

Though one stood out upon a whim.

And said the angler's s'naughter,

To be exact about the fact,

Was, clearly, gin-and Water!

The moral of this mournful tale

To all is plain and clear,—

That drinking' habits bring a man

Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"

And keep the promise fast,

May be, in spite of fate, a stiff

Cold water man at last!

The Stone Mountain in Georgia.

"And now good friends, farewell, a short farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly;

And now to our dear homes."—Coleridge's *Night-ingle*.

Having been one of a Southern party visiting the North, we thought it best upon our return to loiter long and pleasantly—as Coleridge says—and we did so.

It is quite too much the habit of our American travellers, to hasten from point to point at the top of their speed; travelling day and night—both in our own country and in Europe. Somebody in Europe, criticizing us, said that it was the habit of American travellers to stay just twenty four hours at any point where they stopped, and then to inquire the shortest road to the next place.

Our party, as I have said, did quite otherwise; we travelled, stopped, looked through cities, at their churches, their works of art, their cemeteries, and all that was worth seeing.

It so happened that we reached the Stone Mountain, in Georgia, about two hours before daylight on Sunday morning, and we got out of the cars to take our rest on the Sabbath day. It is true we did not expect to find a church to worship in, but we felt that upon this silent mountain, under the serene sky, and in the pure air, we might offer up our thanksgivings to the invisible Father, and implore his blessing upon us. A bright morning rose upon the scene before us, and the day promised to be cloudless. Our horses were brought out, and we mounted for our excursion. We were attended by one of our excellent hosts, Mr. Hitchcock, who acted as our guide.

By a winding but somewhat steep path, we ascended the rock—covered in some spots by a scanty growth of small oaks, and the wild muscodine vines bearing their

delicious fruits. A small mountain bush, too, unknown to us, but graceful; and a slender yellow flower growing in the crevices of the rocks, relieved the monotony of the bare surface.

A glorious view broke upon us as we reached the summit of the mountain. The whole broad plain for many miles round us was visible; the plantations seated in the midst of the deep green forest looked like the figures on a carpet, scattered with irregular grace. Beyond this extensive plain rose a range of mountains, the most distant point being the Lookout Mountains in Tennessee. It rose like a cone, its distinct outlines appearing against the sky with a regularity that seemed to be artificial. Near to us rose a range of smaller mountains, at the foot of which the pretty little town of Marietta is seated. The church spires of the town may be seen when the atmosphere is clear.

Still nearer, at a distance of twelve miles, the thriving town Atlanta is plainly visible; and a few miles short of that place the village of Decatur is seen.

The mountain is an extraordinary object—the greater part of it being a granite rock, rising about eleven hundred feet above the general level of the surrounding country.

On one side it is precipitous, and standing at the base of it, one, in looking up the bold towering cliff, feels that the grandeur of the view rises into sublimity.

It stands in solitary majesty, a pyramid reared by the hand of Nature, long before the Egyptian Kings thought of building their vast structures.

A tower crowns the summit of the mountain, and it affords a still wider view of the surrounding country. Independent of this, it presents a striking object in the general picture.

The morning which was so bright, proved to be as so many bright things in life are found to be—transient in its early glory. While we stood upon the mountain we looked to the East, and we saw a cloud overspreading the whole range of mountains in that direction. We could see that a heavy rain was falling, and we were able to measure the distance between the cloud and the mountain upon which we were standing. We supposed, at first, that it would not reach us, but a breeze rising at the moment, swept it on towards us, and we found ourselves enveloped in a thick mist, which presently deepened into a shower.