

watching with breathless eagerness the flying foe, expressing earnest desire for their victory or defeat. It was a perfect Babel of languages; the steepest passengers crowded the lower deck, men, women and children, all talking at once in their different dialects, all intent upon seeing the novel fight.

The three Chippewas ran swiftly; their feet scarce seemed to touch the sward, so rapid was their motion. But see! One stops—something impedes his steps; 'tis for a second's space—he throws away his moccasins, and as he does so, casts a quick glance behind him, in the act of leveling his rifle—a flash and a report. The excited spectators on board the Otto give a simultaneous shriek, and the words "He is shot!" are heard on every side. But no, he bounds forward with increased velocity. A moment more, and he staggers, reels, and falls prostrate, shot through the heart.

Then commenced a scene in Indian warfare so fiendish and blood-thirsty that my pen can scarcely record it. While the body was still heaving with the last struggle of life, with a scream wild and unearthly, the Sioux bent over it with his glittering knife. I involuntarily closed my eyes, and when I looked again, I saw the gory scalp of the Chippewa dripping with the still warm blood, fastened to the girdle of the Sioux. Raising the war whoop, that echoed from shore to shore, like the yell of some demon, he hurried on after the others.

The two remaining Chippewas were fast distancing their pursuers; and we could see them for miles along the prairie, running in a line from the shore, the Sioux still hot pursued, like wolves after their prey. The captain commanded that added steam should be put to the boat, there was a bluff where the river made a bend, a short distance ahead; and he thought he might yet save the fugitives by getting on board the Otto.

And steam was put on. The raging and cracking of the fire, as it roared amidst its frail barriers, the surging and mad speed of the boat, as she churned the waters into foam, the groans and dissonant noises of the vast machinery, sounded like the cries of a soul in agony—all were unheard or forgotten in our breathless intensity of vision. The chase was for human life—for human life that a few moments before had lived and breathed amongst us.

In a short space we came to the bend of the river; here the shore was thickly covered with scrub pine and wild creepers, and our view intercepted. As we rounded the point, however, we could see far across the prairie; and in the distance could trace one Chippewa, like a deer flying from the huntsman, still pursued by the maddened Sioux. A crash was heard among the branches, and his companion came leaping from the high bluff that overhung the river. The poor fellow had outrun his implacable foe, and seeing the boat, had made an attempt to reach it as his only chance of life. But instead of falling into the water, he came heavily upon the ground and broke his leg. Before his enemies found his trail he was safely landed on board the steamer. A physician being on board, his limb was set, and he finally reached his village.

It was afterwards discovered that, according to the assertion made by the Chippewas, their village had been attacked by this Sioux party. The boy, stationed upon the bluff that surrounded their dwellings, seeing their approach, had given instant alarm, so that by the time the Sioux had reached the village, it was deserted and bare. They set fire to it, and were returning when seen by the three Indians on board the steamer.

The Chippewa that fled across the prairie was sorely beset by his enemies; for days and nights he had neither rest nor sleep. Once only he stopped to breathe amongst bushes; but they had traced his course, and he found himself surrounded by a burning circle of fire. But his courage and perseverance did not forsake him even amidst such deadly peril. With a bound he cleared the flaming brush wood, and though thrice wounded by chance shots, he had eluded their direful vengeance, and while his body was weakened and emaciated by very severe hardships and fatigue, his resolute spirit sustained his exertions until retreat was practicable, and he also returned to his people in safety.

This sketch is no vision of fancy; there are persons still living who witnessed 'The Prairie Fight.'

A FEW OF THE ANCIENT BLUE LAWS.

The following were some of the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, which we here insert. They may be quite a curiosity to many of our readers: The Governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

Whoever says there is a power and jurisdiction over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

The Governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The Governor shall have a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote when the assembly shall be equally divided.

The assembly of the people shall not be dissolved by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself. Conspirators, attempting to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

The judge shall determine controversy without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

No one shall hold any office who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to his denomination; and whoever gives a vote for such a person shall pay a fine of 20 for the first offence and for the second he shall be disfranchised.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God, to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No lodging or food shall be offered to a Quaker, Adami or any other heretic.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any person without a warrant.

No one shall cross a ferry but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in the garden or elsewhere except reverently to and from meeting.

No person shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, shave or cut hair on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or Fast-day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft. A person accused with trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates and refuses to disclose them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks or be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep school.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town, or parish shall be fined by the Court £2; and £4 every quarter until he or she shall pay the rate to the minister.

Men stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings a yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at three hundred pounds estate.

A debtor in prison swearing that he has no estate shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets fire to a woods and burns a house shall suffer; and any person suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without the benefit of the bail.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or Saint's day, make minced pies, play cards, dance, or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jew-harp.

No minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrate only shall join people in marriage; they may do with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children a convenient marriage, the magistrate is to determine the point.

The selectmen on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands at the expense of their parents.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of ten pounds.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the Court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining the consent of her parents: £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second; and for the third an imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned. Every male shall have his hair cut according to a cap—History of Connecticut.

NOTE.—The above laws were originally painted on Blue paper, on which account they were called the Blue Laws of New England.

COMPARATIVE PRODUCTIVE ECONOMY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY CHARLES C. COFFIN, WEST BOSTON, N. H.

An understanding of the laws which regulate the wealth of nations, is necessary for national prosperity. That those laws are not understood, is evident from the returns of the seventh census. Those returns exhibit some unlooked for, and remarkable results. Yet we were not prepared for such discrepancies in like productions from different localities.

That there are other reasons than a want of knowledge of nature's laws is also evident. In such a country as the United States, to which immigration is setting like a ceaseless tide, the laws of nature will, as a matter of course, be violated. The German brings the experience which he has had upon the fields of his fatherland; the Irishman farms as upon the bogs of the Emerald Isle; the Norwegian, as upon the steep-sides of his native—all unfitted, as is each system to the soil and climate of their adopted most milk. Vermont is an exception. But the exception will be accounted for in the quantity of cheese produced.

The purely agricultural States of the West, with broad prairies, fertile fields, and favorable climate are behind the bleak and barren States of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. New York stands highest on the list, yet she sells millions of gallons of milk per annum.

The reasons for such discrepancy must be beyond climate or soil. They are to be found in inferior stock, and improper management.

In the article of cheese* there is a wider difference.

Lbs. per Cow.	Lbs. per Cow.
Louisiana 11	Indiana 2.96
South Carolina 12	Illinois 4.00
Maryland 13	Iowa 4.00
Missouri 14	Tennessee 4.72
Alabama 15	Wisconsin 6.00
Georgia 16	Mississippi 10
Delaware 17	Rhode Island 11
Florida 18	Maine 18
Arkansas 19	New Jersey 30
Texas 20	New Hampshire 31
North Carolina 21	Ohio 38
Tennessee 22	New York 53
Kentucky 23	Massachusetts 54
Missouri 24	Vermont 59
Virginia 25	Connecticut 62

The State of Vermont produces more pounds of cheese than all the rest of the Union, with the exception of New York, Ohio, Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire; and this from 146,128 cows.

It may reasonably be asked if there is sought in the geological formation, geographical position, or climate of Vermont, to account for the successful production of such a branch of agriculture; which may not be equally successful in other States? We answer no. New York and Ohio, New Hampshire and Connecticut show the same capability.

*It is well known that cheese is not an article of food so universal in its use as butter; yet from some data, it would seem that many of the States were dependent upon others for this article of food, which with judicious arrangements can be produced in all climates.

But if we look at the number of cows per individual, surprise at the discrepancy will be still greater. We shall see that some of the States, which produce the least butter and cheese per home. Each has his own prejudices and customs, venerating them in the highest degree, and unwilling to yield to the imperative demands of nature.

Hence those States, which are in their infancy, cannot be taken as a correct data.

The sources of the nation's wealth are so various, that it requires large scope of vision to comprehend them. A country embracing such an extent of territory, with variations of climate, thermal and hydrometric, such a variety of geological formation, and combinations—embracing all the precious and useful metals; such an extent of sea-coast and numberless rivers; presents considerations to the economist, which are not to be found in any other on the globe.

National prosperity is subject to three pursuits:—commercial, mechanical and agricultural;—the latter is at the basis of all. Of agriculture we propose to speak; but as some States are extensively engaged in manufactures, and others in commerce, allowances should be made in the comparative results.

It is a natural supposition that a State possessing equal advantages with another State should be equal in its like productions. Such is not the fact, as will be apparent from the annexed tables. Taking the article of butter,—a product universal the world over, and which can be produced in any climate, we see the following results. The States being arranged in progressive order.

Lbs. per Cow, per annum.	Lbs. per Cow, per annum.
Florida 5	Maryland 43
Texas 10	Indiana 45
Georgia 13	Iowa 47
South Carolina 15	Delaware 50
North Carolina 18	Wisconsin 56
Alabama 18	Massachusetts 62
Arkansas 19	New Jersey 63
Mississippi 20	Maine 69
Tennessee 23	Michigan 70
Missouri 24	New Hampshire 73
Virginia 24	Connecticut 75
Rhode Island 24	Pennsylvania 75
Vermont 29	New Jersey 79
Louisiana 41	Vermont 79
Illinois 42	New York 85

In many of the States large quantities of milk are sold; but if the above table is examined, it will be seen that most of those States which produce the largest amount of butter, sell the cow keep the greatest number of cows per individual.

Cows per individual.	Cows per individual.
Maine 32	Alabama 29
New Hampshire 32	Florida 38
Vermont 33	Mississippi 35
Massachusetts 33	Louisiana 20
Rhode Island 33	Texas 1.01
Connecticut 33	Kentucky 25
Vermont 33	Tennessee 34
New Jersey 33	Arkansas 44
Tennessee 33	Missouri 33
Delaware 33	Ohio 37
Maryland 33	Indiana 28
Vermont 33	Illinois 34
North Carolina 33	Mississippi 25
South Carolina 33	Iowa 24
Georgia 33	Wisconsin 21

Vermont is a purely agricultural State. The dairy is a branch of business natural to the State. It is made profitable by industry and energy. Each individual is possessed of one forty-six hundredths of a cow, each cow producing 59 lbs. of cheese and 33 lbs. of butter.

In the State of Florida, each individual owns eighty-three hundredths of a cow. Each cow producing 24 lbs. of cheese and 5 lbs. of butter.

Now for what purpose do the agriculturists of the South rear such stock? Surely not for profit.

The total lbs. of cheese produced in the United States in 1850, was 105,535,219, or about 41.2 lbs. to each individual. The export for each year was 10,361,189, leaving about 4 lbs. per individual for consumption. Now if the consumption is equal in all the States, there are but seven States that produce their own cheese—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Ohio.

Pennsylvania, with a population of 2,311,786, produces but 2,505,034 lbs. of cheese. If each individual consumes 4 lbs. of cheese, there is a deficit of 5,742,110 lbs., which at 10 cts. amounts to more than half a million dollars. And this, with a soil and climate equally advantageous with New York or Ohio. Indiana, with a population of 988,416, produces from 284,554 cows, but 624,564 lbs. of cheese and 12,881,535 lbs. of butter.

This is a result where soil and climate are greatly in favor of the former States. Neither of the States sell milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that the proportionable consumption of milk, as an article of food, is as great in one as in the other. Hence the discrepancy must be sought for in the stock, or in the management of the dairy, or in both. There is no reason to suppose that Indiana may not be made to equal Vermont, but on the contrary, excel it in dairy products.

The discrepancy which exists between the States of Vermont and Indiana is illustrative of that of the whole Union. Not only in cheese, but in various other articles.

The amount of wool produced per sheep, shows results which must be attributed to stock and management.

In the table appended there is evidently an error in the computation for Massachusetts; for it can hardly be supposed that that State should range so far ahead of all others,—especially of Vermont, where wool-growing is a profession.

Lbs. of wool per sheep.	Lbs. of wool per sheep.
Maine 8.02	Florida 0.99
New Hampshire 2.90	Mississippi 1.8
Vermont 3.35	Wisconsin 0.9
Massachusetts 4.28	Texas 1.3
Rhode Island 2.9	Kentucky 2.0
Connecticut 2.9	Tennessee 1.6
New York 2.9	Alabama 2.0
New Jersey 2.9	Missouri 2.1
Tennessee 1.3	Ohio 2.4
Delaware 2.1	Indiana 2.3
Maryland 2.6	Illinois 2.4
Virginia 2.1	Michigan 2.7
North Carolina 1.6	Iowa 2.4
South Carolina 1.7	Wisconsin 2.0

Vermont, with a climate of long winters, stands first on the list, probably as to quantity per sheep, and quality. No State has given so much attention to wool growing, and within the last ten years she has produced a stock not surpassed in the country.

If Vermont has done thus, why may not Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and other States with climate to assist, surpass Vermont?

It has been computed that each individual requires seven lbs. of wool per annum, therefore the country requires not far from 166,000,000

lbs. per annum. The lbs. produced in 1850, were 52,789,174 from 21,721,814 sheep, or 2.44 lbs. per sheep. Showing a deficit of more than 100,000,000 lbs. Now if the lbs. per sheep were raised to that of Vermont, it would increase the amount to 72,000,000; and if the quality, which may now be rated at 0.40 per lb., were increased to that of Vermont, which may be called \$0.50; it would give an increase of 15,000,000.

It is a well known fact, that it costs no more to keep a good animal than a poor one; here there would be actual gain of fifteen millions of dollars to the country per annum. This applies with equal force, to all the products of the country which are not in any great degree affected by climate.

The deficit of 100,000,000 lbs. of per annum, in value \$40,000,000, is worthy of the consideration of the agriculturists of the country. But the discussion of the subject cannot be pursued. It has been theorized by economists, but it is a problem which will settle itself. Yet to arrive at national wealth, it is absolutely necessary to understand the laws of production and distribution. It is only by comparative analysis that a State can understand its progress.

There is a legitimate business for every community. It is not a haphazard course which a community can pursue successfully for a long period. Prosperity is founded upon rational laws,—laws of nature, or of circumstances. Some of the States must of necessity be manufacturing, others commercial, others agricultural, and others, combining different employments.

It is impossible with the space at command, to do more than to glance at the industry of the country. But perhaps enough has been said to call attention to the comparative economy of the different States. No State can float serenely on the tide of time to a great and glorious destiny. The great moving powers are industry and energy; making use of the means which nature or circumstances has given.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XL.

SAVANNAH, GA., April 5, 1854.

Notice of Charleston—Its Aspect—Its Society—Personal Pleasures—Changes—God and Mammon—Churches and Banks—Saint Finbar—Improved style of building—New Custom House—The Mills House—Evidence of retrogression—Charleston Provincialized—A gleam of hope—Daily Steamship Line to New York—Intercourse between Charleston and Savannah—The Rivalry of the Cities—Invalids in Savannah—A City of Parks—Sand—A Lack—The Pulaski House—Increase of the City—Chatham Academy—Bonaventure—A "Garden of the Dead."

MY DEAR POST: I promised to make Charleston one of the themes of this letter, and should regret, indeed, to dismiss it with the simple mention made of it in my last. It is a favorite place with me, and a residence of three years within its boundaries qualifies me, perhaps, to speak advisedly of its attractions. It wears to the stranger an antique and at first, perhaps, an unimpressive aspect, but he cannot dwell there long without becoming interested in its very appearance, nor will he fail—if he be an intelligent observer, to discover its striking individualities. Upon these I have not time to dilate, but if you have visited the city—my dear Post—you have doubtless remarked them. The attractions of Charleston however, to which I have alluded—are not found in its streets nor in its houses—but rather in its delightful society. This is characterized by a very high degree of refinement—blended with a warm and yet unobtrusive hospitality. There the deserving stranger is sure of a welcome and no less of an appreciation. He is charmed with the sincerity and substantiality of all that surrounds him. He is not bewildered with glitter or glare; he is not stunned by noise and confusion; he is not vexed with parade and appearance; he is not vexed with the insolent pretensions of *parvenuism*. He finds homes, and hearts to make them happy. This, at least, I found the Queen City of the South—and never did I leave a place with a tinge of the regret with which I severed the bonds between Charleston and myself.

You will not wonder that I should be glad to revisit the city and to renew the delightful social intercourse of the past. My few days there were all too brief for such an agreeable employ, and if the eyes of any of my cherished friends in Charleston should rest upon this paragraph—let them be assured that it is an "utterance of the heart."

But enough of the mere personal of my stay there. You will demand something more objective than this. I had not been absent from the city much more than a year, and still it presented striking changes to my eye.—Of these, it is perhaps curious, that they should suggest to my mind, the Scriptural antagonism of God and Mammon! Do you ask me why? I answer—because the changes in question were visible chiefly in the Churches and in the Banks! Of the former I noticed the new and scarcely finished Catholic Cathedral of St. Finbar—(of which Saint I confess to being rather ignorant) the renovated Unitarian Chapel and another renewed temple—of the Presbyterian Church. Of the banks—there were also three, and (as if to heighten the coincidence) one of them is new and the other two are reconstructions! The Ecclesiastical and the Mammonical or perhaps I should say—the fiscal structures, both alike, afford pleasing evidence of increased regard for architectural elegance.

I have not time to enter into any details of other "improvements" in the city—though I must not omit to mention the new and substantial Custom House which is now being erected by the United States Government, and also the truly elegant and sumptuous hotel known as the Mills House and without an equal South of the Potomac. I regret that I have not space anything retrogressive in Charleston; but the truth requires it. The city has unfortunately lost its commanding position upon the great route of travel from New York to New Orleans. The great Southern mail no longer passes through it. The metropolis has been suddenly provincialized, and now receives the mail some hours later than Columbia, which latter place was but recently dependent upon Charleston for its news.

This extraordinary change—which is irksome and galling indeed, to the good people of the city has been effected by the opening of the Wilmington and Manchester railway of which I had something to say in a recent letter. The result is certainly disastrous to Charleston, and I do not see how the city will be able to extricate itself from the sad dilemma into which its supineness and self-complacency have thrust it.—Charleston should have secured itself in the alienable possession of its former advantages by making an early railroad connection between itself and Wilmington. Had this been done the Manchester road would probably never have been built. I confess to much regret that the quaint and delightful old city of the Palmetto is thus thrust out of the way—henceforth to be an object of quest to the business man or the invalid—instead of lying in the pathway of the Western World in its progress along the Atlantic seaboard.

There is a gleam of hope athwart the darkness of this prospect. It is the growing and merited popularity of the steamship line direct to New York. It may be that the enterprising owners of this line—already comprising four admirable ships—will dare, in this emergency, to increase the number of their vessels and despatch a steamer every day, or at least every other day from each port. If the former alternative could be adopted, half—perhaps three-fourths—of the evil would be at once removed, and if the same good fortune continued to mark the line, as that which it has enjoyed for two or three years past—I do not know that the whole mischief would not be repaired. I have no doubt that new steamers could be built which would make averaged passages of forty-eight hours. Courage, then citizens of Charleston—establish this daily line of sea boats—and let your beautiful and thriving city be still, as it has been—the thoroughfare of the nation.—So mote it be.

The communication between the rival maritime cities of South Carolina and Georgia is not sufficient, it would seem, to call for a daily line, and here is another token of retrogression. Until recently there was a daily steamboat between Charleston and Savannah; but now boats run only four times a week. The line is composed of two very comfortable though moderate-sized steamers—which make the passage—outside in all weathers—during the night. In one of these boats I passed from the City of the Palmetto, to the City of Oglethorpe between which there exists an active rivalry—amounting almost to hostility. This is frequently fomented by the newspapers of both cities—which however charge upon each other the entire onus of the strife! I shall not be considered a tell-tale I hope, if I whisper to you that I have seen decided tokens in this city, of any thing but concordance with Charleston in the recent isolation to which it has been subjected by the new mail arrangements, though Savannah reaps no advantage therefrom.

In Savannah I encounter daily invalids from the North, who creep about in the genial sunshine of this soft climate, with something like hope upon their pale features. Would that the air, which feels, indeed, as bland, and is perhaps as sweet, as that "of Araby the blest," might bring healing on its wings to their debilitated and alas, too generally I fear, perishing frames. The invalids in East Florida who can bear the fatigue of travel, occasionally vary their dull routine of life by a trip to Savannah in one of the several rival boats which now run between this port and the towns upon the beautiful St. Johns.

Savannah is a city of parks; small they are I allow, but delightful still. These are squares which dot the city at regular intervals. They are planted with shade trees, and the older parks are very beautiful, and all of them will become so in time. The great drawback of Savannah is its sand, which ought undoubtedly to be substituted for that "of the seashore," so often quoted as an emblem of *multitude*. The sand is ankle deep in every street and almost in every park, except where pavements of brick or wood have superseded it, and these are sadly in the vogue in the regions a little removed from the centre of the town.

Savannah is without a really excellent hotel. I must not forget the *Pulaski* which charges two dollars and a half a day, genuine St. Nicholas stamp! and which provides very early green peas and strawberries; but after all the *Pulaski* isn't the St. Nicholas, nor is it the *Mills House* of dear old Charleston. It is a rambling, inconvenient, semi-dilapidated old barn, where elegant appointments would be simply impertinences, and where luxuries of the table actually lose much of their rarity and delicacy, just as sweetened bread and butter would sound exorbitantly in a log hut, and I have seen something of this very kind in the course of my southern ramblings. These things violate the unities and the proprieties. Savannah wants a magnificent hotel—an *Oglethorpe House* it might be—to match her beautiful skies, her generous atmosphere, and the sumptuous elegance of her private mansions.

I have not been here in several years, and in that period the city has subsidized a large tract of land, then known as the Common. It is now covered with squares and streets, lined with neat modern brickhouses.

Taking into consideration the depth of the sand I think I may safely say that it is a good days journey to make the tour of the city.—Plank roads will soon afford much grateful relief from this plague of the town.

I visited the Chatham Academy, an old and richly endowed foundation of learning, where between three and four hundred youth of both sexes are judiciously and liberally educated.—About four miles from the city there is a famous spot called *Bonaventure*, formerly the residence and now the mortal resting-place of Colonel Tattnall. It is a grand forest of live oaks, through which numerous avenues lead to the centre where the tomb of the hero is found. These avenues are covered by the interlacing boughs of the trees which are so profusely draped with the long grey moss peculiar to these latitudes, that they seem to be hung as with funeral banners. Recently this domain was opened as a Cemetery, but its distance from the city renders it less available than a still newer Cemetery close at hand. I can conceive, however, of no fitter place to be "a garden of the dead," than this rare and unparalleled natural temple of many aisles.

I might say much more of Savannah, but I should overpass my limits to do it now. So let me stop at once. COSMOS.