

Soft, unconscious ringlet,
Nestling close and warm
To a cheek all glowing
With its rosy charm:
Tell me dainty love-curl
What her blushes say?
When thou hidest gently
All their bloom away,
Careless, wavy ringlet,
Art thou full of glee?
When her dewy breathings
Touch thee tenderly,
When her smiles so near thee,
Lavishly are given,
Art thou not enraptured
With that glimpse of heaven?

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

London, England, August, 1874.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. J. NEWTON WILSON.

VII.

THE privateer *Tallahassee* made a long visit to Nassau under the name of the "Camellia." She was a rather handsome steam-propeller, and a Yankee man-of-war laid "off and on" New Providence, waiting for this vessel to go out; but, naturally, she preferred remaining where she was. I dined on board of the *Tallahassee* on Washington's birthday. A U. S. gunboat lying at anchor near by, manned two barges, which pulled round and round the Confederate so styled *Camellia*. The day was comparatively calm, and the star spangled banner hung gracefully and languidly about the stern-sheets of the Yankee launches. The American vessels in port made a fine display of bunting in honor of the day. The Southern officers manifested considerable chagrin at the taunting way in which these Yankees were manoeuvring

about the stars and Confedera although, to look up would no Yankees.

At a s command introduce a lieuten during h I noticed not alto remarked were call ship, we for action for the sh of our s damage. gnashing from ster Semmes knocked dozen pe below fo who dra was picl believed over the those of coal stor I me He clain song st thousan The c banked of the