise and humane system, which will benefit the regions on both sides of the Atlantic."

Here we of the Southern States are invited to participate in this new African Slave Trade. France seems to be quite alive to this new scheme of philanthropy; and Spain, like ourselves, is invited to join in carrying it into operation. The Baltimore American says:

"We announced some time since that Messrs. Regis, of Marseilles, had made a contract for the transportation of twenty thousand African apprentices to the French colonies. We now learn from the Barcelona Fenix, that the first vessel for this traffic has sailed from Marseilles, provided with sea passports by both the French and English Governments, for the coast of Africa. She takes out a large cargo of trinkets of small value, which are to be profitably invested in contracting negroes for ten years' service, and conveying them to Martinique and Guadalupe. The Fenix adds that it is supposed this experiment will be often repeated, and finds in it a means of supplying Cuba and Porto Rico with additional labor. In connection with this subject, we notice that the Leon Espanal, the supposed organ of Marshal Narvaez, states that the Government has found the means of supplying these islands with abundant labor, which will soon be put in operation, without infringing the slave trade treaties with England. This new style will soon break up the old fashioned slave trade."

Now we always did believe that the furor of the British Government for the abolition of slavery, and the suppression of the African slave trade, was more political than philanthropical. The fanaticism of certain religionists was used, with not a little of their cant; but the British statesmen, in abolishing slavery in the West Indies, expected material benefits to result from it to the British people. Innocent of the nature of the negro, they supposed that, being free, he would work for himself far more than he had worked for others, and hence, that the tropical productions would be greatly increased, and the British commerce would get them at greatly reduced prices.

In a very few years the negro disclosed his true characteristics, and the egregious folly of emancipation was exposed. British statesmen then turned to the East Indies to rectify their blunder, but here again they were checked by nature. After the most costly experiments, aided by the best planters from our Cotton States, and all the appliances of our agriculture, the climate of the East Indies proved unsuited to the cotton plant, at least so far unsuited as to render competition with our Southern States impossible. They now are determined to go back to the old locality, with the old instrumentality, to the West Indies and the negro to raise the tropical productions. The emancipated negro will not work; but the imported negro, a slave in his own country, and ignorant of the English language, can easily be made a slave and do the work of a slave, whilst he will have no claim for that protection and care which is his compensation in acknowledged slavery. He will be mercilessly worked down, and then be left to starve and die. The London Times is right in the imputation it supposes might be made against the hypocrisy of England, when it says "the adoption of such a scheme would destroy all the influence we have acquired, and carry the world back to the worst days of inhumanity and recklessness."

We trust, at the approaching Congress, steps will be taken to have the notice given to the Government of Great Britain which our treaty requires, that the United States withdraws its cruisers from the coast of Africa to prevent the African slave trade. To continue them longer on this coast is a contemptible and most expensive farce.—*Mercury.*

Life in the West.

The following good-humored letter from a woman, whose husband and family lately settled near Strawberry Hill, Kansas Territory, affords some glimpses of the difficulties and privations attending emigration from the comforts and pleasant associations of early life. These, together with the discomforts of reaching a home in the bush—a dozen or so riding by turns in a small wagon, dragged with difficulty by jaded horses, huddling in a night camp, exposed to all weathers, or stopping night after night in a log cabin innocent of daub or chinking, holding bed clothes in your teeth to keep the wind from blowing them away—is a *tout ensemble* of frightfulness that makes us rather "bear those ills we have than fly to others" of which we have no experience. We quote from the letter:

"I wish to goodness that I could send you a drawing of our house and furniture. I can't do the thing justice. The house is about as large as your kitchen. The logs are beautifully hewed inside. They still retain their natural appearance on the outside. I have the greatest quantity of kindling by just going around the walls and pulling them off. We will have enough to last several years if we have good luck. We have no window, but something far more convenient, made by simply moving the shingles to one side. As they are not nailed, it answers every purpose. The day we got here Mr. S—— made me a table and a cupboard, and two benches; one has a back. As our bedstead has not yet come from the Point, we make our beds on the floor. We have two shelves where we put all our pretty things. Three or four bags hanging around the walls help the appearance of them very much. My guitar occupies a friendly position near the meat bag. I have a nice little cooking stove, which bakes very well. We have no chairs or anything that town people require.

"I wish you had seen us eating our first dinner; we had no dishes. Charley ate off a shingle; Mr. S. took the lid of the stove! M—— ate off her bread; I had a big piece of brown paper. We drank our coffee out of tin cups. D—— and Mr. S—— have made two of the nicest gardens you ever saw. They fenced them, and all in three days. I helped D—— clear off the gardens for three days; and I wish you could see my hands! But I have been very happy; it is so nice to work alone with one's husband. Thursday I did a three-weeks' washing. D—— is very well, and as happy as he can be. He has a wagon and a yoke of oxen, cow and calf, two turkeys and two dogs—which, I believe, is all the live stock we have yet. We have not seen butter since we left the boat; it is not fashionable here. D—— is going to build a house next week—a frame one, too. How I wish you were here; I long to see you. The country is lovely, and we have a splendid place. I have two beautiful bouquets I gathered yesterday when I went with D—— after wood. I rode in an ox wagon! It has been so cold lately that I have worn two dresses. I think the comet does it; what do you think of it by this time? We have the most gooseberries and raspberries you ever saw, all near the house; besides strawberries all around the door, and plenty of wild plums."

A Perilous Panther Fight.—Mr. W. R. Stockend, a sinewy, stout, active young Scotchman, associated in farming with Mr. T. Linklater, Tenalquot Plains, in this county, recently killed a large panther, six feet seven inches in length, in a fair fist and boot fight—the circumstances attending which are related as follows:

It seems that at the further end of a large field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, Mr. Stockend discovered quite a movement and disturbance amongst a lot of hogs that were kept in the field. He at once proceeded in the direction to ascertain the cause, when, to his surprise, a short distance from the hogs, he discovered that a favorite young dog was engaged in a conflict with a panther. Determined to save the dog at all hazards, he resolved to interpose in the fight, expecting to frighten the panther up a tree that stood hard by, when he could return to the house for his rifle, and bring it down. He accordingly gave the animal a substantial kick, when it ceased its engagement with the dog, straightened itself erect on its hind legs, and pitched into him, in the meantime, the young dog made a hasty retreat for some distance.

The contest now seemed to be a desperate and very unequal one, but there was no escape from it for our friend Stockend. The panther made a furious dash at him, but retaining his full presence of mind, he met it with a furious kick. The fight now assumed the character of a "rough and tumble," and a volley of well directed kicks disabled the animal somewhat. He called his dog back, and the faithful animal, as if ashamed at having deserted his master in the hour of peril, and as if to make amends for its ungrateful conduct, entered into the conflict with unequalled fierceness. Mr. Stockend finally succeeded in getting one foot firmly planted upon the neck of his assailant, and keeping the other in rapid motion in the direction of the animal's head, soon brought the contest to a close. He has no doubt but that the long, heavy boots which he wore were the means of saving his life.

The fight lasted, first to last, about fifteen minutes, in the course of which Mr. Stockend was badly scratched—he received a severe wound from the teeth of the animal in the thigh, and was badly scratched in several places, although by no means dangerously, or by which he will hereafter be disabled.—*Olympia (Wash. Ter.) Pioneer and Dem.*

When a daughter remarks: "Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make a good wife.

The Comet of 1712.

As every body is on the *qui vive* in regard to the comet, and as all sorts of ideas are "around" in regard to it, we give the following amusing sketch gleaned from an old paper:

"In the year 1712 Mr. Whiston, having calculated the return of a comet which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with a terrifying addition that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. Whiston had long maintained in England, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction.

"Several ludicrous events took place. A number of persons in and about London seized all the barges and boats they could lay their hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years informed his wife that it was his determination to resume the laudable practice the same evening; but his wife, having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till she saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South Sea stock immediately fell to 5 per cent. and the India to 11; and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river that the ship might not be endangered.

"The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to the predictions, and before noon the belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand. About this time three hundred and twenty-three clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the Church service on that occasion. Three maids of honor burnt their collection of novels and plays, and sent to the book seller's to buy each of them a Bible and Bishop Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.' The run to the bank was so prodigious that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting bills and handing out specie. On Thursday considerably more than 7,000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And, to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, head director of the Bank, issued orders to all the fire officers in London requiring them 'to keep a good look-out and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.'"

A Snake Tale.—Says the lawyer: "Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning. I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads. One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods, to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I started the rascal made a rush for the hole: but I caught his tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it, stopping when I stirred to coil himself up; but as I kept pretty quiet, he recovered confidence and again went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs! But that didn't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another flirt! This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so: and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and come within a quarter of inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out next time. Well, he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him. This time he lay in a coil half an hour, without moving. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! got the start of me by one of the cutest tricks you ever heard of."

"How was it?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and as sober as a man could look, "why he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down that hole tail first!"

Prevention of Pitting in Small Pox.—Mr. Startin, the senior surgeon to the Gurney Hospital for diseases of the Skin, has communicated to the Medical Times a very important plan, which he has adopted during the last fourteen years, for preventing pitting in small pox, and which (he states) has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the *acetum cantharides*, or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel-hair brush, to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease, on all the exposed surfaces of the body, until blistering is evidenced by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it is to be washed off with water, or thin arrowroot gruel. The pain attending the application of the vesicating fluid is very slight and transient.

Editing a Newspaper.—It is one of the peculiarities of modern society that every one fancies himself capable of editing a newspaper or writing a paragraph. Men are not given to believe that they can make a boot or pair of breeches without having served an apprenticeship to the trades required; nor is it usual for young men about town to undertake to treat a patient for paralysis, or to plead a case in court, without some preparatory training. But every man, woman, and almost every child, believes that the duties of the editor are instantly acquired by every mind.

So far as our experience goes, there are more men in the country who could make a pair of boots, treat a sick person, plead before the Supreme Court, or drive a steam engine, without previous training, than there are who could edit a paper without previous apprenticeship to the profession.

[*New York Herald.*

Small Change from the N. Y. Picayune.

Questions for Mathematicians.—What is the sine of an angle? The sign of an angle is light hair, and a disposition to omit the h's.

What is a co-sine? Harper Brothers is a cosign. But a palm tree is a cocoa-nut sign.

What is a circle? Oh! you go to Jericho! You mean to say that you have seen your sister in her new dress and don't know what a circle is?

What is a triangle? An Irishman who tries to pass himself off for an Englishman is a try angle.

What is a lozenge? Ask Wild.

How many sides are there to a square? That depends entirely upon how many are built. I have seen many new squares that had only one side?

What is a cone? A fasnionable lady with hoop skirts.

How is a cone truncated? By taking the same lady to Saratoga. If you inspect her baggage, you will find that she is a trunkated cone.

Mr. George Washington Makeweight has been ill—quite ill, so as to demand the services of a physician—but he has not for a moment lost the keen edge and brilliant sparkle of his wit. When at the crisis of his disease, he was troubled with an unusual appetite, and craved a pork chop, rare, with mushrooms. "Doctor," said he, faintly, to his medical adviser—"Doctor, my hunger is fearful. It is as if you should offer a dollar for an article at auction, and I should offer a dollar fifty,' "I don't understand you, sir," said the Doctor, thinking that his patient was delirious. "Don't understand!" asked G. W. M., "why don't you see, it is more bid, of course!" The physician was much shocked, and advised quiet and sleep, if possible. "I can't sleep till I have eaten a pork chop," insisted the invalid. "I assure you, sir," replied the Doctor, "that it would be very injudicious in your present state—exceedingly injudicious." "Nonsense!" cried Makeweight, "I tell you, Doctor, that pork is never in Jew dishes!" He had the chop.

Krautsalaat, talking about the modern style of dress with the Rev. Dr. Tyng, remarked that the present fashions made all ladies look obese, if not o-beastly. "I beg leave to differ," answered the humorous divine: "I think that instead of looking obese, the ladies all look lean." "How, lean?" asked Krautsalaat. "Why, crino line was the ready answer. And the Rev. Dr. also said that even his wife's bonnet reminded him of the side of a prize pig, for the simple reason that it had a spare-rib-on-to-it!

A waggish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the pepper-corns were in no wise inclined to come forth. "T-t-th-this p-pe pepper-box," he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, "is so-some-something li-like myself." "Why so?" interrogated a neighbor. "I'-poo-poor delivery," was the reply.

"A Paterfamilias" writes us a letter of complaint about the gas companies, which, we regret to say, we have not room to publish. He says that he has been swindled, that the gas furnished him is so bad he cannot make light of it, and he believes that the directors of the company have no bowels of compassion. We don't know much about the latter clause, but we think that, on the contrary, they are uncommonly smart about the gas-tricks!

We read, the other day, of a young lady who fell overboard from a Jersey Ferry boat, and would have been drowned but for the buoyancy of her crinoline. We have heard of the sailor's superstitious faith in a baby's caul, as an infallible life-preserver, and it naturally occurred to us to inquire whether the lady in question, in her natal advent, came with a hoop or came with a caul?

The Pope of Rome—Pius Ninth—is about to canonize Christopher Columbus. This is no more than fair, for as Columbus scented out the new word, we don't see why he shouldn't be sainted now that he is out of the world altogether; especially as he was sent out by the Old World to scent out the New World, and found himself considerably more than a cent out of pocket by the operation.

Jones gives it as his opinion that if the new city charter finally comes into force, the metropolis should be laid out anew, and the wards numbered over again. He says that the poor city has been flabbergasted and mulvathered by the "Anarchy," that he thinks it certainly deserves to be re-warded by the party that ultimately gains the day!

We don't see the use of reforms. Every sect of reformers proves its doctrines to be entirely uncalled for, because each tries its best to make out its particular "ism" to be the true one, and we all know that it is one of the first principles of logical reasoning, that "tru-isms are superfluous!"

A lemonless Irishman was observed, one evening, slicing a potato in his hot whiskey toddy. "Why, what are you about?" Charley inquired. "It's punch I am makin', dear!" quietly replied Pat. "But what are you slicing that in for?" "To give it a flavor!" "What! a potato flavor!" "Sure, and isn't it a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitaty!"

A farmer, who has recently taken a religious turn, has disposed of all his sheep, from the idea that they are the most dissipated and immoral "characters" of all other animals; because, when young, they are continually "gamboling," frequent the turf, and generally grow up black legs, though they are universally fleeced.

A new reading of an old couplet is thus rendered by a savage hater of hoops, and that style of dress which leaves too little of woman's beauty to the imagination:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded sh-es I stand."

We notice, in some of our Western exchanges, the marriage of Mr. Chas. G. Foley, aged 76, to Miss Annie Howe Sweet, aged 18. We should call that Sweet Folley Anniehowe (anyhow.)

"Mister! are you the gentleman as is the *mate?*" asked a *steerager* of one of the officers on a New York packet ship. "No," says the man addressed, "but I am the gintleman as *cooks the mate!*"

Mrs. Partington, hearing a very noble gentleman say that he *framed* all his words to suit his hearers, remarked that she thought his frame maker's bill must be for a very large amount, as he talked so much.

"The greatest organ in the world," some old bachelor says, "is the organ of speech in a woman; it is an organ without stops."

Some graceless scamp says: "It is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be redressed!"

"Any Port in a Storm"—application by a young lady—"Do take us to Newport this summer, papa!"

There is an inscription on a tombstone, at La Pointe, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern, or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

Snobblechops, who has been rusticating, is down on rural accommodations generally. He says that the disposition of a man who puts up at a country inn for any length of time soon becomes inn-disposition!

Q. Why would Lavater have been a good man to drill a company of raw recruits?

A. Because he could *write* about faces better than any one else.

Several cases of death from spider bites having been lately published in the newspapers, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette makes known the fact that catnip, bruised and applied to a wound of that nature, is a certain cure.

A few days since, one of our learned counsels deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. The witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced: "Do you know Mr. Butterworth?" "Yes." "What is Butterworth?" "Two and tenpence a pound, although I have paid as high as—" "That will do, sir. You can take your seat."

Matrimony.—In the selection of a husband, a young lady should look for truth, propriety, and decorum, rather than for station, wealth, or good looks. Courtship allows her all the opportunities necessary for this study of a man's character; so, however delightful that probationary period may be to the imagination and the susceptibilities, it is filled with serious responsibility. There is an interest attaching to it that should impart thoughtfulness, benignity, and refinement to the whole being of the man and woman. As the threshold of a new life, it should be guarded against all sinister influences—all insidious tendencies, all weakness, and liability to fall into temptation. Courtship cannot be too pure, or its courses too strictly watched. It is the sweet communion and interblending of two souls, previous to their sacred marriage and unity in this life and the life beyond. Its very trivialities ought to be fenced round with respect; and no indecorous jesting, no slanders, no week levity, no dark suspicions, no want of faith should be allowed to cast their grim shadows on its path. All should be bright, hopeful, and pure as the flush on the virginal cheek after the rosy lips have received the first kiss of kind and respectful love. Marriage, too, should be emblematic of the union of mind to mind, and heart to heart. It is well to build matrimonial happiness on physical sympathy—better still, of heart extending to heart; but the mental adaptation, and a similarity of views, relative to the great principles of action, and of the relations to society, should also be taken into consideration; for the bodily attractions must fade, and the ardor of affection may cool, or be diverted into another channel; therefore, the mind's purposes must be elevated and stable, and its energies will be found to diminish but slowly with increasing years. A marriage founded upon this mutual understanding has little chance of being wretched; both parties ever finding the self-same mental beauty they once admired, and constantly deriving from each other the benefit of mutual interchange of thought, sympathy, and endeavors.

[*Porter's Spirit.*

Opinions Differ.—A colored woman in Baltimore, who was exhibiting several of her children the other day, among them one with a lighter skin, said that she "could not bare dat child, kase he was too light a color, and showed dirt so easy."

After a christening at a church in Southwark, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirteenth?" "Thirteenth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the *eleventh!*" The minister was alluding to the day of the month.

"I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go?" "Don't know, sir; 'taint been nowhere since we lived here."

'Sambo, I'se got a conumdibus to promulgate to you.' 'Propel, darkey.' 'Well, den, why am you like a tree?' 'Why am I like a tree? I gib dat up.'

'The reason why you am like a tree is because you am *cher green!*

'Julius, I'se got a conumdibus to propound to you.'

'Expatiate, den, Sambo.'

'Well, den, why is you like a tree?'

'I gibes dat up for sartin, darkey.'

'Den, darkey, I can demonstrate de fact. De reason you am like a tree is because you am a *fine cuss!*'

'Good-bye, darkie, I exchange no more salutations wid you.'

A Song Joke.—The following joke, going the rounds of the Western papers, is too good to be lost:

The superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road. The conductor was asked why he was discharged. "Well," said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass." "What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?" "Well, you see," replied the conductor, "I got tired of riding *alone*, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to go along for company."

Monster Mule.—The Athens Herald announces that there will appear on exhibition in that city, in a few days, a mule that stands over twenty-one hands high (seven feet,) is ten feet in circumference, and weighs over 3000 pounds. This is truly something of a mule, and we hope the monster may be passed along this way.—*Porter's Spirit.*

A traveller in Africa declares that he met one king who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the time of the next weighing.

At Placerville (Miss.) ladies have formed a calico league, to which nobody can belong who is unwilling to make her appearance at church, at parties, or on the street in a calico dress.

Why is a carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-plainer.

DISHONEST SUBSCRIBERS.

We now and then receive notices from postmasters, stating that A, B, or C's papers are not called for—reason: "removed from the place;" or that they are "refused." This is peculiarly true of subscribers in Georgia. The dishonesty of such conduct deserves severe reprehension. Whenever a *gentleman* wishes his paper stopped, he has only to pay arrears and apprize us of his wishes, and the Spartan will cease its visits. The editor of the Herald of Truth handles such chaps on this wise:

"Removed to Arkansas, one *C. J. C. Wamack*, of N. C., without settling his account with us. This same man said, '*Trust me, friend Hicks,*' for a part of Neilson's *new grain;* and we did trust him. He never paid us for it, nor made an attempt to do it! He is behind, also, for his paper. Help him on, friends: and as he goes, let him sing,

Do, re, si—fa, sol, la,
I'll soon be in Arkansaw!
Then free from debt I'll surely be,
And the Herald's columns no more see:—
Do, re, si—fa, sol, la,
How rich I'll get in Arkansaw!

If there be others, among our subscribers, who *do not intend* to pay us for the Herald, we hope they will soon follow the example of the above named, that we may get rid of them in some way.

Good luck to *ye, boys!*—
Safe landing, and many joys!"

Tax Returns for Laurens.—The Herald is furnished with the tax returns for Laurens, from which we condense the following facts:

Slaves	12,260	$8,582.00
Free Negroes	49	98.00
Goods sold	280,350	420.52
Professions	21,250	106.25
Town lots	172,050	215.06
Land, at $1	22,260	1,156.16
Land, at 40	168,768	
		$10,568.00
Commissions		739.76
		$9,828.24
Road and Bridge tax, 30 per ct.		$3,170.40
Commissions		221.92
		$2,948.48
Poor tax, 25 per ct.		2,642.00
Commissions		184.94

Marriages 90; births—white males 87; females 90; blacks—males 276; females 260. Deaths—white males 63; females 59; blacks—males 165; females 126.

Corn in Tennessee.—We conversed yesterday with two of our citizens, just returned from Nashville, Tennessee, which place they left on Wednesday evening, who state that corn had declined to 75 cents per bushel at Nashville, and was dull and declining, and that provisions of all descriptions were drooping. They give a glowing description of the prospects of the wheat crop. Corn, they say, is small, but that owing to the lateness of the spring much land that would have been planted in cotton, had the spring been more forward, has been put in corn. This is sensible in our Tennessee friends. Corn is more profitable in Tennessee at 35 cents per bushel than cotton at 12 cents per lb., to say nothing of the economy of labor. This is plain to any man acquainted with the applicability of the soil and climate of that locality to the two products.—*Columbus Sun.*

New England Morals Abroad.—La Norde (a leading Belgian paper) has an article on the Kalloch case in Boston. The verdict is severely canvassed, and the conduct of Mr. K's congregation, in receiving and complimenting him, is looked upon as an evidence of the inherent corruption and hypocrisy of New England society. The article concludes amusingly:

"How well it becomes them after this to stigmatize the institutions of the South, and especially what they term their immorality! This comedy is the result of English manners and habits so deeply rooted in the Northern States. These habits of thought, when developed, show, as their sole tendency and object, hypocrisy, under the veil of which they attempt to hide all vice.' The journal La Norde is avowedly hostile to England and her institutions, and is known to be in the interest of Russia.

Counterfeits.—It is the general impression hereabouts, that there is a gang of counterfeiters in this region, whose headquarters is located in the "Fork." They are manufacturing gold, silver, and paper money. We give the following description of counterfeit fives and tens on the bank of Cape Fear, N. C., so that our readers may be on their guard: 5's vignette: a female—bale of cotton and ship in the distance—Indian with bow and arrow on the left end.

10's vignette: portrait of female with a trident in her left hand—farmer's boy on left end—mechanic on right end—imitation of genuine—general appearance good.—*Coffeeville (Miss.) Intelligencer.*

Splitting Rocks without Blasting.—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of sawdust, 50 of horse manure, and 10 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room, or by exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is tamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

If you do not keep your paper, cut this out, and put it where you can find it. A surveyor's chain is 4 poles, or 77 feet, divided into hundred links, or 792 inches. A square chain is 16 square poles, and 10 square chains is an acre. Four roods are an acre, each containing 1,240 square yards, or 34,787 feet, or 24 yards 28 inches on each side. A pole is five yards and a half each way. An acre is 4,840 square yards, or 69 yards 1 foot 8 1-2 inches each way, and three acres or 120 yards and a half each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, is 640 acres; half a mile, or 880 yards each way, is 160 acres; a quarter of a mile, 440 yards each way, is a park or farm of 40 acres; and a furlong, or 220 yards each way, is 10 acres.

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☞ Any reasonable number of individual certificates can be given in attestation of their efficacy.

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All orders directed to him, with the above sum enclosed, and a description of the case, shall receive with the Medicine such advice as may suit any peculiarity thereof.

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July 2 27 1y

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This preparation is getting into use all over our country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the *very best*, Cough Medicine now before the public. *It almost invariably relieves, and not unfrequently cures the very worst cases.* When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. If he has been selling it for any length of time he will tell you

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYTANT.

Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this *medicine.*

Dr. S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: *I have been using your Liverwort and Tar very extensively in my practice for three years past, and, it is with pleasure I state my belief in its superiority over all other articles with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended.*"

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C. say: "*The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country,* and we think justly so. *All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended.*"

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Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. R. McFall, assures us "that *he uses it with great benefit* in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with severe cough, who was relieved by the Liverwort and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Medicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, *have hope, have hope!*

TRY THE MEDICINE!!
BE WARNED IN SEASON.
Beware of Counterfeits and Base *Imitations!*

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