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"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1859.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

VOL. XV.....NO. 43.

From the London Times of January 10.  
ENGLISH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY.

England may certainly learn something from the administration of the United States, though the lesson happens to be forthcoming exactly on that topic which Mr. Bright would be unwilling to select. Americans have an excellent judgment in military and naval matters, which they handle in a spirit always liberal and generally sagacious. It was so from the very beginning of their history. They never passed through a period of infancy or routine, but took the field, when they did take it, in a fashion at once superior to that of old-fashioned belligerents. They have the merit of anticipating even the French of the republic in discarding every thing like precedent, and going straight by the shortest cut to the mark before them. They were the first to make the rifle tell in war, and in the struggles for independence picked off our officers like birds from a tree. They were the first to see what we have only lately discovered—that a musket ought to be fired with as much pains as a fowling piece, and at Banker's Hill they caused us frightful losses by this simple observation. They were the first to mount infantry on horseback, as we are now doing in India; and at New Orleans their mounted riflemen left our advancing force without a moment's repose. In every campaign in which we encountered them they resorted to some expedient or other, generally of great simplicity, which told against us with a severity quite unexpected. It was the same at sea. They had got no great fleets, but they brought themselves that they could wear out single ships, and that by adopting models of their own they could make those ships stronger than any others afloat. Accordingly, they built frigates and corvettes of a size and armament without parallel, took pains with their gunnery, and turned the tide of naval victory against us, until Broke put the Shannon's crew into training and beat them at their own weapons. Their modern policy has been precisely similar. They have got the Dahlgren gun and the new frigate of the Merrimack class. Whether these inventions are to be considered successful we cannot yet say, but inventions they are, nor are they the last or the most astounding of their kind. They have been quietly at work upon a monster steam ram, and now we are introduced to submarine boats which are to be navigated at the bottom of the sea. This last discovery, however, seems to have been too much even for the American Government, and it has found its way to England.

It is when we ascend, however, from particulars to principles that we see how much we may learn from the management of the United States. In the recent report of their Secretary of the Navy—a document which corresponds to our navy estimates, taken in conjunction with the speech of the First Lord in introducing them—the Americans are made acquainted at once with the system on which their naval administration is based. Nothing can exceed the wisdom and precision of the views expressed, which read like the opening of some good practical lecture at a naval college. "In the construction of a war vessel," says the American Secretary, every thing connected with it has ultimate reference to a single point—the use of the gun, by which alone, as the means or instrument of power, important results are to be accomplished. To place it in the presence of the enemy or beyond his reach in the shortest possible time, and to use it with the greatest possible effect, is the great object to be sought for in the construction of a navy for the maintenance of its auxiliary establishments." These simple principles are susceptible of a much wider application than has been given here. They lie at the bottom of the whole science and theory of war, whether by land or sea. Every battle and every campaign must depend mainly upon "the use of the gun." The gun is the instrument by which the soldier acts, and all the professional training of a soldier tends to the one point of placing this instrument in position with the greatest rapidity and employing it with the greatest effect. This is the identical phase into which the latest incidents of our latest war are passing at the present moment. We have armed our infantry with Enfield rifles, and are placing them upon camels' backs.

But how have we got to these points? Not by rule of three, but by rule of thumb. Sailors, one after another, and Sir Charles Napier among the foremost, assure us that our admiralties have either no system or a wrong system; and certainly, if there has been any system pervading our successive administrations, we should be puzzled to say what it is. We see what they do in America. They pay no attention to anything but principle, and are always on the lookout for some new principle better than the last. They do not throw away much money, though their estimates are on the increase, but they go straight to work to get the greatest possible service out of a gun. The Secretary tells the President that the Department has selected the arm which combines the greatest strength, accuracy, and power; that a corps of skilled gunners has been trained by constant in-

struction and universal practice at sea; and that, after that, the greatest pains have been taken to get such a model for the vessel carrying these guns and gunners as would combine the greatest rate of speed with the utmost economy of fuel.

We do not forget that words cost nothing, and that a telling manifesto may be quite compatible with an indifferent administration. Neither do we profess to believe that we are behind the rest of the world when it comes to results, but it cannot be denied that our successive Governments would save a great deal of money, and make much better work, if they would ascertain the proper thing to do and the best way of doing it. Neither in military nor in naval management have we ever taken this care. In the army every single improvement connected with "the use of the gun" and the efficiency of the individual soldier has been forced upon the authorities by public opinion in spite of themselves. If it had not been for the press our soldiers would have been armed with the old firelock at this very moment. Never was there realized at the Horse Guards the fundamental proposition that the ultimate object of all drill and all equipment was to make the soldier move as rapidly as possible and send a bullet as truly as possible to its mark. The very last thing thought of in military instruction was "the use of the gun"; in fact, it was not thought of at all. It was quite possible a few years ago that a regiment might have been considered as in the highest state of efficiency when not a man in the ranks had ever acquired the smallest conception of musketry practice, or perhaps ever fired a ball cartridge in his life.

Take, again, the case of the navy.—There we are bound to say there has been no neglect of gunnery, nor had we been blind to the importance of speed as a result of steam power. Some of our heavy frigates would sail round the Merrimack with ease, and the Renown, taken altogether, is thought to be unsurpassed by any vessel afloat. But this does not finish the question. Our position imposes their obligations upon us. We have not only to consider how the most powerful artillery can be brought with most rapidity into an enemy's presence, or withdrawn again, but how a fleet of a certain magnitude can be sent in the shortest time into the channel. Now we have certainly had repeated discussions in a general way about "manning the navy," but we do not remember that any Minister ever propounded this principle of administration in the American style, and then informed Parliament how he was going to put it into execution. Sir Charles Napier has come to the point more than once in a plain, seamanlike way. He not only sees what we have to do, but he tells us how we should do it. His plan may be good or bad—we do not enter upon that question at present—but, at any rate, it is a plan calculated for a known purpose and intended to affect that purpose. "You might have," says he, "thirty sail of the line at Spithead in a week or ten days." Now, this is a power which we trust may never be needed, but which we certainly ought to possess, and if to possess it, "would cost very little more than our present system," we should like either to see the thing done or something better done in its place.

**They are Passing Away.**—"They are passing away." Amid the busy scenes of life we are often made to realize the shortness of this existence, by being called to part with some dear friend. To-day we see a circle of friends in perfect health—joys of the prospect of long life; their only thought is for this world, and the happiness in store for them. But alas! their hopes are vain. To-morrow, death—the silent messenger, enters that happy circle, and one of their number, with high hopes and expectations, is cut down to be seen upon earth no more. Look upon that happy family, now seated around the home fire side; they know not the meaning of the words "care and sorrow"—will it ever be thus? Again we visit them; but now they gaze in mute despair upon the inanimate form of their darling. Death has visited that family, and taken the flower of the household, and the youngest in that little flock. Surely now they must truly realize the force of that short sentence—"They are passing away."

Come with me to the death bed of the Christian. His family are gathered around him, and are listening for the last time to his words of instruction! Hark! he is imploring them to put no value on the fleeting things of this world, but place their trust on high. He too, has passed away, and as his friends gather around his grave, and bear those solemn words, "Mingle ashes, and dust with its original dust," they feel in their inmost souls the solemnity of the truth, "They are passing away."

Persons who are always cheerful and good humored, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

The way to make a tall man short is to ask him to lend you a hundred dollars.

## "THE POWER OF WOMAN."

I well remember the first time that I ventured home in a state of intoxication. I knew my situation, and dreaded that my wife should discover it. I exerted myself to conceal it. I affected to be witty, affectionate, and social, but it was a total failure. I felt the fatal poison momentarily increasing. I saw the inquiring eye of my wife fixed upon me with a look of unutterable grief. It was only with her aid that I was able to reach my pillow.

All restraint was soon swept away, and I came home night after night in a state most revolting to the feelings of a delicate, affectionate wife. In vain my able companion wept and expostulated. I was too much entangled and corrupted to break away either from my vices, or associates. They neither feared God nor regarded man. I was led captive by their devices.

I became, I will not say an infidel, for I was too ignorant of the theory of scepticism to be one. I became a mocker.—

"Fools make a mock at sin," and such a fool was I. I knew just enough of the Bible to make it my jest-book. I saw that this part of my conduct was extremely painful to my pious wife, and tried to restrain myself from trifling with the Bible in her presence; but I loved to raise loud laughter among my boisterous companions and the indulgence served to strengthen the pernicious habit, that I was often detected in the use of this offensive language.

It was not till I became a father that her touching appeals on this subject reached my conscience.

"Must this child," she would say with tears, "be trained up under these baneful influences? Must he be taught by parental example to despise and ridicule the Scriptures with his hisping tongue before he is able to read their contents, or realize their heavenly origin?"

Our son had now become an interesting little prattler, imitating whatever he heard or saw. I perceived with a diabolical pleasure that the first effort of his infant tongue was to imitate my profane language, the recollection of which now sends a thrill of grief and horror through my bosom.—

In vain did his sorrowing mother endeavor to counteract the influence of my most wicked example. I continued to swear, and he to imitate my profanity, unconscious of its turpitude.

On a certain occasion I returned from one of my gambling excursions, and found my wife and child absent. On inquiry, I ascertained that she had gone to her accustomed place of retirement in a grove some distance from the house. I knew that she had gone there for devotion. I had been accustomed to see her retire thither at the evening twilight, and though I thought her piety unnecessary, I had no objection to it as a source of enjoyment to her, but that she should take her child with her, excited my surprise. I felt a curiosity to follow her. I did so, and took a position unseen by her, but where I had a full view of her attitude and features. She was kneeling before a rock, on which lay her Bible before her. One hand was placed on its open pages; the other held the hand of her fair boy, who was kneeling beside, his eyes intently fixed on her face. She was pale and careworn. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks, as she poured forth her burdened soul in prayer—first for her husband, but especially did she plead with God that her son, whom she unreservedly dedicated to him, might be saved from those sins which were taught him by his father's example.—

"Save him from taking thy great and holy name in vain; and give his anxious mother wisdom, fortitude and grace, effectually to correct and break up the habit of profaneness."

I crept silently from my hiding-place, and returned home with a conscience harrowed up by the keenest self-reproaches. I knew that her feelings were not the fitful ebullition of passion or excitement. I had long been convinced that her conduct was regulated by firm and virtuous principles, and that the Bible, which I so lightly esteemed, was the rule of her life. On her return to the house she was solemn, but the law of kindness still ruled her tongue. She did not reproach me; but from that day she firmly and faithfully corrected our little son for the use of profane language, even in my presence, and when perhaps he had just caught it from my lips.

On coming silently to the house, I saw my wretched wife through the window, sitting over a handful of embers, with her babe and her Bible in her lap, and the big tears gushing from her eyes. In attempting to enter the house, with a fresh resolution on my tongue, I fainted, and fell on the floor.

Upon the return to consciousness, I found my wife had drawn me to the fire, and was preparing me a bed, supposing my swoon to be the usual effects of ardent spirits. I sprang to her side, fell on my knees, and before her and heaven vowed never to taste another drop of anything intoxicating. Years have since passed over me, and my vow is still unbroken.—*American Messenger.*

## EVERY-DAY THINGS.

"I am astonished at the number of ladies out-to-day, and such execrable walking, too," remarked a gentleman in my hearing, as he picked his way through the snow, mud, and water of Broadway. The next moment, no doubt, the same person would have been "astonished" that American ladies are so fragile, and that they fade before they have seen their thirties. Beautiful consistency! Why shouldn't they be out in the worst kind of weather, provided they are dressed accordingly? All praise to them, I say for it needs no small amount of resolution to wade through what the gods send to a New York pavement, when gentlemen congregate on the curbstones at the street corners to take the measures of our ankles. I will declare no true gentleman annoys a lady in this way. Talk about the "curiosity of women!" Show but a strip of white stocking above your boot, or a bit of an embroidered skirt, or a Balmorel, and you may lead a New Yorker by the nose all over Manhattan, through all Wall street stand waiting for him.

When gentlemen show themselves more civil on this point, perhaps want of exercise may cease to become the bane of American ladies. I have positively seen gentlemen stand at the ferry gates when their arms were half broken with bundles, eagerly bobbing their heads this way and that, to catch a sight of the gaiter boots as they alighted from the various omnibuses. And not all young men either, but grey-headed old codgers, who had grandpas written all over them. "Why should a woman care about it if her ankle be pretty?" "Care? It may be just possible that if an exhibition is foregone and inevitable, she may prefer to choose her audience.

And while I am upon annoyances, the "Wandering Jew" is a fool to the inevitable pound of coffee, which is eternally and interminably traveling up and down the Fulton Ferry cars from one month's end to another. Now I have said before, and I say again, all hail coffee! It has many a time lured me out of bed when no other earthly inducement would do it; but coffee in a crude state—in a steaming, hermetically sealed car, divorced from cream and sugar—hail that's quite another thing. Now I have made up my mind in a Christian manner to the infliction of salt, fish onions, legs of bacon, flabby, defunct chickens, and raw, sanguinary beef, oozing through suspicious looking baskets. I have had cabbages, and heads of lettuce, laid temporarily in my lap, while the search for that inexorable five-cent piece was going on, in unflattering pockets, or in porte-monnaies with torn linings. I hope and trust I may never fall so far from grace as to reject a lady under any circumstances, or grow red in the face at the pummeling of little kicking feet. I don't mind being seized by the shoulders and pulled hastily into the car by over zealous conductors, or shoved off the steps as unceremoniously, with a "Come—step lively," when I would fain alight decently on my feet, in preference to sitting down in a puddle, as they seem to desire. I was not surprised, a few afternoons since, when returning from the city with a lady friend just after dark, and moving to make room for a new comer, her trusting to the obscure camphene luminary in the corner, slid his arm around my waist in token of his affectionate disposition. I have also learned not to wince when a demi-john is set down on my toes, or an expert marksman mistakes my dress for a spittoon. I have done raising my eyebrows when some coat and hat I never saw before nudges its neighbor, with the democratic remark—"If there isn't Fanny?" but I will protest against that omnipresent, locomotive pound of coffee, when the car windows are what the conductors call "swelled," and the used up atmosphere rivals that of the Black Hole of Calcutta.—*Fanny Fern.*

A gentleman was so prone to exaggeration, that he found it necessary to instruct his servant to jog him, whenever he drew the long bow too freely. One day he was describing a fox he had slain, a fox with a monstrous long brush, quite "a mile long." John immediately jogged his master. "Well," said he, "perhaps not quite so much, but I am sure it was half-a-mile." (Another jog!) "Or if not about a quarter." (Jog again.) "Well I'll be shot if it was not a hundred yards long!" (A very hard jog!) The poor story teller could bear this jogging no longer, but jumping up, exclaimed, "rascal! will you not let my fox have a tail at all?"

Observation is the best teacher.

## AN OVERWHELMING SPEECH BY A WIDOW.

The Hon. Geo. N. Briggs, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, delivered a temperance address some time since, in the course of which he related the following anecdote, with thrilling effect:

Mr. Briggs said the question of the introduction of intoxicating drinks assumed somewhat of a practical form last spring, in a thriving borough in Pennsylvania.—The inhabitants had assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number, if any, of licenses the town should petition from the county court, from whence they were issued. There was a full attendance. One of the most respectable magistrates of the borough presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the clergyman of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. It was an excellent way to get along quietly, and one and another in their turn expressed their hope that such a course would be adopted.

The President was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light suffering. And yet there was something in the flash of the bright eye that told she had once been what she was not. She addressed the President, and said, with his permission, she wished to say a few words to the meeting. She had come because she heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me the mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons.—But where are they now? In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkard's graves. Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them good. And you too, sir, addressing the clergyman, would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they might drink with safety, because they saw you drink. Deacon, you sold them rum which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by rum. And now," she said, I have done my errand, I go back to the poor house, for that is my home.— You, reverend sir, you, Doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you will meet my ruined and lost husband, those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's graves." The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the President, who rose to put the question to the meeting—shall we petition the Court to issue licenses to this borough the ensuing year? and then one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

**Seasonable Advice.**—Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet warm and dry, and we can snuff our fingers at disease and doctors. Put on two pair of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles by accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to a habituated boot-wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of the blood. But, wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the soles, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow-ribbon which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after while becomes "soggy" and damp for weeks.—When you put them on for the first time, they may be as easy as an "old shoe," and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and was contented with his lot."

A French writer has said, that to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angles down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the course of virtue during the day.

## From the Saturday Evening Post.

### RAINY DAYS.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall. And the day is dark and dreary.—*Longfellow.*

That may do for a poetical conception very well, but I wonder if Mr. Longfellow was ever shut up in a house with seven children, through the mortally long hours of a rainy day? I fancy it would give him more practical ideas upon the subject than he ever before cherished.

Of these said seven children, the three little girls are not much troubled, there being implanted in the feminine heart, from an early age, a vast amount of self-respect—sometimes called vanity—which acts as a kind of moral check rein in keeping the little one in order. But there are three three terribly active, energetic boys, to be amused and kept within rational bounds, and the baby, poor little infatuate, who is expected to sleep through all the noisy day. No wonder mamma looks with dismay upon the bright little faces that surround the breakfast table.

Ned—the very embodiment of mischief—is already making a proposition to his next younger brother, a very little boy, with a very large head, and who is generally known as "Fatty"—to play at "butcher" after breakfast, to which the deluded Fatty yields a ready consent.

As a pleasure commencement to this day of disorder, Charley, the little three year old, tumbles down stairs whilst mamma is washing the breakfast things, and in so doing acquires a lump on his head that would puzzle a phrenologist, and which fairly casts the bump of caution into the shade. By a successive application of arnica, oil, lumps of sugar, and the story of the Three Bears, Charley is restored to good humor, and the mother of the family applies herself to the soul cheering occupation of darning stockings; but the work is destined to interruption, for cries of distress are heard to issue from the bath-room, and upon investigation Fatty is found lying in the tub, (fortunately not full of water,) where the amateur butcher, Ned, has just left him tied hand and foot. The culprit is summoned to receive a severe reprimand from an indignant mother, whom he disarms at once by innocently explaining:

"Why, mamma, Fatty is my calf, and I had just killed him, and left him to bleed in the slaughter house, until I was ready to cut him up."

The scolding that was to be ends in a laugh, and Ned proclaims his triumph in a series of gymnastic performances on the floor and over the sofa, in which he does everything but swallow himself, winding up with a backhanded somerset that over-turms mamma's work-table, and creates universal havoc. The mother is too well accustomed to these little accidents to lose temper, but on the other hand, is rather glad of it, as the picking up of spoons, scissors, &c., will afford some occupation to her sadly restless boy. It is but temporary, however, and Ned goes off whistling "Pop goes the Weasel" so loud that the baby is awakened thereby, and comes down to mamma, whilst nurse performs some household duty. What a never ceasing fascination there is about the baby! Each child is clamorous for the sole and entire charge of him, and so he is hugged and kissed and pulled and jostled, until, good-natured baby as he is, he is driven to yelling in self defence, and refuses to be comforted until a cake makes its appearance. This, of course, excites the hunger always lying latent in the childish stomach, and cakes become a universal panacea. The little girls, in order to prolong and enhance the enjoyment of eating, have a "party," and after having asked for and obtained a thousand little accompaniments to the cake, the piece de resistance of the feast, they get fairly under way. But now comes a messenger to complain of Charley's commanding propensities. He keeps asking for cake all the time, and you know mamma, it isn't good for such little children, says his early ripe little sister, his senior by one year.—Charley is finally managed by being granted a table and party all to himself, by his much enduring mother. But meantime all these little frats and jars have so worked upon my old maid nervous system, that in order to preserve my temper, I put on a wet weather costume and start for a walk, thanking my stars that the management of seven children does not come within my range of duty.

**How to Win the Favor of Ladies.**—To win the favor of ladies, dress and manner must never be neglected. Women look more to sense than to beauty, and a man shows his sense, or his want of it, in every action of his life. When a young man first finds himself in the company of the other sex, he is seldom free from a degree of bashfulness, which makes him more awkward than he would otherwise appear, and he very often errs from real ignorance of what he should say or do. Though a proper feeling of respect and kindness, and a desire to be obliging and agreeable, will always be recognized and appreciated.

**Etiquette of courtship.**—If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF OSSIFICATION.

The Portage County (Ohio) Democrat gives the particulars of the ossification of the joints of a citizen of that county, a Mr. Perkins, now forty five years of age, which certainly is one of the most extraordinary cases ever on record. The Democrat says:

Until he was eleven years old he enjoyed robust health. At that time the family had removed to Furland, Lake county, in this State. In June of the year he was eleven, he was thrown from a horse and hurt one knee, and then going into the river to bathe, he took cold in the injured part; inflammation ensued, and the cartilages and ligaments were destroyed, and ossification took place. After this had transpired, the injured knee was attacked with inflammation, and finally became completely ossified. Then joint after joint passed through the ordeal, until he is now in the condition mentioned. The same disease commenced at the roots of his finger and toe nails. The nails came off, and a new substance, resembling nails grew out, at right angles from his fingers and toes, full half an inch. His jaws have been set and motionless for thirty years, and his front teeth have loosened and come out, forming an aperture through which he talks and roves his food. His food is all prepared for him in a suitable manner, and he has always retained a good appetite, though he is not gluttonous. Twenty-four years since he became blind in one eye, and for twenty-three years he has been totally blind. All his other senses remain as perfect and acute as those of any other person. His limbs remain near the size they were when he was hurt. His head, neck, and body have attained full size. His neck is nearly as large as his head, and measures nineteen inches in circumference, while his wrists measure only four and a half inches. His weight is about one hundred pounds. His body is in a semi reclining position, and he is not affected by heat or cold as much as people ordinarily are. He is always cheerful, and very fond of talking. His intellectual powers are fairly developed for one in his position, and his memory excellent. It is said of him that he can tell the names and ages of a large proportion of the town of Mantua with accuracy. He does not sleep more than persons in good health, and is not troubled with sickness, aside from the disease which has taken possession of him. He talks freely of death, and at times entertains different opinions upon the subject.

**THE PRARIE DOG.**—The prairie dog, as it is called, though in fact, it is no dog at all, but a marmot, is certainly one of the most curious of the living creatures found in the prairies of North America. It was named dog, *petit chien*, by the old Canadian trappers, on account of its peculiar cry, somewhat resembling that of a dog, and the name has continued in use to the present day. The almost incredible extent of the settlements or villages, as they are called, of these peaceful little inhabitants of the earth, can be appreciated when you find that for days and days together you are traveling among small hills, every one of which marks an establishment of this kind. The single dwelling is generally eighteen or twenty feet apart, and the hillock at the entrance of each consists of a good wagon load of earth, which has been gradually thrown up into the light of day by the little inhabitants in constructing their subterranean abodes. Some inhabitants have one, others two entrances, and the firmly-trodden path leading from one to the other gives rise to the conjecture that relations of friendship must subsist among these lively little animals. Their choice of a site for their villages appears to be determined by the presence of a peculiar kind of short crisp grass, which flourishes on those elevated plains, and which forms their sole nourishment; and their populous republics are to be found even on the lofty table lands of Mexico, in places where for many miles round there is not a drop of water, and where no rain falls for many months.—Water can only be obtained there by digging to a depth of one hundred feet, so that it is to be presumed that the prairie dog does not need it, but is satisfied with the moisture afforded by an occasional heavy dew. The winter they doubtless pass in sleep, for they lay up no store for that season, and as the grass is withered in the autumn, and the ground afterwards bound in hard frost, they cannot obtain their food in the customary manner.—When they feel that their sleepy time is approaching, which is commonly towards the last days of October, they close all their entrances to their abode, to protect themselves against the winter's cold, and then settle themselves to their long sleep, and do not wake again till the warm spring days recall them to joyous life. The Indians say that the prairie dog does sometimes open the door of its house during the cold winter, but this is a sure sign of warmer days approaching.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.