

# 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 5--NO. 17.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 27

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the *Abbeville Banner and Independent Press*, have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged in both papers:

Every Advertisement inserted for less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion of **One Dollar per Square** (12 lines—the space of 12 solid lines or less) for the first insertion; and  **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements for the Sheriff, Clerk, and Ordinary, will be inserted in both papers, each charging half price.

Advertisements for Candidates, **Five Dollars**.

Advertising an **Extra, Two Dollars**, to be paid by the Magistrate.

Advertisements inserted for three months, or longer, at the following rates:

1 square 3 months	5 00
1 square 6 months	8 00
1 square 9 months	10 00
1 square 12 months	12 00
2 squares 3 months	8 00
2 squares 6 months	11 00
2 squares 9 months	14 00
2 squares 12 months	17 00
3 squares 3 months	10 00
3 squares 6 months	14 00
3 squares 9 months	18 00
3 squares 12 months	21 00
4 squares 3 months	12 00
4 squares 6 months	17 00
4 squares 9 months	21 00
4 squares 12 months	25 00
5 squares 3 months	13 00
5 squares 6 months	19 00
5 squares 9 months	24 00
5 squares 12 months	29 00
6 squares 3 months	14 00
6 squares 6 months	21 00
6 squares 9 months	26 00
6 squares 12 months	31 00
7 squares 3 months	15 00
7 squares 6 months	22 00
7 squares 9 months	27 00
7 squares 12 months	32 00
8 squares 3 months	16 00
8 squares 6 months	23 00
8 squares 9 months	28 00
8 squares 12 months	33 00

Fractions of Squares will be charged in proportion to the above rates.

Business Cards for the term of one year, will be charged in proportion to the space they occupy, at **One Dollar** per line per year.

For all advertisements set in double columns, fifty per cent. extra will be added to the above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS,  
For Banner;  
LEE & WILSON,  
For Press.

## MISCELLANY.

**ANNOYANCE OF GEN. HARNEY.**—In a personal appearance, Gen. Harney is impressive. He is considerably over six feet tall, and is large-boned and muscular. His hair was red, but is now thickly mixed with white. He wears a high top hat, and his eyes are blue and sharp. His nose is straight, and his ears are thick and pointed. His eyes are blue and dull; for he is a specialist. In younger years, he must have been a model of physical vigor and strength, but he looks older than he really is, for his age, I believe, does not exceed fifty-five. While at St. Louis, I heard an anecdote illustrative of his character, which I have never seen in print. Being in New York, many years ago, he passed a store in one of the principal streets in which the auctioneer was collecting bids for an engraving of Gen. Jackson. Both the seller and the crowd were no political friends of the subject of the picture, and were ridiculing it in every possible manner. "How much an I offered for the Hero of New Orleans?" cried the man on the stand. "Only half a cent!" Why, he's worth a cent surely, after rubbing the nose of the great Napoleon, and the gentleman I now, then, how much an I offered?" "One hundred dollars," said a voice very emphatically, as Col. Harney entered the door. "One hundred dollars, Sir," he repeated, making his way through the crowd, and passing to the man in the room. The auctioneer, naturally astonished, inquired if the gentleman was in earnest, and started again on his whim. "Sir, I am in earnest, and I claim my bid," interrupted the Colonel, and he paid the money, and was riding off. "No one bidding more," he handed the auctioneer the money and his address. "And now, Sir," he remarked, "I will take the picture, and I will drag it to the floor. I claim the privilege of applying the picture to your heels for your damnable impudence." And having cast him to his satisfaction, no one in the crowd venturing to interfere, he strode out of the store and continued his walk down the street. Analyze the quality of character necessary to a man to be the actor in such a scene, and I think you will discover the traits which military men consider to fit Gen. Harney eminently as the leader of his Utah expedition.

**HOW TO MAKE WATER COLD WITHOUT ICE.**—The following description of a method of rendering water almost as cold as ice, has been given by the friends of the press for many years. Just now it is again "in season," and we copy it for the benefit of those of our readers who either have not the opportunity or the inclination to purchase ice.

Get the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water, and surround it with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climates, where ice cannot be procured, this is a common mode of cooling. A round laborer lives at his place of employment, two pitchers thus provided with lids and covers, one to contain fresh water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he has always a supply of cold water in warm weather.

**Our bi-color correspondent sends us the following:**

Tell me, ye wind-whirls that round my pathway roar, do ye know some spot where women feel no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, some rocky glade, and some that take away all care, and gladness and not find? The world is full of them, know you my face, and could you show it, I would be glad to see it.

**Our bi-color correspondent is stated to be a Frequenter of the Church, and enjoys a reputation of 25,000,000.** Blackwood's Magazine correspondent writes that the man who has the most of the world's business is not a man of letters, but a man of letters.

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## Our Early Friends in Heaven.

The following lines, says an English paper, were found in the pocket belonging to a young man, soon after his death, which was occasioned by consumption:

Is it wrong to wish to see them  
Who were dear to us on earth,  
Who have gone to heavenly mansions,  
Who surround a brighter hearth?

Is it wrong to mourn their absence  
From the parted household band?  
Should we check the sigh of sadness,  
Though they're in a better land?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them  
Yet upon the blessed shore,  
And with songs of joy to greet them  
When this toil of life is o'er?

Is it wrong to think them dearer  
Than the earth of the blest  
Who to us on earth were strangers?  
Must we love them like the rest?

I've a mother up in heaven,  
And oh! I tell me, if ye will,  
Will that mother know her children?  
Will she recollect them still?

Can she look down from those windows  
To this dark and distant shore?  
Will she know when I am coming?  
Will she meet me at the door?

Will she clasp me to her bosom  
In her ecstasy of joy?  
Will she ever be my mother?  
Shall I ever be her boy?

And then loved one, who didst leave us,  
In the morning of thy bloom—  
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee  
When I go beyond the tomb?

Shall I see thy lovely features?  
Shall I hear thy pleasant words,  
Sounding o'er my spirit's heart strings,  
Like the melody of birds?

And I think me of another—  
Of a darling little one—  
Who went up among the angels,  
Ere his life had scarce begun.

Oh! I long once more to see him,  
And to fold him in my arms;  
As I did when he was with us,  
With his thousand budding charms.

Ah! 'tis true the soul must suffer,  
And be bound with anguish down,  
Ere 'tis fitted for its dwelling,  
Ere 'tis ready for its crown.

[From the Edgfield Advertiser.]

## The Rail Road Meeting at Dorn's Mine.

**Mr. Editor.**—On Thursday last, the 13th, there was an exceedingly large turnout of the Stockholders and of the friends, men and women, of the Savannah River Valley Rail Road, to make one more grand effort to rally to the cause, a support sufficient to accomplish the enterprise. The meeting was at Dorn's Mine, in Abbeville; and every preparation had been made for the convenience and entertainment of a large number of guests. There was nothing wanting towards the comfort of man, woman and child; and the occasion was honored not only by an immense assemblage of the people from Abbeville, Edgfield and Anderson, but there were four or five gentlemen present, who had been invited to address the citizens; and who, indeed, left nothing undone that could have been accomplished by argument, eloquence, and the most searching and convincing logic.

**Mr. Tallman** of Abbeville, was introduced to the audience by Dr. Joseph Jennings, and proceeded directly to the discussion of the question in debate. He said, that he had no gas to expend, being unaccustomed to public speaking, and had no purpose in his appearance but the building of the Rail Road. He rapidly reviewed the chances for the success of the enterprise, informed the people of the amount of stock which had been taken, and which could yet be obtained, spoke of the many and favorable applications that had been made for contracts not only by those interested, but by those entirely disconnected with the road. He showed most conclusively, that this is one Rail Road in which the stockholders run no risk of loss; and that the real estate of all who live on the route, is to be enhanced to an amount amply to compensate them for any delay in obtaining dividends, to which they may be subjected.

The speaker called upon all good citizens, who were desirous of having a ready and cheap communication with their markets, and upon all who wished the greatest facilities of travel brought to their very doors, to be up and doing, and to join him in his most laudable undertaking. His views were happily and pleasantly enforced by a recitation of the fable of the old bird and her young, and of the Farmer and his boy on the eve of reaping their wheat. The zeal of the gentleman grew warm towards his conclusion, and hearts of many bent responsive to his own emotions. He was once present at a meeting of the stockholders, when the gentleman from Edgfield (Mr. Abney) offered this Resolution—"The Savannah River Valley Rail Road must be built." That is the most eloquent and pertinent of all resolutions that ever have been or can be offered on the subject. That is the resolution that should be written on the hearts of every friend to the achievement; and the one to which the beams of all in the assembly should respond "Amen."

**Mr. Sloan**, the President of the Road next appeared and offered the clearest exposition of the state of his favorite project, and of the encouraging and almost certain prospects of its completion. According to his estimate, the paying subscription amounted, without doubt, to four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the amount of which would be paid in full.

dred thousand dollars, would grade the road for the whole distance. Take this as one fact or item. Then it has been ascertained to his satisfaction, that he can procure any number of contractors for any amount required, applications for near four hundred thousand dollars of work having already been made or signified to him in Anderson and Abbeville, to finish the whole grading from Anderson to Hamburg. A gentleman of reliability and much experience, was then present with him, who came prepared to propose and take contracts from one hundred to three hundred thousand dollars, sustained and sanctioned by the largest capitalists in Anderson District and the upper Country. The terms upon which these gentlemen propose to do the labor are these. They offer to take a contract, for instance, for three hundred thousand dollars, and upon being paid one hundred thousand dollars of stock in the road, and one hundred thousand in bonds of the company. Thus it will be seen, that for one hundred thousand dollars of actual cash, three hundred thousand dollars worth of the building can be accomplished. Pursuing this plan, of the stock that has been subscribed, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars will be paid in cash, and for this cash and an equal amount of stock, and a like amount of the company's bonds, other adventures of undoubted merit and responsibility, are prepared to execute and fulfill contracts for three times that sum in work. In the same way, with the one hundred thousand dollars still to be subscribed, the President promises, easily to cause portions of the road to be constructed of the value of three hundred thousand dollars.

From this statement of a gentleman of so much intelligence and practical knowledge of Rail Roads, no one can doubt of his ability to "make his vaunting true." In further prosecution of his scheme, he has confidence that when he shall have his grading finished, the State will have no hesitation in endorsing the bonds of the company, so as to enable them to purchase their iron, and perfect an enterprise so feasible, so sure to reward the stockholders, so necessary to the prosperity of the people of the city of Charleston, and I may add, so necessary to the prosperity and honor of South Carolina.

**Mr. Sloan** declared that he could see no obstacles in his way, but the difficulty of raising the single one hundred thousand dollars, and he firmly trusted that so slight a difficulty would soon be removed by the enterprise and patriotism of his hearers. The old stockholders were admonished, that they would be deprived of no advantages by the admission of strangers to contracts, without their permission, and without their first having the privilege even of building the whole road if they preferred it. In fine, the remarks of the energetic President, were replete with sound sense and practical wisdom, and tempered by a hopeful and resolute spirit.

**Mr. Thomson** of Abbeville Court House, was then introduced, and warmly seconded the views of the preceding speakers. He entered into a clear and elaborate argument in support of the cause, that had brought us together. The Savannah River Valley Rail Road, was a desideratum to the people of the Savannah side of the State, and it could not be a failure. The intelligence of the citizens forbade it, their interests forbade it, and their duty to themselves and their families forbade it. To induce subscriptions to rail roads, it was necessary to convince men of their utility, and above all to assure them against loss.

To this end, he reasoned with force and ability, showing how the real estate of all within the vicinity of our road would be increased in value—how products of minor importance, which are now wasted, merely because of the inconvenience of sending them to market, would repay the farmer for his subscription—how the whole interests of agriculture would be advanced, and how the wealth, the comfort, and the general prosperity of the country would be promoted and sustained by the exhibition of only a small degree of public spirit at this important juncture.

He predicted the success of the road, from many just considerations, and among others, from the fact, that the South Carolina Railroad was bound, in the end, to foster and encourage the undertaking with might and money. As might have been expected, Mr. Thomson, although deeply interested in the Greenville Road, and although this one in contemplation will prove its powerful competitor, nevertheless advocated and enforced, the necessity of its construction, with an earnestness and address, that self-interest would fail to inspire.

**Joseph Abney**, Esq., next occupied the stand; a gentleman, who in addition to his other claims to be heard, was commended to the attention and the kind consideration of his audience, by the fact, that from the very beginning, he has been, in every way, identified with the Savannah River Valley Road. He was present several years ago, and spoke and presided, at the very conception of the project. And the cause then espoused by him, he has continued to urge and support, both in conversation and debate, and in the parlor and the newspaper, until he has seen the battling, whose birth was so unpretending, if not innocuous, grown into form and consistency, and into comeliness and beauty, and receiving the warm assent of all classes of the community—eliciting the admiration of the virtuous, the approbation of the sagacious, and the respect of the vulgar.

an array of manly strength and feminine loveliness? Every thing proclaims that this thing is to be done; and verily, the enterprising recommendations in tones louder than the trumpet's note. The Rabun Gap Road, of which yours is to be a continuation, is certain to be built, and it will not only tap the Mississippi Valley itself, but it will have feeders throughout the whole West, South and North, and the amount of freight and travel which it will send through the mountains for the supply of ours and our sister road on the other side of the District, will be perfectly incalculable. Moreover, the location of this road through the best cotton and grain land, and the richest section in all South Carolina, will secure it an ample supply as long as the youngest inhabitant here shall breathe the air of Heaven. Then, our line terminating at Hamburg and Augusta, will afford such a choice of markets, in Hamburg, Augusta, Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, and ultimately in all the Southern cities of the Atlantic and Gulf, to the Western borders of Bacon, Bread, Beef, Wheat, Rye, Horses, Hogs, Hemp, Flax, and of all the animals and products of the most prolific region of the earth; and our road will also afford such a high-way for the inhabitants of that richer Valley than the Nile, in their business and pleasure communications with the East, that there is no Railroad in existence, that will pay to the stockholders an equal dividend with it, in eight years from the day that the whistle of the car is first heard upon its track. While sitting aside these vast prospective, and to some, uncertain profits; the man who lives near the line, even if he should subscribe to it, twenty-five per cent of his whole estate, will realize in a short period, from the enhanced value of his lands, his stock, the produce of his farm, &c., and from the opportunities extended to him of obtaining the highest market price of every thing he has to sell or barter, the largest remuneration for his present hazard, and temporary deprivation of a few hundred dollars. It is often the case now with the cotton planter, that he hears of a rise of his favorite staple in England by one Steamer, and before he can load up his old plantation wagon, and get to town with it, another Steamer has arrived, and on one full load of ten bales, he has lost the handsome sum of one hundred dollars. Such losses alone, to the planter are daily occurring, and in the course of a few years they amount to thousands of dollars, which might be entirely obviated and saved by the means of a Railroad and Steam Car. For steam on land can compete with steam on sea, and when the market advances, every planter on this line can carry his produce to Charleston and dispose of it before there can be a possible decline in prices.

But I am instructed by many stockholders, and prompted by my own feelings, to declare, that if the Road to Hamburg, which promises to be the most remunerative should prove abortive I still will not abate my untiring energies towards the building of the road over the cheaper, and according to the opinion of the engineer, the more practical route of Edgfield Court House and Aiken. The road must be accomplished, the wants of society, and the interest of the community demand it. What sinistrous cause it, that diffuses such lethargy over the minds and hearts of our people? What evil genius possesses them? What dire and pestilential influence is it that has benumbed their faculties, and rendered them alike blind to their best interests, and deaf to the calls of duty and patriotism. Next to the Printing Press, the Railroad and Steam Car, are the greatest civilizers and humanizers of mankind. Who ever knew a Railroad once in operation, to be discontinued? It is an obligation we owe the country—owe posterity and our God, to avail ourselves of, and to spread abroad, all the improvements and inventions of the age; and if we are laggards in this business, we are traitors to ourselves, to the high trust the Almighty has reposed in us, and to the religion we adore. Southern men plume themselves on the greatness of their souls, their high spirit, and their devotion to honor, to patriotism and to true glory; and they reproach their Northern brethren with the tameness of their spirit, their lack of high-toned sentiment, and their heartless indifference to the graces, the amenities, and the charities of life. But I warn my fellow citizens, that if they intend to keep pace with the North in the improvement of their country, in the cultivation of the arts of peace, and in the strife for greatness and renown,—and if they are determined to preserve their liberties free from the assaults of Northern fanaticism, and to secure their fruitful fields, and thriving cities, from the hands of Northern Marauders and the brands of Northern incendiaries, they must be up and doing.—They must banish sleep from their eyes, and slumber from their eyelids. Every thing to my mind, betokens in the future (which God avert) a terrible and direful struggle between North and South; and if the whole resources of our section are not fully developed and put in requisition for the day of trial, we shall be crushed by the overwhelming power and might of our oppressors. The watch cry of every Southern man should be—"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

**Mr. Pettigrew**, was next called upon, and addressed his old neighbors, and his admiring fellow-citizens in one of his happiest moods. He was gratified, at the manifestations of zeal by his eloquent friend from Edgfield who had just spoken, and by the very large assemblage of the people of every age, and of both sexes, who had come out to render their aid to a great and useful enterprise. It was a high source of pleasure to him, especially to see so many of his women, who were so anxious to be identified with the cause, and to see them so warmly and so patriotically engaged in its support.

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admonishing them of the numberless obligations they owe society.

Railroads have another purpose, in the world than mere money making, which has been so well alluded to by the gentleman from Edgfield. One of their great aims is to spread abroad the intelligence and enlightenment of the age, to raise and elevate mankind, and to open all the doors of science, knowledge and humanity to their bidding. Viewed in the aspect, they are enterprises of patriotism, and the hand-maidens of morality and religion. Yet their importance must be enforced upon the people, by eloquent harangues, and by all the resources of reason and logic. It is no reason that this undertaking is a bad one, or hazardous one, because it is not espoused with ardor, and does not command the warmest sympathies, and elicit the largest and most cordial support of the citizens universally. The religion of Christ, the most precious heritage ever left to man, was slow in being received by him; and its advocates—some perished by the sword, some by the stake and some on the cross. This and many other considerations should teach us never to despair in a good cause, of well doing. With his whole heart he bids the people to go ahead, and work out their own success with fortitude, and with a preserving heroic spirit.

The speech, was every word, to the purpose, and in manner and style, was perfectly unimitable.

## A FRIEND TO THE ROAD.

### Advantages of Temperance.

Solomon tells us that the glutton shall come to poverty; warns us to be not among riotous eaters of flesh, and even bids us put a knife to our throats if we be given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy?

**Lord Byron** once told a companion that if some diabolical god dictate to us how much we ought to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race.

**Jonathan Edwards** we see noting in his diary:

"I find that I cannot be convinced, in the time of eating, that to eat more would be to exceed the bounds of temperance, though I have had two years' experience of the like, and yet three minutes after I have done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I over-eat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced again of excess, and so it is from time to time. I have observed that it more rarely seems to be the truth, when it is according to my inclination, than when otherwise."

**Jefferson** says that "no man ever repents eating too little."

**Sir Isaac Newton** often dined on a penny's worth of bread.

**Abernethy** cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by "going into the country, where he could get good milk and egg and butter, and three times a day, with no drink but ginger-water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh and uniformly got better."

**Marion** and his men waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no shelter but the sky.

"Besides brown bread, the Greek boatmen subsist almost solely on their native fruits, figs, grapes and raisins. They are the most nimble, active, graceful, cheerful, and even merry people in the world."

**Grant Thorburn** attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eats enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business or the multiplicity of cares, as by the over-work they crowd upon them in digesting surplus and unnecessary food.—*Home Journal.*

## Laugh, if You are Wise.

In order to judge of any person's temper, we generally make our first observations upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him in that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is of itself one of the chief distinctions of our nationality. For, as Milton says, "Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied! And ease of love the food."

It may be remarked in general, under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint, constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

We may range the several kinds of laughs under the following heads:

The **Dimples**, the **smiles**, the **laughers**, the **grimmers**, the **horse-laughers**.

The **dimple** is practised to give grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the **Chian laugh**.

The **smile** is for the most part confined to the fair sex and their male retainers. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, does not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the **linch laugh**.

The **laugh** usually heard among us is the **Rivus** of the ancients.

## Railways.

No poetry in railways! foolish thought Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought. By mammon dazzled, though the people prize The gold above, yet shall we not despise The triumphs of our time, or fail to see Of pregnant mind the fruitful progeny. Ushering the daylight of the world's new morn. Look up ye doubters, be no more forlorn! Salute, ye earnest spirits of our time, The young improvement opening to her prime, Who, in the fulness of her genial youth, Prepares the way for liberty and truth. And breaks the barriers that since earth began, Have made mankind the enemy of man.

## Fashion's Follies.

If Eve had not yielded to temptation, mortal life would not have known many charms that now alleviate its weariness. If there had been no sin, mankind could never have enjoyed all those pleasant vicissitudes that loves so well; those stolen pleasures and surreptitious indulgences to which a secret sense of vice imparts a zest, and the enmity of unmitigated morality. We believe in the optimism of the fall; and we might show, if it were needful, that Eve's violation of the primal command was ordained, that woman might know the delight of dress—that "original sin" was the foundation of fashion—without which, who could endure life?

That little failing of the human mother cost our first parents Paradise, but it gave us the world and all its sweet vanities. These last have been carefully transmitted—vastly strengthened and multiplied—from generation to generation down to the present day. They are now the chief amenities and the most important affairs of existence. Roast beef is the stern reality of life, and almost all the rest is vanity. Our pleasures, our aspirations, and more than half our woes, rank in the wide category. Among the beneficiaries of their race deserved to be placed those who create or discover for the world, a new vanity; but they have become so numerous, than an ungrateful world—while enjoying the fruits of their genius—accords them no honor. The vanity of vanities, the highest, greatest, most enduring of them all, is Dress! The chief end of civilized woman; the symbol and the sine qua non of many other modern virtues! It is, therefore, a vanity worth cultivating, and let us be thankful, that however the age degenerates in other qualities, it excels in this!

But too much of excellence itself becomes tiresome, especially when it is too costly. Too much of brilliancy requires toning down, and the most delightful folly may be "run into the ground." So, the present rage for dress has reached that point, beyond which it would cease to be a vanity, and merge into an outrage on patience, a crime against common sense. Nothing but the introduction of a new vanity for simplicity of attire can restore peace and plenty to thousands of suffering households in this city, and save New York from the depending calamity of general insolvency.

Let us retain our boasts of independence. Let us cease to talk of genius, while servilely imitating foreign fashions and customs! Because the Empress Eugenie sees fit to discard her petticoats and retire to the unapproachable centre of vast circumference of crinoline, shall the wives and sweethearts, the concubines and the very Biddies of New York, incontinently expand, dilate and fence themselves round with hoops, to the dismay of man, who is condemned to ride with them in omnibuses and city cars? Because the Emperor Louis Napoleon finds it politic to encourage extravagance as a means of keeping dangerous silk weavers and other mechanics employed, shall the artisan or small storekeeper of New York ruin himself that his wife and daughters may follow the Napoleonic example, and thus indirectly contribute to the support and stability of the Empire? But so it is. The ladies of these United States can only dress as Eugenie approves. To what extremes her erratic taste may yet lead the female world, we dare not venture to contemplate; her taste as exhibited thus far, seems to be the ballet girl style.

Hoops have been loose with exemplary patience. Man looked in uncomplaining wonder at their increasing proportion: And still he gazed, and still the wonder grew.

Man marvelled in silence, and woman was not ashamed. But now to the hoop, the flounce is superadded. This is adding insult to injury, and if submitted to without opposition, heaven only knows to what lengths, or rather to what breadths, the well-known daring of the sex may lead them. But one thing is certain; the pocket of man is unequal to his indulgent propensities; the purse of middle class humanity must be exhausted at last; flowers and erinoline will bring on a crisis in which Fashion itself shall explode, amid the crash of milliners, the wreck of homes!

How many an honest man in this city is kept lean and poor, because some malicious demon has whispered to his silly wife, "Be fashionable!" Heria is high, and provisions are higher; business is dull, and children, no doubt, arrive with that periodical promptness so remarkable in generative poverty. All this the martyr might be forgiven, if combined with the costly necessities of fashion are too much for him. He becomes a mere human silk worm, spinning out his life to produce an indispensable saith in which he will attire his person in emulation of the style of other men. His eyes are turned, and his nights made restless, by the pointed and the dented.

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