

great and vital question. When he saw the youth of our community rambling in the streets and on the prairies, wasting their time in noisy and useless sports, he felt to ask who but parents can know—

"How, sharper than a serpent's tooth,  
It is, to have a thankless child!"

The lecturer then showed that such was the economy of the All-wise Ruler of the universe, that we cannot violate any of the laws of nature without suffering the penalty. In this connection he mentioned several circumstances of the folly and inexperience of uneducated children, by which they invariably bring upon themselves the punishment consequent upon transgression, and showed that as they grew in years they increased in wisdom and prudence, and added greatly to their store of knowledge, and thereby escaped the punishment by avoiding the follies of youth and ignorance. What, said the speaker, makes us, in this comfortable Hall with its lights, its cushioned seats, its maps and its mirrors—different from the savages or the wild Indians who roam about these mountains? Voices echo, *Education!* What causes men of every civilized nation to leave their native land, their quiet homes and friends and brook the dangers of the deep—travel over oceans, seas, lakes and rivers? It is their education. Among the discoveries of the present age, he spoke of the Electric Telegraph as the crowning invention of civilization. He argued that education, like the religion of Jesus Christ, embraced all truth, that every science, every art of man's invention came within the scope of true education. Our religion, he observed, should be considered as a system of divine education. Though the revolutions that occasionally occur among the nations are mighty in their influence and terrible in their effects, yet it should be remembered by those who are being educated in the science of life that there is a revolution going on at the present time that will not only displace one king or one emperor, but all. Reasoned upon the influence of early education, and, in support of his position, made allusion to the career of Napoleon 1st, and Andrew Jackson. The first lesson which should be taught children, Mr. S. said, was obedience to their parents.

The lecturer then amplified upon many important branches of education, in a most pleasing and instructive manner.

Mr. W. S. Goble followed with an historical sketch of the education, manners, customs and laws of the Spartans, dwelling at some length on the successful policy of Lycurgus, whose code of laws were honored for five hundred years. His historical dissertation on the education of great men, indicated considerable acquaintance with Plutarch and other notable essayists.

### An Address to the People of Georgia.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In a few days the provisional government of the confederate states will live only in history. With it we shall deliver up the trust we have endeavored to use for your benefit to those most directly selected by yourselves. The public record of our acts is familiar to you, and requires no further explanation at our hands. Of those matters which policy has required to be secret, it would be improper now to speak. This address, therefore, will have no personal reference. We are well assured that there exists no necessity for us to use your patriotism, nor to inspire your confidence. We rejoice with you in the unanimity of our state, in its resolutions and its hopes. And we are proud with you that Georgia has been "illustrated," and we doubt not will be illustrated again by her sons in our holy struggle. The first campaign is over; each party rests in place, while the winter's snow declares an armistice from on high. The results in the field are familiar to you and we will not recount them. To some important facts we call your attention:

First—The moderation of our own government and the fanatical madness of our enemies have dispersed all differences of opinion among our people and united them forever in the war of independence. In a few border states a waning opposition is giving way before the stern logic of daily developing facts. The world's history does not give a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people.

Second—Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance, and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected, and a disregard of constitution and laws which we can hardly credit. The result of both, however, is that power, which is the characteristic element of despotism, and renders it as formidable to its enemies as it is destructive to its subjects.

Third—An immense army has been organized for our destruction, which is being disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars. With the exclusive possession of the

seas, our enemy is enabled to throw upon the shores of every state the nucleus of an army. And the threat is made, and doubtless the attempt will follow in early spring, to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our entire borders.

Fourth—With whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and with whatever energy our government may use its resources, we cannot expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments, or munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to desperate courage, unflinching daring and universal self-sacrifice.

Fifth—The prospect of foreign interference is at least a remote one, and should not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only auxiliary to our own preparations for freedom. To our God and ourselves alone should we look.

These are stern facts, perhaps some of them are unpalatable. But we are deceived in you if you would have us conceal them in order to deceive you. The only question for us and for you is, as a nation and individually, what have we to do? We answer:

First—As a nation we should be united, forbearing to one another, frowning upon all factious opposition and censorious criticisms, and giving a trustful and generous confidence to those selected as our leaders in the camp and the council chamber.

Second—We should excite every nerve and strain every muscle of the body politic to maintain our financial and military healthfulness, and, by rapid, aggressive action, make our enemies feel, at their own firesides, the horrors of a war brought on by themselves.

The most important matter for you, however, is your individual duty. What can you do?

The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at the threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this: Let every woman have a torch, every child a firebrand. Let the loved homes of our youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your departing steps, if depart you must; and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every city be leveled by the flame, and every village be lost in ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your fortune and your crust. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God, preferring even for these loved ones the charnel house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world. This may be your terrible choice; and determine at once and without dissent as honor and patriotism and duty to God require.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Lull not yourselves into a fatal security. Be prepared for every contingency. This is our only hope for a sure and honorable peace. If our enemy was today convinced that the feast herein indicated would welcome him in every quarter of this confederacy, we know his base character well enough to feel assured he would never come. Let, then, the smoke of your homes, fired by women's hands, tell the approaching foe that over sword and bayonet they will rush only to fire and ruin.

We have faith in God, and faith in you. He is blind to every indication of Providence who has not seen an Almighty hand controlling the events of the past year. The wind, the wave, the cloud, the mist, the sunshine and the storm have all ministered to our necessities, and frequently succored us in our distresses. We deem it unnecessary to recount the numerous instances which have called forth our gratitude. We would join you in thanksgiving and praise. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Nor would we condemn your confident look to our armies, when they can meet with a foe not too greatly their superior in numbers. The year past tells us a story of heroism and success, of which our nation will never be ashamed. These considerations, however, should only stimulate us to greater deeds and nobler efforts. An occasional reverse we must expect—such as has depressed us within the last few days. This is only temporary.

We have no fears of the result—the final issue. You and we may have to sacrifice our lives and fortunes in the holy cause; but our honor will be saved untarnished, and our children's children will rise up to call us "blessed."

HOWELL COBB,  
R. TOOMBS,  
M. J. CRAWFORD,  
THOMAS R. R. COBB.

A HINT OR TWO.—To keep ice from windows, take an ordinary paint-brush or sponge and rub over the glass once or twice a day with a little alcohol, and it will keep glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer; and it will also give as good a polish as can be got in any other way.

Isinglass is a most delicate starch for muslins.—When boiling common starch, sprinkle in a little fine salt; it will prevent it sticking.

For fruit and wine stains, mix two teaspoonfuls of water and one of spirit of salt, and let the stained part lie in this for two minutes; then rinse in cold water, or wet the stain with hartshorn.

—Archbishop Hughes, at his reception by the Emperor Napoleon had the privilege of blessing his son, "the Imperial Boy," who was brought in for that purpose.

### The Devil with Two Tails.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN CAROLINA.

I have somewhere in my newspaper reading met with a ludicrous story of a man who was terrified at the sight of an elephant. The incident was however neither well or truly related, as I have the best opportunity of knowing, being myself the subject of the fearful encounter.

I was born and reared in a secluded village of one of the Carolinas. My education was not the most comprehensive, being pretty much confined to training dogs, shooting and fishing, in which I passed all my time, like other youths of my standing, who had plenty of money to spend and servants to wait upon them. I read but indifferently at the age of sixteen, and found it much easier to sign my name with a cross, than to puzzle myself with long and short letters. My knowledge of natural history was so excellent, so far as concerned animals of my native forest, but I knew little and cared less about those of foreign extraction. Sometimes indeed I heard stories of lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, &c., but I considered them as mere creatures of imagination, or if otherwise, monsters not very likely to visit our domain, and of course not worth bestowing many thoughts upon. The elephant among other prodigies, had been described to me in such a manner as left credulity out of the question, and I used to pity the fools, and particularly my father, who seemed to believe in its actual existence. The creature, it was told, was at least ten feet high, with ears like a winnow basket, his horns grew out of his mouth, and what was most marvellous of the whole, that he always carried a trunk with him when he travelled. Such nonsense was enough to provoke the laughter of a sensible man, and once I remembered that my father, who credited everything he saw in books, knocked me down because I plumply accused him of telling me lies about this big humbug. This base reflection, upon my father's veracity, as the reader will learn, met with severe and convincing retribution.

One morning as I was preparing for a deer hunt, the old gentleman took me aside, and in a mysterious tone informed me that Van Hambag, or some other stranger with a queer name, was about visiting the village with a menagerie, and that among other beasts he would exhibit a real elephant. Now I had seen my father not an hour before looking in the almanac to see when the moon was able to be eclipsed—a thing which it was impossible for any one to tell before it happened. So of course I put down the elephant hoax in common with his other wisecrack notions, and placing myself, beyond reach of his walking stick, clapped my thumb to my nose, as much as to say, you've gammoned me enough, old boy, with such stuff, turned away, mounted my horse, and proceeded on my excursion. I heard him growl something about a numskull, but accustomed to such terms of endearment, I only laughed aloud, and left him to his sage ruminations, although I could not but regret that my father was such a jackass. The chase was long and exciting, and it was not till evening had covered everything with a black mantle, that I returned to the paternal roof. After a hasty but hearty supper of which I partook alone, and in silence, the old gentleman being too sulky to speak, and I too busy to answer him, if he had, I repaired to the stable to look after my jaded horse—for after such a run I dared not confide him to the care of the negroes. Having rubbed him down, cast his bed, and watered him, I clambered on to the blade loft for the purpose of throwing down some fodder. The night was mild and pleasant, I was excessively fatigued, and reclined for a moment upon the fragrant mow, without even suspecting that I should make my lodgings there, but sleep stole upon me, and I recollected nothing more till day light.

When the first gray streaks of morning shone through the crevices of my rude bedroom, I was awakened by a rustling among the blades near me, and starting up, beheld something in the shape of a huge serpent, which ever and anon rose above the edge of the loft, grasped an armful of blades, and again disappeared below.

Many minutes elapsed before I could persuade myself that it was not an optical delusion; but another exhibition settled all doubts, and occasioned me great uneasiness. I crawled carefully to the verge of the mow for the purpose of sliding from my uncomfortable quarters to the floor beneath, when an object met my vision that filled my veins with creeping horror. There stood a creature of the most extraordinary shape and dimensions, but whether terrestrial or infernal I could not decide. Its head was as large as a sugar butt, and was decorated with broad appendages, much resembling the wings which I had seen on ancient tombstones, its teeth were at least six feet in length and protruded horizontally, its legs were like the trunks of trees, its body like a continent, and represented the frightful anomaly of a tail at either end.

The ignorant are generally superstitious. I bethought me of my many sins, and concluded myself in the presence of that arch enemy whom I had so often and profanely invoked. Escape seemed impracticable, and enervated by fear, I fell from my roosting place directly in front of the black and wicked monster. The Devil behind me with a malicious twinkle of his little eyes, and then slowly turned his head towards the stalls. Following his glance incontinently, I noticed

that there was not a horse in the stable, and from the vast circumference of his stomach, I made no question but that he had devoured them all, and that I was to be the next miserable victim. Oh! how I longed for my cry of hounds and my trusty gun. Having finished his survey the Devil turned his head towards me, and gave his forward tail a complaisant wave, within a foot of my person, as if to inform me that he was ready to commence operations as soon as it suited my convenience.

Oh, no! I cried in imploring accents, Captain, Squire, your reverence, your sacred majesty, or whatever else you choose to be called, have a little mercy for once in your life, and don't kill a poor fellow, before he has time to repent. If I have ever said anything disrespectful of you or your country, may heaven forgive me.

The Devil gave a grunt that shook the building, and again waved his tail. "Spare me," I continued, "for this once, and I'll never do a bad thing while I live, I mean—I don't know what the devil I do mean, only don't kill me." Here my obdurate companion again extended his tail, and began to fumble in no very gentle manner at my pocket. Our parson had told me that Satan was fond of money, and I instantly took the hint. "Oh yes," said I, "you shall have all I've got, and as much more as I can raise, if you'll only let me go and bring it."

But he preferred to help himself; and having ripped open my vest pocket, took from thence a \$5 bill, which, to my great surprise, he conveyed to his mouth and swallowed. He next attacked my coat, and having nearly torn off the skirt, abstracted a bit of corn bread, which I had taken with me on my hunting excursion. This shared the fate of the bill.

Another pocket was then ransacked, and its contents being some flints and a tobacco-box, afforded him less satisfaction, for he hurled them with great violence to the other side of the stable.

Again he resumed his attentions towards me; he twisted me about in all directions; and, in his attempts to fathom my last receptacle of personal property, he disencumbered me of my pantaloons.

I now gave myself up as lost beyond hope. I begged, prayed, shouted and screamed for aid—but no one heard me; and, weak from terror and fatigue, I sank upon my knees before my persecutor.

The Devil inspected me with the same knowing twinkle of his eyes with which he had first saluted me—inclined his ponderous head, wrapped his tail awfully tight about my body, and with a sudden jerk, settled me with the force of a rice-pestle upon his prodigious back.

His next feat I concluded would be to beat down the building, and gallop away with his freight to that region which I had the best of reasons for wishing to avoid. With a fervent prayer to Heaven for mercy, I dug my hands into his wrinkled hide, clenched my teeth, and prepared for the worst.

At this moment, the stable doors were thrown open, and my father, in company with a stranger, entered. Both were astonished at the spectacle they beheld. Neither of them had expected to see me there, and certainly neither of them had ever dreamed of seeing me, or any one else, thus mounted, and appared only in a fragment of a coat and my shirt.

Van Hambag,—for it was none other than that famous personage,—approached and complimented me upon my boldness in thus making the acquaintance of "his elephant!"

I heard no more. I felt sick and faint, and as afterwards informed, came near breaking my neck by tumbling from my unsought elevation.

From this time forever, I placed the most implicit confidence in my father's veracity; and if he had told me that he had seen a fiery dragon whisking through the sky, with a steam boiler tied to his tail, I should have believed him.

JAMES G. BATES, a Carolinian.

### Catholicism in England.

It appears from the *Roman Catholic Directory*, (new edition) that there are 22 Catholic Peers of England and 4 Peers of the United Kingdom; 13 Catholic Peers sit in the House of Lords. There are 43 Catholic Baronets, 23 being English, 3 Scotch, and 17 Irish. Of the members of Parliament, 31 are Catholics. In Great Britain there are 1,338 Catholic bishops and priests, 1,019 churches, chapels and stations, 50 communities of men, 161 convents and 12 colleges. The increase in the last three years is, of bishops and priests, 166; of churches, chapels and stations, 93; of communities of men, 16; of convents, 52; of colleges, 1; showing an increase of 13 1/2 per cent. on the numbers of the bishops and clergy, an increase of ten per cent. on the number of churches and chapels; an increase of 47 per cent. on the number of communities of men; an increase of 47 per cent. on the number of convents, and an increase of 9 per cent. on the number of colleges.

LONGEVITY.—In the United States, during the last year, twenty-four persons have died at or over one hundred years of age. Of these seven were of African descent, one Indian and the rest white. Twelve were females. Two of the centenarians were from Connecticut. The highest age claimed was for Havana, the Indian, who died aged one hundred and twenty. There were but sixty-three names on the pension roll at Washington, of Revolutionary pensioners, on the 1st of July last; and not more than fifty, it is probable, are now living.