

TWO DOLLARS PER AN BY DAVIS & CREV

From the Southern Cultivator. GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING EASY.

The attention of all our reader desire to participate in the pleasure of Vineyard culture in the S. called to the excellent treatise of A. adede, Esq., in the present number very many others, we heretofore had deterred from entering largely into the culture of the Vine, by fear of the and difficulty attending it. We have taught to look upon the production of Wine in the South, as exceedingly unprofitable. No one doubted the capacity of our sunny climate for the growth of the grape; but the making of good afterwards—there lay the difficulty! that difficulty has vanished—the problem is solved—"granite laboratories" and cellars are perhaps, well enough in way, but by no means indispensable hereafter, any man may plant his Vine with the same certainty of being able to make a largely paying crop of good that he would feel of making bread his corn or wheat field.

We have recently made two visits to the vineyards of Dr. McDonald, and our correspondent, Mr. DeCaradeuc. We have inquired minutely into their systems of planting and culture—we have examined their soils, locations and aspects—have eaten their grapes, and drank their wines of various flavors and qualities—but all pure, invigorating, and vastly superior to the foreign trash for which we pay so dearly.—We have, (so far as our brief time would permit,) familiarized ourselves with their processes for making these wines, and with all the advantages and disadvantages of the business; and the result is, a deliberate conviction that the Field Culture of the Grape, as practiced by these gentlemen, is one of the surest and most remunerative branches of rural industry, and destined in a very few years to become of great and significant importance to the South.—There are thousands of acres of uplands all around us, too poor for either cotton or corn, that will pay from \$200 to \$500 per acre in wine, the third or fourth year from planting, and which, if properly managed, may be made to clear expenses from the very outset. Much of this land can be purchased for a mere trifle, (five or ten dollars per acre,) and if it will pay even two hundred dollars per acre in wine, after the third year, what other field crop now cultivated in the South can begin to compare with it? The experience of the vintners in Ohio, shows an average yield of four hundred gallons to the acre, and that we can safely count on equaling this, need not be doubted.

In fact, the testimony of both the gentlemen above alluded to, (who have had sixteen years experience,) as well as the recent successes of Mr. Axt, and many others, justifies us in claiming for the Culture of the Grape far more attention than it has ever yet received in the South, and of earnestly urging it upon the notice of our subscribers. We can fully endorse, from our own knowledge, all the statements of Mr. DeCaradeuc; and commend his article to the special attention of our readers. We do not claim perfection for his system nor does Mr. C. himself—but we do contend that it is the cheapest, easiest, and surest way of profitably cultivating the Vine, yet offered to the public.

GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

Editors Southern Cultivator.—Agreeably to your request, I now hand you a few remarks about our method of planting out and taking care of a Vineyard. I say, "our method," for I claim it is peculiar to Dr. McDonald and myself; and we have adopted it, not through ignorance of more complicated and more costly methods, but, first, on account of its simplicity and cheapness, and then, having well succeeded, why should we alter our course? I do not pretend to say it is the best, nor do I wish to deter any so disposed to go to the expense of trenching their lands three feet in depth; but there are very many farmers who have not the means to incur such expenses, who wish to plant out an acre or two of vines but are literally frightened out of it, not only by the mystery and difficulties which have, heretofore, been connected with the business, but, also, by fear of the money which is to come out of their pockets before they receive any returns. First, so many hundred dollars for trenching, and grubbing, and manuring; then as many more for vines; then so many more to learn how to stick the cuttings into the ground; and then so many more to learn how to prune; then so many more to make the wine, how to keep it; and, to crown it all, so many thousands for a cellar. And, if, so happens, he is able and willing to stand all this, a hundred to one, he is frightened half out of his senses, and gives up in despair of ever being able to unravel the mystery, and master the awful science of Wine making, especially if he happens to hear of "granite laboratories" being built for the express purpose of imparting instruction for a remuneration!

PREPARATION OF THE LAND.

I prefer low land,—such as would bring from four to six bushels of corn to the acre; and, if possible, a piece on easterly, south-

is to plant; this can be done, in our Southern climate, from the middle of November to the end of March. I prefer rooted plants; others give the preference to cuttings; the first will save you one year, and you can plant them deeper, which is a great object. Make yourself a wooden compass, with an opening of four feet six inches at the points, and mark out the distance for your vines in the bottom of the trenches; drop the vines in their places, and proceed to plant them. Two men, with short-handled hoes, will plant a great many in a day; one deepens the hole to let the roots go some inches deeper than the bottom of the ditch; the other places the vine upright and holds it until the first has put earth around it. If you have other hands let them follow with hoes and redill the trench, so that the top eye of the vine will be about on a level with the surface. Put a short stake to each vine, to mark its place. There is nothing more to do until the spring grass will call your plows and hoes into use; then work them as you would corn or cotton. You may plant two rows of corn or peas between the rows, and they will not interfere with the vines in the least.

FIRST PRUNING.

In the winter, at any time between the 1st of December and the 15th of March, take a sharp knife, remove every branch except one, and cut that down above the second or third eye of the last growth; break the land with a half-shovel plow as for corn, passing the nearest furrow about twelve inches from the vines. Give them a stake about four feet long; they will, in the spring, shoot out many suckers, and put out eyes where they have no business; cut out the suckers with a long handled chisel, and rub off all the eyes excepting the two or three you left in pruning; these, as they grow up, should be fastened to the stakes, with bits of soft string, bark, or anything else you may have at hand.—Keep the land cultivated with plow and hoe, and plant peas between.

SECOND PRUNING.

The second winter's Pruning is a repetition of the first, but you must replace the small stakes by good lasting wood, from six to eight feet long. There will be some fruit. The summer's work is the same as above.

THIRD PRUNING.

The third winter's pruning is different; remove all branches or canes, save the two strongest; of these, cut the highest about eighteen inches long, and the other about three inches—the longest is intended for fruit; the latter, which is called "spur," is to make wood for next year. Towards spring, bend this long branch horizontally, and fasten the end of it strongly to a short stake, placed at a sufficient distance. In the West this cane is made to form a complete circle by fastening the end of it to the foot of the vine; this is called "arching." The object of arching is to moderate and regulate the flow of the sap, in order that it may fill all the eyes on the cane, for if the cane were left perpendicular, the sap would pass the lowest eyes, and rush upwards into the top. But, in my opinion, arching over does the business, and the sap, whose tendency is always upwards, will most generally stop at the eyes on the upper part of the arch, and develope them strongly; and those below will put out very weakly, or not at all—while, when the cane lies laid horizontally, they all get their share much more equally divided. The vine should also be strongly fastened to the large stake. All who plant vines must plant out Osier Willow, whose twigs are superior to any others for tying, although I have made use of the young twigs of Black Gum, or of the Wild Willow, and of the bark of young Hickory.

During this summer, the vines will throw out strong branches, which must be fastened to the stakes as they grow, until they reach the top, when they may be left to hang over. Plow and hoe as usual; plow deep in winter, and in summer make use of a scraper. After this, the winter pruning is always, more or less, a repetition of this last; one spur, and one or two bearing canes, according to the strength of the vine. In pruning, let the cut be clean and close, leaving no small ends of dead wood, which will surely injure the old stem. Among

old vines, a small toothed butcher-saw will greatly assist the operation.

I do not approve of summer pruning; vines and fruit require all the shelter they can muster to preserve them from our burning sun. Persons engaged in the grape culture should not lose sight of pruning; it is to moderate and equalize the production of fruit, thereby improving its quality, and sparing the health and life of the vine. We are often told that this or that person has a vine, which is never pruned, climbs to the summit of high trees, bears abundantly, is very old, etc. A single vine is very different from twelve hundred to the acre—and in many parts of Italy, where they have adopted the tree culture, the quality of the wine, which formerly ranked high, has completely been destroyed. I never wish to see my vines average more than from twelve to fifteen bunches each. Quality is better than quantity.

The Catawba seemed to have usurped the most prominent place among the natives. At the West it is by far the greatest favorite; perhaps, there are others do not succeed as well. At the South, most persons are following in the wake of our Western brethren, and have taken it for granted that none others are worth cultivating, and condemn without a trial, or even without knowing them. The Catawba is certainly a beautiful looking grape, and a great bearer; but it is honied and wild musky flavor, (which is unfortunately too strongly retained in the wine,) is a very serious objection for a palate accustomed to a more delicate fruit or beverage. The "boquet," or perfume, of wine is a precious quality, but this has "too much of the good thing."

Foreign grapes must be discarded for wine-making. After a fair trial, we, like many others, have come to the conclusion that they cannot stand our climate.

Of all the natives that have come within my reach, I give a decided preference to the Warren and the Isabella, both great bearers, but, like the Catawba, subject to the rot. The former makes a delicate wine of the color of Madeira, but not so strong; the latter, a light beautiful colored Claret, very similar to Bordeaux wines. I also, like what we here call the Burgundy and Black July, (both misnamed,)—the first being the best table grape we have in this country, and making a delightful Madeira colored wine; the Black July makes a very dark, rich, red wine, not unlike Port. These two vines are not great bearers, but their fruit does not rot.

MAKING WINE.

My process for making wine is different from that followed in the West and in Georgia. The grapes being gathered, and all unshorn or green berries removed, they are thrown into large tubs, or half barrels, and thoroughly crushed with the hand; the contents are then emptied into large vats, (hogheads,) which are filled to within fourteen inches of the top; cover these with homespun and boards, to keep out gnats and flies. In a very short time fermentation commences; the mass swells and rises to the top, and should be pressed down with a wooden paddle, two or three times per day. The next morning the clear juice is drawn from a faucet, near the bottom, and poured into a barrel; when no more juice comes out, the mass in the vat is then carried to the press and what liquid remains in it is squeezed out; this is usually very thick, and is put into another barrel, as it is of inferior quality. Be sure that your barrels are filled to within three inches of the bung; less than that would leave too much air in contact with the wine, and would cause it to sour; more than that would cause it to overflow in the fermentation which for a few days will be very brisk; when this has subsided, fill the barrels to one inch of the bung, with wine reserved for that purpose, and close the bungs tightly. Be very careful that the barrels, tubs, vats, etc., be all perfectly clean and sweet, as the slightest degree of uncleanness would be fatal to the wine.

There now remains nothing to do until the next winter, when the wine is drawn into other barrels in order to clarify it. The dark Claret is allowed to ferment on the skins for four or five days, in order to extract all the color; it is then treated as the others.

Another item, believed by many to be positively indispensable and the cost of which is very considerable is a cellar. Till now our wine cellars have been but very slight board-houses on the surface, and we have lost no wine from acidity, except where we could trace it to leakage, or some other cause. And in order still more to cheapen and simplify the business, and remove all mystery from it, I have taught my negroes to go through the entire process, from the planting and pruning to the bottling of the wine. They are fully as intelligent as the peasantry of Europe, and much more to be depended upon. Here we have another decided advantage over the Western folks, who are dependent upon the caprices of foreign laborers, and many are the airs they put on when they come to this country.

By following the above directions, which I have endeavored to give in such a manner as to be within the understanding of all, and making use of a little judgment in modifying them according to circumstances the most inexperienced farmer can set him-

self out a vineyard, and skill will come with experience. I wish to see as many as possible engage in the business, as the more we are the better it will be for all, and centuries will elapse before it ceases to pay.—We hope, ere long, to see a Southern Society of Wine Growers, with its centre at Augusta, offering to the world pure and luscious wines, of all hues and of all flavors.

I should state that Dr. McDonald's mode of planting vines is more simple than mine. He makes no ditches, but only holes, about sixteen inches in diameter and eighteen deep, and plants the cuttings in these. His vines are remarkably fine, as all who see them can testify. Ditches require more labor at first, but then there is the advantage of having that part of your land broken which the plow cannot afterwards reach.

A. C. Woodward, S. C., Sept. 1857.

A TOUGH STORY.

The following story was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massillon News.

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotel in drawing a long bow, or telling wonderful yarns for the benefit of those, apparently verdant, who may happen to come in from other parts. They tried the effect of a few extraordinary wolf stories upon a venerable and selate customer not long since who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he listened to them with much surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out and the conversation flagged, when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him, relative to the primeval inhabitants of that country; but regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any he named. Said he: "When a young man, I was traveling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging.—The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there, would murder me.

"I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming and scrambled up the chimney.

"Thinking I was safe when at the top I stepped over the roof, and jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in a trap and suspense until morning, and then, heading me up in a hoghead, with no air or light but through the bung hole, they put me on a sled and drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them, in turning around happened to thrust his tail into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hoghead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was until the hoghead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out and found myself away down in the lower end of Catawagus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. Good night, gentlemen—I did not express any doubt of the truth of your stories, and I hope you will not mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell club" of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

In the western country what one buys, costs at least a dime or a half dime, and nickel pennies or copper cents are just about as scarce as "just men made perfect" in a political convention. Well, not long ago, a Down Easter tried to pass ten coppers upon a "sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime. "What be they?" inquired the sucker, in unfeigned ignorance. "I calculate they are cents," replied the northerner, "can't you read?" "I reckon not, said the other; "and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents mister?" "I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen." Cents is money, sartin. Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see? it saps, "E Pluribus Unum"—that's the Latin for "Hail Columbia"—and here it's inscribed "one cent." "Look here," responds the sucker, putting the thumb of his hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run a saw on a Hoosier or a Wolverine, but I'm blamed if you can Yankee me with that contusive stuff!" Yank had to "go down" for his "pewter," and throwing a ten pence at the sucker's friend, he left, exclaiming: "The fool must have a soft place somewhere, certain."

There is a world where no storms intrude—a heaven of safety against the tempests of life—a little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor the venom of slander. When a man entereth it, he forgets his sorrows and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence and pleasure, not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous, and amiable mother.

From the Charleston Mercury. PROFESSIONAL WRITERS.

Messrs. Editors:—You will recollect that I suggested, as a measure most surely conducive towards originating a corps of "professional writers" in our State, the endowment of Fellowships in the College at Columbia. Money could scarcely be more economically and nobly employed, since "knowledge must ever descend" from the more highly educated and gifted to those who are less so; and that system of education is, therefore, radically defective which does not make it an object to carry education to the highest attainable point.

The endowment of Fellowships, however, was suggested, not because it is the only, but because it is quite a feasible plan of enabling students of extraordinary merit in the collegiate department to continue their studies, and make themselves writers and scholars worthy of the name. But so great is the repugnance of people to seeing even the appearance of any one, old enough to support himself, living in idleness, that I would despair not only of obtaining the great weight of the State taking the initiative in this endowment, but even of private munificence ever running in this channel, could it not be easily arranged that every Fellow should be required to perform, by lectures or otherwise, the lighter duties of an Assistant Professor. Since I do not contend for a name, but for a principle, the Fellow might be titled a Tutor, and given such subordinate duties as may secure industry, and, at the same time, have ample leisure to prosecute a liberal course of study. These Tutors could afterwards be raised to the Professorships, provided they exhibited an ability for such an elevation. But the principle contended for, the principle I would most earnestly force upon your attention, is, that in the very system of education itself, there should exist the opportunity of ending the pursuit of the human arts only with the chilling touch of death, when the learned studies of time will merge into the intuitions of eternity. There should be something in the very system itself, which may take the enthusiastic lover of letters, in his youth, by the hand, and lead him to still purer and more celestial heights of knowledge. Then we should not be presented with the exceedingly strange spectacle of a State, boasting of its intelligence and civilization, in a quandary—I do not shrink from the assertion—in a quandary as to whom it should place at the head of her literary institution—not mark it, because there are so many candidates prepared for the duties of the situation, but so very few. Let an over-sensitive public shrink from it, if they please, but it is a disgrace—a disgrace growing out of our system, which diverts into other channels most of the talent of our people—talent, which framed the very government of this Union, and ever since, down through the war of 1812 to the present day, has directed the thought of America; talent which, in the "South n Quarterly," has produced the ablest periodical which has ever existed on this side of the waters; which, in DeBow's Review, sustains a very high reputation, and which is capable of producing as able Professors and professional writers, if it only be encouraged, as any in the world.

When the Hon. Edward Everett, a short time after graduation, was elected Professor of Harvard University, he was sent, at the expense of that Institution, to travel four years in Europe and complete his education. Here was the true principle.—If you wish a real scholar, you must give him time to train himself, you must support him, and you must put him in the way of such influences as will stimulate his mind. It is not contended that our Fellows or Tutors should be sent to Europe.—This would certainly be very generous, and often very effective, but the expediency of "a trip to Europe" is doubtful. What is contended for, is the opportunity of continuing a liberal course of education, without an interruption, as unseasonable as black frost would be to our crops in early summer, withering the luxuriance of a growing vegetation.

In some of the German Universities, we learn, upon the authority of a masterly thinker upon the subject of education, a year since dead, that a system of graduated professorships prevails, paid in proportion to difficulty of filling them. A student of ability soon rises to the lower grades, which competently support him, but not with such liberality as to allow his desire to excel to slumber, or his love of physical comfort to be inactive. The only objection to this system, which appears at first sight, is, that it works the student too hard, it does not give him sufficient leisure. The effort to rise, keeps him under continual high pressure. With each rise comes an increase of duty, and there is some danger of an abnormal, one-sided development. But anything is preferable to the American system of turning out every one, no matter whether they have the disposition of the younger Pitt or of the Post Cowper, indiscriminately upon the practical world, to spend the first six or eight years at least, not in the development of intellect or the attainment of knowledge, but in earning their daily bread. Extraordinary merit will, it is true, rise above and triumph over such a system; it will command pa-

tronage without the assistance of log-rolling; it will not have to present its claims as the protege of this politician, or of that man of wealth; it will force respect—it will conquer position. But alas! the great majority of men are not capable, unless cherished beneath the most wholesome influences of extraordinary merit. That system only is good, which raises ordinary men above themselves.

It should, however, be mentioned, that Sir William Hamilton advocates the plan of graduated Professorships. If this system, liable as it seems to some weighty objections, be preferred, then let it be adopted. But do not throw a student back upon the practical world as soon as he has begun his progress—as soon as he has overcome the difficulties of a start—thus checking his momentum, and forcing him to desert from the race, just exactly at that time of life (from twenty to twenty-five) when he should press most earnestly forward. Give him employment in the College, if it seems too liberal to support him gratuitously, but do not remove the most distinguished of your graduates, I should rather say, do not drive them from College influence, and do not take their elevating and conservative influence from the College. Give them a chance, and a fair chance, of becoming distinguished scholars. Give them a chance, and a fair chance, of rising, by literary merit alone, to the Professorships of their Alma Mater. Give them a chance, and a fair chance, of writing themselves into an imperishable fame.

In attributing the paucity of professional writers—meaning literary and not political writers—in the South, to our system of education, it is not meant to be asserted that no other causes are at work, but that this is one of the chief, and a most powerful cause of their fewness. There are other causes, no doubt, and I shall trespass upon your indulgence, Messrs. Editors, in suggesting one or two which occur to me, in another article. But the most powerful instrument of lessening the influence of all other causes, would be a change in our educational system. On the other hand, when those causes shall, of themselves, cause to operate, and professional writers are demanded by the Southern country, not theoretically, but in reality, demanded, as an indispensable necessity, then the coming state of things will bring with it a change of our educational system. The sooner the change is made, the sooner we will have professional writers. But when we have professional writers—and at some future day we must have them—then a change in our system must follow. In educational matters it is the supply which creates the want, which that supply alone can satisfy. When we shall have professional writers, the want of system to educate and sustain such writers, will be felt, recognised and supplied. And when our College turns out professional writers, they will create a want of those services which they alone can supply. Literary writers, and a system to educate literary writers, have ever existed, and must ever exist together.

A CONSERVATIVE INNOVATOR.

Cultivation of Cotton in Africa.—The British Government has recently published some interesting despatches from its consul, Mr. Campbell, at Lagos, in regard to the cultivation of cotton in Africa. He states that the whole of the Yoruba and countries, south of the Niger, as well as several districts north of that river, have been for many years cotton-growing countries; and, in spite of the distractions of war and the slave trade, their inhabitants have always raised more than was required for the supply of their own wants. During the last year alone over half a million pounds were exported to the Brazils, and half as much more was sold to the adjacent countries; and, taking into account the quantity consumed at home, it is estimated that over seven millions of pounds must be annually raised in those regions. Mr. Campbell is quite certain that the introduction of English cotton goods into that region would have the effect of greatly stimulating and increasing the production of the raw material. In a subsequent communication Mr. Campbell urges the importance and feasibility of increasing the supply of cotton from Africa. The only thing necessary to accomplish this is to purchase from them the surplus cotton they do not require for their own use, and also to supply them machines for cleaning it rapidly.

None in it.—"Madame," said a very polite traveler to a teaty old landlady, "if I see proper to help you to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that this is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you've struck the wrong house! There ain't a fust hair in it, for as soon as Darathly Ann told me the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right strait 'n' strained it over!"

The young man faints.

We have heard it remarked that when David hurled the stone at Goliath the latter must have been very much surprised, as such a thing never entered his head before.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S SNUFF BOX.

The French papers have not, under the influence of the alliance, ceased to have their jokes upon Englishmen, and one of the drollest is told as follows, by the Union Bretonne, from which we translate it:

Lord C——, well known for his eccentricities, went lately to the establishment of one of our most celebrated workers in fancy articles.

"I want you to make me," said he, "a snuff box with a view of my chateau on the hill."

"It is very easily done," was the reply, "if my lord will furnish me with the design."

"I will; but I want also, at the entrance of my chateau, a niche in which there shall be a dog."

"That, too, shall be provided," answered the workman.

"But I want also that some means should be contrived by which, as soon as any one looks at the dog, he shall go back into the niche, and only re-appear when he is no longer looked at."

The workman looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether his customer was not the victim of some mystification. Reassured by his examination, and, like a clever man, understanding how to take advantage of the affair, he said to the Englishman:

"What you ask of me is very hard to comply with; such a snuff box will be very expensive; it will cost you a thousand crowns."

"Very well; I will pay you a thousand crowns."

"Then, my lord, it shall be made according to your wishes, and in a month I shall have the honor of delivering it to you."

A month later the workman presented himself to Lord C——

"My lord," said he, "here is your snuff-box."

Lord C—— took it, examined it, and said: "That is my chateau, with its turrets, and there is the niche by the door-way.—But I see no dog."

"Did not your lordship," said the workman "say that you wished the dog to disappear when he was looked at?"

"I did," replied his lordship.

"And that he should re-appear when he was no longer looked at?"

"That is true, also," was the reply.

"Well," said the workman, "you are looking at it, and the dog has gone into the niche. Put the box in your pocket, and the dog will re-appear immediately."

Lord C—— reflected a moment, and then exclaimed, "All right, all right." He put the box in his pocket, took out of his pocket-book three bank bills of a thousand francs each, and handed them to the skillful workman.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "ROTUNDA."

John Phœnix gives the following humorous account of the origin of the word "rotunda":

"The origin of the word 'rotunda' is singular and not generally known. At the risk of appearing pedantic, I will 'narrate' it.

"Many years ago, shortly after the foundation of Rome, a distinguished architect of those days, named Claudius Vitellius Smithers, erected the first building that ever was surmounted by a dome. This building was first intended for a 'savings institution,' but the Roman that officiated as cashier having left with the funds, it was used successively as a market house, dance house, theatre and meeting house, and finally fell into decay, and became a mass of ruins. Such it remained until the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, when that monarch, one day, accompanied by the courtiers, came down to examine and view the ruins, with a view to purchase the lots on which they lay. Here the Emperor's eye was attracted by the fallen dome, which he gazed on with great curiosity, and finally picking his steps over the stones and rubbish that intervened, he found his way beneath it.

"The ancient Romans had the same partiality for the cheap distinction that animates the modern Yankees; they lost no opportunity of leaving their autographs in all public and private places; the consequence was, that when the Emperor looked up was amazed at the number of inscriptions that the interior of the old dome presented. It was quite black with ancient and respectable appellations. 'Ha!' said the Emperor, with the air of a man who has made a great discovery, (and an utter disregard of all grammatical rules,) 'it has been wrote under.'

"His principal courtier, Næso Snekelius, immediately repeated the remark, with sycophantic reverence, to the bystanders, getting about as near to it as that stupid official generally did to anything. 'The Emperor,' he said, 'says this has been a rotunda. Hats off!'

"The Romans all bowed with great solemnity, not having the most dim or distant idea of the joke, and the interior of a dome from that day to this has been called a rotunda."

Jeremy Taylor says,—"Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorification of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity."