The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870. VOL. 56.---NO. 31.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE—SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER

HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.
Dec. 21, 1869.

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Weakley's Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND *REAL ESTATE AGENCY!*
M. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county Penna.
Pensions, bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected.
Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention.
Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
July 11, 1867—1y

F. E. BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
☞ Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Benn's dry goods store.
Dec. 1, 1865.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.
Jan. 28, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer."
Dec. 1 1868

F. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.
April 29, 1869—1y

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford
Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1 1865.

DR. J. S. BENDER, Homœopathic Physician, Office No. 6, South Hanover st., formerly occupied by John Lee, Esq.
June 3, 1869—1y.

WES. B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND *COUNSELOR AT LAW,*
FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Cor. Library,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct 14, 1869—1y

ROBERT OWENS,
SLATE ROOFER,
AND DEALER IN SLATE,
LANCASTER, PA.
All Work Guaranteed.
☞ Orders Left at this Office will receive prompt attention. October 14, 1869—1y.

Hats and Caps

FRESH SUMMER ARRIVAL OF ALL THE *NEW STYLES* OF
HATS AND CAPS.
The subscriber has just opened at *No. 15 North Hanover Street*, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
Silk Hats, *Cassimeres* of all styles and qualities, Soft Hats, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.
The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.
A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS,
Have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, *Suspenders,* Neck Ties, *Gloves,* Collars, *Pencils, Thread,* Sewing Silk, *Umbrellas, &c*
PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.
Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.
JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,* No. 15 North Hanover Street.
May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!
DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
NO. 2, WEST MAIN STREET,
Where can be seen the finest assortment of
HATS AND CAPS
ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in *inviting* his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine
SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,
besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the *Lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture Hats always on hand, and
HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of
TOBACCO AND CIGARS
always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons who have
COUNTRY FURS
to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.
Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
May, 1869.

Boots and Shoes.

DAVID STROHM,
W. D. SPONSLER,
JOHN W. STROHM,
NEW AND POPULAR
BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE.
NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.
A few doors South of Inhoff's building.
We have just opened the largest and best stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
ever offered in Carlisle, and continue almost daily to receive such goods in our line as every body wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and varieties of
Women's, Misses and Childrens' strong Leather Shoes, Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting Gaiters; Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French Morocco; Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress Gaiters; Mens' and Boys' Lasting Gaiters and Shoes; Gum Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes; Mens' and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slippers; Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Soldier Trunks of all sizes and prices; Traveling Bags, Satchels and Valises, together with a fine stock of goods, which we will sell to suit the times.
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, is our motto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is intended as a personal invitation to all in need to call and look through our stock without feeling under obligations to buy unless suited in quality and price. We shall always try to deal with every one in a straight forward manner, and give every customer a full equivalent for his money. We hope all will avail themselves of their first opportunity to call and see us.
STROHM & SPONSLER.
April 8, 1869—1y

JOHN DORNER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle, Pa., has just returned from the Eastern cities with the largest and most
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., ever brought to Carlisle. His cloths comprise
ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN MANUFACTURES,
of the finest texture and of all shades.
Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience, is prepared to warrant perfect fits and prompt filling of orders.
Piece goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place.
Aug. 26, 1869.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
$1,500 *Cash.* *For* 1870. $1,500 *Cash.*
A VALUABLE PREMIUM FOR ALL.
This splendidly illustrated weekly Journal of Popular Science, Mechanics Invention, Engineering, Chemistry, Architecture, Agriculture and the kindred arts, enters its twenty-fifth year on the first of January next, having a circulation far exceeding that of any similar journal now published.
THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT of the Scientific American is very ably conducted, and some of the most popular writers in this Country and Europe are contributors. Every number has 16 imperial pages, embellished with fine Engravings of Machinery, New Inventions Tools for the Workshop, Farm and Household, Engineering Works, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings.
Whoever reads the Scientific American is entertained and instructed, without being bothered with hard words or dry details.
TO INVENTORS AND MECHANICS
this journal is of special value, as it contains a weekly report of all the Patents issued at Washington, with copious notices of the leading AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN INVENTIONS. The publishers of the Scientific American are the most Extensive Patent Solicitors in the world, and have unequalled facilities for gathering a complete knowledge of the progress of Invention and Discovery throughout the world: and with a view to mark the quarter of a century, during which this journal has held the first place in Scientific and Mechanical Literature, the Publishers will issue on January first the large and splendid Steel engraving by John Sartain, of Philadelphia, entitled:
"*Men of Progress—American Inventors*"
the plate costing nearly $4,000 to engrave, and contains nineteen likenesses of illustrious American Inventors. It is a superb work of art.
Single pictures, printed on heavy paper, will be sold at $10, but any one subscribing for the Scientific American the paper will be sent for one year, together with a copy of the engraving, on receipt of $10. The picture is also offered as a premium for clubs of subscribers.
☞ $1,500 CASH PRIZES.☜
In addition to the above premium, the publishers will pay $1,500 in CASH PRIZES for lists of subscribers sent in by February 10, 1870. Persons who want to compete for these prizes, should send at once for prospectus and blanks for names.
Terms of Scientific American, one year $3.00; six months, $1.50; four months, $1.00. To clubs of 10 and upwards, terms $2.50 per annum. Specimen copies sent free. Address the Publishers
MUNN & CO.,
37 Park row, New York.
How to get Patents.—A pamphlet of Patent Laws and instruction to inventors sent free.
Dec. 23, 1869.

CITIZENS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.
We have now on hand and just received from the cities, and from manufacturers, the largest stock of new, cheap, and good goods to be found in any two stores in the valley.
We have the best assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, JEANS, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, MUSLINS.
DRESS GOODS,
Silks, Merinoes, Repps, Delaines, Alpacas, Coburgs, Plaids and Stripes.
RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
Zephyrs, Towels, Yarns, Linen and Cotton Table Diapers,
CLOAKINGS, low prices and fine
HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS and CUFFS.
Velvets, Trimmings and more notions than can be found anywhere under one roof.
FURS AND CARPETS,
Oil Cloths, Druggets, Blinds, Coverlets, Quilts, Hoop and Balmoral Skirts,
SHAWLS,
of every description. In fact a splendid assortment of goods, and more given for the dollar, than any where else.
WOOL,
at the highest price taken in exchange. Give us a call
BENTZ & CO.
Oct. 28, 1869.

GROCERIES, &c.
The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has purchased the Grocery Store of D. V. Keeny, No. 28 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, where he will carry on the Grocery Business as usual. His assortment is varied, and consists in part of
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, STONE and EARTHEN WARE, CEDAR and WILLOW WARE
TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, SPICES, FANCY SOAPS, ROPES, TOBACCO, FISH, OILS, HALTERS, SEGARS, SALT, POTATOES,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT,
CODFISH, BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, FEED, and a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first-class Grocery store. Give him a call, and satisfaction will be guaranteed.
Oct. 10, 1869. JOHN HECKMAN.

CHEAP COAL! CHEAP COAL!!
The subscriber is prepared to deliver, by the car load, to Limeburners and other consumers along the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, the celebrated
HICKORY SWAMP COAL!
at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES FOR CASH!
This Coal is of very superior quality, and will be furnished at prices which will defy all competition.
The subscriber will deliver Coal at Carlisle, during the current month, at the following prices per ton of 2,000 lbs.:

PEA	$3 15
NUT	4 55
STOVE	5 55
EGG	5 55

And to other points of the road, he will deliver it, adding or deducting the expense in freights.
The above rates will be subject to the rise or fall of prices, each month at the mines.
GEORGE ZINN,
Office cor. Main and Pitt Sts., Carlisle, Pa.
Dec. 23, 1869.

FRESH GARDEN FLOWER, Fruit Herb, Tree, Shrub and Evergreen Seeds, with directions for culture, prepaid by mail. The most complete and judicious assortment in the country. Agents wanted.
25 sorts of either for $1.00; prepaid by mail.—Also small Fruits, Plants, Bulbs, all the new Potatoes, &c., prepaid by mail, 4 lbs. Early Rose Potato, prepaid, for $1.00. Conover's Colossal Asparagus, $3 per 100; $25 per 1000, prepaid. New hardy fragrant everblooming Japan Honeysuckle, 50 cts. each, prepaid. True Dape Cod Cranberry, for upland or lowland culture, $1.00 per 100, prepaid, with directions. Priced Catalogue to any address, gratis; also trade list.—Seeds on Commission.
B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1842.
Dec. 23, 1869—

NO HUMBUG! NO HUMBUG!!
Christian Inhoff, of Carlisle, has the sole right as Agent for Cumberland County, Pa., for the sale, wholesale, of a new Burning Fluid called KING'S NON-EXPLOSIVE BRILLIANT ILLUMINATING FLUID, which is superior to anything ever introduced, and can supply the trade through the County wholesale. This Fluid is cheaper than Kerosene or any other oil or compound in use, emits no bad odor or smell, and is perfectly harmless. Merchants and all others wishing to see and to test the article will please call at my store, in Carlisle.
Oct. 7, 1869.—tf. CHRISTIAN INHOFF.

10,000 Agents wanted for the Priest and Nun. This most exciting and interesting book, by a popular authoress, is now ready, and those who wish to canvass for it should apply immediately for circular, (with stamp enclosed,) stating territory desired, experience, &c. Agents wanted everywhere for this and other first-class books and engravings, by CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Oct. 21, 1869—3m

AMERICAN ALE.—The American Ale brewery, formerly Gebhart's, has been reopened by C. C. Falber, who is now ready to supply this justly celebrated brand of Ale to Hotels, Saloons and Private Families, at low rates. Ale delivered in all parts of Cumberland, Adams or Perry counties.
Nov. 18, 1869—3m.* C. C. FALBER.

Poetical.

THE following lines, entitled "The Old Year and the New," which we clip from an old publication, are not only beautiful but very appropriate for the present season. We know not the name of the author, but his production is infinitely superior to the vast majority of fugitive newspaper poetry. It will compare favorably with the best productions of the early English poets.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Toll, gently toll the passing bell—
For the year that dies to-day;
Ring softly out a last farewell
As it grasps its life away.
Slow y and sadly it leaves alone,
Joining the years that are past and gone,
Sighing for work that it might have done
An! for joys that might have been.
And now the New Year ing in—
Quickly and merrily,
Lightly and cherrily;
Ere quite the dirge is done
Be the new heal begun,
Lest the New Year should know
Aught of the dead one's wo'.
Wreath its young brow with Hope's garland green;
But, Alas! for the joys that might have been.

Of brightly glistens the trackless snow
In the rays of the wintry sun,
And joyous hearts in their youthful glow
Greet the year that has just begun.
But slowly the snow wreath melts away,
The ice-drops from the leafless spray,
And the winter's white glory is gone,
And the bleak winds whistle and moan
Cloudily and dreadfully,
Sadly and wearily.
The shivering year rolls on
The work that the old has done,
And a chill strikes to its breast,
With a strange, new fear oppressed.
Alas! for the snow so quickly seen,
And alas! for the joys that might have been.

Vain fears, vain sorrows; for quickly see
Here cometh the gentle Spring.
And clothes with new verdure each leafless tree
And round her sweet flowers doth fling.
Kindly she waketh the earth again,
And the earth is glad of her joyous reign;
Then the rosy Summer comes in her train,
And the Autumn brings its store,
And the blest year sighs no more.
Joyfully, hopefully,
Gladly and thankfully,
Bearing the harvest home,
See the tired reapers come;
And the Winter time the labors rest,
Cold and dark, yet not unblessed,
Yet the year, as it dies, sights the new one in,
With alas! for the joys that might have been:

Thus for the work that has been done
And the work that might have been,
Earth has but sighs as the year is gone
That in hope and joy came in.
But the last shall usher a glad year in,
Joyful and endless and free from sin;
Pleasure unfading shall then begin,
And the good seed that on earth was sown
Shall be gathered all ripe and grown
Safely and carefully,
Gladly and joyfully,
Never to feel again
Earth's wintry fear and pain;
And thus the end shall bring
More than the hopes of spring.
Wreaths of fair garlands than Hope's more green—
More than the joys that on earth might have been.

Miscellaneous.

COLOSSAL FORTUNES.

[From the Saturday Review.]

We have often thought that it would be very pleasant to possess a princely fortune. There is a pleasure, well understood by novelists, in simply calling up before our imagination vast sums of money and magnificent landed estates. We always like the last page, in which the various couples in whom we have taken an interest receive their portions with the boundless liberality of a good-natured writer of fiction. We admire the young lady in the model novel with five hundred thousand acres in a ring-fence in Norfolk, a county in Scotland, a castle in Wales, a villa at Richmond, a corner-house in Belgrave Square, and eighty thousand a year in the Three per Cents; and we feel a sympathetic thrill when Miriam de Mendoza takes a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano to light the extinguished chibouk of Lord Codlingsby. If there is a pleasure in meeting with such gorgeous millionaires even in fayland, how pleasant it must be to be ranked amongst their counterparts in real life. Of course the moralist has plenty of apophthegms wherewith to dampour satisfaction. There are various little sayings about the blessings of mediocrity, the delight of making an honest living by the sweat of one's brow, and so on, which seem rather to savour of the remark about sour grapes. Could any of these severe gentlemen withstand the infinite charms of boundless wealth, if really within their reach? We admit, indeed, that there is probably a certain limitation even to the conveniences of money. We could be tolerably content, say, with a hundred thousand a year, and can imagine a doubt whether the addition of an equal sum to our annual income might not, after that point, begin to give more trouble than it was worth. After one had enough to satisfy every possible want, to give free play to all one's tastes in arts, literature, or science, to have the most comfortable of houses, and the best of all possible eating and drinking, we might doubt whether an addition to our wealth might not bring more responsibility than amusement.—We have heard it said that a man who resolves to spend all his income upon himself finds it very difficult, after he has passed a certain point, to find any new way of employing his fortune satisfactorily. Of course it is always open to a man to muddle away his money, in gambling or charity, to any conceivable extent; but there is practically a limit to the sum which can be spent directly upon oneself. What that limit may be it is, of course, very difficult to fix in practice; but there is no great temptation to be so rich that your wealth becomes a burden. Putting this question out of sight, and it is one that has little practical interest for most people, the natural expression of the feelings of the unregenerate man is that summed up so forcibly in Clough's ballad:

How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
How pleasant it is to have money!

And as much of it as possible.

Few, however, of the poorer classes will consent themselves with this reflection on bearing of one of these vast fortunes whose existence is occasionally brought before us. We are, it may be, a little too jealous, or possibly a little too philosophical or too humane, to look upon them with that simple pleasure with which we contemplate a work of art, or with which ladies will gloat over the stores in a jeweler's shop window. We are driven to reason about it, and to ask whether colossal fortunes are, or can be made, good things for the country in which they exist. Our reflections probably take the form of a simple argument for demonstrating the benefits of equality. It is plain that the sum of human happiness will be greater if a hundred men have each a thousand a year, than if one had a hundred thousand a year and the rest nothing. After the first few thousands, every additional thousand accumulated upon a single possession gives him less additional pleasure than its predecessors. To raise an income of twenty to one of twenty-one thousand a year gives very little extra gratification to its owner; he may keep another horse or two, and buy a few more pictures, but all his chief wants being gratified, he can at most add a few comparatively insignificant luxuries to his stock. On the other hand, the addition of the same income to a man who was previously in the depths of poverty may lift him definitely to a higher level, and make his life one of comfort, instead of one of constant toil and vexation. The argument proves conclusively that, given a certain total of revenue in a country, it will produce more happiness when widely distributed than when divided into very unequal lumps. The ordinary complaint about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer seems generally to imply a tacit assumption of this kind. It is supposed that there is only a certain quantity of wealth in the country, and that, if one man gets a larger share, it must necessarily be made up from those of his poorer neighbors. If this were the real state of the case, it should be the greatest object of philanthropists to devise some means by which wealth might be made to flow uniformly over the whole surface of the country, instead of gathering in irregular masses, and being spread thinly in one quarter and thickly in another.

Without asking whether this is applicable to any particular cases, it is plain that it omits one essential element of the question. The assumption that the whole amount of wealth is a fixed quantity is the reverse of the truth. Nothing, moreover, can be plainer than that a rapid growth of wealth is favorable to the development of large fortunes, and that reciprocally the possession of large fortunes is in many ways favorable to a rapid growth of wealth. Some of the most striking phenomena in American society are due to the first of these truths. There was a time when the genuine democratic ideal was partially realized there, and when, as it is said, every man in Connecticut was rich enough to keep a one-horse chaise, and scarcely anybody rich enough to keep a chaise with two horses. That halcyon period has long gone by; and it is plain enough that, if American democracy levels everything else, it has at least no tendency to level fortunes. We seem to be approaching an epoch when such men as Vanderbilt and Drew will be the most prominent figures in the great Republic. The growth of such enormous commercial centres as New York and Chicago inevitably tends to centralization of wealth. A shrewd speculator who is at the centre towards which so many streams of fortune are constantly flowing has immense opportunities of growing rich, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, beyond the dreams of avarice. There is no probability that the tendency will be diminished. The difference between the democracies of the future and the old-fashioned aristocracies is not that there will be greater equality of wealth in the democracies, but that fortunes will be more mobile, and will not give rise to families permanently raised above their neighbors. We may look forward, in short, with far more confidence to a period of gigantic fortunes than to one in which everybody will be moderately comfortable. The dreams of socialists may be destined at some future time to take concrete shape; but so far as we can say from experience, the reverse of the process for which they pray is more likely to take place.—Not only will great landowners become rich by the simple process of sitting still and looking on at the development of the country, but even if landed estates should be summarily cut up and distributed equally amongst the population, some more radical change would be required to check the development of huge commercial fortunes. We shall have bankers, and manufacturers, and railway proprietors, whose wealth would seem to us to be fabulous, even if the most stringent legislation should enforce the minute partition of the whole land. Great fortunes too, are the cause as well as the consequence of a rapid increase of wealth. No way of getting rich, it is well known, is so certain as the possession of a good deal of money. In many departments of trade there is a marked tendency to the concentration of fortunes, because the unity of management, the increased power of organization, and other causes, give a decided economical advantage to the possessors of large capitals. Enterprises become possible to them which require long foresight and the power of waiting for distant results, though they may be ultimately enormously profitable. Nor, however much may be done within a certain sphere by co-operation, has it as yet given proofs of being able successfully to contend in any wide field with individual management.

If, then we assume that the world will continue to grow richer, it is highly probable that we shall also witness a steady accumulation of colossal fortunes. And it is therefore wiser, instead of sighing after a chimerical equality, to ask in what way they may be made useful. If fortunes increase, the number of those who regard them with envy certainly does not diminish; and though the poverty of the multitude may be in no sense produced by the accumulation of capital it certainly makes it desirable for capitalists to occupy a position as little invidious as possible. Very rich men may be regarded with pleasure from a purely artistic point of view; but there are a good many paupers who do not care much for art, and have a very strong appreciation of the pleasure of getting a slice of their neighbor's cake. A miser, according to political economists, is probably doing a great deal of good by his investments, whilst the spendthrift is damaging the world as well as himself. But the spendthrift is the popular character, because the immediate and visible results of his conduct are apparently advantageous; from which it may be inferred that the miser would do wisely to dispel the popular illusion as much as possible, and to make the good effects of his saving tangible not only to the philosopher, but to the vulgar mind.—Otherwise the vulgar mind may get into an unphilosophical state of irritation.—The advantages, indeed, of a liberal use of wealth are too obvious to require illustration.

Everybody who has any money to spend is glad to insist upon the unanswerable reasons for spending it upon himself. We are delighted to demonstrate that there ought to be a refined and cultivated class in the community, and further to decide that we, who have the money, ought to be the refined and cultivated class. Indeed, if charity reached such a pitch that everybody gave away all that may strictly be called superfluous, we should speedily become a nation of very commonplace semi-paupers; and the only, though amply sufficient reason for not insisting upon the practice of spending a large part of our incomes on luxury as a solemn duty, is that we are quiet ready enough to do it without any sense of duty at all. When, however, our income reaches above a certain point, it is difficult not to go to excess in the discharge of this duty. What is to be done then is a question which concerns few people. In an ideal state of things a man would perhaps consider himself simply as an officer intrusted with a large part of the national earnings, to be spent for the world at large. The late Mr. Peabody, whose death we learn with sincere regret as we write, seems to have discovered one way of approaching to this conception; and people with small incomes must often have thought that if they had a great deal more than they could possibly spend upon themselves they would endeavor to rival so noble an example. When they come to be tried, they generally find it hard to act up to the notion; and indeed the difficulty of giving away many thousands without doing more harm than good is so enormous that it is scarcely to be desired, as it certainly is not to be expected, that the example will often be literally followed out. We can only hope in a general way, that the growth of large fortunes and the increased publicity of expenditure may gradually generate an increased sense of responsibility. There is one other circumstance which tends in this one direction, and whose action may be fairly observed in America. It is often remarked that rich men are there more liberal and public-spirited in the use of wealth. This is partly owing to the principle that what comes easily goes easily; and that, in a country where people are accustomed to sudden growth and equally sudden disappearance of large fortunes, a man learns to care less about so transitory a possession. It is also due to the collateral result that a man who has no motive for founding a great family is without one powerful motive for retaining wealth. A decline of the old aristocratic feeling implies that the son of a very rich man will be more generally disposed to start on his own resources, and to look forward to a life of more or less hard work. There is both good and evil in this result. A man perhaps is more often hurt than benefited by inheriting a large fortune; whilst, on the other hand, it is very desirable that everybody should as a matter of course look forward to life in a counting-house or an office. Without entering upon so large a subject, we need only remark that the tendency of which this is an example is favorable to a more generous use of vast wealth, as well as to its frequent accumulation.

MARK TWAIN GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

I had heard so much about the celebrated fortune-teller, Madame ——, (I decline to advertise for her in this paragraph), that I went to see her yesterday. She has a dark complexion naturally, and this effect is heightened by artificial aids which cost her nothing. She wears curls, very black ones, and I had an impression that she gave their native attractiveness a lift with rancid butter.—She wears a reddish check handkerchief cast loosely around her neck, and it is plain that her other one is slow getting back from the wash. I presume she takes snuff. At any rate, something resembling it had lodged among the hairsprouting from a picturesque mole on her upper lip. I know she likes garlic—I knew that as soon as she sighed. She looked at me searchingly for nearly a minute with her black eyes, and then said:

'It is enough. Come!'

She started down a very dark and dismal corridor, I stepping close after her. Presently she said that as the way was crooked and so dark, perhaps she had better get a light. But it seemed ungallant to allow a woman to put herself to so much trouble for me, and so I said:

'It is not worth while, madam. If you will heave another sigh, I think I can follow it.'

So we got along all right. Arrived at her official and mysterious den, she asked me to tell her the date of my birth, the exact hour of that occurrence, and the color of my grandmother's hair. I answered as accurately as I could. Then she said:

'Young man, summon your fortitude—do not tremble. I am about to reveal the past!'

'Information concerning the future would be, in a general way, more——'

'Silence! You have had much trouble, some joy, some good fortune, some bad. Your great grandfather was hanged.'

'That is all—'

'Silence! Hanged, sir. But it was not his fault. He could not help it!'

'I am glad you do him justice.'

'Ah—grieve, rather, that the jury did. He was hanged. His star crosses yours in the fourth division, fifth sphere.—Consequently you will be hanged also.'

'In view of this cheerful——'

'I *must* have silence. Yours was not, in the beginning, a criminal nature, but circumstances chan ed it. At the age of nine you stole sugar. At the age of fifteen you stole money. At twenty you stole horses. At twenty-five you committed arson. At thirty, hardened in crime, you became an editor. Since then your desent has been rapid. You are now a public lecturer. Worse things are in store for you. You will be sent to Congress. Next to the penitentiary.—Finally, happiness will come again—all will be well—you will be hanged.

I was now in tears. It seemed hard enough to go to Congress—but to be hanged—this was too sad, too dreadful. The woman seemed surprised at my grief. I told her the thoughts that were in my mind. Then she comforted me—this blessed woman reconciled me, made me contented, even happy.

'Why, man,' she said, 'hold up your head—you have nothing to grieve about. Listen. You will live in New Hampshire. In your sharp need and distress, the Brown family will succor you—some of them as Pike the assassin left alive.—They will be benefactors to you. When you shall have grown fat upon their bounty, and are grateful and happy, you will desire to make some modest return for these things, and so you will go to the house some night and brain the whole family with an axe. You will borrow funds from the deceased, and disburse them in riotous living among the rowdies and courtezans of Boston. Then you will be arrested, tried, condemned to be hanged, thrown into prison. Now is your happy day. You will be converted—you will be converted just as soon as every effort to compass pardon, commutation or reprieve has failed—and then! Why then, every morning and every afternoon, the best and purest young ladies of the village will assemble in your cell and sing hymns. This will show that assassination is respectable. Then you will forgive all those recent Browns. This will excite the public admiration.—No public can withstand magnanimity. Next they will take you to the scaffold with great eclat, at the head of an imposing procession composed of clergymen, officials, citizens generally, and young ladies walking pensively two and two, and bearing bouquets and immortelles.—You will mount the scaffold, and while the great concourse stand uncovered in your presence, you will read your sappy little speech which the minister has written for you. And then, in the midst of a grand and impressive silence, they will swing you into per——, Paradise, my son. There will not be a dry eye on the ground. You will be a hero! Not a rough there but will envy you. Not a rough there but will resolve to emulate you.

And next, a great procession will follow you to the tomb—will weep over your remains; the young ladies will sing again the hymns made dear by sweet associations connected with the jail, and as a last tribute of affection, respect and appreciation of your many sterling qualities, they will walk two and two around your bier, and strew wreaths of flowers on it. And so, you are canonized! Think of it, son—ingrate, assassin, robber of the dead drunken brawler among thieves and harlots in the slums of Boston one month, and the pet of the pure and innocent daughters of the land the next! A bloody and hateful devil—a bewept, bewailed and sainted martyr—all in a month! Fool! so noble a fortune, and yet you sit here grieving!'

'No, madame,' I said, 'you do me wrong, you do, indeed. I am perfectly satisfied. I did not know before that my great grandfather was hanged, but it is of no consequence. He has probably ceased to bother about it by this time, and I have not commenced yet. I confess, madam, that I do something in the way of editing and lecturing, but the other crimes you mention have escaped my memory. Yet I must have committed them—you would not deceive an orphan. But let the past be as it was, and let the future be as it may, these are nothing. I have only cared for one thing. I have always felt that I should be hanged one day, and somehow the thought has annoyed me considerably; but if you can only assure me that I shall be hanged in New Hampshire——'

'Not a shadow of a doubt!'

'Bless you, my noble benefactress!—excuse this embrace—you have removed a great load from my breast. To be hanged in New Hampshire is happiness. It leaves an honored name behind a man and introduces him at once into the best New Hampshire society in the other world.'

I then took leave of the fortune teller. But seriously, is it well to glorify a murderous villain on the scaffold, as Pike was glorified in New Hampshire a few days ago? Is it well to turn the penalty for a bloody crime into a reward? Is it just to do it? Is it safe?

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The remark is often made that "truth is stranger than fiction," but its application was never more forcibly illustrated, we think, says the New York *Evening Mail*, than by the brief history of two persons, which culminated at the Astor House in this city. It runs as follows: About twenty-two years ago, Mr. M., a northern gentleman, married Miss N., of this State. To all appearances it was what the world would denominate "a happy marriage." About one year after this union, Mrs. M. presented her husband with a fine boy, whose appearance seemed to be an additional living and breathing bond of affection. The "happy couple" lived together for about ten years, when, by a reverse of circumstances in Mr. M.'s business, over which he had no control, he became quite poor. Passing over details, suffice it to say that a divorce criminating neither party was easily obtained in a court of one of the States, whose loose laws now offer inducements to the discontented to violate the solemn ordinance of marriage with impunity. But this was not a trap sprung by one party without the knowledge of the other. It was a mutual divorce.

Mrs. M. was a healthy, fine-looking woman, and in a few years became the wife of a well-to-do gentleman. This was a happy marriage throughout. The second husband died a little more than a year ago, leaving the widow a small fortune of about twenty thousand dollars.

During these eight or nine years of life with a second husband, the lady did not forget her first born; nor the son lose sight of the mother. The affection in both was strong. The boy was the divine magnet which attracted the divorced mother and the wandering father from his search for business and happiness in distant Costa Rica. At the death of the second husband, the son had reached the manly age of twenty. Imagine his feelings as he came to realize the real situation of his father and mother. One a single man! the other a widow! One an unhappy wanderer, still without sufficient worldly goods to make life worth living for; the other the occupant of a husbandless house, with a plentiful larder. Ever present was the thought that one yet lived whom she had sworn before God to "love and cherish." He was the father of her son. The son, who loved his mother, loved his father not less. The mother could not gaze into the face of her only born without beholding the image of his father. Time passed. The son brought his divorced father and widowed mother together. They talked over the past. They agreed upon the future. The son was the centre of attraction. He was flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. The ties of nature were too strong for resistence. Like two drops of quicksilver the two hearts united. Yesterday, in this city, the son had the happiness to celebrate the anniversary of his twenty-first birth day by the extraordinary scene of the marriage of his own father and mother! This was joy enough for one day. History does not afford the parallel of this picture.

Mr. and Mrs. M., accompanied by their son and several friends, dined at the Astor House yesterday afternoon, and afterwards left for Boston, on their bridal tour, to enjoy his second and her third "honeymoon." The bridegroom, a prominent, fine-looking young man, is a telegraph operator of excellent abilities, and employed in this city.

Plants in Sleeping Rooms.

Though the air is dependent for the renewal of its oxygen on the action of the green leaves of plants, it must not be forgotten that it is only in the presence and under the stimulus of light that these organisms decompose carbonic acid. All complaints, irrespective of their kind or nature, absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid in the dark. The quantity of noxious gas thus eliminated is, however, exceedingly small when compared with the oxygen thrown out during the day. When they are flowing, plants exhale carbonic acid in considerable quantity, and at the same time evolve heat. In this condition, therefore, they resemble animals as regards their relation to the air; and a number of plants placed in a room would, under these circumstances, tend to vitiate the air.

While the phanerogamia, or flowering plants, depend on the air almost entirely for their supply of carbon, and are busy during the day in restoring to it the oxygen that has been removed by animals, many of the inferior cryptogamia, as the fungi and parasitic plants, obtain their nourishment from material that has already been organized. They do not absorb carbonic acid, but on the contrary act like animals, absorbing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid at all times.—It is, therefore, evident that their presence in a room cannot be productive of good results.

Aside from the highly deleterious action that plants may exert on the atmosphere of a sleeping room, by increasing the proportion of carbonic acid during the night, there is another and more important objection to be urged against their presence in such apartments. Like animals, they exhale peculiar volatile organic principles, which in many instances render the air unfit for the purposes of respiration. Even in the days of Andromedus this fact was recognized, for he says, in speaking of Arabia Felix, that "by reason of myrrh, frankincense and hot spices there growing, the air was so obnoxious to their brains that the very inhabitants at some times cannot avoid its influence." What the influence on the brains of the inhabitants may have been does not at present interest us. We have only quoted the statement to show that long ago the emanations from plants were regarded as having an influence on the condition of the air; and, in view of our present ignorance, it would be wise to banish them from our sleeping apartments, at least until we are better informed regarding their true properties.—*Galaxy.*

☞ The Hon. Benjamin Tappan, once a senator from Ohio, was on the Bench when the Buckeye State was admitted into the Union. He was famous in his time for being very ugly, very talented, very cross eyed, crabbed and sarcastic. On one occasion he was holding court in the wilderness, where one log cabin had to be used for court house, tavern and bar room. The stable was used *pro. tem.* for a jail. The judge had just given some malefactors a very severe sentence, when a rough backwoodsman, who had been practicing at the other bar, exclaimed: "That's right give um thunder, old gimlet eyes."

"Who is that?" screamed the irate and indignant Judge.

"It's this old hoss," answered the pioneer, giving his beast an approving slap.

"Mr. Sheriff," retorted Tappan. "put that old hoss in the stable, and keep him a week on bread and water."

A NEW ORLEANS woman had her eloping daughter and unwelcome son-in-law brought before the Recorder for separation. She was informed that it could not be done. The old lady surveyed the happy couple a moment, and then shaking her head disconsolately said, "Judge, that girl arent fit to be married; she has spells!" "Has what?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, you see, Judge——" But before the old lady could proceed, the daughter sprang to her feet and said, "Mother, there arent no use in saying any more; I'm married, and if I aren't fit I'd like to see the girl who are

Prevention of Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever is a highly contagious disease, and spreads from one person to another, and is thus propagated in families, towns, and districts. It is therefore highly desirable that every one should understand the nature of this