

to our individual... operations, after spring... the eruption of the... devoted laird. Now when I say devoted, I mean devoted—i. e., devoted hereafter to a new and sublimer course of action and elevation in the scale of States, such as heretofore past Southern controllers, and Cobb and Floyd and Rombold's... Here, for instance, has seemingly slept in pristine innocence of man's good offices or large ability, since the... time, Port Royal, which is indeed the royal port on all the coast of South Carolina. The "Car line!" And... and self-sufficient "Car line!"... been devoting her energies, during the many years past? Why, almost exclusively to sowing the seeds of dissension among her more staid-faced sisters—and breeding niggers! Ah, last and best, choicest and most favorite employment! That it is, which has brought thee to thy ruin! With this noble harbor here, ever staring thee in thy face, thou shouldst have given up negro raising long ago, and built here a city. With anything like a moiety of northern spirit, northern pride, or northern or indeed any energy, thou wouldst have had here ceremonially installed an emporium of trade,—or a very Tyre of purple dyes, if not "fine linen,"—to rival the ancient city of that name, at least half a century ago.

Here spreads before the eyes of each beholder, a natural harbor, sufficiently capacious to accommodate with ease that great leviathan of naval architecture, England's *Great Eastern*, and still leave room enough around to invite all comers. Here might they rock at ease through every tempest, nor dread the storm-king's power. And when we turn our face towards the shore, the prospect is not less inviting. Nature has bountifully spread the board, and all may be entertained hospitably. Here springs of sweetest water gush, as of erst in Eden they might have done—endlessly rippling, to entice the thirsty passer-by to quaff and be refreshed. To the taste of the "chivalry," however, that is not the style; an article known and distinguished as "old Bourbon" is much more the go.

Not a well, even, need be laboriously dug, upon the island; for the troops, very shortly after landing, discovered that by the trick of handling their spades briskly for an hour or so, and then sinking in the light soil a tierce or two endwise, (or what some of them seem rather to prefer, a few whiskey barrels,) a most salubrious and attractive drink is at once secured. And I notice a singularity about the water of these wells; some of them seeming to remind you of the taste of the filtered water of the Mississippi at New Orleans, and others of the softer and rain-waterly sweet of the Croton at New York; while you, my dear C., with your aristocratic proclivities, might be able to find one having a dash of the celebrated "Congress" Spring at Saratoga. Yes, sir; by simply taking a good shovel in hand, and exercising your vigorous frame, and delving deep, you can have here a Saratoga Spring all to yourself! And even at a stone's throw from where I write, or within pistol range of the snowy beach (nigh unto which a gay and rollicking school of porpoises are at this moment disporting themselves), is this the case.

And as regards climatic peculiarity and influences, this point is again pre-eminent. The pure and wavy breeze comes in sufficiently often each day, dancing and whirling, as if endued with life. The fresh air of the billowy ocean, attendant on the changing tides, is not only invigorating and inspriting to the healthy, but refreshing and soothing to the sick; and is at all seasons welcomed, as if it came invariably "with healing on its wings." The months appear to roll round, and glide into each other, so imperceptibly, that we have come passively to consider the year a sort of circle, or wheel of fortune, here, mounting upon which, we are bound to ride—without a further thought or care—through life! In fact, if the temperature of the past year may be taken as any indication of what the next may be, we may appropriately describe it, in the phraseology of the almanac makers, at all times, as "mild about these days."

To sum up, the natural advantages of Port Royal, Hilton Head, and its surroundings, for a great naval depot and a first class city, cannot well be over-estimated; and, indeed, nothing but an exceedingly small and puerile local jealousy, among Southern politicians, could have prevented them from plainly discerning, and making a due use of all these natural advantages, for themselves, long ago. As regards their chosen and leading localities, note the comparison. What is Charleston—favored Charleston?—the hatching-place of the "Confederacy"—but an alligator's nest, built upon a bed of mud! a city reared principally with U. S. government funds, for which its cry has been

laid out... into a fact... the drinking and... the editorial arena... have elected to fight... and when the bad liquor which... their brain shall begin to effervesce... itself, there to lie down and weep.

After... comes little Savannah! Spunky and... little Savannah—which is in reality nothing but a smart, sizable village, though heretofore... It is awkwardly situated, far away upon a sandy bluff, without harbor privileges, and many inducements to offer to mercantile men to settle there. Its decline, now, will probably require not much of a historian to chronicle.

Mobile is grandly laid out, and possesses one or two central streets of some considerable importance. But alas for her! she is situated in a harbor of shallows, quite out of reach of all respectable navigation or navigators. Hitherto the capital city of Louisiana hath nobly extended a helping hand to her, and vouchsafed her a living commerce, by the way of that fortunate connection for her—Lake Ponchartrain and the N. O. Railroad.

And New Orleans—what is that? A curiosity, a marvel; an extraordinary invention of the olden time; a hiding-place for the miscellaneous and expatriated adventurers of old France and Spain; a city set up altogether on piles, and imported foundations, yet lying so low as to be almost entirely hid by her own levees!

But probably "the times were not ripe," until now, for this locality—this point and position—to shine forth and reveal itself. And yet it is said, that our sometimes far-seeing and provident parent, the "Government" at Washington, has before now offered sums extravagantly large, for this same land and its contingencies, to South Carolina. That sweet-tempered and affectionate member of the original confederacy, however, it would appear, would at any time rather have mined and blown this Island far out into the Gulf, than have obliged in any way, or more especially allowed a foothold here, to the Power that had nourished and fed and petted her and her favorites, from the very beginning of her political existence—on, unceasingly, until now. Fate, and unhappy sister! Miserable and forlorn mother of a race of political-caucus buncombe spouters, mock-heroic orators, and ever would-be tinkering nation menders! Upon thine own head hast thou invoked thy doom, and to thy breast hast thou clasped the poisoned arrow of thy destiny, with a zeal and fervency far worthier a better cause!

WHAT THE SOLDIERS WANT.—The July number of *Hall's Journal of Health* contains the following excellent advice to those who are writing to a soldier in the army:

"If you write to a soldier, friend or relative in the army, using a common envelope and a sheet of foolscap paper, you may also add without exceeding the weight for which a three cent postage stamp will pay, as much tea as a teaspoon will take up twice, or as much black or cayenne pepper, such as is obtained from a good drug store under the name of "Capsicum," as you can take up at once with a common teaspoon, and the smaller envelope of small paper to hold either. Chewing the tea, a pinch at a time, every hour or half hour, while keeping guard, or under circumstances of great thirst, or of excessive weariness or sleepiness, will enliven, will modify thirst, will invigorate, or will waken up to a grateful extent, considering the amount of tea used, and its perfect safety from ulterior ill results, such as follow the use of alcoholic drinks.

But a teaspoonful of genuine Capsicum is worth ten-fold its weight of tea-leaves, especially in summer, in many ways; for example, a single quarter of a pinch will save a man's life—that quarter of a pinch being put in a sleepy sentinel's eye. If it don't waken him up, and everybody else within an Indian yell's distance, than it is not a prime article of capsicum. A single pinch in a glass of flat or warmish water, will nullify these qualities, and besides satisfying thirst, will invigorate and effectually prevent that uncomfortable sensation arising from having drank largely of water. A good pinch, eaten at each meal, or whenever a cup of coffee or tea or water is swallowed, will always invigorate digestion, aids to prevent acidity, and is, besides, a great antagonist of the diarrhoea, dysentery, flux and "looseness" which are the great scourges of all armies. A level teaspoon of capsicum daily, taken in eating or drinking, or both, or if taken a pinch at a time during the day or night, would do more real good, and that without any ill results, than ten times the cost in rum or quinine, as a preventive against chills and fever.

Liquor and quinine initiate the soldier into intemperate habits; they will wake up a love, a cra-

pepper and... like... weaker... A pinch of... which is... will do a great deal more toward warming up a soldier, toward invigorating him, toward keeping him vigilant on guard, and toward modifying thirst or fatigue, than the best glass of grog ever swallowed. Capsicum goes further, and is more efficient for all purposes than black pepper; if by express or privately, send half a pound at a time, in a tin box. If you have nothing else to send in your letters, send a few pins, or a needle and some thread. Many have seen the time when a string or a pin would have been worth ten times its ordinary value. Write often to the soldier. Write long letters. Give all the news you can think of. Let every line be full of love; of kind, affectionate interest and encouragement."

THE SPIRIT OF '76.—A few days since, a gentleman on the Aquia Creek boat met with a soldier named D. S. Thompson, belonging to one of the Massachusetts regiments, and having heard that he had three sons killed before Richmond, asked him if such was the case. The soldier replied: "No, sir; not three, but four. I had three boys killed at Fair Oaks, and one at Malvern Hill; but thank God, they did not die the death of cowards. I have one boy of sixteen still left in the army, and now I am on my way home, having received my discharge, without asking for it, but as soon as I can settle my business I mean to return to the army with my remaining boy, and stay to the end of the war. That boy made a narrow escape at Malvern Hill, but is now safe, and I am willing that he should die for his country if necessary."

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