

# The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &C., &C.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"Let it be instilled into the hearts of your children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—Junius.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

VOLUME 6--NO. 48.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1859.

WHOL NUMBER 208

## FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN, BY A MEMBER OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

### March to Puebla Continued.

Colonel Wynkoop of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, one of the most active and efficient officers in the Volunteer service, was stationed in garrison at Perote, with a competent force of foot and horse.

May 10th.—We resumed our march at 10 a. m. Gen. Worth's division having moved forward yesterday evening, which threw ours a day's march in the rear. But at no time were we more than five hours apart, and as we arrived in the vicinity of Puebla, the columns became more closely approximated. Our Army News is rife with intelligence respecting the movements of our and the enemy's forces. Rumors are indigenous products of a camp, and what they start from, or how they ever start at all no one knows, and subsequently when we were shut up in garrison, 2,000 miles from home, and there was no earthly opportunity for news to get either in or out of quarters, I then heard more than I ever did before.

Early in the evening we reached Salado, which is also a military station, some ten miles from Perote. We occupied as sleeping apartments a number of horse stalls that were prettily well filled with fleas. And I will state for the gratification of the curious that the Mexican race of vermin are a size larger than our own, and their sting is in proportion to their increased physical powers, of which we had constant evidence. We are supplied with water from a well 400 feet deep. The buckets are drawn up by a rope and vertical windlass turned by a mule. Estimated its depth by the number of coils around the wheel, which I judged to be five feet in diameter. A couple of the natives were engaged all night in drawing up a sufficient supply for our consumption, though they drew up as much as ten gallons at a time. This will serve to convey some idea of what an enormous amount of water is requisite to water an army of men and brutes. The laborers were paid two dollars each for their services which is a large sum of money to a poor man in this country.

Morning of the 11th.—We are again en route over the same desolate looking landscape. This section is called by the natives *Las Pias*, and I heartily endorse the sentiment. No one can conceive of a more monotonous, barren and desolate region, and our hearts almost sank within us at the cheerless prospect. Not an object was discernible within the scope of our vision. Not even a withered shrub or distant undulation, to kindle a hope upon. No renovating shower nor basely dew had fallen upon this dreary and parched desert for bygone months and perhaps years. And as we dragged our weary and suffering limbs across it, time itself grew weary, and minutes seemed lengthened into hours. And isolated hills now appeared in our front, and as we wound our course more to its left, the cupolas and spires of a distant town appeared in view, and which pointed out our quarters for the night. Almost famished for water, and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, we halted for the night at the filthy town called *Topyucalco*. We are supplied with water from wells not exceeding ten feet in depth. Our sleeping apartments were comfortable as those of last night. Some of the men a little more refined than others occupied the commodious troughs as a better guarantee against the annoyance of the fleas. But upon examination of their blankets, they discovered they had brought a good supply with them from Salado. The inhabitants of Mexico are found to dwell mostly in large communities, that they may afford mutual protection to one another, against the deprivations of the lawless bands of desperadoes who infest the mountain regions. The houses in all Mexico are constructed similarly to fortifications. The openings are all barricaded with iron bars, and there is but one entrance from the streets, which is closed as occasion requires by a pair of massive gates.

Morning of the 12th, we are again under way at early light. Two privates of Capt. Williams' company named *Werners*, who were brothers, were left in quarters, the one dead and the other dying. The natives promised faithfully to have them decently interred, and for which expected trouble they were paid in cash, and thus a very judiciously accounted for. Subsequently we learned that the dying man recovered through the kindness and good nursing of our landlady, and ultimately reached his home in safety. I sincerely hope that he did. Whatever may have been said derogatory to the character of the Mexican women; we have met with many redeeming traits in them, and which would abate a virtuous lustre upon the sex in any community. The custom of society here tolerates a certain looseness of morals, and what may appear to us as unbecoming in their demeanor, they are not conscious of themselves. Allowances must and should be made, and to stigmatize the whole of them with a lack of virtue is unjust and unfair.

This day's march will never be forgotten, so long as a member of Gen. Quitman's Brigade lives. The heat is almost insupportable to the men and animals. If the remains of our men and horses which perished on this and subsequent marches, had been collected together, the pious from Perote to Puebla, might have been piled with their bones. Many of our poor fellows have fallen, exhausted and fainting by the wayside. In addition to empty wagons which have been brought along for the use of the sick, every division is furnished with one or two ambulances, that are intended for the accommodation of the Officers. They are something like a Jersey, light and commodious, and are drawn by four horses. All this day our columns, consisting of a funeral cortege, followed by a *bandera* was exchanged for hours together. An immense camp of dirt heaped over the remains of men, and sitting down upon the remains of men, all were apparently leveled to the same distinction of rank. The mournful dirge of wailing and lamentation, which accompanied the funeral, conveyed the impressive reality, that all were like-minded in the life-giving beverage.

It was useless now to raise a cry about, who had water to barter for a small chew of Tobacco. Nothing but severe illness or positive inability to walk entitled any private Soldier to a berth in a hospital wagon. He might feign both but without effect, and it was hard indeed, for those who were really sick to get to ride. The men marched in double file, and all of our company-officers who were on foot with us, stuck to the ranks with praise worthy spirit. They shared with us in our fatigues, and bore mutually the privations incident to the march, and when there was cause for general complaint—they were the last to manifest it. And this was cheering to the men through many a trying day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### From the Waverly Magazine.

#### IN LOVE.

BY JAMES W. MC DERMOTT.

"Dear me," said Fred Langdon, as he tossed aside the stump of an old cigar and leaned back reflectively in his easy chair, "was't a sweet nuisance it is to be in love; positively all my affairs are going to ruin and I am not able to prevent it. 'Twas only this morning that I endeavored to figure up some neglected accounts, and had to give it up in despair. You see, Ed," continued he, more particularly addressing his companion, who was composedly replenishing the grate with anthracite, "it went on very well at first, but presently I began to think about Nellie, how she looked when I last saw her, whether she was not vexed about something when we parted, and then the figures began to multiply and disappear until I had to commence over again, and finally desist."

"Well, Fred, why don't you end it, and know whether you are to be happy or miserable for the future, at once?"

"I mean to; but, you see, I'm so afraid of a dismissal."

"O, bother! you'd get over the effects of it in a week! In my opinion it would be the best thing that could happen. I've been 'through the mill, and let me tell you the more you show your love the more women tyrannize; at first everything is sweet, smiles for looking and kisses for asking, but when the fair syren thinks you are inextricably involved in the meshes of her charms, a change at once comes over the spirit of the dream, and you may discharge a balloon full of sighs before you bring down a single smile. Now just try this new brand; push the spittoon a little nearer, and I'll tell something that happened to me before I knew you?"

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure," said Fred; "but give us facts, Ed; that is, don't spin your yarn too literally as you proceed."

"I promise you I won't, you only listen!—Ten years ago I was of your age, studying with old Doctor Clark in New York, and found it about as hard work to conquer the hidden mysteries of medicine as you did yesterday to balance your accounts. Yes, somehow, I'd got the idea into my head that Emma Claverly was perfection; that a glance from her eyes eclipsed Venus, and that a smile from her rosy mouth was the fairest flower nature could offer to gaze upon."

"Every spare hour found me hovering around the little rose-embowered cottage in the extreme suburbs of the city, where she and her paternal relative resided. I had the good fortune, as I then considered it, to be acquainted with her papa, and surely the infinity of snuff I took, and the quantity of old fogeyism I discussed, to creep into his good graces would have killed any one but a lover.—Yet I don't believe the dear old gentleman ever for a moment suspected that I loved Emma. Be that as it may, he always went to sleep after the second game of backgammon which I endeavored to consummate with all decent celerity."

"Emma soon found out I was in love, and I believe enjoyed it amazingly. Then I had a great deal of fine sentiment clinging to me, and I remember, one evening departing with the determination to stifle the little rascal who had so skillfully used me as a target, because Emma had played with the kitten the whole evening, to the entire exclusion of everything else; but the next evening found me there again, and I could see the sly little maiden's eyes sparkle as she enjoyed the sport."

"I assure you, Fred—confidentially, of course—I have often thought that women seldom love really; with them it seems more a pleasure of triumphing over some unfortunate beau until he becomes too earnest to please longer, and then out the silken bonds, caring little whether there are other invisible hands that time alone can sever. However, to my story."

"One evening I found I had a rival in the field, a regular pink and cream looking lady-killer, who owned a delicate moustache and immaculate shirt bosom, and the first hour of our acquaintance, during a discussion, patronizingly called me my 'dear boy.' I made up my mind to bring matters to a close pretty soon, and, early the next evening, being dressed to kill, took the care with the firm determination to venture, and, if refused, to do something desperate; what that should be I had not quite resolved on. I got there in due time and found the fates propitious; Emma was all alone, her papa having gone to see an old friend, and she demurely informed me, 'Somehow I never felt it so difficult to talk as just then, it was my first attempt in that line, and therefore couldn't be wondered at. I distinctly remember repeating three times over what a delightful evening it was, which nobody contradicted, and at length blundered out a request for my fair enslaver to accompany me on a walk; to this she replied, shortly, in the negative. I then said that I had something particular to communicate, and that was the reason I wished her to accompany me out. 'Well, say it here,' replied she. I took her at her word, with a sort of nervous courage, and commenced to recite a well written declaration 't I had committed to memory for the occasion, and almost half got through when I perceived her smiling. I tell you, Fred, I felt more blood about my cranium just then, than usual, and I am afraid I finished rather abruptly."

"I am taken so much by surprise, Mr. Allen," said she, (I could swear the little hypocrite had been expiring it for the last month) that I really do not know what to say." I implored her to say yes, but she was perfectly obdurate, and the most I could obtain was that she would let me know.

"Thus matters remained for a month or two, and, evening after evening, I asked her to say yes, in fact I got quite in practice, and from those first initiatory lessons learned to do the matter up in proper style, but all in vain. Emma would tell me not to tease her, and I'd go away more infuriated than ever. Just then my father whom you know lives near Charleston, S. C., was taken suddenly ill, and I received a letter requesting my immediate attendance. A steamer sailed on the following day, and I got all ready, and then, bad as you may think me for it, went to see Emma, resolved on carrying her consent by a *coup de main*. But she defied the outposts gallantly, and the utmost I could obtain was a promise to write if she resolved on a favorable answer.

"I went, and the novelty of the journey drove Emma a little out of my head. When I arrived, I found my father fast recovering, and in a week or so was as well as ever; as I had not been home for years, and of course they made considerable of a fuss, and among other excitements, gave a party for my special benefit, to which the neighboring chivalry and beauty were invited. It was there I met Matilda Merton, and the first glance of her eyes shattered the armor that the visions of Emma had hitherto clothed me with; and when I came to know and converse with her, Emma's power was entirely destroyed.

"Weeks glided by, and I had ceased entirely to write to my former New York enslaver, who had never replied to any of my letters. Miss Merton engrossed the whole of my thoughts, and, one morning, I was not a little surprised by receiving a letter from New York, evidently in Emma's hand writing. To tell you the truth, I trembled a little as I opened it, (perhaps with curiosity) but my suspense was soon at an end; it merely contained the single word, "Yes," written in large letters, and, underneath, the name "Emma."

"Now, that letter, some weeks ago, would have caused something of an excitement in the way of a dozen darkies flying round to pack up, &c., but, as it was, I lit a cigar and began to think how to answer it. Perhaps, thought I, if I were to go to N. Y., and see Emma, I should be as much in love as ever, and then I should be happy; but stay, as my learned friend, Kate Fairchild would say, a non-committal letter means nothing, and this only says yes, and may be twisted into a thousand forms.

"Just then my reverie was interrupted by the sound of a musical voice in the hall, and the next instant Miss Merton, in the repletable blaze of her beauty, passed the open door. That determined me at once, and having seized paper and pen I wrote, "No!" in large letters, scribbled my Christian name at the bottom, rung the bell, and before I had recovered from the shock received by the earthly vision that had just vanished, Sam was half way to the post office with the letter; then I repented, and jumped on somebody's nag, that stood at the door, dashed after him; but the black rascal had been expeditious for once in his life, and when I reached within one hundred yards of the post office I met him returning with a smiling countenance beaming with the conscientiousness of having performed every thing right.

"Two days after I had the pleasure of learning that Miss Merton had been engaged for six months to a lieutenant in the navy. After that departed for N. Y., and soberly applied myself to professional studies; never saw Emma but once since, and that was the day she was married; and feel now that I would not exchange my snug bachelor condition to either of them. Come, let's be moving on toward the academy, or we won't hear much singing to-night."

From the Richmond Christian Advocate.  
Mr. Calloun's Religious Views.

We published a short time since a letter on this subject, from the pen of Mr. Calloun, and made some comments on the letter. Two writers have already in opposition to Mr. Calloun, and below will be found a letter addressed to the editor on the same subject. The extracts from our comments are misconstrued by Mr. Green; they were used, not as our opinions of Mr. Calloun's character, but as arguments against Mr. Calloun's representations of it. \* \* \* Mr. Calloun is not legitimate authority in setting, the question, and we must look elsewhere for satisfactory proof. In addition to the two letters referred to above, Mr. Green shall now be heard.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21st, 1859.

To the Editor of the Christian Advocate:

I have read with much surprise and great regret, in the Advocate of the 3rd Inst., Mr. Calloun's letter and your comment on the religious views of John C. Calloun.

You say "if Christian creeds are curses to the country, why did not Mr. Calloun openly and boldly display his opposition to them as Mr. Calloun has done?" And again you say: "Was it profound policy, and consequently the most culpable dishonesty, that caused him to conceal his religious opinions?" And again you say: "It may be replied, that Mr. Calloun interfered with no man's religious opinions. Granted; but Mr. Calloun has done it for him."

I beg you to read Mr. Calloun's letter again, and I am sure that, when you do so, you will see that Mr. Calloun does not pretend to say what Mr. Calloun's religious opinions were. Mr. Calloun is a Swedenborgian, an enthusiast, and in what he says of others, speaks for himself and not for Mr. Calloun. His disparagement of other religious sects and their creeds is his own, not Mr. Calloun's. Indeed, he himself gives the most palpable contradiction to the inference which you have drawn, as well as his own uncharitableness, by quoting, as applicable to Mr. Calloun, "the language employed by the biographer of Charles James Fox," to wit:—"Though Mr. Fox was no formal religious yet the essence of religion, which centres in charity, was the predominant sensation of his heart. If religion consists in doing to others as we would they should do unto us—if it has any connection with a holy endeavor to preserve peace on earth and good will among men—then we will venture to say that Mr. Fox who ever made any show of religion, was, in fact, one of the most religious men of the age."

This is the description of Mr. Calloun's religion, as given by Mr. Calloun, and for the truth of which, after the most intimate and confidential relations with him on this and all other subjects of a personal character for many years, I venture to bear witness and to say, that no one ever heard him utter one word to justify the language used by Mr. Calloun, in the preceding part of his letter, when he speaks for himself, and not for Mr. Calloun, on the tenets and creeds of Christian Churches.

I repeat, that for many years my relations to Mr. Calloun were most intimate and confidential; that his conversations with me were unreserved, and that I do not recollect, nor do I believe, that he ever at any time uttered a word or expressed an opinion that could be twisted into acquiescence with the views or opinions indicated by Mr. Calloun's comments on the creeds of those Christians who do not belong to the "New Church," or Swedenborgian.

I have seen no man in or out of the Church more sensitive to public opinion than Mr. Calloun. He believed that it was not enough to do right. He wished to avoid the appearance of doing wrong. With him religion was a reality between him and his God. He was unwilling that his religious opinions should become the subject of vulgar comment. No man is perfect, and this may have been a weakness. All who have the honor of his intimate acquaintance know, that in his private conversations, he spoke of the Old and New Testament as the revealed word of God, and that his most forcible illustrations of the principles of civil Government were deduced, from the Bible, as the surest and best guide of human actions.

I repeat, that Mr. Calloun is an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to his Church. In his conversations with me he had said, more than once, I was a believer, and ought to be a member of the "New Church." It is no matter of surprise that in the frequent conversations held with Mr. Calloun, and in the respect and confidence, mutual between them, Mr. Calloun should persuade himself that Mr. Calloun would, if he could be induced to examine their creed, prefer the "New Church" to all others. It is not for me to judge his fellow, Mr. Calloun was not so far as I do know, a member of any Church; but know, that during my long and intimate acquaintance with him, he never, in my presence, uttered a word to the disparagement of any Church, or which would wound the feelings of any denomination whatever.

I have felt that this much was due from me, more in reply to your comment on Mr. Calloun's letter, than as a comment on that letter itself—of which letter I can only express my surprise and regret.

Very respectfully,  
DUFF GREEN.

### Obituary.

Died, at his own instance, about 12 o'clock last night, after a rule of three short months, Winter, age doubtful.

Deceased was admitted to have been a Cosmopolite, and exercised a considerable influence upon the habits, customs, and feelings of everybody. In isolated cases his systems of government were much admired, and by some his demise was deeply lamented; but the mass of mankind will rejoice in his death, and hail with joy the inauguration of his successor. In general, the deceased was an unpleasant visitor—a hard, stern master—exacting to the last degree—cold without reserve—chilling, even in his blandest smiles—rugged in his gentle approaches—with a soured front a furrowed face—he was not one to draw, by cords of affection, the hearts of the people. Especially was this the case when the mildness of his early rule gave place to more oppressive tyranny.

Among those who will be merry over his death, the poor and almost destitute occupy no secondary position. In his rule over this class the deceased was peculiarly despot, and even whilst many found it difficult to obtain an amount of "wood and wittles" to sustain life, there were others who died through want of them. Deceased, with his other faults, was guilty of gross partiality—like some of our great statesmen he was one thing to the north, and another to the south—and treacherous to both. With the north, he was in favor of internal improvements, and often constructed bridges across their rivers and streams; bridges beautiful in their architecture, but only seeming in strength and safety. With the south he was full of promises which were never fulfilled. It is true, he added occasionally, and in certain localities, to the architectural beauty of dwellings, by attaching crystal pendants to their roofs, but, like the glories of one of his sunsets, they were transient, and vanished even with the beholding. His memory will only live in connection with the past accounts of commerce, and stand as a dark spot in the history of destitute humanity.—But he is gone—clear gone. [This last very expressive expression, in italics, we would have the reader to understand, is not original, but was selected with care from a large pile of standard literature.]

It would be proper to remark that immediately after the demise of *Winter*, a new ruler took the reins—the infant *Spring*.—Under his sway, we will expect a joyous and happy time all round. The trees which were stripped of their foliage by the chilling breath of his predecessor, will soon be clad again in beautiful green. Bright flowers will delight the eye and shed a sweet perfume from myriads of shrubs and plants. The cheerful voice of gay songsters will be heard warbling joyous music to gladden our hearts, and earth will be spread with a richer carpet than the finest three-ply ever woven.

We are in favor of the new administration, and intend to do all in our power to support it. The ladies are all in our favor to support it—to a man. Then, welcome *Spring*, with all thy smiling verdure, singing birds, pretty flowers, &c.

### Mobile Advertiser.

BROWNLOW UPON ENDORSING PAPER.—The last Knoxville Whig contains an editorial article upon the common practice of endorsing business notes, from which we clip the following paragraph:

"For our part, we have but little of this world's goods, and our endorsement is worth nothing to any one. The business of endorsing we have entirely quit, and come what may, we will endorse no more for any one, as a matter of accommodation. We have quit, too, for two good and sufficient reasons. First, we have either been sued for, or had to pay, nearly all the notes we ever endorsed for others; and next, we have the voucher, to show that we have paid more security debts than all we now have is worth in any market. Under these circumstances, if any one wishes to hear us say no with an emphasis, let him ask us to endorse his note!"

AN ASTHEMATICAL REMARK.—Hugot Arnot, one day, while panting with the asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a bawling fellow, selling oysters. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugot: "he has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

EDUCATION IN KANSAS.—Governor Medary has issued a proclamation for an election, on the fourth Monday in March, in accordance with the act of the last Legislature providing for the formation of a Constitutional and State Government for Kansas. Three months' residence prior to the election is a requisite to vote. "Aliens having declared intention to become citizens, are qualified."

The Inebriate Asylum.

In an interesting pamphlet recently issued by the Board of Trustees, containing a full account of all that has been done in regard to the Inebriate Asylum, we find the following sensible remarks, by Dr. J. E. Turner, urging the propriety of an appropriation for the Asylum:

"It matters not how this disease may have been induced,—whether by stimulants prescribed for sickness, or by the encouragement of parents; by the influence of social friends, or gay associates; whether under extenuating circumstances, or in full view of the terrible penalty which this malady inflicts on its victim,—the State is equally bound to protect society against such outrages. The innocent and the virtuous should not be exposed to the insane man, let the cause of his insanity be what it may. He should be taken to an asylum, to be controlled and treated according to his disease. All the laws and penalties which a State can enact against crime committed by the inebriate will never prevent him, while at large, from committing murder, arson and theft, or from taking his own life. The experience we have had upon this subject during the past year alone, is enough to convince every enlightened mind that such a policy endangers the life of every citizen, and places in the hands of the insane man the flaming torch of the incendiary. The true policy of a government is to prevent crime rather than to punish it. Why, then, should our State allow its citizens to go at large when they have lost self-control, and when experience shows that it is not compatible with private and public safety for them to remain at liberty? Does the State bring to life the murdered family, by simply going through the accustomed forms of judicial procedure, in order to punish the man for what he can scarcely be held responsible, or place him as a criminal at the bar, when his testimony would not be received in the witness-box, or find out too late that he really is a maniac, and send him at last to an asylum as a criminal? The only true and enlightened policy, then, which experience points out and judgment dictates, is for the State to provide an asylum for this class of our insane. Every enlightened citizen of our country will approve of such a policy, and long will be remembered the administration which has through its wisdom provided an asylum where the inebriate can be controlled and treated; and in which his malady can be cured,—a malady which is a disease in individuals, a curse to families, a plague to communities, and a destruction to races."

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON STUDENTS.—Deep thinkers, who would draw upon resources long laid up by hard study, who would not again busy themselves in thumbing over volumes that have already been read, but who having once devoured them, would make the food their own, find much originality amidst the fumes of a savoury cheroot. But students who would master books, and remember their contents, who would lay up in store clear ideas, should never becloud themselves with smoke, nor in any other way detract from the most energetic application to the fulfillment of the object in view. The satisfying effect of tobacco on students is not calculated to promote advancement, but to retard it. Under its influence pages may be dreamed over without being taken in.

READING.—Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man—but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and wholly varied. If I have a confident opinion, or any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

MEXICO.—Should the latter success of the Liberals over Miramon's forces be followed by similar results in future engagements, says the New York Journal of Commerce, the aspect of Mexican affairs will not unlikely be changed, that Mr. McLane, our Minister to that country, will feel authorized to recognize the Juarez government, and treat with it, as the government de facto of Mexico. The sympathies and good wishes of the United States are decidedly with the Liberals, and there would be much satisfaction felt here at their success.

Some years ago a lady died who was known to have been partial to genuine Jamaica, and orders were sent to the sexton to have the family vault opened to receive the body. He did so, but finding it full, he wrote back that the lady could not be buried there, as there was no room in the vault.

An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked, in the kitchen, Yes, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the orator," was Pat's reply.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The Cabinet had a protracted session to day, and had under consideration the exhibit submitted by the Post Office Department. It is very elaborate, and covers a vast deal of ground, presenting the actual condition of the department in all its ramifications. There will be a deficiency, on the 30th of June, of four million three hundred thousand dollars.

After discussing matters, and going through with a minute examination of the figures, the Cabinet were unanimous in opinion that an extra session of Congress would be necessary.—There are other matters, however, that will have to be considered, and the whole thing was postponed until Thursday, when definite action will be had as to the time of calling the session. The President at present favors the middle of August, and it is highly probable that will be the time fixed.

The Grand Jury found a true bill to-day against Mr. Sikes for murder. They had a long discussion in the jury room as to what ought to be done with Mr. Butterworth. What course they will pursue is not known. Two of them are known to be in favor of indicting him as *particeps criminis*.

The Secretary of State recently submitted to the Attorney General the question whether the Chinese coolie trade, as carried on by American ships, comes within the laws for the suppression of the slave trade. The Attorney General decides that it does not within said laws.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow" did not catch cold.

A needle will float, if carefully laid on the surface of the water.

Every pound of cochineal contains seventy thousand insects, boiled to death.

All the passions make us commit faults, but love makes us guilty of the most ridiculous ones.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

Absence destroys small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

The law of food is, that man should eat what is good for him, at such times and in such quantities as nature requires.

The copyright of the song "My Pretty Jane" was lately sold for five hundred pounds sterling—forty pounds a line.

What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? I'm down on you this time.

Tom Murphy has such excellent spirits that he has had only to drink water to intoxicate himself.

It seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the latest intelligences always consists of the earliest news.

THE LADIES' PLAQUE.—"Burn the crinoline!"—"Yes, my dear, 'tis all very well to say, burn the crinoline; but suppose you are in it?"

WASTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." And a short club broken off the square root.

A well-known author once wrote an article in "Blackwood," signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials "what a pity he will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a beaver naturally takes to the water."

There are, around us, thousands and thousands of homes, all the chambers of which are made dark or cheerless for lack of the "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect.

The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well known in the time of Claudius Cesar, A. D. 43. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45 A. D.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The attention of the French authorities having been called to the frequent outrages on unprotected females travelling by railway, they have in contemplation, it is said, to compel all the companies to have in every train carriages of each class into which only females shall be admitted.

"Mamma," said a young lady to her mother, the other day, "what is emigration?"—"Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia."—"What is colonizing, mamma?"—"Colonizing, dear, is marrying there, and having a family."—"Mamma, I should like to go to Australia."

May I considered an unfortunate married man. A young girl was asked, no longer since, to unite herself to a lover who named May in his proposals. This she refused, that May was unlucky. "Well, make it then," replied the swain, casting her eyes, and with a blush, she replied, "Would not April do as well?"