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Boetical.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIG.

They may talk of love in a cottage, And bowers of the trellised vine-Of nature bewitchingly simple, And milkmaids half divine; They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping In the shade of a spreading tree, And a walk in the fields at morning, By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation By the light of a chandelier, With music to play in the pauses, And nobody very near, Or a seat on a silken sofa. With a glass of pure old wine. And Mamma too blind to discover The small white hand in mine!

Your love in a cottage is hungry, Your vine is a nest of flies-Your milkmaid shocks the Graces. And simplicity talks of pies; You lie down to your shady slumber, And wake with a bug in your ear; And your damsel who walks in the morning Is shod like a mountaincer.

True love is at home on a carnet. And mightily likes his ease; And true love has an eye for his dinner, And starves beneath shady trees. His wing is the fan of a lady, His foots an invisible thing, And his arrow is tipped with a jewel, And shot from a silver string.

WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not made of palace walls. Though with pictures hung and gilded; Some is where affection calls-Filled with shrines the heart hath build-

Iome-go watch the faithful dove, Sailing 'neath the heaven-above us'! me is where there's one to love Home is where there's one to love us

lome's not merely roof and room, . Home needs something to endear it; Iome is where the heart can bloom. Where there's some kind lip to cheer it What is home with none to meet, 🐇 None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, When there's one we love to meet us.

Miscelluneous

FREAKS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

William Beckford, one of the most remark ble men of modern times, was the only son to half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared cuinitivating them by a refined cultivation Sir William Chambers instructed f dollars) he launched upon the world. The reat talent of promoting human happiness vas placed within his reach, but he threw a golden opportunity away. Proad and sughtly the youthful Beckford withdrew on the active business of life, and retiring Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of exercious case. The first outlay of his wealth Rurious case. The Erstoning of the large per was the erection of a georgeous palace. Thing his residence in Portugal, he visited, ander the front sanction, the wealthy and remains monastries of that country. It is Turious monastries of that country. It is incult to convey an idea of the pomp and plendor of this journey, which resembled fore the cavaloude of an Eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.
"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation, was carried in our train—nothing to be left behind but care and

"The ceiling of my appartment in the monastery," he adds, " was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of he finest texture, the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver. The kitchen in which the dinner was pre-

ared, is thus described: "A stream of water flowed through it m which were formed reservoirs conaining every kind of river fish. On one side ere heaped up loads of game and venison, n the other side were vegetables and fruits n endless variety. Beyond a long line of tores extended a row of ovens, and close to illocks of wheaten flour, finer than low, blocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, stry in various abundance. The dinner which followed these prepara-

ord with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. he banquet, he adds, "consisted of rari-and delicacies of every season from ent countries."

onfectionary and fruit awaited the party of Coagligrre, containing the rarest mest fragrant spices, were handed around. in New York, a few nights since, i was Beakford's midde of life during to recover the biggest part of it.

this journey. Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again ahandoned himself country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$400,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that, Phoconix-like, there should arise from its ruins a building which chould surpass all that had hitherto been known in English art.—Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of this the west of England, was the result of this determination. Whole gallies of that vast pile were creeted, seely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazen on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected in the minner sions and great height, erected in the minner and spirit of those who once raised a similar structure on the plains of Shinar: "Go to, let us build a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven; and let us make a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, four hundred and sixty men were em-ployed both night and day during the entire winter, the torches used by the necturnal workmen being visible to the astonished traveler at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was in watching the erection of this structure. At midnight he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflec-tion of this glare in the surrounding woods. The building was indeed Beckford's idol— the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of vain imagina-tion. The tower was finally erceted, but as might have been expected, the mortar and cement had no time to set properly ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower two hundred and seventy-six feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1835.

After the completion of the Abbey; Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly two miles in circumfrence surrounded his mansion, and within this scarce len grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning con-converse with the whole world. Majesty its-elf was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused a limittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse at its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of the curiosity. All that art and wealth could give to produce cffeet was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are se numerous here that they dazzie the eyo; and when one looks around him at the cabinets, candlebras and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vases of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford, of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse for-tune. Who would have ventured to style all prosperity evanescent as the mi-India property took place. Some law suits terminated unfavorably, embarassments pourvast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the

bility of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents an give; and to point the oft told moral of yanity of human affairs.

Ito fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at great a cost, fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pullaway, like frost work before the sun, the extravagant productions of a man of wealth.— His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered he had been cheated when his son was only ten years of age, bequeuthing him West Indian and other property which yielded him an income equal to half a milliondellar a reconstruction. genius as displayed in the wild and singular Oriental tale of "Vatheck," which is so splendid in decription, so true in Eastern cos-tume, that Lord Byron considered it difficult him in agriculture, while the great Mozart taught him music. At 21; with the income of a Prince and accumulations in ready money to the amount of amillion sterling (five millions author of numerous works. He died in the author of numerous works. He died in the. year 1844, aged eighty four years, leaving two daughters, one of whom is the present Duchess of Hamilton. His, wife wa Murgaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of

hammer of the auctioneer; and Beekford driven, with the shattered fragments of his

forture, to spend a solitary old age in a watering place; there to moralize on the insta-

THE SUN -His (the sun's) warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightening are, also, his transmuted strength. He rears, as I have said the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle; he urges the blood; he builds the brain. Illis fleetness is in the li on's foot; he springs in the panther; he soar in the eagle; he glides in the snake; it sours in the eagle; he glides in the snake. His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting space where this energy is conditioned. Here the Protein works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat: he quits us as heat and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special form of solar power, the moulds into which his strength is temporarily pour ed, in passing from its source through infinitude. Presented rightly to the mind the discoveries and generalization of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ev er yet been addressed to the inveneur agination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton.

A fool of a countryman by the slid name of Thomas Brown was robbed of \$1:220' in gold and a few greenbacks, in a bad house in New York, a few nights since, and he fails

THE DESTINY OF JOSEPHINE.

Josephine interests everybody, and we gladly give our readers the following from a correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine: The history of Napoleon is yet to be written, and by an American. The world has been amused with fables of this man of destiny; fables which have been translated as heirloom, until they have reached him who now sits upon the throne of France, and is pleased with the title, 'the man of destiny.' This title, though a favorite one with every class of Frenchmen, undoubtedly arose from the story of Josephine, and through fear attached to Napoleon. Though her simple story is smoothed in the more brilliant one of her husband, yet it is well known that land before Napoleon. long before Napoleon's admirers claimed for him the great destiny he finally accomplish-ed, it was a common story in Paris, what we

are about to tell.

It was while almost a child that Josephine, in some of her wanderings with her schoolin some of her wanderings with her school-mates, came across a vagrant gipsy or for-tune teller. The woman, attracted in some way toward the beautiful child; insisted upon-telling her fortune, oven against her will and without reward. She told her that she would very soon be a wife, a widow, and af-terwards Queen of France. The prediction in itself was common mough, but as simpleas it was, it had its effects upon Josephine, who immediately embraced it as a fact, and could for a long time think of nothing else.

When the fulfillment came to the first part of the prediction it of the prediction in the pre

of the prediction, it of course strengthened her in the belief of the rest; and even when her in the belief of the rest; and even when in prison under sentence of death, and her bed was taken from her at night because she was to die in the morning, she bade her friends have courage, that it would not be so, and that she would sit upon that throne then in ruins beneath the bloody feet of Robespierre, and when the jailors, in derision, called upon her to name the maids of honor that they might be ready when she was queen she, did so, and her nomination was flually fulfilled to the letter.

On that very night Robespierre fell. Had his downfall occurred one week earlier, Josephine's husband would not have been one

phine's husband would not have been one of his victims; had he lived one day longer she would have been another of them. There was but little lapse of time between There was but little lapse of time between her liberation from prison and her marriage to Napoleon, and it was by the influence that she exerted that he was appointed to the command of the army of Itely, after which the path that led them upward was clear and open, until the destiny she had insisted upon was accomplished, and the crown of France was more har head.

was upon hor head. But there was one thing more that Jose phine had foretold for herself, which was the utter loss of that power and rank to which she had been so wonderfully elevated; and still, while she brooded over this, he who was her lord, gathered new power and yielded to new ambition. She tyred to crush it, and to point out what should be his true aims; but he was an emperor, and desired to be the founder of a new empire.

How well her instincts told her that the time was rapidly approaching when that one

time was rapidly approaching when that ambition would make him put her away! Then came the close of the campaign of 1809, and she saw that the hour was approaching still nearer that was to seal both their fates -There was no longer the confidence of the

the court was especially gay in honor of the court was especially gay in honor of the court was especially gay in honor of the gates which had refused aumittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so upon the river, when she heard a step at the door, and rose to receive Napoleon, who caught her in his arms, with more of the olden time embrace than she had known for months. She led him to the sofa on which she had been sitting, and seated herself by his side. For a few moments there was silence and he spoke: 'Josephine, you have been weeping. Are you unhappy?'
'No, sire! not with you.'
'Nonsense! Josephine, why do you call

me sire? Of late you are making these forms

overshadow all our happiness.'
'Then why should they not be forgetten by both? You have now reached that point f ambition that should content you., Will ou turn the unquiet god from your bosom, and own your own happiness?'
'You misunderstand me, lady,' he said, quickly raising from his seat and leaning

"It is for France, Napoleon, she said, drawing close to his side, and taking his hands in hers, 'that you will put away from you not only a true wife, but a true friend?

ieart before you act....
He stood silent while she was speaking, and then, with fade turned full upon the streaming moonlight, he drew away his

hands. She went on:
"And, O sire! believe me, that though I am to leave your throne and your side, I shall never cease to love you deeply for my own peace. Therefore it is that I plead that you will look well into your beart before you yield your future to bad counsel?"

drew quickly from the window and walked forward to the centre of the room. "You cannot sympathize with me, madam ! I act only with reason. The good of the individual must yield to the good of France.

"Stong said she, and Josephine stepped quickly sofors the room and enught his arm. drawing him as she did so again to the windrawing tilm as see that start!" and she of his affairs frequently leads to the unwel-pointed at one that shone with marked brightness. "That is my destiny." By it you have risen. To it was promised a throne. Through me you have accomplished it; part may leave but little for his heirs. How weak from me and you fall. Yes, fall to die in and sinful, then, will the folly of the memsorrow, neglect, and exile! Remember this, bers of a family who have sanctioned a costly

mine can prevent. Napoleon gazed almost in terror at her Napoleon gazed almost in terror as who stood like a prophetess, looking out with eyes of fire upon the heavens, and then, with a heart clouded almost to sickness, he turned a frequently shown in this matter, for there is a fashion eyen in sorrow, which reps it of its a fashion eyen in sorrow, which reps it of its sincerity and compole it to submit to hollow

the easiest things in the world... A late writtee describes it: "Buy everything you it shall entirely case... It only needs a few fourth want, and pay for nothing you get; girlle on all mankind but your husband; be

hearted exile upon an island in mid ocean.

THE EARLY DAWN.

The beautiful face of the early dawn, Looks in at my casement on me, When the bounding steps of the timid fawn, Dispersing the pearls of the dewy lawn, Awaken the slumbering bee.

With silvery key she unlocks the cast, And steals from the night away, While the waning stars as they watch he

Are lost in the beams of her mystic light, And her mantle of pearly gray.

Her check is white as the opening rose, Whose petals no color wear, And day light's fairest and freshest bloom Its purest radiance and best perfume, Her glittering pinions bear.

Like pleasure and wee she deth come an

And a holy stillness brings; She fills the soul with a solemn awe, And bids each soul from the world withdraw To rest on the King of Kings.

Oh! black as the gloom of the fathomless tomb

Are the dreary shades of night; But she comes with a soft and magic charm, Our bosoms to cheer, and our fears to disarm, And she tells of the land of night.

From the heavens come down with thy golden crown. To waken my sleeping eyes,

Like a beautiful vision that will not stay, When the sun's bright beams bring the golden day, Return to thy native skies.

SIMPLICITY IN FUXERALS.

The funeral of the veteran actor, James The funeral of the veteran actor, James W. Wallack, in New York, was extremely private. Public notice of the time of burial was not given. The family and immediate relatives of the deceased were apprised of the time of the ceremonies and they were present. Half a dozen carriages were sufficient for the accommodation of all whose presence was desired, and the melancholy carriage were presenced to the commodation of the melancholy carriage were presended with without show. An eminent actor who died in this city some time, ago, was buried in the same simple, private way, and although there were many who might have desired to be present, a litwho hight have desired to be present, a ne-tle reflection taught them that the obsequies were conducted with judgment. The funeral of another performer who was widely known furnished an example of the evils of funerals conducted in the ordinary way. The house of the deceased was literally mobbed. Hundreds of persons forced themselves into the chamber of the dead, some to perform melancholy duty, others to gratify a morbid curiosity. The funeral cortege was exceedingly large, and many who attended it were not in character nor conduct, a credit to the ceremony. Added to these painful circumstanpast between them; no longer the seeking of entailed upon the family of the deceased, sympathy and advice. ces, must have been a very heavy expense

been saved. The expenses of funerals in a city are growing more handsome every day. Coffins covered with cloth and decorated with metalic ornaments are costly, and the sum requird for carriages were preparations are made for a large attendance, is frequently very embarrassing when payment is necessary. There are many families who imagine that they are not doing their duty to the deceased if they omit any of the pomp, which is the luxury of wee. They weakly suppose that ungenerous criticisms will be made upon their parsimony, and that it may be said that they had no affection for the departed. Such observations may be safely disregarded, Such observations may be safely disregarded, because they are impertinent. Where the head of a family is suddenly called away, in many instances he leaves those whom he loved but poorly provided for. They may have lixed in luxury, but their comforts were attained by the personal services of one who can never labor for them again. With his death, this income ceases. They have not gainst the window, 'I am seeking nothing only lost a dear friend and protector, but they or myself, but everything for France.' that the earnings of a husband and father, while they can be given them, are equal to the income of a fortune. Many persons would think themselves rich if they were Think not that I have been blind, sire, to possessed of twenty thousand dollars, yet this. My alarmed heart has told me all, and that amount prudently invested would probelieve me that I am offering no protest to duce them but twelve hundred dollars a year. your will, but, O sire! examine well your If they are so fortunate as to rely upon the duce them but twelve hundred dollars a year. income of one whose yearly gains are no more, the loss of his life is to them the same as if twenty thousand dollars of their means had been suddenly taken from them. It they had lost money instead of the life which

brought them such gains, they would be overwhelmed with fear for the future, and retrenchment would be an immediate subject of study. Why should it not be so when

Napoleon, and remember these words when funoral appoint to themselves? How unatic is tso late to recall the act that no words of mine can prevent. ded in glooth.

Fashion is to blame for the extravagance

away, and left the room without a word.

Ten days passed before he had the nerve to strike the blow that broke the golden chain to strike the blow that broke the golden chain which adds very greatly to funeral expenses. that bound them, and from that moment, as that bound them, and from that moment, as the afterwards confessed at St. Helena, the and which yields nothing to the testimonials hall of Napoleon began until he died a broken many cases they are considered by the world as an effectation of grief. We are glad to perceive that this custom is gradually going into disuse, and it, will be a happy day, for want, and pay for nothing you get; imile on all mankind but your husband; be happyleverywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress. the public notice of the manner of Mr. Wal-lack's funeral have given us the opportunity say "poor General," but "rich Ben."

f commending the example to the attention of thoughtful people, as one which is shuc-tioned by good taste, and which may well be imitated by others when the sadden appear-

During all this time she comes to the office of Dr. Vanderkieft, the surgeon in charge, to ascertain whether any boat loads of released prisoners have arrived. When the last demehment came in she seemed overjoyed, and ded with a shirt, a pair of drawers, pantaloons, boots and cap, and when informed that lier son has not yet arrived, goes down the graveled path across the lawn to the very end of the long wharf. There she stands looking over the broad waters of the Chesapeake for fully an hour. Clad ever in the same neat dress and closely fitting bonnets she gazes wisifully, longingly, out over the blue water, as if her very eagerness would hasten on the bark she imagines bears back to her her child. But her tear swollen eyes treatment and the public are not informed.

ccurs in a sermon delivered by Rev. E. E. Adams, in the North Broad street Presbyte rian church on last Sunday evening:

There is life in the lichen that clings to the shaded rock, and drinks the cool drops of the mountain; there is life in the fire-fly that lights up the marsh with his evening ray; there is life in the lark that hails the orient glorious, than the notes of Haydn and Beethoven; there is life in the lion who shakes the wilderness with his terrible roar, sending herror through every wild pulsing heart; there is life in the coule as he sits in solitary grandeur on his alpine height, or sails on steady pinion above the clouds that crown the Andes; there is still higher life in the the Andes; there is suit aigner are in the speechless child just opening its little eyes to the light, and wreathing its boyhood, glorious in its fresh ambition, in its untained aspirings; there is life in girlhood, the charm of innocence and heauty playing on the check as if the smile of God were there; there is life in manhood, and in the herculean arm, in the brow that rivals Jovo's and the eye that shoots out the fire of Mars. Measure, if you can, the mental life of Plato-the depth and compass of Wersser! Fathout the intel-lectual and moral depth of Moses and Paul. Take the life of humanity; let it be represented by all its best qualities in a single human being. Give him the frame of Samson, of Lord Bacon, the soul of Payson or St. John, the heauty and grace of Alcibiades, the song of Handel or Mozart, the oratory of Cicero or Peyicles, or Clay the develop of Paysid as Pericles or Clay, the devotion of Daniel or Paul, the executive genius of Alexander, the science of Humboldt, the statesmanship of Wushington, and the social nature of Burke, the music of Shakspeare, the chivalry of Custavus Adolphus, and the picty of Daniel or of Joseph—and let him strind forth among his species to defend to conflict to the wine his species to defend, to onlighten, to win... Let him shed his light over the earth. Let him reform governments, revolutionize customs, awaken thoughts, inspire devotion, ben-ish abuses, elevate life and fill the ago with naw, inspiring, grateful, holy sentiments, feelings, and resolves. Let him impart some

thing of his great nature to humbler mortels; let him speak in majesty and tenderness to us, and be before us the way, the truth, and death steps in with a deprivation more seen.

ous than the loss of money.

In this point of view it will readily be seen that any inordinate expenditure upon a function of the living depository of all human greatness from that any inordinate expenditure upon a function of man, all that is mighty in the arm of man, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is beautiful in love, all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is profound in his intellect, and all that is profound in love, all t and achievement, it is in this life.

illo PRIME. In the days when servants

"Yes, massa; but bime by, when Dirah get her prime, den he hab no prime at all!"

The Easton Sentinel has an article about "Poor Ben Butler.". There ain't any Ben Butler and

She waited, wearily waited, day after day, for the coning of her boy; but, though many came, he was not among them. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and so it was with her. Broken hearted with constantly recurring disappointments, her mind, already shaken by griof, at last gave way. Ever since, more than six months, she has been stopping in this ciy—how or where I know not.

During all this time she comes to the office some hundred miles from Chicago: Purchasing at this place twelve hundred acres of land, erecting a refinery one hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet wide, and the main building fifty feet high, supplied with all the ampliances for melting a went from keleton to sekleton, scanning them eagorly and anxiously. But her son was not there and each day she went wearily back to on a grand scale. During the full of 1863 there, and each day she went wearily back to her home. The good-hearted surgeon, although he knows and he has told her many times that her son had been officially reported dead, still answers her every day the same monotonous "No!" She comes alway provisive a shirt, a pair of drawers, pantable to the spring of 1864 one hundred acres of land were prepared, and planted with seed imported by themselves from Europe. The season was unfavorable, owing to the excessive drouth, and yet the yield of beets was believed to be about fifteen tons per acre. Mr. these gentlemen prepared to test the matter on a grand scale. During the fall of 1863 and the spring of 1864 one hundred acres of

looking over the broad waters of the chest peaks for fully an hour. Clad ever in the same neat dress and closely fitting bonnet, she gazes wistfully, longingly, out over the blue water, as if her very eagerness would hasten on the bark she imagines bears back to her her child. But her itear swollen eyes at last grow dim, her strength fails, and with the empty vid aching in her breast, old low agonizingly she slowly turns to depart. The son she shall meet, poor, crazed, broken hearted mother, never this side the hither shore ted mother, never this side the hither shore.

LIFE.

The following beautiful disquisition upon if the says the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, if they did not succeed in extracting that would be two thoughts and not succeed in extracting that would be two thoughts and not succeed in extracting that would be two thoughts and not succeed in extracting that would be two thoughts and one half per cent. If they did not succeed in extracting that would be two thoughts and one half per cent.

THE STORY OF A GOTHIC ARM CHAIR.-A. cently at the public auction rooms in the Rue Dromot. The article in question, at first richly ornamented, was presented by the maker to Maria Theresa, and fingured in her boudoir. After the death of the Empres of boudoir. After the death of the Empres of Austria, it was sent, in conformity with her desire, to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and was subsequently used by Louis XVI, during his, imprisonment in the Temple.—After the King's tragical death, Clery, his valet-de-chambre, became its owner, and took it to England, where it successively became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterwards of the Pulse of Curaboutone. wards of the Duke of Cumberland. The later took it with him to Berlin, and there sent it to an upholster for repair. The workman to whom it was entrusted found in the stuffing of a seat a diamond pin, the portrait of manuscript. The man sold the pin, and gave the portrait and papers to a watchmaker of his acquaintance. Some years later, the watchmaker, whose name was Noungorff, en-deavored to pass himself off as Louis LXVII. and produced the papers and portrait in sup-port of his pretensions. After making some noise in France, and then in Belgium, where he last his son, who called himself the Duke of Normandy, he went to Java in 1853, and died there. The workman who found the portrait and documents, kept his secret till just before his death, when he revealed the whole to his family. One of his relatives having ascertained that the chair was still at Berlin, purchased it, and said it to a French traveler, who carried it to Paris, where it ulimately came into possession of an old woman, the inmate of an asylum for the aged, lately deceased. It has now been sold by auction with the rest of her effects.

blissful in holiness—and I will tell you that the life of Christ is infinitely more! Angels to the right or left or upwards or downwards in strength, in joy, in quality, in duration.—
If there is anything beautiful in nature, any.—
The immediate effect of this procedure differs thing exalted in character, great in thought from that of any other that I have ever heard so procure sleep. It not merely diverts the thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this. were bought and sold to service in Massachusetts as well as in South Carolina, my grands father had in his family an unctuous darkey, called, of course, "Dinah."—Now, Dinah west fair to look upon and after sundry firtations, received, in her eighteenth year, a bona fide offer from a well to do Sambo of forty;

"And why don't you have him, Dinah?" askedmy grandfather of the fair one, "Woyd, massa," was the grinning reply, "Wy Dinah, he's just in his prime."

"Wy Dinah, he's just in his prime."

"Hes, massa," but bime by, when Dinah get her prime, den he had no prime at all!" have endeavored, innumerable times, while its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy, of this is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties is removed; it watch which is simpler in its mechanism talls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields; the poor Ben Butler any more. Certainly weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest. Ben is a poor general, but New Orlein's says the strain upon its faculties is removed; it

of thoughtful people, as one which its shortined by good taste, and which may well be imitated by other's when the sadden appearance of death in the midst of a happy family overwhelms its members with sorrow and distress.

A STRICKEN NOTHER.

Think your readers, says the Annapolis or response of the Philadelphia Press, will find in the following something touching, exhibiting, as it does, all the deep intensity of a mother's love. There is a grandour in the conduct of this poor lone mothers whose love has made her mad, who yearns for one her poor faded eyes will never see again.

More than a year ago her son, a member of a Connecticut regiment, was taken prisoner and confined at Andersonville. A shorttime afterward several were exchanged. His mother, in Connecticut, hearing of it, and be lieving that he was aniong the number, left ler devolated home and came to Camp Pa vole, which is situated two miles from Annap-years of the collivation of the Sugar-producing the limitate of the success of every intelligent can be applied as well to the warious efforts made in the Western from petroleum, which supercedes the use of coal. The process can be applied as well to the warious efforts made in the Western of the Wester GAS ON A CHEAP SCALE.—An apparatus her desolated home and came to Camp Pa States to the cultivation of this ugar-producties, to seek her treasure among the boat loads landed on the Severn.

She waited, wearily waited, day after day, for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the coming of her boy, but though many for the conducted at a partability of the soil and climate of these depth, absorbing in its course and holding in suspension, a current of interpolation in paying quantities of the susual and the suspension a current of interpolation in paying quantities of the suspension a current of interpolation in the suspension accurrent of interpolation in the suspension in the suspension accurrent of interpolation in the suspension in the suspensio can be distributed over a house through the ordinary pipes, controlled in the usual way, and the machinery is so constructed, it is said, as to preclude the possibility of explosion.

The flame produced by this petroleum gas is represented to be larger from a three feet birner, is whiter and more brilliant, and can be obtained at less than half the cost. If this is all true the invention is a most went this is all true, the invention is a most won-derful and important one. We give the par-ticulars as we find them stated in the Wheel-

ing Register. AN INCIDENT OF DAVIDSON'S RAID. A sol-AN INCIDENT OF DAVIDSON'S RAID.—A soldier sends the New Orleans Era the following amusing incident of Gen. Davidson's lateraid through rebeldom. During the lateraid, which left Baton Rouge under General Davidson, the Second Illinois Cavalry, commanded by the Lieutenant Colonel was ordered to precede the main hold into Franklinton. to precede the main body into Franklinton.
About two miles west of the town there is a About two miles west of the town there is a road coming into the langipaho road from the south, and, just as the regiment reached the junction there was a wedding party coming into the road from the south. The party consisted of the bride and groom, four officers and soldiers of the rebel army, and five lad ies Seeing the "grey backs," the Colonel of the Second ordered them to halt, upon which the party turned to run, when the Colonel com-Second ordered them to halt, upon which the party turned to run, when the Colonel commanded the advance of his regiment to five and give chase. When the firing began the ladies placed themselves between the contending parties, and the Illinoisians, being too gallant to fire upon ladies, had no alternative but to run the rebels down. The chase lasted for two miles, and resulted in the capture of the entire party, except the bride. She straightened herself in the saddle, put whip to her horse, and outran the squadron. straightened herself in the saddle, put whip to her horse, and outran the squadron.—
When the party was brought into the town, the commanding officer offered the bridgeom to wait for him to send for the bride and finish the wedding if he desired, but the offer was politely declined. Truly, there is "many a slip twist the cup and the lip."

rangements must have been very imperfect, if they did not succeed in extracting that quantity—and the yield would be two thousand pounds to the acre, worth five hundred dollars; in other words, the one hundred acres yielded a product worth fifty thousand intelligent man. His wife was dead, and his children were scattered around. Under the same roof with him lived an old woman named Kate MacEachin, but a par-Paris journal publishes a strange history of and old Gothic arm chair, which was sold retition separated their two rooms. yerse together without leaving their own rooms and firesides is One day, after a long silence, Malcolm said, "Hallo, Kate!"—
" What now, Malcolm?" she asked. "I am going to give you a bit of advice, Kate, "said the. " Well," replied Kate," let me hear it, the. ... ivell, replied Rate, let me near it, for you heve given many a good bit of advice."
Then my advice to you, Kate; said he "is that you give up praying." "Give up praying!" cried out Kate, who was a very piously

ing!" cried out Kate, who was a very plously disposed person.

"Why, what a bad man you must be, Malcolm, to advise me to give up praying!"—

"Yes, Kate," said he, "you must give up praying or else you must give up scolding.—
I heard you scolding your other neighbor yes, treen; and you must either give up scolding or praying: for you may depend upon it they or praying; for you may depend upon it they cannot do together." Kate became very thoughtful, and then said Malcolm was quite in the said Malcolm was quite right; so she kept her praying and did away

THE SECRET .- " I noticed," says Dr. Frankin, "a mechanic among others, at work on house eresting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a mer-ry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunban on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him, one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his happy asked him to tell me the secret of his happy flow of spirit. "My secret, doctor," he replied, "is that I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and whan I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then ten is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things How to Fall Asleer.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is to escape from thought, especially from that clinging, tonacious, imperious thought, which in most py smile and a kind word of greating, after the day are ever cost nothing. hrough the day to please me, that I cannot Talways effect this by the following the toils of the day are over, cost nothing process: "I turn dry cyo balls as far

> Shillaher, of the Carpet Bag, tells the ollowing outrigeous gun story:
> Speaking to day with a sun of a gun rearding his exploits, he told me a singular instance of a gun hanging fire which, were it not for his well known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He had snapped his gunlata grey squirrel, and the cap had ex-ploded, and the piece not going off he took it from his shoulder, looked down in the barrel and saw the charge just starting, when bringing it to his shoulder, again, it went off and killed the squirrel.

> A FREAK OF FORTUNE .- Mr. S. Drake one of the stock company now performing at the Opera House in Cincinnatti, was, made heir by his granfather to sin almost fabulous number of worthless Virginia acres, rather an in-cumbrance than otherwise, to what now prov-es a valuable tract to their fortunate owner. Last Saturday he received a letter from aprospecting company who have found oil up-on his premises, offering him the snug little-sum of \$270,000 cash for his premises.