THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1869. VOLUME XVII---NO. 24.

[From the Home Journal.]

An Anniversary.

O, Love, it is our wedding day!
This morn—how swift the seasons flee—
A virgin morn of cloudless May,
You gave your loyal hand to me,
Your dainty hand, claspt sweet and sure
As Love's sweet self, forevermore!

O, Love, it is our wedding day,
And memory flies from now to then;
I mark the soft heat-lightning play
Of blushes o'er your cheek again,
And sly but fond foreshadowing rise
Of tranquil joy in tender eyes.

O, Love, it is our wedding day;
The very rustling of your dress,
The trembling of your arm that lay
On mine with timorous happiness,
Your fluttered breath and fatal footfall—
Ah, sweet I hear, I see them all!

O, Love, it is our wedding day,
And backward Time's strange current rolls,
Till life's and love's auspicious May
Once more is blooming in our souls,
And, lark-like, swell the songs of hope
Your blissful bridal horoscope.

O, Love, it is our wedding day—
Yet say, did those fair hopes but sing,
Lapped in the tuneful morn of May,
To die or droop on faltering wing,
When noontide heats and evening chills
Made pale the flowers and veiled the hills?

O, Love it is our wedding day,
And none of those glad hopes of youth,
Thrilled to its height, outpoured a lay
To match our future's simple truth;
Though deep the joy of vow and shrine,
Our wedded calm is more divine!

O, Love, it is our wedding day!
Life's summer with slow waning beam,
Tints the near autumn's cloud land gray
To softness of a fairy dream,
Whence peace by musing pathos kissed,
Smiles through a veil of golden mist.

O, Love, it is our wedding day;
The conscious winds are whispering low
Those passionate secrets of the May
Fraught with your kisses long ago;
Warm memories of our years remote
Are trembling in the mock-bird's throat.

O, Love, it is our wedding day—
And not a thrush in woodland bowers,
And not a rivulet's silvery lay,
Nor tiny bee-song 'mid the flowers,
Nor any voice of land or sea,
But deepens love to ecstacy!

Our wedding day! The soul's noontide!
In these rare words at watchful rest
What sweet melodious meanings hide
Like birds within one balmy nest,
Each quivering with an impulse strong
To flood all heaven and earth with song!

[From the Temple Bar.]

GIRLS' BROTHERS.

Their Use and Abuse.

The man who thinks about marying necessarily becomes a student of character, and spends a good proportion of his time in that amiable pursuit. It may happen that he is quite unaccustomed to guess at a woman's disposition from her manner, and speech, and conduct; and the chances are that he gets considerably bewildered. If the girl or woman in whom he is interested is at all complex in character or variable in humor—and she is a miracle of a woman if she is not—he will form a dozen different estimates of her nature in as many weeks; and at last confess that if he does marry her, he must marry her on trust.

Just at this particular period a brother comes in handy. Blinded by the power of feminine eyes, or fascinated by that ideal appearance which every woman "on her trial" knows how to assume, the doubting lover turns to his sweetheart's male relatives, and there studies the family character in the rough. Here, in quiet gray light he may perceive all those traits of mind and habit which are either obscured or made attractive by the lambent witchery of his mistress' presence. Not only have men less power of self-concealment than women, but they have, further, no object in assuming an ideal character in order to please their sister's suitors. Of course, it cannot be held absolutely certain that the disposition of brother and sister will be in any degree alike. The contemplative love must choose out the brother that is physically most like this particular sister—must cultivate his acquaintance and entrap him into self-revelation. If this brother be young, especially, the manner in which he will illustrate several of his sister's peculiarities which have hitherto puzzled the lover is very singular. With the artlessness of youth, he will betray the weak points of the bringing-up, notions and temper of the whole family. He has neither the age, caution, wit nor wisdom of his sister; and obeys the caprice or whim of the moment without any regard to the attentive scrutiny which is being directed upon him. With ingenious garrulity he will let you into family secrets; and may give very different versions of stories which looked charming, or only comical, when they fell from the lips of his more astute sister. It may be said that a man is acting unworthily in taking advantage of the youth's innocence to pry into family secrets; but everything is fair in marrige, and if nothing has been concealed nothing can be elicited by this indirect method of cross-examination. If the girl is as amiable, and honest, and good-tempered as she professes to be; if she really holds those artless and beautiful beliefs in human nature; if her manner towards her parents and brothers and sisters be the same when visitors are absent as when they are present; if her interest in literature and the arts be not assumed; and if she is, in brief, an angel in disposition, and a soundly cultivated woman in attainment, no study of the brother's character will destroy or alter one's regard for her. On the contrary, when he sees all these good qualities displayed in their raw material—when the youth of ingenuous pardor betrays the same fine attributes, a trifle less harmonized and polished, which his sister exhibits, the lover feels assured of the wisdom of his choice. He goes forward to the inevitable goal with courage and hope. The period of hesitation is over, and rivals are bidden to beware.

On the other hand, the brother may unwittingly tell tales of the most disastrous kind. One of the chief tests of character is its regard for truth; and veracity is so much a matter of habit—so much dependent on the education—that all the members of a family are likely to have notions on the subject more or less similar, of course, we do not mean that intentional lying is likely to accrue from a certain kind of bringing-up, however much it may help towards it; but that a habit of uttering inaccurate statements—whether through a transient wish of making matters look pleasant to one's companion, or whether through a certain intellectual fascination for dramatic points, which misplaces what is for what might be—is one of the commonest of human failings. The brother will show you whether that tendency has been largely developed in the family. He has not the skill to be consistent in his innocent misrepresentations. To please you, perhaps, he will profess an ardent admiration for some mutual acquaintance, and say how much that acquaintance is admired and liked by his (the brother's) family; and then, next day, having forgotten all about the matter, he will call the acquaintance a tiresome old fool, whom his sisters detest. Another related point on which he will yield much important information to the anxious lover is the extent to which the family has been brought up "for show"—whether that exceeding courtesy and perfect amiability of the sister is a natural or acquired product. He, too, it may be presumed, has been taught, if his sister has been taught, that the chief duty in life is to look well in the estimation of friends, and he will display in the most ingenious fashion the means which the family traditions have thought requisite for that purpose. He will profess a love for intellectual and artistic pursuits which you see he does not feel merely because it is right and proper that he should do so. If he has been taught to assume sincerity as a virtue, he will betray the conflict between his own nature and the assumption. Play with him at billiards, and in fits and starts he will exhibit an astonishing candor in confessing to "flukes"—obviously priding himself on his honesty, and hoping that you admire it; and the next minute you will find him relapsing into his real self, and making statements about intended "cannons" which are calculated to strike you with awe and wonder. In many similar directions, the brother may be led to give evidence upon family qualities, irrespective of those chance lights which you may obtain from his direct assertions.

But the grand point, in which he is an almost infallible guide, is temper. We know of few more interesting amusements—even for those who are long past the age at which conjugal results could hang upon the pursuit—than the noting of the strange resemblances and differences between the family disposition as it is exhibited in a son, and the same as it is exhibited in a daughter. These minute shades of discrepancy, tempered by all the varying conditions of sex, age and opportunity, form a sort of physical kaleidoscope perpetually offering new combinations. And when it is your brother-in-law whom you are regarding, the interest is indefinitely increased. There is not a fit of querellous waywardness in the brother that does not beget a qualm in the heart of the sister's suitor, and there is nothing which rejoices the latter so much as to observe a courageously considerate attitude in the temper aad disposition of the boy or man. In the case of the brother there are no petty feminine disguises to conceal the true state of affairs, and the lover rapidly forms an intimacy which in full of surprise to him. Anxiously does he inquire whether this his possible brother-in-law is always governed by the absolute indecision of judgment and wayward temper which he sometimes exhibits. He looks with dismay upon the brother's peevish irritability, and is so shocked by his intractable and obstinate folly as scarcely to be able to remonstrate. Perhaps there are two or three brothers, all gifted with the irascible and childish temperament; and, perhaps, both father and mother are dangerous subjects to deal with, when the soup is cold or the dressmaker dilatory.

With all these indications, it is possible that his faith in his own sweet friend, should not be troubled. How, he asks himself, could such a perfect flower have sprung up, in this hothouse of angry passions? Angels do not consort with devils; and in such a pandemonium the appearance of an incongruous visitor provokes suspicion. This young brother, for example, is the incarnation of bad temper, and even seems conscious of it. He confesses to having got into a rage about nothing, and having kept himself and his family on tenterhooks during dinner, simply through a fit of sulkiness. If he gets a bad hand at whist, he flings down the cards in a passion, and goes off to his own room; if he misses a favorite stroke at billiards, he dashes his cue on the table, cuts the cloth, and sits down, morse and red-faced. He makes no effort to control himself; and in these childish moods beware that you do not speak to him of that sister in whom you are interested. He will tell the truth about her, or, rather, he will tell what his ungovernable passion, venting itself upon every object of his contemplation, would have you to consider the truth. It is a small matter what the boy says; but it is a grave matter that such ungovernable tempers should be in a family. Insanity, scrofula, dipsomania are not the only hereditary ailments which the man who would marry has to guard against. Besides the disease of an inflammable temper, there is that of inconstancy of the affections, which is as often as not a purely physical defect. There are persons whose affections are inherently devoid of performance; to expect them to remain constant through any period of absence or trial is to expect a blind man to see. They are gifted or cursed with a fickle and transitory nature, which naturally clings to the object nearest it, and yet does not cling pertinaciously. Half a dozen words, a single look, a railway journey, an introduction—any one of the ordinary incidents of life—may transfer the unsubstantial and treacherous regard of such persons to other objects. Nor can we blame them. They are not necessarily voluntary agents. Their radical weakness causes them to shift their uncertain love; and it would only be useless hypocrisy, possibly attend with direful results, for them to pretend that it had not shifted. To assume the virtue of constancy is a crime, while to be honestly inconsistent is to accept one's misfortune.

Here, also, the brother is invaluable. The lover watches him closely, to perceive whether he shows symptoms of that perpetual indecision of the affections which have produced so many tragedies in domestic life. He regards this young man's flirtations with his sister's friends with a peculiar interest. The lover almost feels that his own fate is dependent on the amount of honesty and constancy which this youth evinces; and reads in the actions and sentiments of the boy the horoscope of his own future. All this takes place when the lover is as yet undecided, and the study is the most engaging and fascinating that he can find. Whether it ever possesses any practical results is quite a another matter, because, as a rule, men who find their sweetheart's younger brothers interesting companions, have gone too far to draw back, whatever warning they may receive.

REV. DR. HICKS.—A correspondent of the Greenville *Enterprise*, writes from Charleston as follows:

On Sunday morning, we attended the services held at the Lutheran Church, on Archdale-st. The pulpit was supplied by Dr. W. W. Hicks, whom the citizens of Greenville well remember. His address—for it was not a sermon proper—was in the interest of the Avondale coal mine sufferers, and he took his text from the 13th chapter of 2d Corinthians—"Charity suffereth long and is kind; Charity never faileth." His effort far surpassed in eloquence and pathos, any of his sermons or address in Greenville. His whole frame seemed to be thrilled with the cause he was so earnestly pleading. Those who have been accustomed to hear him, think that he excelled himself on this occasion. We tried to follow him in everything he said, and in his thoughts and figures, could detect nothing but what was beautiful and grand. The Lutheran Church was crowded to its fullest extent, many not being able to get in at all. After his discourse was finished, a collection was taken, and there seemed to be a very general response.

[From the Constitutional'st]

EDGEFIELD, C. H., September 25th, 1869.

DORN MINING COMPANY.

MR. EDITOR: While on a visit to the Baptist Association, on the 11th of this month, I spent one night with my old friend, Capt. Wm. B. Dorn, of the Dorn Mining Company, and obtained the following information about the Dorn Gold Mine, situated a short distance from the residence of Capt. Dorn. Since the 1st of last February, the mills have been stopped, the old machinery having been removed and new machinery, from New York (of the latest pattern,) been put in its place. Four new engines are now in operation, a large quantity of ore having been dug since February, and a large quantity is now visible, which the Superintendent thinks will take eighteen months to grind up. There are now forty-five hands employed at the mine. I was informed that the mine is now paying better than at any previous time. Capt. Thomas S. Morgan, late of Kentucky, is the Superintendent at the mine. The company has the mine leased for twenty-one years, paying Capt. Dorn such a per cent. of the gross earnings at the end of each month.

[From the Charleston News]

The Homestead Act Unconstitutional.

Our judges have rendered decisions upon this act greatly at variance with each other. Some of these have been published. As *nisiprius* decisions they have no general authority, and had better not been published, as they are calculated to mislead and disappoint.

The writer of this has little doubt but that our Supreme Court will declare this act unconstitutional, so far as it is *retrospective*, as impairing the obligation of contracts.

No authoritative decision can be found to sustain the act. The decisions of other States have no authority. If the acts construed are similar to ours, then they are entitled to consideration—nothing more. Often the grounds of such decisions are entirely different. Georgia, for instance, has a different constitutional provision, and the action of Congress upon that constitution was different from that upon the constitution of any other State.

It is argued that at the adoption of our constitution, South Carolina was not, in the purview of the United States Constitution "a State." This question has passed the stage of argument, for the United States Supreme Court has decided the precise point in Texas vs. White, 7 Howard, p. 726. I would call especial attention to those words in that decision: "The obligations of the State as a member of the Union remained perfect and unimpaired. It certainly follows that the State did not cease to be a State." This decision must have escaped the notice of some of our judges, for they are bound by it.

It is argued that the homestead provisions of our constitution are made of force by becoming, by adoption, an act of Congress. Now, Congress could not give any State the power to do what the constitution has forbidden. This proposition cannot be seriously controverted, and is conclusive of the point raised. But Congress did not assume (as is asserted) to make the constitution of this State an act of Congress. Read the act, XV., United States Statutes, p. 73, and nothing can be found therein in the slightest so justify the assumption. The preamble recites that "whereas the people of South Carolina have framed a constitution of State government that is republican, * * * * Therefore, be it enacted that South Carolina shall be entitled to representation in Congress." After all the stress that has been laid upon the action of Congress, those who read the act will be surprised to find that there is nothing else in it bearing at all upon this question. What, now, did Congress enact? Nothing, beyond allowing this State *representation*. And suppose we call the preamble an enactment, then what follows? Why, that the constitution is *republican*! Nothing more. Will any judge pretend that any legal enactment is covered by the word "republican?" Or to come more closely down, that this sanctions the homestead clauses.

Suppose, however, that Congress had enacted, (as is assumed without any foundation, in fact,) that the Constitution of South Carolina should have the force of an act of Congress. This would not sustain a homestead provision antagonistic to the Constitution of the United States, for the constitution of 1868 itself provides that nothing in it "in contravention or subversion of the Constitution of the United States can have any binding force." (Article I, section 4, and the "oath," article II, section 30.) Let us hear no more about Congress having given its authority to a measure which is so directly in contravention of the Constitution of the United States.

But, *mirabile dictu*, the Constitution of South Carolina does make a retrospective homestead provision! I challenge any one to point out the clause. Article I, section 20, and article II, section 32, make no provision that the exemption is to apply to *antecedent* indebtedness. Authorities can be cited, *ad nauseam*, that in the construction of constitutional or statute law, all provisions are presumed to be *prospective*, unless the contrary be expressly enacted.

Neither secession, then, Congress or the constitution of 1868, authorized a retrospective homestead law. Nothing is now left but the naked act of 9th September, 1868, XIV Stat., p. 19. The provisions of that act *are* retrospective.

The act of 1868 at once falls as impairing the obligation of contracts, by virtue of the prohibition of the United States Constitution, and by the prohibition of our own constitution of 1868! (Art. I, sec. 21.)

Do we hear any one bold enough to say that a retrospective homestead exemption does dot impair the obligation of contracts, and is not violative of the Constitution of the United States? If so, we merely reply by citing the decision of the United States Supreme Court, (which is binding upon our judges,) in the case of the Planter's Bank vs. Sharp, wherein, after deciding (as quoted by one of our judges) that States can pass laws exempting a homestead and tools, &c., the court makes this qualification, which, we think, ought not to be overlooked, having a *slight* bearing upon the question. "Again, State insolvent laws, if made like this law, to apply to *past contracts*, and stop suits on them, have been held *not to be unconstitutional*, except so far as they discharge the person from imprisonment. When so restricted, they do not impair the obligation of the contract itself, because the obligation is left in full force and actionable, and future property, as well as present, subjected to its payment. Where future acquisitions are attempted to be exonerated, and the discharge extended to the debt or contract itself, if done by States, it must not, as here, apply to past contracts, or it is held to impair their obligation." This case, then, goes to the extent of not only not allowing an exemption to be made of property which a debtor *owns*, but not even of what he may *hereafter* acquire as affecting "past contracts." This extract from the case will be found in 6 Howard, page 328, where the court sustains itself by the authorities.

Let us not tamper with the law and JUSTICE.

In the Mountains.

In the fall of 1856 I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg, over the mountains. My fellow travellers were two gentlemen and a lady. The oldest gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about fifty, in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but upon my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild restless and anxious; the mouth twisted spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy hight, and clutching my arms tightly with both hands he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation, and to my fellow traveler also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, and fear (he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—only three in all—an old, grey-headed planter in Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age.

"They had just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how the night passed. Presently there came a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a fearful precipice.

I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breaths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest-torn tree, restive horses, or a careless driver any of these might hurl us from our sublinary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest,' observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. 'How I do love a sudden storm! There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the Jura recurs to my mind. But we are on the mountain yet?'

"'Yes we have begun the ascent.'

"'Is it not said to be dangerous?'

"'By no means,' I replied, in an easy a tone as I could assume.

"'I only wish that it was daylight so that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But what's that?' and she covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with the deeper moaning of an animal in agony breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked:

"'We are on the mountains.'

"'I reckon we are,' was the unconcerned reply.

"With instinctive activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, born past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At that instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise faintly articulate in my ear the following appalling words:

"'The coach is moving backward.'

"Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the fierce blast of the tempest, while the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backward!

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of the vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of thunder rolled over the mountain, and the vivid flashes of lightning played over our heads. By its light I could see for a moment the old planter stand erect with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving as if in prayer, I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek toward me if imploring assistance; and I could see the bold glance of the boy flashing defiance at the war of elements and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp piercing scream, of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round her waist, and seize the fastening attached to the roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recolect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of all sense and motion."

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountains; he passed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narrative.

"On a low couch in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and sadness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a time hushed all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of sixteen who refused for a while to hold any discourse with me. At length one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing the result of the accident.

"'You were discovered,' said she, 'sitting on the ledge of rocks amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady in the other.'

"'And the lady I gasped scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her draw back and blush.

"'She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—a friendly tree.'

"'And her father and brother!' I impatiently demanded.

"'We found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice, and we buried them in one grave by the clover patch, down in the meadow.'

"'Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you,' I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"'God pity her indeed, sir,' said she with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. 'Would you like to see her?' she added.

"I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with a sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts, I made to sooth her grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I related we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room and devotes the hour of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me said the traveller, while a faint blush tinged his brow, "the accident reduced me to the the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

But the driver," asked the lady passenger, who had listened to the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, and did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"Hisbody was found on the road, within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

And thus ended the thrilling and remarkable story of life.

Planters and Merchants' Association.

The combinations which large money rings can bring to bear upon the cotton market, the effects of which we witness in the South from year to year, have bestirred our people to measures of self-protection. There have been many plans proposed for the amelioration of the farmer, but none of them seem to be available. We hear of another scheme bruited about which has risen from the emergencies of the hour and is the concoction of a practical and thoroughly experienced business mind. It is proposed to form an Association of planters and merchants with a capital of $300,000 or $500,000. This capital is to be invested as the President and Board of Directors (to be elected) shall deem best for the welfare of the company. The funds thus obtained will be the basis for the negotiation of a loan in Liverpool at the opening of each cotton season. The funds thus obtained will be advanced to planters or shippers of cotton, through well-established mercantile firms, to the House selected in Liverpool, at one per cent. per month, without additional charges for advancing.

The benefits to derived are:

First, The advantage of direct transactions with the great cotton centre.

Second, The obtaining of funds at a lower rate of interest than can be had in this country to move the crop. It is calculated that $500,000, invested in good bonds, used as a bonus, would command a sum in the neighborhood of $1,500,000. With the quick transportation of the present age, this sum can be turned over every thirty days, and, during the cotton season of five months duration, five times $1,500,000 would amount to $7,500,000, being a greater amount than the Banks of Augusta afforded prior to 1860.

In addition to the great incidental benefits such an Association, as outlined above, would confer on the planting and business men of a community, there would be a handsome direct income from investments judiciously made. With safe, interest-drawing bonds, it is reasonable to suppose that the Association would secure from 5 to 7 per cent. profit on the rate at which it could borrow, and the one per cent. per month charged for advancing.

The capital stock might consist of 3,000 or 5,000 shares at $100 each, the full amount to be paid in when a charter shall have been obtained and officers elected.

We have only time to-day to sketch out the meagre outlines of this project. We shall recur to the subject again. Meanwhile, it would be well for the wise heads among our planting and mercantile communities to think over these matters and, if possible, either improve upon this plan or excogtate some other which will remedy the evils of traffic now so seriously disturbing the great majority of those in our midst who believe in King Cotton and desire that all conspiracies against his royalty shall be summarily suppressed. This scheme, detailed above, is no idle project. Double the amount required to forward it is now lying idle in the hands of those who trade in and with Augusta. They have it in their power to be independent of the money rings abroad. Will they exert this power?—*Augusta Constitutionalist.*

A travelling correspondent of the New York Tribune thus hits off in a paragraph the peculiarities of London and her people: "I take leave of London for the present with the agreeable recollections of her private hospitality, and a deep impression of her physical greatness and power. In no city that I have seen is there such a display of commercial enterprise and substantial opulence. Her prosperity is the result of the accumulated energy of ages, and rests on a deep foundation. The public buildings, though not remarkable for elegance, have an air of massive grandeur. The shops and warehouses have little external glitter, but seemed organized for use and durability. The Englishman in London is a model of self-satisfaction, personal dignity, and care and finish in all his appointments. As a rule, he is dressed with more fastidious propriety than the Parisian, though he often affects brighter colors and a bolder tone. His tailor is a more accomplished artist than that of the Frenchman, he wears cloth of a better quality, and rejoices in boots and gloves of of more unimpeachable accuracy. The man of business in London seldom shows the negligence in costume which prevails on week-days in New York. He usually makes his appearance in the street with nicely fitted gloves, broadcloath of an eminently aristocratic cast, a stiff and shining black dress hat, and a cravat, often of as many colors as the coat of Joseph, and made with a most superfluous waste of silk. Altogether, he gives you the impression of a well-fed, thoroughly tended, and high conditioned animal, full of healthy blood, rejoicing in the possession of all his faculties, never troubled with weak nerves or erratic fancies, slow in perception though quick of passions, often perhaps a little surly, sometimes showing his white teeth in preference of anger, but whose bark is worse than his bite."

Mixed Schools, and the Peabody Fund

Mr. Peabody and his agent Dr. Sears, seem to be determined not to be controlled in their administration of that noble charity, "the Peabody Fund" by the clamors of Radical extremists. The New Constitution of Louisiana requires the public schools to be conducted on the "mixed basis," and Dr. Sears has been much abused for disapproving of this scheme. He has addressed a letter, bearing date White Sulphur Springs, August 28th, ult., to Hon. R. M. Lusher, formerly State Superintendent of education in Louisiana, in which he settles the question thus:

"If the Act requires mixed schools and the children, whether white or black, generally attended them, we shall have no difficulty in our work. But if the State supports only mixed schools, and the white children do not attend them, we should naturally aid not the colored children, who enjoy exclusively, the benefit of the public school money, but the white children who are left to grow up in ignorance. If it be said that the white children ought to attend the mixed schools, and that it is their own fault, or that of their parents, if they do not, we reply that we are not called on to pronounce judgment on that subject. Let the people themselves settle that question."

He says further that Mr. Peabody entirely approves of the course adopted. For this, they have been roundly abused, "for encouraging the despicable prejudices to which slavery gave birth," to quote the language of the Charleston *Republican*. Yet the same paper with admirable consistency approved the action of the white and colored in establishing separate schools in this State, and asserted that the attempt to establish mixed schools here, "would prove a total failure, and postpone the day of common schools for years." What are your sentiments Mr. Republican? Should we appeal to "Philip drunk, or Philip sober?"

Count Bismarck, the retired minister of Prussia, it is reported, is affected with the same diseases as those from which the Emperor Napoleon III is suffering. The principal disease is said to be inflammation of the kidneys, with which Bismarck has been afflicted for several years, and on account of which he has been obliged to intermit his official duties. It has been suggested that the Prussian minister has the advantage over Napoleon III of a rugged constitution which is not called upon to answer for the excesses of his misspent early life. Bismarck, however, passed through a "stormy youth," and although his escapades may not have been so notorious as those of Napoleon, his chances of long life are not much better than those of his rival.

Mr. James Maco, the English pugilist, is giving statuesque exhibitions at the Tammany in New York, which the critic of the Times considers a "really interesting, and, properly appreciated, an elevating spectacle." The performance may be thus briefly described: When the curtain rises a series of screens covered with maroon cloth and hemming in a small platform, upon which are thrown the lines of a double lime-light, are disclosed. Recumbent on this platform lies a figure of superb lines, as white as hewn from Carrera marble. The music begins, and Hercules slowly rises to struggle with the lion; then a human stoops to fasten his sandal, and in quick succession, the lines of the statues mellowed by a soft violet light, the spectator sees Ajax defying the lightning, Samson bearing away the gates of Gaza, the Fighting and Dying Gladiator.

A German paper tells an extraordinary story of a natural phenomenon that has occurred in Upper Austria. On the 19th of August the soil covering several yokes of land in the neighborhood of Moll, a few leagues from the Town of Steyer, suddenly fell with a crash like thunder, and where the oats were waving a few seconds before, there suddenly appeared a lake. The water of this newest addition to Upper Austrian scenery is clear, its temperature is very low, and it is said to have much resemblance to that of the glacier Lakes. Through the River Steyer passes the place at no great distance, it does not appear that any communication exists between them; at all events, there is reason to believe, that the lake receives no contribution to its waters from the river, and the waters of the two are chemically different. The attempts to explain this phenomenon are not very successful.

Something unusual—indeed something unknown in the annals of Petersburg, Va. occurred on Saturday. A negro man and a white woman applied to the Clerk of the Hustings Court for a license to become man and wife. It was urged as a reason why they should be married that they had lived together for some time, and probably—if such a thing could be possible—had learned to "love" each other. The laws of Virginia forbid the marrying of whites and negroes with each other, and the clerk, of course, could not issue a license. The matter will probably be referred to General Canby.