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DAVIS & CRAWFORD,

For Owners;

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For Press.

## MISCELLANY.

### A Trick of A Lover.

One winter evening, early in the present century, Col. Smith, and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on each side of a delightful fire, enjoying their "solitary amusements," without any interruption, for least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was leaning back in a great arm chair, with his spectacles on, and his pipe in one hand, and a newspaper in the other—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out in full length on a rug in front of the fire, and like his master, fast asleep.

At length the Colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing at a very large pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said:

"I wish Henry was here, to help me about my rent."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him?" said his sister.

"Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door.

"Where are going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

"The dog took into his master's face wagging his tail, but never said a word, and pursued his way toward the door, and as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Henry my boy, I am heartily glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting entirely out of his chair, and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. "Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"Oh, I don't know, it is rather dull in town so I thought I would step up and see how you all come on."

"Well, I am glad to see you—sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

"There, Aunt, is a bottle of first rate snuff for you, and here, Uncle, is one of capital Marchena."

"Thank you my boy, said the Colonel. "Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine too," said his sister.

Henry, after anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cork, while Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in—? Anything happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry; "I've got one of the best stories to tell you that you ever heard in your life."

"Come let us have it," said he, filling his glass.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, "that while I was in town, I met an old particular friend of mine, about my own age. About twenty months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus—do take a 'little cordial'."

"Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the Colonel.

"O, yes," resumed Henry. "But there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in, for it is generally understood that he is to be the gentleman's heir. And for his uncle, though very liberal in every thing else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old scamp," said the Colonel, "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Patty.

"Why, said Henry, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out, he could not manage to do that. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So what does he do, but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent! accomplished!" exclaimed the Colonel—pray what objection could the fool have to her?"

"Why, she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge!" said the Colonel—"I wish I'd been in the old chap's place. How did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had the picture taken, and it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought it would make the old man good natured if he went home and offered to assist him, and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the Colonel, "the old chap was well up with. The best joke I ever heard! but was she really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry—"but you can judge for yourself. He gave me that picture and knowing your taste that way I brought it for you to look at." Here Henry took it from his pocket, and handed it to his uncle at the same time refilling his glass. Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well, now," said she, "that is a beauty."

"You may well say that, sister," shoot me if I do not wish I had been in Bill's place. Hence take it! Why did you not get the girl yourself Henry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I would give a thousand dollars for such a niece."

"Would you?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," replied the Colonel, "and nine thousand more on the top of it, and that makes ten; shoot me if I would not."

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy old Colonel the ensuing week, and as the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

### "The Organ of the Administration."

The Washington Union of Wednesday contains the salutatory of Hon. Wm. A. Harris, who succeeds Mr. Appleton—late resigned—in the editorship of that paper.

It is my special purpose to spare neither expense nor effort to make it the great central organ of the Democratic party, every word worthy of their confidence and support, and a reliable and faithful medium of communication between the capital and the country. Having for many years exerted my best efforts to bring Mr. Buchanan into the Presidential chair, I shall render to him and to his administration all the support which party ties and personal friendship can inspire. \* \* \* I bring to the duties of my position considerable experience in editorial service, no small share of zeal, and a faith and devotion to the great principles of the Democratic party as strong and abiding as I have in the principles of the Christian religion itself; for the principles which are the basis of the measures and the policy of that party are but the principles of eternal truth and justice applied to the operations of government, and intended to regulate the conduct of man in his social and political state. These principles are fully embodied in that impregnable platform promulgated by the National Democratic Convention in June last at Cincinnati. Our political chief, in his acceptance of our nomination, most cordially approved that platform, and placed himself upon it. Upon it, with all its issues, doctrines, and policy, he was elected. He reaffirmed it all in his matchless Inaugural Address, which carried confidence and hope into all parts of the country. It ceased the anxious and the timid to take courage, the doubting looked forward with resolute faith; and all the good citizens now see in the future the inspiring omens of peace, prosperity, and safety. Upon that platform I also stand. I place myself there by my vote and my action at the moment of its adoption, and there I shall continue to stand, and by its principles I shall conduct the Union as long as I have an interest in its property or continue to direct its course."

TO MAKE COFFEE.—There are various recipes for preparing and refining coffee. The following is the best that has ever come under our view, and is available in all places. Procure your coffee fresh, and roasted, and not too brown, in the portion of a quarter of a pound for three persons. Let it be Mocha, and grind it just before using; put into a basin, and soak it in an egg, yolk, white, shell, and all; mix it up with a spoon to the consistency of mortar; place it with warm—not boiling—water in the coffee-pot; let it boil up and break three times; stand a few minutes, and it will be as clear as amber, and the egg will give it a rich taste.

Lady's Book.

### [From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

#### "Gallantry" in the Railroad Cars.

In a city railroad car not long ago, the following occurrence might have been seen: much more easily than the two horsemen who have become indissolubly connected with the memories of Mr. G. P. H. James. The seats, platforms and passenger way of the car are full—to the brim—with the conductor rings the bell, raising a pleasant expectation in the breasts of the living freight that the load is to be lightened; but no; it is to be increased. Where can another man find footing? The new passenger appears—a woman—we beg pardon, a lady, who squeezes and is squeezed into the mixture of carbonic acid gas and humanity which fills the apartment, and thereupon looks around sulkily for a seat. She is of course knows that there is none unoccupied; but she expects one to be vacated instantly for her; and her face says as much. At last the conductor does what conductors now rarely do, and says, "Young man, can't you give this lady a seat?" The "young man" thus appealed to is not robust, and is fagged with a hard day's work;—more reason this, why, that he should not be in that unwholesome atmosphere. He looks at the lady, who, in return, looks all expectation. She has evidently been more familiar with cabmen than cars, and with bogs than railroads; and her dress shows that she is out for a holiday. She is in robe health, and a figure expanding as it descends; she can stand as easily as a pyramid. But the young man replies, "Yes, I will walk with pleasure to oblige this lady, though I am two miles from home; but of course you will return my fare." The conductor opens his eyes, and refuses to do any such thing. "Very well," is the reply, "then, of course, you will ask none from the lady; I am perfectly content." With this suggestion the conductor also refuses to comply. "Ah, then, you ask me to stand where I cannot stand, or get out and walk, not for the sake of doing this lady a service, but that you, or your company may make one more half mile, I am willing to do anything in reason to serve a lady, or to give my half-dimes to those who need them; but this I decline to do."

Scenes like this are acted and thought, though they may not be spoken, hundreds of times in this city every day. What shadow of propriety or right is there in the custom of the railroad companies which causes them? The attention of Americans to the comfort of women has become proverbial the world over; and here are companies which have secured a monopoly of the easiest and most rapid means of conveyance through the principal thoroughfares, using this manly and delicate trait of national character to compel men to put themselves to discomfort, and give up that which they have paid for, in order that those companies may increase their gains a few half-dimes daily. The practice is not only mean and wrongful in itself, but it is doing all that can be done to debase if not utterly to destroy the gallantry and courtesy upon which it is founded.

The very life and essence of gallantry is the spontaneous grace of the sacrifice which it makes; the possessor gives up gladly that to which he alone has a right; that which finds happiness in yielding that which the weak must otherwise be without. But when this sacrifice is thrust upon a man, whether he will or no; and when a man, on his reflection shows him that he makes it, not to his own sense of what is due to the weaker sex, but to a cunningly contrived plan to extort five cents from him, not to woman, but to mammon the gloss of his courtesy is apt to become somewhat tarnished, and the milk of his human kindness to be curdled. It is all very well to ask what Sir Philip Sydney and the Chevalier Bayard would do under such circumstances; and to call to mind that Sir Walter Raleigh threw his new velvet cloak into the mud that Queen Elizabeth might walk dry shod. But times have changed, and manners (in their form though not in their spirit) have changed with them. Sidney and Bayard did not ride in a jolting bus or a fetid railroad car; and had Raleigh been told, by some mean-spirited fellow who thought the knight was in his power, that he must make his cloak a foot cloth for Elizabeth Tudor, in order that the mean-spirited fellow aforesaid, might be a penny the richer, the Maiden Queen would undoubtedly have had a less brilliant master of the horse, and Sir Walter would have died with his head on his shoulders.

REV. MR. KALLOCH.—This clergyman, whose trial has created so much interest, preached in Boston, on Sunday, from Genesis 30 and 27—"I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me." The most striking passage in the discourse is the following:

"It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock in pieces, and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts in pieces, and make us humble and wiser men. And as the longer you keep the canary bird in a darkened cage, the sweeter it will sing, so the more serene the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the songs of his spiritual life. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the brightest, and the character moulded by intensest heat will exhibit the most wonderful excellencies. God's children are like stars that shine brightest in the darkest night; like torches that are the better for being lit; like grapes that come not to the profane till they come to the press, and trees that drive down their roots further and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that grow the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the brighter for scouring; like glow worms, that shine best in the dark; like juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like the pomander, which becomes more fragrant for chafing; like the palm tree, which proves the better for pressing; like the candle, which spreads the more as you tread upon it."

Snow was eighteen inches deep at Dunkin, N. Y., on the 7th inst.

### Judge Story on Negro Citizenship.

Justice Nelson, of New York, in his recent opinion on the Dred Scott case, quoted a letter of remarkable purport, written by a judge to that of Dred Scott. The Journal of Commerce states the circumstances in this wise:

It seems that Judge Story was accustomed to write at least once a year to Lord Stowell, sending him a copy of his judicial decisions which the latter duly reciprocated. At length a case occurred in the English court, of which Lord Stowell was Chief Justice (wherein Antigua slave was carried by his master in England for temporary residence, and was subsequently taken back to Antigua. He brought suit for his freedom, and the Inferior Court decided against his right of freedom. In the Appealant Court, Lord Stowell, in behalf of a majority of the Court, affirmed the judgment below. Lord Stowell sent his decision to Judge Story, who 'delayed' replying so long that Lord Stowell again wrote to him expressing regret at not receiving a reply, and a hope that their pleasant correspondence, of so many years standing, would not cease. To these letters Judge Story replied as follows:

SALEM, near Boston, September 22.

My Lord, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of January and May last, the former of which reached me in the latter part of spring, and the latter quite recently. \* \* \* I have read with great attention your judgment in the slave case from the Vice Admiralty Court in Antigua. Upon the fullest considerations which I have been able to give the subject, I entirely concur in your views. If I had been called upon to pronounce a judgment in a like case, I should certainly have arrived at the same result, though I might not have been able to present the reasons which led to it in such a striking and convincing manner. It appears to me that the decision is impregnable.

In my native State (Massachusetts) the state of slavery is not recognized as legal, and yet, if a slave should come hither and afterwards return to his own home, one should certainly think that the local law would re-attach upon him and that his service character would be re-instated. I have had occasion to know that your judgment has been extensively read in America (where questions of this nature are not of infrequent discussion) and I never have heard any other opinion but that of approval of it expressed among the profession of the law. I cannot but think that upon questions of this sort, as well as in general maritime law, it were well if the common lawyers had studied a little more extensively the principles of public and civil law, and had looked beyond their own municipal jurisprudence. I remain, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant.

JOSEPH STORY.

### MENTAL DYSPEPSIA.

While connected with Dr. Thomas Cooper, as his adjunct, I remember on one occasion that a student applied to him for permission to board out of commons. The doctor asked why he requested it, and it was that which he was so long that it gave him dyspepsia.

"My young friend," said Dr. Cooper, "the cause of your dyspepsia is that you eat too much; if you find the fare not good, eat one-half of what you do, and you will be the better for it."

There is much truth in the remark; and in relation to the mind, we have a species of dyspepsia from the indiscriminate fare with which it is overburdened. An immense amount of unprepared matter is issued from the press, and sought for with avidity by the reading public, many of whom attempt to fill the mind with variety and quantity, as the Yankee did his stomach, eating through the bill of fare at table, and with equal success.

White Milton and Shakespeare, and other classics of English prose and poetry, are passed over with neglect, the current trashy publications of the prolific presses of the present day are in every body's hands. The intellectual nature is neglected and emotional passions nurtured to a morbid development, the regret of after years.

As the vigor of the bodily functions depends on the right digestion of healthful food, so does the training and improvement of the mind require a proper assimilation of its proper sustenance.

These reflections are well alluded to in a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Mr. Willis, of Philadelphia, which we will publish if we can procure it—having seen only a sketch of its prominent points.

### CITIZEN ACADEMY.—The Sem-Anna Examination of the Cadets of the Citadel commenced yesterday, before the officers of the Institution. We found the third class in examination, upon History, Geometry and French. The exercise were highly creditable to the class, as well as the Professors in charge of the several departments. Our engagement would not permit us to remain there, only from the rolls, when we name Cadets Carleton and Stoney, of Charleston, Norris, of Edgefield, Gaillard, of Fairfield, and Hamilton, of Colleton, as specially distinguished.

The manner of conducting the examinations at the Citadel is at once simple and impartial. The subjects are written on separate slips of paper, folded and put into a hat, each Cadet then draws by chance the subject that may fall to his lot. This plan we have never seen adopted in any other Institution, but at once commend it as the most simple and satisfactory that can be conceived of.

The examination will be continued to-day, with the same class, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, also in the afternoon.

Charleston Mercury.

If we gave the love of others, we must love them.

### Thackeray's Lecture on George III.

The following beautiful lines is the closing portion of Thackeray's lecture on George III. It is taken from *Littell's Living Age*.

Last came his special affection for the Princess Amelia, whose death finally overtook his reason, for from the 10th Nov., 1810, he ceased to reign.

"History"—thus concludes the lecturer, "amid the solemn silence of the audience—presents no sadder picture than that old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through his palace, haranguing imaginary parliaments and reviewing ghostly troops. All slight, all reason, all sound of human voice, all the pleasures of the world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing and accompanying himself on the harpsichord; when finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her and his prayer for himself that God would avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, that he would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralize on this sad story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics—the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. O, brother, I said to those who heard me first in America—O, brother, speaking the same dear mother tongue; O, comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mortal hand together as we stand by this rough corpse, and call a truce to battle. Low he lies to whom the proud-est used to kneel once, and whom was cast lower than the poorest, whom millions prayed over in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him, old Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and—Cordelia! Cordelia! let us have a little!"

That would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer."

Heard strike and quarrel over the solemn Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his griefs, his awful tragedy!"

### The Flannel Question.

There has been a war going on for some years, between the flannel and anti-flannel parties, and the result has been that many persons have abandoned woolen under garments altogether. Hall's Journal Health comes to the rescue and says:

In our climate, flecks in the gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a conquette in her smiles and favor, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An office of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved; but past-board, low neck dresses, and Lilliputian hats, sew annually the seeds of a fatal fever.

The suggestion in the following article from the Scientific American, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

"Put it on at once, winter and summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose, red woolen shirt; 'loose,' for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keep it there; and, when that is the case, no one can take cold; 'red,' for white flannel fills up, masts together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it, from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries.—Wear a thinner material in summer."

### The End of the World.

While politics and many other things agitate the European world at large, a new theme has been revived, very injurious to the nerves of timid folks, old ladies and young children generally. It has re-started in Paris, and sounds very much like a scientific desire to see our world knocked into "pi."

Thus we find apparent in Paris, the question is of quite other things than revolution on the abuses of the ancient regime. Many people are firmly convinced that the prophetic words of Dr. Cumming is about to be realized. One knows that Dr. Cumming has irrevocably fixed the year 1857 for the end of the world. For two years the dark prophecy of the Scotel Dr. has been nearly forgotten, but the astronomers are making every effort to revive the closing terrors. They announce the journey of a giddy comet with great velocity, which is coming to dash its head or tail against our globe with the intention of reducing it to powder. It is on the 13th of June the shock is to take place; and this, they say, does not contribute a little in terrifying the imaginations of the weak. A learned member of the Institution, M. Babinet, who is familiar with the heavenly bodies does not deny the vagabond course of the comet in question, he declares on the contrary that it is on its way; but the voyage will be made without accident. In case he says, that the comet strikes, the globe, the shock produced on the world will be insignificant, like a flip on the back of an A learned German, who considers himself much wiser than M. Babinet, pretends that he will see himself greatly aggrieved, that the comet is enormous, and of such force that it will precipitate our world into immensity, like a balloon falling from the moon. Which are we to believe, the learned German or the learned Frenchman?

### Spring is Coming.

Yes, the blue-eyed Spring is coming. From the balmy, sunny south; See her sporting, skipping, running— Songs of joy are in her mouth! See her roll old Winter's carpet, White and fleecy, o'er the plain; Down the mountains see her roll it, To its frigid goal again.

See her ope the vale of pleasure, As with magic's fairy wand; And restore the hidden treasure Winter stole with ruthless hand; While behind her groves are nodding, Nodding in the silver sheen; And the purple bloom a-dodging, Doting o'er the velvet green.

All around her vocal rivers, Piping forth their merry song, While the gushing streamlet quivers— Dancing as it moves along! And a troop of warblers singing Notes ethereal o'er the plain; While the echo music's ringing, Ringing in the chorus strain!

Spring is coming o'er the mountains, Laughing, frolicking and gay! See her ope the summer fountains, And with roses strew the way. All around her clouds of glory, Paint the festooned, fringed trees, While the youthful and the hoary Dance beneath the golden leaves!

Yes the glorious spring is coming, Breathing now in zephyrs mild, And the honey-bee is humming, Humming anthems strange and wild. Yet a spring of greater glory, Changing now with months and years, Waits us not in song and story, But among the rolling spheres.

### The Necessity of Exercise.

The benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion, cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles during exercise press on the veins and help forward the current by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this aided in the work of sending on this stream and relieved of a certain amount of labor. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much around the central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stiches, are evidence of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

### The Laws of Health.

Kites Flying in Havana.

Kites! kites! kites! Why the omnibus load of kites which the Ministers gave away to the boys of New York, recently, was not a circumstance to the number one seen in one street here, of a bright afternoon. Every house top—and the house tops in these latitudes are flat and broad, pleasant lounging places, when the sun begins to say "good night"—are filled with men and boys, gay heads and ladd heads, young men and children, all flying kites.—The strife between these high flyers is so great, that they have resorted to a singular and ingenious contrivance to carry on their kite war above. In the tail of the kite at a certain distance, is placed a two-edged knife, extending crosswise about an inch and a half each side. This is secured with strong twine; the kite is thus protected and prepared for war, is raised with a dexterity unknown to us, and managed away up in the sky with a sagacity and expertness which would do credit to a General commanding some intricate maneuver of his troops.—Bets run high. The game is to cut the kite-string of your antagonist's kite. Thousands of dollars are thus lost and won every afternoon. Sometimes this individual strife is transferred to two parishes, and each parish sends up some half dozen kites, and then the sums at stake are immense. The Police have recently interfered and forbidden this aerial gambling. Any person now found flying an armed kite, is arrested and fined heavily. Yet many must escape the vigilant eye of the Police, for but a few days since a kite thus prepared fell into the yard of this house, a victim of the war.—N. Y. Express.

### A DECAL RESISTENCE IN MADRID.

A late letter from London published in London paper, contains the following:

The mansion of the Duke de Medina Cell, described by Ford as looking like ten houses taken out of Baker street, and which was considerably damaged in July last year by General Serrano's cannonade, is now nearly repaired. The papers give an account of a magnificent electric clock that is to surround it, having several faces, one of which fronting the salon or chief promenade on the Prado, will show, besides the hour, the day and month, and the changes of the moon. There is to be a carillon, or peal of bells, which will play an air as often as the hour strikes. The air, to be 13 in number, selected from those Spanish melodies most popular in the provinces in Spain.

Note except those who have suffered all the miseries of Dyspepsia in its various forms, can appreciate the value of a medicine that will cure this disease. To all who would find a remedy, we say, try the Oxy-genated Bitters.

### The Antipathy of the Telegraph.

The Antipathy of the Telegraph between New York and London, is a subject of some interest. It is a subject of some interest. It is a subject of some interest.

### Phoenixiana.

There doubtless John Phoenix, in a late letter, gives the following account of the meeting between a man and his better half, at the St. Charles, in New Orleans. Comment is needless.

Accompanied by my old friend Butterfield, who had joined us at Memphis, I landed at New Orleans and proceeded forthwith to the St. Charles Hotel.—At this great tavern, Amos expected to meet his better half, who had arrived from California, to rejoin him after a three months separation. I have never seen a man so nervous. He rode on the outside of the coach with the driver, that he might obtain the earliest view of the building that contained his adored one. It was with great difficulty that I kept pace with him as he tumultuously rushed up the steps leading to the front. In an instant he was at the office and gasping "Mrs. Butterfield!" "In the parlor, sir," replied Dan, and he was off. I followed, and saw him stop with surprise as he came to the door. In the center of the room stood Mrs. Butterfield. That admirable woman had adopted the very latest and most voluminous style; and having on a rich silk, of greenish hue, looked like a lovely lady on the summit of a new moon bay stack. Butterfield was appalled for a moment, but hearing her cry "Amos," he answered hysterically, "My Amanda!" and rushed on. He ran three times around Mrs. Butterfield, but it was of no use, he couldn't get in. He tried to climb her, but the hoops gave way and frustrated the attempt. He extended his arms to her; she held out hers to him; tears were in their eyes. It was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. Finally, Mrs. Butterfield sat down, and Amos got behind the chair and kissed her, until, their offspring, by howling and biting the calf of his leg, created a diversion. They were happy, so were