

hundred and twenty motherless children in it. Hundreds of children have been provided with good homes through its agency, and several of its *protegees* are attending schools in the North preparatory to entering college. An appeal is now made for books—not school books, but “juveniles”—for the use of the children in the Home. Doubtless, our young readers will be pleased to send each a volume that they have done with, to these children. Books may be left with or forwarded to James Redpath, at No. 8 Congress Square, room No. 5.

#### A REMARKABLE SPRING IN FLORIDA.

There is near Ocala a remarkable spring, one of the largest of the great number known in Florida. It is called Silver Spring. I found it in the midst of a lone hammock, overflowing its banks. It bubbled up in a basin thirty-seven feet deep and about an acre in extent, filling and overflowing it, and sending from it a deep stream fifty or sixty feet wide, and extending eight or nine miles to the Oklawaha River, into which it empties. In the spring itself fifty steamboats may lie at anchor, and in the stream steamboats of considerable draught. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers now run regularly from the St. Johns. The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air. You see on the bottom, thirty feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline, and color, and shades of color of the leaf which has sunk. Large fish swim in it, every scale visible and every movement distinctly observable. The water is impregnated with lime and magnesia, but has no appreciable taste, and is excellent drinking water. If you go over the basin in a boat you will see the fissures in the rocks, from which the river pours upward like an inverted cataract. There are more of these springs in the channel of the stream, further down. Such springs are almost common in Florida. Clay Spring, near the east bank of Lake Apapka, pours forth a navigable stream into the St. Johns. Bug Spring, on the west side of Lake Harris, is nearly as large as Silver Spring. I have laughed at a story of a spring in Iowa which was large enough to turn a mill, but I can swallow all such tales now, after having seen one that will float a fleet.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

IN CHARLESTON, S. C., immediately after the fall of the city into our hand, an orphan home was established for colored children, who were perishing at that time—in consequence of the death of their parents in the great migrations of the black population—from neglect, hunger or disease. The asylum was named, in honor of the young hero of Fort Wagner, the Colonel Shaw Orphan Home. It has been partly supported by the New York National Freedmen's Relief Association and partly by the Freedmen's Bureau, and has now about one