

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THINE"

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

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SELECTED POETRY.

The Temple of Dreams.

BY LIZZIE C. SMITH.
I see afar Night's fair estate—
Night's palace built on starry land;
But nearer by with open gate,
The Temple of the Twilight stands,
And by the dusky way I wait,
And press my heart with folded hands.

I wait beside the sacred door,
Afrail to enter in alone,
For in this Temple, evermore,
The griefs my orphan years have known
Lie like pale ghosts upon the floor,
And, dreaming, in their sleep they moan.

I wait—from out the purple West
Through paths that my wild eyes cannot see,
A soul-friend comes, love-crowned, love-blessed,
To walk these haunted isles with me—
To clasp my hands from off my breast,
And keep me gentle company.

And side by side with reverent steps,
We tread these sacred rooms apart,
And steal by sorrow as she sleeps,
Where moaning Marah fountains start,
With echo-whispers on our lips,
From vesper-dreams within each heart.

The years that bring no myrtle spray,
No heliotropes to bloom for me,
May come and go; their sweetest praise
Is that they leave me gladdly free
To tread this Temple's dreamy ways,
Clasp'd hands, my spirit mate, with thee.

For as the Twilight's gloom
By Fancy's fairy stars and beams
In spirit hovers, each lonely scene
A spirit, faint with love's perfume,
A poet lost in fairy dreams.

And must thou go? Ah, me! the hands
Of royal ancles in the West
Have flown beyond night's silver lands,
My sorrow wakens from her rest!
Fond friend, dear friend, unclasp my hands
From time, and fold them on my breast.

My eyes, veiled by the wings of Fate,
Meet thee no more, but I can see,
Through these dark places the Temple gate—
The dreams that float away from me
Will whisper at what time I wait
Therewith, FRIEND OF MY HEART, for thee.

POLITICAL.

The Blue Ridge Railroad.

To the Hon. Edward G. Palmer:
Your next objection to granting aid to the Blue Ridge Railroad Company is stated thus: You bring to notice the South Carolina Central Railroad, extending from Georgetown Station on the Northeastern Railroad to Charleston, which, you say, "will place Charleston in connection with the North Carolina Western extension at Stateville, a road penetrating to that very region of country where the Blue Ridge is attempted to be built. Let me ask why this connection will not subserve all the purposes of the Blue Ridge road?"

This is an assertion, though it is put interrogatively, as you frequently do in your letter, when you intend to be emphatic.

The "very region of country where the Blue Ridge is attempted to be built," is down the valley of the Tennessee River to Knoxville, and approaches, at Clayton, within one hundred and forty miles of Chattanooga, which is the focal point of the Western and Southwestern roads, whose track is diverted to Charleston or Savannah. Your assertion is, that the Stateville connection will put Charleston in connection with this region of country, in a manner so advantageous as to subserve the purpose of the Blue Ridge Road.

The advantage of one railroad over another, is estimated by the comparative length of the roads, for the cost of transportation is generally in proportion to the length of the road, and you must, therefore, be understood to assert that it will not be further by the Stateville connection from Charleston to Knoxville and Chattanooga, than it will be by the Blue Ridge Road.

From Charleston to Knoxville, by the Blue Ridge Road (via Aiken), is 410 miles, and to Chattanooga, by the Hiwassee Branch (when built), will be 415 miles.

I will now state the distances from those places to Charleston, by the Stateville connection.

The distance from Chattanooga to Knoxville is 115 miles; Knoxville to Morristown, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, 42 miles; Morristown to Paint Rock, 35 miles; Paint Rock to Statesville, 162 miles. This distance is taken from the report of Col. Gwynn to the Governor of North Carolina, in 1854, of the survey, location and estimated cost of the extension of the North Carolina Central Railroad from Salisbury to Paint Rock, which were ordered to be made by the North Carolina Legislature. From Statesville to Charlotte, measured on Poor's Railroad Map, not less than 51 miles, the sum of these distances shows Charlotte, by the Stateville connection, to be 189 miles from Knoxville, and 404 miles from Chattanooga. The distance from Charlotte to Georgetown Station is 142 miles, and from that station to Charleston is 50 miles, which would place Knoxville, by the Stateville connection, 481 miles from Charleston, and Chattanooga 595 miles. The excess of these distances would present serious objections to your proposed substitute for the Blue Ridge Road with the citizens of Charleston; but I suppose you regard it as insignificant, when it is opposed to the Stateville connection.

But the greater distances from Chattanooga and Knoxville by the Stateville connection than by the Blue Ridge Road, do not present the most serious objection to your statement that the Stateville connection will subserve all the purposes of the Blue Ridge Road.

Before your Stateville connection can be available, North Carolina must finish its road across the Blue Ridge mountains to Asheville, and from Asheville to Paint Rock, which is on the western boundary of North Carolina; and then the Tennessee Company must finish the road from Paint Rock to Morristown.

Col. Gwynn estimated the cost of the road from Paint Rock to Flat Creek, near Asheville, to be \$1,140,000; from Flat Creek

across the mountains to be \$3,000,000; the Piedmont section \$886,000, and thence to Salisbury \$1,400,000—making a total of nearly \$7,000,000. Col. Gwynn's location was through the Swannanoa Gap. I do not know that the extension which is in progress of construction will cross that Gap. But the figures I have shown must be a near approximation of the cost of the several natural divisions of the road from Salisbury to Asheville, which is in progress. With what assurance can you affirm that the people of North Carolina will construct the road across the mountains? Do you believe that they will? The undertaking of the Blue Ridge Railroad Company to build a road across the same Blue Ridge mountains to Knoxville, you characterize as "one of the veriest humbugs that ever engaged the attention of a sensible but deluded people." You must presume largely, and would have the people of Edgefield District to presume largely, on the folly and delusion of the people of North Carolina, when you hold out the completion of their road as a substitute for the Blue Ridge road; and by the offer of this substitute, endeavor to induce the people of South Carolina to abandon the Blue Ridge road. If your opinion respecting the Blue Ridge road be correct, must not you, and all the people of South Carolina, have reason to fear that the light of your wisdom may shine upon the people of North Carolina, and that they may adopt your opinion that their undertaking is one of the veriest humbugs that ever engaged the attention of a sensible but deluded people?

But if we may depend on the continued delusion of the North Carolinians until that veriest humbug, their road across the mountains to Asheville, shall be completed, at this point two routes present themselves, about which, to say the least, the people of North Carolina are divided. One descends the French Broad to Paint Rock, having Morristown for its terminus, and forms your Stateville connection with Knoxville; the other route proceeds, southwardly, to Ducktown. The latter would seem to be the route preferred, because the engineers are now engaged in the survey and location of it. Should this route be adopted, it may be a long time before the French Broad Route is completed.

If the French Broad route should be chosen, your difficulties are not then ended. How shall the road from Paint Rock to Morristown be made? I know from the oath of the President of that Company, to a creditors' bill, filed against the Stockholders for payment of their judgments, that the Company is insolvent.

Under these circumstances, and with the opinion you have expressed respecting the Blue Ridge road, is it not a delusion worse, even than you think the Blue Ridge road to be, to depend on the Stateville connection as a substitute for the Blue Ridge road, and to urge the availability and sufficiency of the former, as an argument for abandoning the latter?

The last of your objections which I will notice, is expressed by interjections of amazement.

You advise the people of Edgefield District not to waste their energies "upon one of the veriest humbugs that ever engaged the attention of a sensible but deluded people;" and thus close the paragraph: "Was there ever before so monstrous a folly attempted to be perpetrated by a sensible people?"

The Blue Ridge Railroad Company have undertaken to connect, by railroad (the only practicable connection), the State of South Carolina with the navigable waters and system of railroads in the Mississippi valley. The States of Maryland, Virginia and Georgia, at a cost manifold greater than what is solicited from South Carolina, have effected that connection. In every instance the completion of the roads have been followed by overflowing prosperity. The entire population of those States, high and low, rich and poor, wise and simple, commend the wisdom of those undertakings which experience of their benefits has made manifest to all. Statesmen and patriots, whose virtue and wisdom are ennobled in the memory of the people of South Carolina, devoted all their energies twenty-five years ago to the accomplishment of the great national work.

If the authority of the multitude of wise and virtuous men, who have exhausted their energies in effecting, or in the attempt to effect, a connection between the Atlantic and the Western States by railroads—the universal commendation of such a connection when it has been completed—the experience of its benefit, which has forced conviction to the most stubborn adversaries—if all these things cannot persuade you, nothing can. It may be that you are wiser than all the wisdom collected of those who carried through the Southern Atlantic Railroads across the mountains. You may be wiser than experience. But let me make a suggestion. Whatever you may think, do not proclaim it so publicly.

EDWARD FROST.

GONE NORTH.—We clip the following pointed and sensible article from the Rock Hill Chronicle, and refer it to the special attention of those whom it may concern: "Merchants in our State who kicked up such a dust, at the time of the John Brown raid in Virginia, about direct importation and Southern trade, are now going North to lay in full supplies. We are ashamed to tell it, but it is so. The night travel on the Charlotte road is now very considerable, and among the passengers no class are more numerous than merchants on their way to New York. Gentlemen, don't write any more resolutions about the importance and necessity of direct trade. Your preaching is vain unless you practice your doctrine."

DAWKINS married a lady for her money, but cannot touch it till she dies, and he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day Mrs. Dawkins, finding herself ill, sent for a doctor, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that Dawkins had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Dawkins. "It's all gammon—she isn't poisoned! Prove it, doctor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

The Consequences of Lincoln's Election—Something for the Northern Men to think of.

Dispassionate men are everywhere beginning to ask themselves what will be the consequences of the election of Lincoln, and it is time that every man in this confederation who has the good of the country at heart, should be prepared to answer this momentous question.

The developments of the campaign are bringing clearly to view the radical and revolutionary intentions of the black republican party. The spirit and tone of its campaign journals and documents leave no room to doubt the thorough abolitionism of its principles and its candidates. Helper's handbook of treason, Lincoln's unmistakable abolition harangue in the Senate, are the staple expositions of the black republican creed, for the circulation of which every possible effort is made. Horace Greeley, whose position as a journalist makes him one of the master spirits of his party, and enabled him to overthrow Seward, its originator and leader, tells the world that he means "to labor for its eradication (the institution of domestic servitude) from our own, and all other countries, as long as I live." Wm. H. Seward finding himself set aside for a less prominent leader in his party, proclaims that Lincoln is just as radical an abolitionist as himself, if not more so; that he is enlisted for life or death in the "irrepressible conflict," and that both belong to "the Massachusetts school" in politics.

The black republican party of that State, fearing that the intense, fanatical and destructive abolition character of "the Massachusetts school" would not be sufficiently evident from the speeches and acts of its Senators elect—Wilson and Sumner—has placed in nomination for the gubernatorial chair Andrews the friend and intimate of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, the open and declared sympathizer with and defender of John Brown, and the unblushing endorser of their constant reiteration, that they hold the compact of confederation to be "a compact with hell."

These are the indelible marks which, in only sixty days of canvass, with a prospect of success before them, the black republican leaders have placed upon their followers. Let no man hug to his heart the conviction that he can co-operate with them for a while, and then, either control the folly that guides their action, or capes from the misery and ruin it will bring if they attain control of the powers of the federal government. It will then be too late to advise them, and utterly fruitless to abandon their support. Once in power, they will care neither for moderate advisers nor moderate supporters. Conservative republicans will be cast aside everywhere as broken and useless tools—as they have been in Massachusetts—and only black republican abolitionists of the schools of Garrison, Phillips and John Brown, believing that a reputation in the Southern States of the bloody massacres witnessed in St. Domingo would be doing God service, will be entitled to place in the civil service, the judiciary, the army and the navy of the country. Concede, for arguments' sake, that for political reasons they will not deem it fit to inaugurate the bloody and might issue at once, what will be the course they will pursue?

Here we have the admitted facts of their intention, and in them we may see reflected in the mirror of truth the consequences of Abraham Lincoln's election as President.

The first step will be the appointment to every post of executive or administrative power within the gift of the President of men who believe that slavery is an evil and a sin; that it is their moral and social, as well as a political duty, to make war upon it in every way; that "this Union cannot stand half slave and half free," and that William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John Brown are right in the theories they have proclaimed and the policy they have advocated. With men holding these views as judges and officers of the federal courts, as postmasters and collectors of customs, as district attorneys and marshals of the United States, there will commence an agitation of the slavery question such as the world has never witnessed. Federal officers may refrain from immediate participation in criminal acts, but the abductors of slaves, the fomenters of servile insurrection, and the coming John Browns, will pursue their iniquitous labors, in the full confidence that, if arrested and brought to trial, it will be by marshals, prosecuting attorneys, juries and judges that sympathize with them, and who believe that the cause in which they are engaged is the cause of righteousness.

The effect of this fact alone upon the spirit of fanatic abolitionism in the country will produce the most disastrous results. Give the criminal but the confidence that men of his stamp will sit as judges over him if arrested, and crime will at once become the audacious ruler of society. So will it be with the "irrepressible conflict." The underground railroad will be brought to the light of day, the stealing of slaves will become a trade of which thousands will be openly vain, heroism in the act will be worshipped, and not alone Virginia, but every Southern State, will have to record its John Brown raids, and the abolition promptings to incendiarism now seen in Texas will be witnessed in every slave State from the Delaware to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. In such a state of things there will be no need to use the army and navy of the United States to suppress or extinguish slavery; it will only be necessary to defeat its employment to suppress faction and incendiarism. In such a state of things parties will be driven to the highest pitch of excitement, acts of fury will be perpetrated on all sides, and day by day the whole country will recede farther and farther from the rule of reason.

With the inauguration of such a state of things, we would ask the merchants of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, what would be the value of the Southern notes you hold? If the reply would not bankrupt you, it would cause you to cut off all your Southern trade to avoid bankruptcy. In such a state of things, we would ask the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, what would be the value to you of the note of a merchant in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, if the Southern trade were bankrupt? You would not sell a single package of goods on Southern credit, and would have to diminish production, or overstock other avenues to consumption. And, in this case, we would ask the capitalist, the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer of those States, what will become of your rents, your markets and your wages, if the manufacturers have to diminish production? They must and would decline, all the combinations of intellect, farmers' unions and trade protections in the world could not sustain prices and wages, even if they could prevent universal bankruptcy. Our whole industrial and commercial fabric is built on the broad basis of credit, and the fibres, veins and arteries of this are so intertwined and connected through the whole body politic that a vital blow at the credit system in one section will bring the whole edifice crumbling to the ground. That blow will be struck at Southern credit by the election of Lincoln, and the installation of "the Massachusetts school" of abolitionists in our national administration.

[N. Y. Herald.

FROM THE LAFAYETTE HERALD.—BY REQUEST.

The reply of the late distinguished Lowndes, that "the Presidency is a position neither to be sought nor declined," is alike applicable to the Governorship of a sovereign State. In times of tranquility, it is not so important to exact the higher orders of intellect and great qualities, to discharge the duties of Governor and Commander-in-Chief; but when perils surround—yes, threaten—and are actually waged against the entire South, to the destruction of our institutions and to massacre!! it becomes every citizen in South Carolina, who has a family and a home, to think seriously, and to make a requisition of antecedents, of capacity, of patriotism, of wisdom in council, and energy and ability to execute in camp and field, such duties as will doubtless devolve on our next Chief Magistrate.

In 1828, when the Government at Washington, more especially then, commenced its acts of aggression, and when resistance by State intervention was deemed a solemn duty, prominent statesmen of that crisis, such as Stephen D. Miller, James Hamilton, Robert Y. Hayne and George McDuffie, were chosen successively to fill the distinguished post of Governor of the State. And during the war with Mexico, when more than ordinary talent was required, David Johnson, the profound jurist and honest man, (not inferior to either of the four predecessors named, in intellectual strength) was with one accord, unanimously elected to carry out with ability and fidelity the duties of Commander-in-Chief.

In recurring to our personal knowledge of prominent men in the State, we know of none better qualified, in all the attributes of eminent worth, to fill this important office than Gen. David Jamison of Orangeburg. This gentleman has served in our Legislature, was appointed by Governor Hammond one of the visitors of the Military Academy at its organization, which duties he has discharged for eighteen years, was a member of the convention at Nashville, and recently a member of the convention at Richmond. "He is a scholar, a ripe and good one," an able, pure, and classical writer, and thoroughly acquainted with Southern policy. As a general of cavalry, he was a model. As a man, kind and social in his relations, wise and prudent in resolve, firm and bold to execute. And in obedience to the text and in unison with his modest, retiring character, he does not seek office, but doubtless would not decline. He is eminently fit for the dark era of troubles we may expect in the history of Carolina the next two years, as to whether the State shall be sovereign or shall be vassal to pay tribute, and bow her neck to every arbitrary edict in the Northern code.

We rejoice that there exists no divisions nor sections of parties in South Carolina. For a while ago, there was an ideal difference, but like the colors in a changeable silk, there were shades of party, but by condensation rays, the line of difference is indistinct, and now like the more brilliant colors of the rainbow, the State forms one beautiful arch, supporting the banner of Breckinridge and Lane, extending its beacon to our misguided friends that in union there is victory—in division defeat.

Anticipating the apprehended last result, to meet which the State should look to early preparation and determine on one to assume the helm, capable and willing to meet the event, such a man we respectfully again suggest, is Gen. David Jamison, in all respects ably qualified.

CITIZEN.
August 25, 1860.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—Our fellow townsman, M. P. Crawford, Esq., has shown us a cannon ball, (a six pounder) which was picked up a few days since on his plantation in the Waxhaw section. Its rusted appearance, besides other circumstances, would indicate its being a relic of Revolutionary times. It was picked up within a short distance of the spot where Jackson was born, and upon the plantation (then owned by Crawford, grandfather of the first named gentleman) where the first years of his remarkable life were spent.—*Lancaster Ledger.*

A CELEBRATED toper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friends will not know you."

THE Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out: "What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes. "Do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools?"

How to Preserve Woman—A Chapter of Excellent Advice.

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother—wife, sister, and pretty cousins, are women, and the daughters will be (Heaven spare them!) if they live long enough. And there is a love of woman in general which we do not deny. A fine magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, a ripe, red cheek and flashing eye, is somewhat that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks and every day streets. A North River steamer, under full headway, with colors flying, is rather stirring and inspiring—and we pull up our nag to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other deep water, by the side of a well-kept, well-dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the charm, blessing, beauty, and bliss of life—men's life, we mean, of course. Any means, therefore, that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit.—You cannot pickle them. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them away in a room with a paper soaked in brandy over their months. You cannot put them in cans sealed up airtight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now as men are so dependent upon women for their choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an infallible recipe.

Have the feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes; it is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the outset of danger. A woman may never shiver from the effects of cold upon her limbs or hands or head, but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and go off to her teeth into a clatter, and the whole organization is in commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural concoctions of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is now ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it—for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the bed with mittens on.—Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit bent up in a single room, with double windows. Fruit will not retain its form or flavor in airtight cans, neither will woman. They need air. If the shiver comes on during these operations, go directly and put something more about the breast.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flowers. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is as necessary as air, and a brown tan is preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

This much in regard to the physical means important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still unwound that gets out of order. The sympathies involved in the family relation, the new energies devolved by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, bringing about a delightful play upon the heart and the intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produces an effect that is nothing less than preservation.

KNOXVILLE AND KENTUCKY RAILROAD.—The opening of the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, has shown the incapacity of that, or any other road, to do all the business, in passengers and freight, constantly pressing upon it, and it has demonstrated the necessity of the early construction of the Knoxville and Kentucky Railroad. Even two roads could not now send forward the corn, flour, bacon, and other heavy freights offered, and destined for the cotton States South of us.

At present, the shortest route from Atlanta to Cincinnati, would be only 490 miles.—The route via Knoxville passes through the most extensive and inexhaustible coal and iron regions in the world; and the completion of our route, would at once build up the great manufacturing establishments of Louisville and Cincinnati. We name this fact for their consideration. We shall soon have completed the first thirty miles of this road, starting out from this city. The track-laying will commence in a few days.

There is a great meeting in Cincinnati at this time, and Nashville has sent up a strong delegation. The East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad Company has sent up three able delegates—the Knoxville and Kentucky Railroad Company have despatched three more strong and efficient delegates—and our city authorities have sent a delegation suited to the occasion. If Kentucky and Ohio will look at the thing as it is, this is the route for their interests.—*Knoxville Whig.*

At a late ball in Paris a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad estate and a very charming wife, insisted, very inconveniently at the close of a polka, that madame should return to the bosom of her family. "Never mind," said she to her partner; "ask me to dance in the next quadrille all the same—I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then, returning, and requesting her spouse to find first his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

Secrets of the Ocean.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti.

The banks of coral on which my divers, narrated in the previous chapter, were made, are about forty miles in length and from ten to twenty in breadth.

On the bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places, the pendants form arch over arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through these into the deep winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there, the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants, I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabited these Silver Banks, I found as different in kind, as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby, to the globelike sun-fish; from those of the duldest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard, to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow, to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on those banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas, can be found there. The sunfish, saw-fish, star-fish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel nose shark, were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remaining as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom and were all hues.

There were the ribbon fish, from four to five inches, to three feet in length. Their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of the frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet in length.—They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.

OLD MAIDS.—An eloquent writer thus discourses of this estimable class of females.—There is truth and beauty all over the paragraph:—

"I have no sympathy with that rude, unfeeling, and indelicate phrase, *old maid*, which is bandied about in the mouths of rude, unfeeling, and indelicate persons. It is true, that a selfish nature, cut off from all duties and ties, and sinking back into the solitary life of a selfish heart, becomes most unlovely and useless. But shall the few cloud the true nobleness of the many? How many elder sisters, it may be unblest with outward comeliness, have entered into a brother's or a sister's family, and accepted all its cares as the duty of their life, and, twining hands with the mother, given to each child, as it were, two souls of love, like two wings of God, to help it fly up withal from weakness and ignorance to manhood and strength! How many have cheerfully given up their own whole life, built no nest, sought no companion, but sang in the tree, and near the younglings of another's nest, patient in toil, watchful and laborious in sickness, frugal amidst poverty, rich in nothing but good works, and in these abounding in wealth! When the roll is read above, and they are named that lived in self-sacrifice, in gentleness, in patience, in love, and in the only triumph of disinterested mercy, they who are unmarried and childless, that they might more heroically serve the households of others, and become mothers of children not their own, shall stand high and bright."

WITTY PERVERSION.—A minister had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday the divine preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and a significant look at Hardy, who was present: "There is no fool like the fool Hardy."

A CRUST of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden.

"I FEEL," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble."