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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 22, 1857.

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## A THORN IN THE MEMORY.

Hartley Bancroft was, in the general acceptance of the term, a kind hearted man. His feelings were easily reached, and these gave, usually, a ready impulse to his actions. But quick feeling, has in most cases a two-fold range; warmly now into kindly emotion, and now burning with sudden anger. Your so called kind hearted men are often betrayed into cruel words, and even cruel actions. But there is this merit about them; when the heat of passion subsides they repent, and sometimes seek to heal where they have wounded.

Such a man was Hartley Bancroft. While the currents of events ran smoothly along, the surface of his life reflected the unvarying sunshine, but a very little obstruction sufficed to ripple the waters, and then their aspect darkened.

One day Mr. Bancroft was sitting at his desk, with a pile of checks and bills before him, the sum of which he was taking preparatory to a deposit in bank. It was late in the day for him to be figuring up his account; but he had unusually heavy payments to make and the amount necessary to lift his notes had been obtained with difficulty. Mr. Bancroft felt both hurried and worried, as his quick nervous movements showed.

Just at this inauspicious moment, a man entered the store, and walked back to where Mr. Bancroft was sitting.

"Good day, Mr. Cartwright?"

There was not a very cordial tone in the voice of Mr. Bancroft, although the other was a customer who had bought of his goods freely.

"Good day," There was an embarrassed air about Mr. Cartwright.

"What can I do for you?" It was only a form of speech on the part of Mr. Bancroft, or rather a new form of saying, "Don't ask me for anything."

Now it happened that Mr. Cartwright was on that day in a very "tight place," as it is called. It was two o'clock, and all of his efforts to get the full amount of money needed had failed. Several notes had matured and among them one of seven hundred dollars given to Mr. Bancroft. All but this he had succeeded in lifting; and frightened at the aspect of things, he had come, very reluctantly, to his creditor whom he only knew as a kind hearted man to state the extremity of his case, and ask a check for the amount of his note as a temporary loan.

"I am short seven hundred dollars.—Can you help me?"

"No?" was the answer made in an emphatic tone, and with the knitting of the brows.

Mr. Bancroft noticed that his words seemed to stagger the applicant for money; he also noticed that he grew pale, and had a look of singular distress. But Mr. Bancroft was too much excited and annoyed for these to have upon him at that time any effect.

"Then," said Mr. Cartwright, "you will have to withdraw my note from the bank. I cannot lift it."

"I shall do no such thing," angrily replied Mr. Bancroft. "Take up your notes as I take up mine."

"I have failed in all my efforts to get money; and if you do not withdraw this note, it will be protested." Mr. Cartwright said this very deliberately, and in a firm tone of voice, yet with a face like ashes.

"Very well," was the unyielding answer, "let it be protested, then, if you can bear the operation, I think I can."

Coldly, almost sneeringly, were these cruel words said. Mr. Cartwright urged his case no farther, but turned away and went from the store of his unyielding creditor. Scarcely had he passed into the street before the better nature of Mr. Bancroft rose into ascendancy, and he repented of his unkindness.

"William!" he called to a clerk.

The young man came instantly.

"Make this deposit, William, and at the same time withdraw Mr. Cartwright's note, due to-day. Money's hard to get just now, and he is burdened with heavy payments. We must give him a helping hand."

The merchant spoke kindly, not fretfully. The clerk departed with the bank book and a check of sufficient amount to lift the notes that were due. Mr. Bancroft remained sitting at his desk, and from his attitude and the aspect of his countenance, it was plain that self approval was not the pleasant state of mind in which he was indulging. The veil of a monetary angry excitement was removed, and now plainly before the eyes of his mind, stood his humbled and distressed debtor; toward whom not a single impulse of kind feeling had stirred.—He tried to find a refuge from self upbraidings in the fact that he done all his debtor asked, the note was withdrawn.

"Yes," said a voice within him, "you have cast a bone, with curses, into the face of a beggar!"

Mr. Bancroft started up hurriedly from his desk, walked the length of his store, returned, and sat down again. A long, deep sigh parted his lip.

"What could have possessed me that I should forget both duty and kindness? I would give twice seven hundred dollars to recall this act, were it possible to do so."

Drawing a sheet of paper before him Mr.

Bancroft took up a pen and wrote:

Mr. EDWARD CARTWRIGHT:

"My Dear Sir:—I have withdrawn your note. Forgive my rough unkindness. I was worried about money matters, and had just made up my own bank account. We are not always proof against petty annoyances. They sometimes disturb more than larger things. Come in to-morrow, and we will arrange for the renewal of the note, if you desire it, making the time suit yourself."

Mr. Bancroft signed this apologetic letter, and dispatched it forthwith. He felt more comfortable after that. Still he suffered some pain from having given pain, and no little humiliation for the unamiable weakness he had manifested.

"Did you see Mr. Cartwright?" he enquired of the lad who had taken the note.

"No, sir; he was not there," was answered.

"You left my note?"

"Yes, sir." The boy looked agitated.—He stood a moment, as if waiting for further questions, and then said:

"They were just driving him away in a carriage."

"What?" Mr. Bancroft turned pale.

"They said he had broken a blood vessel."

Mr. Bancroft started to his feet with an exclamation of mingled surprise and pain.

"There was blood on the floor."

Mr. Bancroft groaned aloud. After reflecting for a moment he took up his hat and went out hurriedly. A walk of five minutes brought him to the store of Mr. Cartwright.

"What was the cause of this?" he asked of one of the clerks. "Did he fall?" or was he lifting anything?"

"No," was answered. "He was sitting at his desk, resting his head upon his hands, when I heard him call in a quick voice, and turning round I saw the blood flowing from his mouth."

"Had anything disturbed him?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

"Money had been hard to get during the past week," the clerk answered, and Mr. Cartwright's payments were unusually large.

"There is one note not lifted yet, and it is a few minutes of three o'clock." The clerk pointed to a bank notice lying on Mr. Cartwright's book.

Mr. Bancroft leaned over, and saw that it was a note due to him.

"This is withdrawn from the bank," said he.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the clerk.

"I think it was your note did the harm.—He had taken up the others and went out two hours ago, after having been all the morning on the street to try to get the sum required to lift this one, but he failed, and the consequences were more than he had strength to look at calmly. He is a just man and a kind hearted man, Mr. Bancroft. We who live with him can bear that testimony."

Mr. Bancroft stood nearly motionless for a long time.

"Where does Mr. Cartwright live?" he inquired at length.

"At number—Fifteenth Street."

To the dwelling of Mr. Cartwright he went in all haste. He found everything there to confirm his worst apprehensions. The hemorrhage had been very profuse.—Already so large a quantity of blood had been lost, that the sick man was reduced to state of insensibility, and still the bleeding continued. The family were of course in the deepest distress. He saw Mrs. Cartwright for a moment and in that moment the impression of her white grief stricken face was transferred a page in memory's book that no after event could dim or obliterate. A beautiful daughter, just on the verge of womanhood, glided past him once, and her face of terror remained to haunt him for life. He saw the physician, and to his inquiries received no hopeful answer.

When Mr. Bancroft left the house of sorrow he went forth almost stealthily, and with a feeling of guilt in his heart.

"My work! my work!" a voice within him kept repeating; and do what he would, he found it impossible to silence the accusing spirit.

"I can never forgive myself if he should die!" said Mr. Bancroft to himself. "O! what evil is sometimes wrought by passion in an unguarded moment, why did I not think before speaking?"

"Alas! the dreaded evil came. Mr. Bancroft was at his store an hour earlier than usual on the next morning.

"Have you heard from Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired anxiously of a clerk.

"Yes, sir. He died at seven o'clock last evening; so the paper says."

Mr. Bancroft sighed heavily; and then walked back to his desk, sat down, and remained in troubled thought for a long time.

There was only a single aspect of the case that gave him any relief, and this was the probable ignorance of every one but himself of the immediate cause of Mr. Cartwright's death. He had not, it was pro-

sumed, mentioned the unfeeling repulse which he had received, when, at the eleventh hour, and as a last resort, he had gone to one from whom he had confidently expected, not only kind consideration, but prompt relief; and so the secret had died with him.

Mr. Bancroft did not visit the house of mourning. He could not look upon the distress which his own conscience charged him with originating; but his heart was assailed with gloomy shadows.

There was no one to represent Mr. Cartwright in his business, which had to be closed. An active, hard working merchant, he had succeeded, through many disadvantages in establishing a trade that, prosecuted with industry for a few years, would have given his family a moderate fortune. But he was stricken down at an inauspicious moment. Serious losses occurred in the settlement of his affairs, and when all his debts were finally paid, there was nothing over for his family.

"Poor Mary Cartwright!" said Mrs. Bancroft to her husband one day, about six months after the death of Mr. Cartwright. "I saw her at Mrs. Marvin's today. She gives Music lessons to her daughter Helen. How changed she was."

Mr. Bancroft made no reply, and his wife was in some doubt as to whether he had really heard her remark.

"She says that her mother has never been out of the house since her father's death."

Still Mr. Bancroft made no response. But how the words did smite him! Ah! there was a thorn in the memory that time could never extract.

"There was not a dollar left for the family from poor Cartwright's estate," said a fellow merchant.

"No," he heard.

Mr. Bancroft answered with seeming indifference, but his heart quivered as if a blow had been given.

"It is said that the failure to raise money to lift one of his notes killed him," said another.

"People will say almost anything," replied Mr. Bancroft, with assumed coolness.

Time moved steadily onward. The seething spot on the surface of trade where Mr. Cartwright went down was obliterated by the onward moving currents; and he was scarcely remembered in the business circle where once his busy face was a familiar object.

But there was one man who could never thrust aside his image; one man in whose memory his presence was a rankling thorn. Many times had he tried to pluck out this thorn by secret acts of kindness to the family of Mr. Cartwright. But the effort only seemed to make the anguish more intense; for the little he offered by stealth contrasted so poorly with the all sustaining life deeds of a husband and father, that he was shamed back into impotence.

The case was hopeless. That single act of unkindness, so fatal in its consequences, was done forever. It had gone beyond his utmost reach, and there was no surgeon skilled enough to extract the thorn it had let to rankle in his memory.

**Why Women are Unhealthy.**—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect, earnest exercise of the moral powers, the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combatting such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain. Weakness but becomes infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that "it is better to wear out than to rust out;" but it tells a plain truth—rust consumes faster than use. Better, a million times better, to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgement of the value of life—of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.

**A Persian Lesson of Charity.**—Having in my youth, notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading.

"Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God."

"Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

**From the Dublin Telegraph.**

**REV. DR. CAHILL ON IRISH EMIGRATION.**

During the month ending April of the present year, the unprecedented number of 27,856 emigrants landed in New York; and the returns, too, from the Canada, and from Australia, present an unabated current of population leaving Ireland for the British colonies. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which this desire to quit the country is carried, when one learns that during the last two weeks of the last Lent, upwards of one thousand persons principally of the small comfortable farming class, left the railway station at Limerick for Liverpool. The scenes of heart rending distress which take place on those occasions of the parting of mothers and fathers from their children can never be forgotten by those who have once witnessed this inextinguishable separation; the heart of the greatest enemy of these classes of the Irish sometimes melts with pity, perhaps with sorrow, when the wild cry of the aged parent is heard, as, standing on the platform, the engine begins to move, carrying away forever the children in whom their very lives are centred. Each packet that leaves our shores, crowded with the Irish youth, is an additional proof of the anomalous condition of Ireland, and of the partial legislation of England. Each year that witnesses this continued Exile, is a demonstration that the insecurity of the tenure of land, the terrors of the landlord, and the eternal lash of national bigotry, overcome the Irishman's innate love of home, and force him to burst under all the ties of nature herself to escape from a country, his own country, where the law of the State, the Gospel of the established Church, and the hatred of a large section of the aristocracy are leagued against his conscience, against his social advancement, and, in fact, against his very existence.

There is no use in the case before us, to appeal to the sympathy of the Legislature; they have always replied to such an appeal by laws written in the blood of the Irish; and they have ever silenced our national murmurs by the drummer's lash, by convict fetters, or by the rope. In the present instance, the Government, before many years elapse, will be made to feel that all parties engaged in producing this Exile of the people will lose more than they gain by this anti-national combination. Each young man who leaves Ireland for the United States is a loss (according to the value set on an able-bodied man in this country) of £10, to the army and the navy; he is a great loss to a properly developed system of national agriculture; and when one takes into consideration the exorbitant articles which he buys, the English cloth which he wears, I think it may be safely assumed that fifty thousand such individuals produce a loss of some several million pounds sterling to the State. We have given upwards of two millions of money to Sardinia to help us in the Crimea; and we have purchased the services of a German Legion at an enormous expense, which might be saved by keeping at home the thousands and tens of thousands of faithful, invincible poor Irish hearts, whom our rulers have starved or banished. But, perhaps, the greatest misfortune in this anomalous legislation is, that England not only abstracts from her own poor all these expellee and lost resources, but, again, she adds them all to the American Republic. She weakens herself in order to give strength to America; she sends youth, muscle, and a full grown army to America; and still more she sends hundreds of thousands of aggrieved hearts breathing revenge and vengeance against the laws, the name, the very existence of the English Constitution. And if England shall choose her scheme of forced emigration, she will soon learn to her cost that she will perhaps lose more millions of money in one war with America, than would support all her expelled emigrants at home; and she may yet be compelled to feel that honor, justice, equity, and liberty of conscience, would have cost her less money than her past sectarian code of bigotry, injustice, and class legislation. The fate of Carthage, which Juno once dreaded from the future power of Rome, may with truth be feared by Britannia from the rising dominion of America; and an American Virgil might, with an apt propriety and slight change of the names of nations say—

Progeniem, sed enim Trojana sanguine ducti  
Auderet, Tyrion olim que verteret arces;  
Hinc populum, late regem, beloque superbam  
Venturum exercitio Libya; sic Volvere Parcas.

But although the causes which have determined the Irish laboring and small farmer classes to leave Ireland are the same in the year 1857 as in the year 1848, their condition, however, on the other side of the Atlantic and in Australia are widely different. In the commencement of their banishment, they went to unknown settlements to seek and make a home among strangers; but now those who leave Ireland, go to regions where they have a home to receive them, and means to uphold them. Although the sea passage is hard, the traveling into the interior of the country harassing, and the hardships from climate and limited resources difficult to be borne, still they have one bright hope left, namely, they have their kindred and a kind welcome to meet them, when they reach the end of their weary, heavy journey. And if any one argument

more powerful than another could be adduced to prove the natural elevated character, the profound national sympathy and the noble religious sentiment of the poor Irish, this argument will be found in the large remittances of money which come by every post to the parents and the friends they left at home in Ireland. The noble Irish, the illustrious poor, the untainted Irish children set an example in this unquenchable love of home, of friends, of religion, which their persecuting rulers never can equal or imitate; and it again proves that our legislation can neglect and banish, as outcasts, a race, which under the most adverse circumstances (in their forlorn humble position) stands pre-eminently superior in every virtue which adorns our common nature and adds lustre to religion. Is not the fourth commandment as well fulfilled by the love of the peasant boy as by the son of the prince; and is not the virtue of Lazarus dearer to heaven than the character of Dives? Yes, the noble Irish, in their love of their parents, in their fidelity to home, to their country, and to their God, brand England's persecution and her partial laws with a character of injustice and cruelty which can never be effaced.

It is, then, a clear case that until some remedy be adopted to give reasonable security and protection in the tenure of land; and till the legislature impose a rational restriction on the ferocious bigotry of the trunk and the interminable branches of the Church Establishment, the river of emigration will not be diverted from its present unnatural course. The same cause will always produce the same effects; and hence the country will, year after year, be drained of population and national resources, till England finds it her advantage and her interest to alter the laws in reference to tenancy of land, and to check the disastrous sectarianism of an idle, useless, mischievous, creedless, dominant church. Any scheme short of the views here humbly advocated can never give peace or confidence to the Irish people; they know that land may soon be placed in the same system of disastrous competition, which produced the terrors of the years that are past, they believe that back rents, ejections and drivers, will again return by a regular cycle, unless an equitable law of Tenant Right be framed; and every man who can command the passage money, and who has a friend in America, will leave Ireland if he can.

**The Female Temper.**—We like to see a woman of spirit and life; for a dull, supine, prosy woman is a poor affair indeed. And we have no particular objection to seeing "the sparks fly," occasionally, when some thing really stirring occurs. We like to see her joyful and lively; and, if she has a little spice of waggery, we can put up with a very well-nay, we like it all the better. But a cross, sour temper, we have no good opinion of; for a woman who can never look pleasant, but is always fretting and scolding, will make an unhappy home for all within her house. And we had as lief undertake to live in a barrel of vinegar in a thunder storm, as to live in the house with such a woman. Solomon was right when he said: "It is better to live in the corner of a house-top, than to dwell in a wide house with a brawling woman." Let a woman wear sunshine on her countenance, and it will drive the dark clouds from her husband's face, and joy will thrill through the hearts of her children. Let a woman's words be soothing and kind, and everything is happy around her. Her influence will be powerful. Others will catch her sweet temper, and all strive to see who can be most like her. Sweetness of temper in a woman is more valuable than gold, and more to be prized than beauty. But may Heaven keep us from an untamed shrew, whose looks are wormwood, and whose words are gall! We had rather take Daniel's place with the lions, than to think of living within gun-shot of such a termagant. If women knew their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper; for then they are irresistible.

**Home Music.**—A house without music is like a nursery without children—silent, gloomy, and desolate. Music is the harmonic soul of life, breathed or suggested everywhere in nature, and only absent from the lips and hearts of those who are "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." The influences of music are not only soothing and delightful to the ear, but are refining, purifying, and exalting to the mind and heart. The soul lives its rarest hours in an atmosphere of melody and song, and we contemplate Paradise, not unfittingly, as realizing our supreme dream of felicity with its musical enchantments—its hymning seraphs, who "adore and burn" with ecstasies that can find utterance only in song. Universal experience attests that the habitation of childhood to pleasant music—as to the presence of flowers—is one of the surest means of softening down harsh tempers and evil passions, in the bud. Children cannot grow up rude and boisterous in the midst of harmony and beauty. Music at home is a recreation for the daughters, and an attraction for the sons. Make home bright, musical and joyous, and fever will fly from it to the world's corrupting diversions and excitements.

**HUMBUGS.**

A writer in the New Orleans Sunday Delta, in discoursing upon the subject of humbugs, takes occasion to discuss the merits of that particular species which relates to the imagination of teachers of public schools, and relates the following, which came under his own observation; "Paying a visit to a lady friend residing in one of our suburban villages, and who was about applying for a situation in one of their public schools, I was induced to accompany her to the place appointed for the examination of teachers.

"Then and there I witnessed, for the first time, one of those ludicrous performances which generally come off previous to the opening of our schools. After waiting an hour or two a bustling little man appeared and summoned the candidates into an adjoining room.

"Our friend asked and obtained permission for me to be admitted also. The ladies (who numbered about twenty, of various ages, and judging from appearances, of various attainments) were directed to occupy the seats which had been placed for them, in the form of a semicircle, fronting a kind of desk, which, however, was separated from them by a curtain.

"I was favored with a side seat, which greatly enhanced my pleasure, as I could distinctly see all that transpired on both sides of the curtain. The desk was occupied by some half dozen gentlemen, who seemed anything but happy. They could not determine upon the proper person to open the play. After much altercation, and another hour's delay, they agreed that the oldest should speak first.

"The curtain rose, and the man arose.—Making a step or two forward, he folded his arms, raised his eyes imploringly, groaned painfully, bowed awfully, and spoke.

"Oh! spirit of schmidt, surely thou must have been around and about, inspiring the man," he said; "ladies, I please you all wants to make von school? Vell, den, you moost jüst dell me all de things vat I axes you, und den I vill find von place for you make de school. Speak out loud und plain, und pe no fruit."

"Now dell me ven de vite pear fish-covert?"

No answer.

"Tat ish too hart. Vell, ven you goes in de market und buys a dime of sonr krouf for a pigme, how moosh shange you moosh have?"

No answer.

"Tat ish too hart, too. Vell, how you vould shpell croomshper, mit English readin?"

"Potato," said a pert little miss of fifteen, who had doubtless obtained her diploma.

"Coot, fooshtrate. Now dell me rat ish de name of de shtick vat goes too der middle of der world to hang him oup on?"

No answer.

"Von more und I pe finish. Der haf one pook, vat makes der beeples talk fooshtrate und pe pret und say nice things like der preacher. Vat is der name of dat pook?"

"Grammar," said our little miss.

"Coot; cool as clabber shreese, and percause you ish ter shmartest un d der poost, ish mine coota frinde ter peerman's laughter, you may make von school: und all dem was don't know nuff, kin yust co home und laarn some more."

This of course put an end to the performance, and all left, we for one feeling that we had never witnessed a play better worth the money.

**Air Poison.**—People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analysis of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the vulgar brain. The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it must contain certain organic matter, otherwise it could nourish organic beings.

This was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith in his beautiful experiments on the Air and Water of Towns, where he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is in itself a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease, or epidemic, according to its strength.

Why, if "a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death by the usual phenomena of typhus fever," what incalculable evils must not it produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn? Such contamination of the air, and consequent hot bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation, cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes, and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

**TO RESUSCITATE THE DROWNING.**

The following rules, put forth by the Medical Institute of France, being a ready method in suspended respiration from drowning, should be generally studied and adopted. The same rules have been adopted by the London Humane Society:

1. Treat the patient instantly, on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest to the breeze—except in severe weather—to clear the throat.

2. Place the patient gently on his face, with one wrist under the forehead. All fluids and the tongue itself then fall forward, leaving the entrance into the wind-pipe free.

If there be breathing, wait and watch; if not, or if it fail to excite respiration.

3. Turn the patient well and instantly on his side, and

4. Excite the nostrils, the throat, etc., and dash cold water on the face previously rubbed warm.

If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly, to imitate respiration,

5. Replace the patient on his face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

6. Turn the body very gently on the side, and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, alternately, repeating these measures deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly, fifteen times in the minute, occasionally varying the side. When the patient reposes on the chest, this cavity is compressed by the weight of the body, and expiration takes place. When he is turned on the side this pressure is removed, and inspiration occurs.

7. When the prone position is resumed, make equal but sufficient pressure, with brisk movement, along the back of the chest, removing it immediately before rotation on the side. The first pressure augments the expiration, the second causes inspiration, inducing circulation an warmth, and the result is respiration, and—if not too late—life.

8. Meantime, rub the limbs upward, with firm grasping pressure, and with energy, using handkerchiefs, etc. By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins toward the heart.

9. Let the limbs be thus warmed and dried, and then clothed, each bystander supplying a coat, a waistcoat, etc.

10. Avoid the continuous warm bath, and the position on or inclined to the back.

**THE AMERICAN EAGLE.**  
BY IRE PARTINGTON.

This is the greatest bird that has ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away upon the precipices where the foot of man cannot come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the tops of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over the land and the water, to see what he can pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird, he always prays before eating, just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victims raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steals chickens wherever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talents, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten dollar gold pieces and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolt under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broken out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of Fourth of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of tother. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he don't carry a feather for anybody. Take him every way he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with a star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.

**Plug Ugly.**—The origin of this term, which is now the rallying cry of a gang of rowdies who run with the Mount Vernon Hook and ladder Company of Baltimore, is this: Had by the head-quarters of this fine company there dwelt a vender of segars and tobacco, who was distinguished as being the ugliest man in his neighborhood. His establishment derived the principal of its support from the Mount Vernon boys, and the invariable form of address, when a plug of his chewing tobacco was called for, was—

"Give us a Plug Ugly."