WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY

THE LORD'S PRAYER. The following beautiful poem is said to have been writted by King James I., though by some it is ascribed to Bishop Andrews-

Ir any be distressed, and fain would gather Some comfort, let him haste unte Our Father.

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven Except thou succor us

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same

We praise Thee, singing Hallowed be Thy name: Of all our miseries cast up the sum, Show us Thy joys, and let

Thy kingdom come. We mortal are, and altar from our birth. Thou constant art. Thy will be done on earth.

Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven, Thy name is blessed here As 'tis in Heaven. Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,

Except Thou give it us; Give us this day Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed.

For without Thee we want Our daily bread. We want, but want no faults, for no day passes

But we do sin-Forgive us our trespasses.

No man from sinning ever free did live, Forgive us, Lord our sins

If we repent our faults, thou ne'er disdainest us, That trespass against us:

force that is nost a new path tread us: Direct us always in Thy faith, And lead us-We, thine own people and Thy chosen nation,

Into all truth, but Not into temptation. Thou that of all good graces art the giver,

Suffer us not to wander But deliver Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil,

And flesh, so shalt Thou free us From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen, With one consent of heart and voice, say

ÆTNA; A THRILLING TALE.

Among the wondrous sights on the earth, the vidennes of Alma will always hold a just Renowned by just and present by its elevation, its form, and the named somes of unknown terrors which he bin its bason, the Sicilian volcano as viewed with the arepost, the most It are with such feelings and with such

Changlets as three, after 1 began to ascend the is meraling of the fifth of May, 1849. I happing to make on the slay before, in order wonderful shot. I did not wish to was niwaya something reverence, something almost divine, in connection with this great mass of uphenced layer which led me to look entrestly id its marged sides. I wished to ascend, to viewfrom its summit the fair-st regions on earth; to glance down, down into those unfathomable depths where fire, fire in all its terror, for ever dwells, for ever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatique of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But after many restings and many haltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit! Good heavens! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of nature mingled together in such fearful unison? you. Let us go.'

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthian turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle, not a ripple; there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted, and where you, a mortal, that you dare to ask? the trellised vines passed along, all green, all blooming; there were groves of orange-trees, amid the dark-green foliage of which the golden oranges peoped forth like the flashes of phosphorescent light in a mid-night sea; there were long avenues of cypresses, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kingly assemblage at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above the

And the sea-the wide, the boundless, the deep-blue Mediterranean-there it spread away, on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, spreading away as far as the thoughts could run

> 'The dashing, Silver-flashing Surges of San-Salvador.'

But turn aside-and there, beneath, far beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton has sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and, shuddering, I gazed down-down! The thick and funeral volumes of tortuously-ascending smoke came seething abward as from a cau'dron. It escaped from a myriad crevices in the rocky, precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projec- will be! Come!"

tions, and united with the vast mass which came

sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths. Here, upon the sandy, rocky edge, where sulphur, and crumbled lava, and pumice-stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat, and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth, which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely and all that was most overpowering; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depths

-what a change! Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs-upon the isthmus-I saw a mildlooking, middle-aged gentleman approach me.

He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick. 'I beg your pardon, Signor,' said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone; 'I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your

visitor so far up.' 'My dear Sir! I beg you will make no excuses,' replied; 'I was just admiring this scene be-

company. But it is not often that I see any

'Ah! ves, 't is a glorious sight."

'Glorious! say, rather, a terrible one.' 'Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surorised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely

And as he spoke, a smile of bewitching beauty

'I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people, Signor. I have not such feelngs. But may I ask you if you are often here? 'Oh, ves! I live here,' he replied, waving his stick around. 'I live here.'

I thought that he meant me to understand that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated.

'And I should suppose,' I continued, 'that you are often on the summit.'

'Oh! yes, I am here always.' 'Always! what a strange fascination it has

'It has! it has!' said the gentleman. 'Oh! fearful '-and his voice grew low and hollow — a terrible fascination!

I was silent. "I will tell you, said he, sitting closely by my ide, and turning his eyes full toward mine. " do not wish you to inform any one. Promise

me that you will not." I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depths there gleamed a

trange and sinister Fight. I promised him; and at the same time I uneasily drew back farther from the edge. Well then, Signer, said he, 'I am king here

I rule Mount Litua! 'Yes!' I answered, a little alarmed at his

cords, and attempting to smile. 'Yes! I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived

for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey me: He leaped up from the ground. There was a icarful fire in his eye, his nostrils were dilated, is pale face became as white as marble, and as

sloodless, save that on either, cheek there glowed 'See!' he shricked wildly and loudly; 'spirits of the doep arise! Ha!-yonder-see them! —they are coming —in clouds—enrobed in thun-

I leaped up from the ground: I gazed at

der-garments—see!"

He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and

'Signor,' said I, in hopes that a mild tone might make him calm, Signor, the winds obey

'Go? Where? Is not this my home? Is not this my palace? Saw you not my servants? suffocating clouds. I was half-insane. I was You are my guest!"

'Will you not sit down and tell me about your home?' said I, shuddering. 'No! there are secrets that can never be

spoken. Can you understand them? Who are I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of

land-the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go. 'Can this all be pleasantry?' thought I. An awful thought passed through me, which froze

Pleasantry! The e he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly on me, his hands clenched, his mouth foaming, every sinew in his body worked up. He stood, screaming, laughing. O Gop! I was alone with a

'You are to go with me,' he cried. 'Where?'

'There. I have come to carry you to my home.' He pointed with a cold, snaky smile down toward the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke.

I gazed at him: for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare, which forced me, compelled me, to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and

There is my home-there; and I have come to take you with me. Ha! ha! how happy you

Still I gazed; while my heart throbbed with slow but terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step toward me. I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchanted my gaze. I looked all around: at the blue sky above, at the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope. Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could but do it --- but I could not! There was

'What! do you not answer?' he cried, suddenly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock.. 'Do you not answer? Then I must carry you with me!"

The maniac sprang toward me! With all my energies roused into frantic acion, with every sinew braced, and every muscle ontracted, I placed my foot backward, against small angular rock which projected above the oose, sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thrillingly into the air, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck mehis arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot breath came burningly upon my cheek. I stood firm: for despair, and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over his neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror such as no mortal ongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while, three thousand feet beneath, lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour, my heart beats

more forcibly even as I think upon the time. Thus we stood, breast to breast, face to facethe madman and I—he with his arms encircling me; I seeking so save myself. He pressed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet deep into the ground; he laughed mockingy, and screamed, as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced; and I held him tightly, and I pushed him, and I sought to harl him from me. Hurl him from me !- as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his prev.

Oh! the agony of that struggle! I know not now long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastv, was upturned toward me, as he shouted in is fiendish, mocking laughter,

O HEAVEN! Oh! horror! Can this, will this endure for ever? cried I in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a madman; and would be grow weaker also A thousand thoughts fled through me.

Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful plunge. It was with the strength of a giant that he seized me. He raised me from my feet. The rock, the saving rock—I had lost it: I was gone.] threw my arms high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in unison with the maniac's

'Down! down! to the bottomless pit! To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!" he screamed, as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength, by a partial possession of even a madman's power, I caught him by the throat, and even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abvss, I sprang back, I bore him back; I brought him to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a flerce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and his legs around mine. I felt his hot breath from his open mouth as my cheek lay pressed against his face; I heard them grate harshly, and drew my head violently away, as he sought to seize me with his sharp teeth.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around, I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang; a moment after, and a fearful force was straining there, holding my head down with irresistable force. Another moment, and I arose; while wild and high arose the shriek of the maniac, as he fell down-down-into the abyss.

"The See that one and go Five Better!" -If the following, which we clip from the last Spirit of the Times," is not from the pen of the author of "The Arkansas Gentleman," we lose

D- being in the West and short of cash, could not tell where to get the necessary Wilmot proviso for internal improvement, but finding widow who had shot one husband dead, and wounded several others, he concluded to marry her in order to get a boarding house. Shortly after the yellow garlands of Hymen

were faded, D- came in one night slightly muggy, as the Choctaw poets express it, and found his new spouse awaiting his arrival. She pitched into D., like a thousand of brick, and spread herself like a fan tail pigeon, drawing a single barrelled pistol upon D., who instead of travelling, pulled out a revolver, and remarked, as gently as the sigh of an Æolian harp:

MISCELLANEOUS.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER. Translated for the Pennsylvania Inquirer from the Ga-

A CLEVER ANECDOTE.

zette Francaise .--- BY O. E. TURNER.) A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely, that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer her his hand and his erown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolowna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of

As her father saw her blooming like the May flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and, with the mile of a father and a king, said to her :-

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render

" The man who will render me happy," stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which vas the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak father," she said, as she perceived a frown gathering upon the brow of the Czar. "Speak and your Majesty shall be

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life, "is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a hus-

The young girl was silent and concealed a

" Is your faith already plighted?" "The young girl was still silent,

"Explain yourself, Marie: I command you." At this word, which sways sixty millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the

"Yes, father, if I must tell you, my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we never speak to each other if your Majesty forbids

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the

He who would have braved, for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their arnies-he, with his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the posession of his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king!" he demanded, at last.

" No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least?" ".No, father."

" A Grand Duke?"

" No, father."

" A son of a reigning family?" " No, father."

"At each step in the descending scale, the "zar stopped to recover breath. " A stranger?"

The Emperor fell back into an armed chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamenon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?" he resumed, with an ef-

"Yes, father."

"At St. Petersburgh?"

"Yes, father." And the voice of the young girl grew faint. "Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, risng with a threatening aspect.

" To-morrow, at the review." "How shall I recognize him?" repeated the Czar with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and his black steed." "Tis well. Go my daughter, and pray God to have pity upon that man." The Princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Empeor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said, at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it. She shall forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be; for all my power would be weaker than her

On the following day, at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions, nought else than a green plume and black charger. He recognized in him, who wore the one and rode the other, a simple Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse, Maximillian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnois the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was, for a brief time, Empress of France) and of the Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximillian Joseph, of Bavaria, an admiral and charming cavalier, in truth! but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolæwna, as a simple soldier to an

"Is it possible," said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter-fainting in her caleche. "There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar: "tis indeed he."

And turning his back upon the stupefied "Mrs. D., I see that one, (hic) and go five stranger, he returned with Marle to the Imperial

sixth, she was dving. Meanwhile, the Colonel seeing himself in dis- the hook he attached to it his letter. grace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his her line, supposed that a fish was biting. lismissal to return to his regiment. He was on

> de-camp of the Czar came for him. himself; "I might have avoided what awaits .- his passage under the willows. The deed was At the first flash, save yourself from the thun- done.

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter. The Emperor was an unexpected letter! pale, and his eyes were moist; but his air was

rm-and resolute. netrating him with his glance, "you are one of her name! he handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also, and I believe it true, that you possess an was addressed to her! elevated mind—a thorough education, a lively character. What think you of the Grand

Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicoleewna?" This point blank question dazzled the young land and water. nan. It is time to say that he admired, adored,

an artist ares the ideal of beauty. reading at last his own heart, without daring to menced its perusal. read that of the Czar; "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I words. What insolence! should die of joy if you permitted me to say

with a benignant smile; and the royal hand, had so many others-pitilessly burn it without from which the Duke was awaiting the thunder- a reading. bolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of Gen-Universities of St. Petersburgh, of Moscow, of expressed with beauty and eloquence. Keasau, of the Council, of the Military Schools.

ness, and several millions of revenue. was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the perceived the movement of the hook. service of Bayaria and become the husband of the Princess Marie?" The young officer could only fall on his knees, and bathe with his tears

the hands of the Emperor. "You see that I also love my daughter," in all this. said the father, pressing his son-in-law in his

was restored to health-to life-and the Duke ed in face of that strange mystery which capti-Beauhornoise de Leuchtenberg espoused her in vates her imagination. the presence of the Representatives of all the

royal families of Europe. Czar and for his daughter a century of happiess. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered otherwise. On Tuesday, November 5th, nal regrets.

again dispute the prize of her hand; but she letter! has been too happy as a wife to consent to be-

From the N. Y. Evening Post. ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Mme, D-, who resided at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character and of a heart proof against all allurement. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had ventured to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a pleasant circle, the pleasures of the world had for her no attraction, and lifer favorite recreation was angling-an amusement worthy

of an unfeeling woman. She was accustomed every pleasant day to island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coldness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit, one day, when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath. He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate, that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient indeed -yet they are always most successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D-had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and after having di- ng, by Betty Briggs."

For six weeks, all that prudence, tempered vested himself of his clothing he entered the with love and severity, could inspire, was essay- stream. An excellent swimmer and skilful died to destroy the image of the Colonel in the ver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the sucheart of the princess. At the end of the first cess of his experiment. He swam to the end of week, she was resigned; at the end of the se- the island with the greatest precaution, favored cond she wept; at the end of the third, she by the chances of the bank and the bushes wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she which hung their dense foliage above the wawished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the ters. In his tips was a note folded and sealed, end of the fifth, she fell sick; at the end of the and on arriving near the spot where Mme. D. was sitting, he made a dive, and lightly seizing

Mme. D-, perceiving the movement of

The young man had returned as he came; he the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid- | had doubled the cape which, extending out into the water, separated them from each other, and "I should have set out yesterday," he said to had regained his post without the least noise in

Mme, D-, pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner, but

This was, however, trifling, and her surprise became stupefication when, on detaching the "Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and pe- transfixed billet, she read upon the envelop-

So then, this letter which she had fished up

This was somewhat miraculous. She was aste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be seen or heard; all was still and lonely both on

She quitted her seat but took away her letter. the princess, without being fully aware of it .- | As soon as she was alone, and closeted with her-A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise as | self, and as soon as the paper was dry-a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with in-"The Princess Marie, sir!" exclaimed he, delible ink-she unsealed the letter and com-

A declaration of love! cried she, at the first Still, the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity "You love her; tis well," resumed the Czar, would not suffer her to treat this letter as she

No, she read it quite through. The lover eral Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor—the brevets | who dated his note from the bottom of the rivof commandment of the Cavalry of the Guards, er, had skilfully adopted the allegory, and introand of the regiment of Hussars-of Chief of duced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the the Corps of Cadets, and of the Mining Engi- waters. The fable was gracefully managed, neers-of President of the Academy of Arts, and with the jesting tone which she had adoptand member of the Academy of Sciences of the ed was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment,

The next day Mme. D- returned to the &c. All this, with the title of Imperial High- island, not without emotion and some trace of fear. She threw her line with a trembling " Now," said the Czar to the young man, who hand, and shuddered as, a moment after, she

Is it a fish? Is it a letter?

It was a letter. Mme. D- was no believer in magic, still there was something strange and supernatural

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but relinquished it., The most The 14th July following, the Grand Duchess stubborn and haughty woman is always disarm-

The second letter was more tender, more passionate, more chaming than the first. Mme. D. Such an act of paternal love merited for the re-read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful merman who

wrote such bewitching letters. On the subsequent day she attached her line 1852, the Duke of Leuchtenburg died at the to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, age of 35—worthy to the last, of his brilliant while she withdrew to a hiding place upon the destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolœwna, eter- extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to All the young Princes of the world will the place, withdrew the line-and there was the

> This time an answer was requested. It was, perhaps, premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and affected a sort of badinage, which was nevertheless a bulletin of a victory gained over the harsh severity of a woman until then inapproachable.

> to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skillful diver. Scruples easily understood restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure the diver would emerge from the water. But this game of letters amused her. First, it pleased her intellect, and then her heart was

Mme. D- had too much shrewdness not

interested; finally her feelings, and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote: "Let us give up this jesting, which has eased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apolo-

"Yes, if you will add: Hope." The inexorable lady replied: "If only a word is necessary to decide you,

The lover answered:

gies to Chaton."

And the word was written. The young man appeared, and was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D- caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to re-marry. Holding the line, she had been caught by the fish.

An old lady in Cincinnati, who sells eggs, has over her door-" New laid eggs every mornWHOLE NO. 141.

FASHION AT WATERING PLACES.

The Chinese do ko-tou in their faces in the presence of their superior, and the benighted Africans worship a fctish made of old rags; but neither the Negroes nor the Mongolian are a bit more absurd than Americans, when they prostrate themselves to the thing called fashion. And of all follies connected with fashion, that of fashionable watering places is the most superlatively ridiculous.

Mrs. Nervous, for example, wants change of air. But, unfortunately for the dear lady, she cannot consent to be cured except at the most tonnish watering place; and accordingly her husband, though he can ill afford any extravagances, is compelled to take her to such a resort. What matters it that the rooms are close, the table scantily provided, and the proprietor extortionate in every way! This fashionable lady or that, boards there, or has boarded there, leaving behind her an odor of gentility to all time. It is amazing what inconveniences, and even insults, Mrs. Nervous, and hundreds like her, will put up with, in order to eat at the same table as the "upper-ten," and be bullied by the same landlord.

Nor is this all; for at fashionable watering places one would think that health was the last thing they sought. Mrs. Manœuver has gone there to marry off her daughters. Mrs. Ephesian has come to catch a second husband. Miss Flirt is there to coquet with the gentlemen.-Miss Dash to raise a sensation by her oddities. In the little world of five hundred boarders, temporarily inhabiting the hotel, there are as many cliques, intrigues and rivalries as at the court of a Louis XIV. Mrs. Tallowchandler turns up her nose at Mrs. Soapfat, because the husband of the latter retails his goods, while her own sells out whole-sale. Mr. Drone will not speak to Mr. Useful, because the latter works for his living, while the former spends in idleness the fortune acquired by his father .-Even the "gentlemen and ladies of color who, according to their own account, partly for recreation, and partly to oblige the fashionable world, consent to wait at table, make beds and black boots, partake of this exclusiveness; and one professional gentleman" boasts to another, with compous self-satisfaction, of his tonnish mistress, and pronounces the employer of another of "no account," because he made his money in salt-

pork instead of in sugar. Thousands of dollars are annually sacrificed at these fashionable watering places by families really unable to afford it. While husbands are borrowing money in the hot town at two per cent. a month, wives are sporting lace capes that cost a hundred dollars, at hotels where the family bill is another hundred per week. While fathers are trembling with the fear of failure in fall, daughters are flaunting at watering places in the costliest jewelry, or sons are sporting fast horses, giving champagne suppers, and perhaps gaming and drinking half the night. Deliver us from fashionable hotels at the sea shore or the springs! They would swallow up the purse of a millionaire, and destroy the health of a Samson. They would teach airs to the girls of the best mother, and make the sons of the thrift-

est father improvident. Ostensibly people go out of town for health, Buf how many are better for a sojourn at a fashonable watering place? Instead of returning with blooming cheeks, ladies come back faded with late hours; and gentlemen, instead of beng more vigorous, are paying the penalty of wine suppers. A fortnight at some quiet place, where the air is fresh and the hours early, is better than a month at one of these scenes of fashionable dissipation. In the one case, you get what you contract for, and at a modorerate price, too; in the other, you pay six dollars for board and six for fashion, and are cheated in oth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A SILENT MAN.

Capt. Stone, of the steamer Canada, now in

this port, is probably the most silent man afloat. Sailors who have been with him many months say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the Cunard line, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance. When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing appears to escape his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two wags, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at dinner one day were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and by way of contrast, expressed their deep commiseration for dummies. One of the wags was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right tree, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the left. "Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion, "I wonder if he is deaf as well as dumb." This was too much for the passengers, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined as heartily as the rest. When order was restored he said, "Gentlemen, ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to a disadvantage by not speaking more than I do; but what would you have me to say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?" After this effort he resumed silence, and has not been known to speak since.-Boston Atlas.