The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY. JULY 16, 1869. VOLUME XVII---NO. 12.

HUMBUGS.

We feel confident that many a reader ought to thank us for re-publishing from the *American Agriculturist* the *Editorial* on *Sundry Humbugs*. Sad to tell, similar advertisements are not unfrequently met with in religions papers.

"SUNDRY HUMBUGS.—We feel called upon to again warn all persons against the wicked transactions into which Gumbridge & Co. would entice them. Their "Fac-simile U. S. Treasury Notes" are nothing but reduced photographic copies of the genuine ones, and utterly worthless as money. No person, who has any regard for his honor, would engage to take these notes from Gumbridge & Co., and we hope our readers will remember that both parties in such a transaction are equally culpable.....The man who advertises as the "Howard Medical Association, Philadelphia," has taken upon himself the management of the health of a certain class of the community, and in a circular to his patients on "diet and self-management," he makes a mess of it surely. But this was to be expected. The treatment of the disease we consider erroneous, and the immoral tone of some parts of the circular objectionable.....The "New York Jewelers' Co-operative Union" still keep at their "preliminary drawing." Messrs. C. C. Havens & Co., can't you get through this preliminary business and give us a taste of the regular thing? Some are getting tired of waiting!.....Messrs. H. M. Johnston & Co., New York, have gone into the lottery business. Their plan differs but little from other "Gift Lotteries." The holder must return the ticket to them inclosing $1, within fifteen days, or lose his prize. We advise all ticket holders to keep their dollar and lose their prize, for if they send their money they will probably lose both.....R. G. Barnwell, Philadelphia, is in the "oriode" watch business. The number given as his office is that of a flourishing daily paper, and no such person is known by any of the occupants of the building; so we infer that Mr. B. is no more reliable than his watches. Our opinion of the above-named watches has been sufficiently set forth.....Mr. E. C. Allen, Augusta, Me., is a great man. We have before us his descriptive catalogue, in which he proposes to teach those who will go to Maine and work for him, how to make "thirty-six valuable and best-selling articles of the day." This is not all; boys and girls can do it, and do it in the evening and make from $1 to $5 a night at the business,—a "grand inducement." To those who can not go to him he offers for sale a whole batch of receipts add instructions for $2. Ah! now we begin to smell the rat. Mr. A. wants your two dollars, and if you don't care to go the whole thing, he will send "Five Horse Tamer's secrets," for a dollar!! We advise Mr. A. to get into some other business, or cover his tracks better; that thing won't work.....A person calling himself A. G. Holman has been travelling through Ohio, representing that he is the proprietor or agent for disposing of the right to manufacture and sell self-raising flour prepared with Prof. Horsford's Patent Cream of Tartar substitute. He has usually sold the right for a certain sum, cash, and then given directions for preparing the flour, and prices for which the ingredients could be procured of "his agents" in Chicago, Cincinnati, or elsewhere. Some of the parties who bought rights ordered their ingredients of the firms referred to by Holman, and though them found that they had been victimized. This man Holman has no connection with the proprietors of Horsford's patents, and all should beware of him. Western papers will do the public a favor by showing up Mr. A. G. Holman.....A very successful swindle was recently perpetrated in New York City. An auctioneer advertised the sale of a quantity of unclaimed parcels from the office of Adams Express Company. About two hundred of these packages were sold at prices ranging from $5 to $130. When the boxes and parcels were opened they were found to contain bricks, stones, pieces of iron, old clothes, a sheep's head, etc. Not one of the purchasers obtained anything of the slightest value. This buying of express and custom house packages, as the boys swap jack-knives, "on sight, unseen," is not rare in New York, and some sharpy took advantage of it to make a nice little sum. The authorities could give no redress to the victims, for there was no law to meet the case. Once, we have received the following in our mail:

[illegible] right kind I will pay you for it. Yours, resp'y, Jame Tripp.".....Enclosed was a very neat card photograph of a $500 U. S. Treasury Note, and the following circular from Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.: "CONFIDENTIAL.—*My Dear Sir:* We have a large stock of exact copies of U. S. Treasury Notes on hand, made by men skilled in the art, which we desire immediately to dispose of, even if sacrificed. They are arranged in packages, each representing over $500, in various denominations, so accurate as to be a perfect fac-simile of the genuine U. S. Note. We will not sell a package for less than $15, upon receipt of which we will send it to you; or if you do not wish to trust us to this amount, we will send it to you on receipt of $5; the balance, $10, you can send to us as soon after you receive the package as possible. We trust partly to your honesty to do this, at the same time thinking that, as you will consider it to your interest to deal with us further, you will comply with our request. After you have ordered the package, any information we can afford will be cheerfully given. We would prefer to have the money sent by mail, registered, as it is less trouble, and saves both you and us the Express charges If you desire to avail yourself of this opportunity you must do so at once, and address us carefully. You have our address. We offer special inducements to any one desirous of becoming our confidential Agent.".....Now, James Tripp, are you not ashamed of yourself? You went into a dishonest speculation and got sold, and then ask us to expose those who cheated you. The best we can say of you, is, that you are a particularly mean scoundrel, and we advise you to reform your shaky morals as fast as possible. If any other fools or scoundrels get caught in a similar trap, don't let them come whining to us for redress; our verdict will be "sarv'd 'em right," and we shall publish their names, on the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief. If there were no one willing to buy what is represented to be counterfeit money, the trade of Gumbridge & Co., Hunter & Co., and others, would soon cease.

HOW POOR BOYS REACH THE TOP ROUND.—There are 17,919 names who pay an income tax in this city. Sixty-seven persons who pay tax on incomes of $100,000. Most of these solid gentlemen are self-made men, who have come up from the lowest round of the ladder. The man who heads the list, A. T. Stewart, everybody knows is an Irish emigrant, who commenced life with a capital of less than twenty-five cents; indeed, with few exceptions, most of the parties in the list were scarce as well off as Mr. Stewart. Take Henry Keep; he boasts that he graduated from the poor-house of Jefferson County. Jay Gould drove a herd of cattle from Delhi, Delaware County, when a lad, for fifty cents a day, in order to get money enough to reach the Hudson River. David Groesbeck, over thirty years ago, used to mend old shoes for his brother, who was a respectable shoe-maker in Albany.

We all know the history of James Gordon Bennett, Robert Bonner, poor boys, full of talent and industry. Rufus Hatch, when a youngster, had the ambition to hold the reins of a pedlar's wagon. E. D. Morgan commenced life with a quarter measure of molasses. It is scarce a dozen years since Henry Clews was an errand boy in one of the banking houses down town. The brother's Seligman started out in life with a pedlar's pack. David Dows, in his younger days, retailed pork by the half pound and molasses by the gill. H. T. Hembold was first cabin boy on the sloop Mary Jane, that navigated the Delaware River. We might go on through the list, and show that nearly every one of these solid men were the architects of their own fortunes. Young men who are struggling for place and position, should remember that the individuals in the list above had to battle for life just as hard as they are doing. Let them take heart and never say die.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

HOW TO KILL ANTS.—As the season has arrived for those pests, the ants, housewives and others who are troubled with them may probably use the following trap to advantage: Procure a large sponge, which it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and take up their abode in its cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding water, and wash them [illegible]

SILENT TEACHERS.

"What! another flower, Tom; is not your window-sill full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em." It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me a thinking. The man with a flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was amused to hear his fervent blessing on the flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short pipe out of his mouth when he spoke; and no doubt his love of tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness and headache—that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh its eyes with its bloom, and his smell with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how He sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man:

> "To comfort man, to whisper hope,
> Whene'er his faith grows dim,
> For who so careth for the flowers
> Will much more care for him,"

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower in its purity and grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage and the mansion differ very much in structure and in furniture; not one article of furniture may all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended, often blooms as well in a cottage as in a palace window.

I know a little bit of a cottage outside a town. It stands in a nook by the roadside, and has no view but that of a yard where carts are kept; but in the window of that humble dwelling there are some fuchsias. They make a pretty screen, that shuts out all ugly sights, and shuts into the room graceful drooping blooms, hanging like jewels among the green leaves. The floor of the cot is of red brick, and so are the steps outside the door; but I notice as I pass how clean are those bricks, and what a glow of neatness and comfort they present! And the wooden chairs are bright and so are the brass candlesticks over the mantel-shelf. That clear window, with its lovely clustering flowers, at which people look as they go by, has given the dwellers in that cottage an honest pride in their dwelling; the flowers have brought their own purity with them, and taught it to their owners. And when little Johnny and Mary learn to take care of flowers, and have one of their own given them, I think they cease to be destructive and careless. They know that rough handling or neglect will injure and kill their flower; so their hands learn gentleness of touch, and they grow wrtchful over their favorite. Once conquer the thoughtlessness and roughness of a girl or boy, by giving them something to take care of and attend to, and you have put them in the way of being dilligent and useful.

I remember one evening meeting, in the Harrow road, a woman whom I knew. She had her baby in her arms and a big bundle beside, and she was hurrying on so fast that I said, with some concern, as I passed her, "Mrs. Gibbs, is anything the matter that you are in such haste?"

"Nothing, please; but I'm having the front of our house painted down, and I forgot to tell the man not to hurt our bit of ivy."

Of course I did not detain her by any further remark; but two days afterwards I walked past her house, and looked with some interest at the renovated front: and there was the tendril of ivy safe, and Mrs. Gibbs was cleaning her parlor window, on the sill of which was a box of mignonette. "So the workman did not injure the ivy, Mrs. Gibbs," I said.

"Oh, dear, if he had, I should have been so sorry, for my husband brought that root of ivy from the side of the church where we were married. We've had some trouble to take care of it to make it grow in this street, [illegible] love should be—clinging and unfading it was to them both a teacher and a memorial.

And so, when a husband or father brings home a little plant, if it is but a halfpenny daisy-root, be careful of it. His hand, that so tenderly carried the little flower, will have a tender touch for the human flowers in his dwelling. His eye, that sees feels the beauty of God's silent work, will be sure to dwell lovingly on the little prattlers that climb his knee. He will be careful and kind; for none but the careful and gentle can have a great love for flowers.

Happy is the wife who helps husband in his love of flowers, and who hears with a joyful heart her children say, as they look out on a summer's night for their fathers return:

"Here he comes, mother! and, oh dear, he has such a nice flower, such a beauty, in his arms! Do come and see mother!"

Yes, this is the greeting; these are the innocent joys that may be had in the British workman's home, and of which the flowers are the silent but sweet teachers.—*British Workman.*

Marriage After a Thirty-Three Years Engagement.

On Sunday last Miss Matilda Griffith, who has long been a respected resident of Greenville, and Mr. John Grant, of Ireland, were married at the residence of the former by Rev. E. T. Buist, D. D. The Greenville (S. C.) *Enterprise* says:

The incident is a pleasing one; a romantic history attaches. Thirty-three years have fled since the parties became engaged, nor have they seen each other in that time, and during a long portion of it were ignorant of each other's whereabouts. They were both attached, when mere children, in their native Ireland; but when the engagement became known, the families of both were opposed to it from opposite religious views, and that of Miss G. contrived to send her, against her will, to the United States. Mr. G., all disconsolate, enlisted in the British army, not being aware at first whither the lady had gone. His career as a soldier continued twenty-six years; in the meanwhile he fought through the terrible Sepoy rebellion in India, making as many hair-breadth escapes "in the imminent deadly breaches" as Othello. He returned to England some three or four years ago, and, having in the meantime had some correspondence with the lady by letter—for his devotion never faltered—sailed for this country. She was on her voyage at the same time to old Ireland, and the ships passed each other. He found his way to the great West, and having been prostrated by cholera, and losing the means brought with him, he went to Montana to recruit. Last Friday he arrived by the cars in Greenville, suddenly and unheralded, and forthwith sought the house of Miss G., who knew him instantly on sight, but he did not recognize her in the same manner, for she had changed from the fragile girl to the mature woman. Of course she was agitated and overjoyed as he was, and there being no longer any impediment, an immediate marriage was determined on. The result was their union on Sunday, as before stated.

AN ANDOVER AND BOSTON ROMANCE.—A soldier from Andover, during the war, advertised for a lady correspondent with reference to matrimony. At length a response was made by a young lady in Boston. The correspondence which followed gave mutual information and ripened into mutual affection. The soldier obtained a furlough for the purpose of visiting his fair Dulcinea, and having the twain made one. On arriving in Boston, he called at the street and number to which he had been invited, and was ushered by the servants into the spacious and elegantly furnished parlor of the house, there to await the appearance of Miss L., for whom he inquired. Shortly a very neat and intelligent colored girl entered the room, and conversation commenced very much in this wise:

Soldier—"I is Miss L. I want to see."

Colored Lady—"I am Miss L."

Soldier—"Under the circumstances you will not expect me to fulfill the engagement."

Colored Lady—"Oh, no; of course not, but, you will remember I wrote you that I had a dark complexion."

This ended the affair. The letters which passed between the parties are said to have been entrusted with the [illegible]

BEING BLOWN UP.

How it Feels—The Experience of an Old Salt who has been "Through the Mill."

The recent sad accident of the Austrian frigate Radetsky has sharpened the memory of an old Dane who had on board the Danish ship of the line Christian VIII., on the fifth of April, 1849, when she exploded. Fortunately, he was not killed, and has just given in the Vienna Press, in all earnestness, his experience and sensation at the time. The old sailors imagination seems to be one of the best:

In the first moment, he says, hearing and seeing both went away, though both came back very soon and I comprehended the whole affair. Lieutenant Frus had sprung the ship in the air. I constantly went hither. Not far from me I saw our foremast flying around me in a very dangerous manner. Above me every thing was concealed in the thick powder smoke, which shut out the sun; but below me the land lay spread out before my dizzy sight in the variegated beauty of spring. The Baltic glistened like silver in the fresh breeze but of the glorious battle ship there was nothing left but a blazing crater, and upon the frigate Gesion floated the flag of the enemy.

O, my poor Denmark, how much hast thou lost? I calculated—this is a remarkable physiological fact—while I was flying in the air the loss at one and a half million rigsdalers! In the meantime my movement upward became slower from second to second, and at last it appeared as if I was suspended perfectly still for a moment in the ether. An indescribable feeling of comfort permeated my breast, and confidence in the future of my dearly loved fatherland entered my soul! But this did not last long. I sank slowly again to the earth, and the foremast of all the other wreck around sank with me. Only a monster cloud of powder smoke remained in the air. Altogether different was my frame of mind as I approached the earth, with a rapidity of fifteen feet in the second.

In ascending I did not feel at all unhappy, but in descending on the contrary, I experienced an oppressive fearfulness which is hardly describable. I now saw before my eye death, upon which I never once thought; the period of my childhood sprang fresh in memory; I thought of my mother and my sweethearts, and with closed eyes, in maddened speed, came down headforemost. The clear pure water was beaten into a spray as I drove down like a bomb. I sank slowly, but deeper even deeper. Underneath, there prevailed a greenish twilight. Finally I reached the "dead point," and it appeared as if I was again raised up by the water. My breath was almost exhausted; yet I exerted my lungs to the utmost, and was at last rewarded with life. Even quicker I ascended, and at last I came out in the air like a cork. Powerful arms seized hold of me, raised me into the boat, and led me as a prisoner of war into arrest.

LEE AND MOTLEY.—It is stated that when Gen. Lee had his late interview with Gen. Grant, Mr. Motley was present. The meeting of these two different characters is suggestive. Mr. Motley is the historian of the Northerlands. He knew how to do justice to a brave people struggling for their liberties abroad. He could recognize something to be admired in the wonderful courage and conduct of the men who guided and inspired that great combat for liberty and justice. But when he looks upon qualities in his own county as heroic and disinterested, upon valor such as Greece and Rome never surpassed, and a chieftain, who, in public and private virtue and military genius, has no living equal, he beholds a wicked rebellious and most iniquitous traitor that the world ever saw justly punished by having their own negro slaves put over them. Mr. Motley, the historian of great deeds, who under no circumstances could perform what he has described, will be to the Court of St. James to bask in the sunshine of political and social position, while Gen. Lee, in the obscure village of Lexington, is withdrawn from the gaze, though not from the thoughts of the world. But, as Mr. Motley knows, there is such a thing as history; and long after the present Motley is forgotten, some future Motley will write, who will award to Gen. Lee as prominent and glorious a place among the great men of the world as the historian of the Northerlands has given to the [illegible]

From the Presbyterian.

The Lambs of the Fold.

BY MRS. W. L. MILLER.

As o'er thy green pastures thou watchest to-day,
Dear Shepherd, come hither and bless us, we pray,
The flock is now waiting thy face to behold;
Come, feed with thy hands the lambs of the fold.

We tell them of Thee—of thy goodness and love,
Of beautiful pastures in Eden above;
But O! they *will* wander afar, lest Thou hold,
And bear in thy bosom the lambs of the fold.

We tell them thy love is the wall 'round us here,
That without is a desert wild, fearful and drear;
But they look through the gates, and wha they behold
Of earth is most fair to the Lambs of the fold.

There are pathways encumbered with beautiful flowers;
There are fountains, and rills, and fairy-like bowers;
They *will not* believe, tho' oft they are told,
They'd lead on to ruin the lambs of the fold.

Go out, gentle Shepherd, and seek them, we pray,
For some have begun from the pasture to stray;
The night will be dark, the storm will be cold,
Bring back in thy arms the lambs of the fold.

Their feet are so tender; O! how they will bleed;
They'll find, 'midst the blossoms, the thorn and the weed,
The poison that lurks—the foe, strong and bold;
O! rescue from him the lambs of the fold

And when gentle Shepherd, thou need'st them above,
To fill up the pastures prepared in thy love,
Come *Thou* to the brink of the river so cold,
And bear o'er the waters each lamb of the fold.

Total Solar Eclipse in August.

A total eclipse of the sun will take place on the 7th of August next, the only one, since 1834, which could be observed in any considerable portion of this country, and no other total eclipse will be visible in America during the present century. As a partial eclipse it will be visible all over the Northern parts of this continent, while the path of the umbra, in which the eclipse will be total, is about 143 miles in breadth, entering the United States near the origin of Milk river, longitude 30 deg. W., thence through the Southwest corner of Minnesota, and diagonally through Iowa, crossing the Mississippi river near Burlington, Iowa; thence through Illinois, north of Springfield, crossing the Ohio river near Louisville, Ky.; thence through the Southwest corner of West Virginia, and through North Carolina, south of Raleigh, and thence to Newbern, entering the Atlantic north of Beaufort, N. C., ending at sunset in the ocean, in latitude 31 deg., 15 min., 2 sec. N., and longitude 9 deg., 36 min., 6 sec. E. Along the line above described the eclipse will be total, and at all other places in the United States partial. Along the Atlantic coast, in the United States, the eclipse ends at about sunset, In Washington City the umbra commences at 5 h. 2 m. P. M., and ends at 9 h. 52 m. P. M.

The Navy Department, at Washington City, with a view to glean all the information possible, has thus disposed of some of its most eminent professors of astronomy: Prof. Hall, of the Naval Observatory, and Mr. Joseph A. Rogers, of the Hydrographic Office, left Washington City the middle of last May for Behring's strait, under orders, to take observations in that quarter, at which place the eclipse makes its advent. Profs. Simon Newcomb, William Harkness, and J. R. Eastman, of the Naval Observatory, have been ordered to Iowa, each to take observations, acting independent of one another. Prof. Newcomb will take with him the largest object-glass from the Naval Observatory he can procure, and search for asteroids between Mercury and the sun. Some ten years since it was thought by Leverier, a distinguished astronomer, that a zone of planets existed between Mercury and the sun. They have never as yet been discovered, and no hopes are entertained of their discovery, except during a total eclipse. In view of this fact, Prof. Newcomb will have this particular charge under his direction as part of his duties on this occasion. Prof. Harkness will make investigations with the spectroscope. Dr. Curtis, of the U. S. Army, will accompany the observers, taking with him the large equatorial from the U. S. Naval Academy, loaned to the Observatory by Vice Admiral Porter for photographic observations. Prof. Eastman will have charge of and make meteorological observations. All these will go under the auspices of the U. S. Naval Observatory. Commodore [illegible] [illegible]

Queen Victoria's Model Farm.

Situated about a mile from Windsor, is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive, thing of the kind in the world. Its dairy department is thus described in a letter to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

"We entered a beautiful cottage and were shown by one of the queen's favorite servants into a room about forty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May blossoms, daisies, buttercups and primroses. The walls were lined with tiles of porcelain of a beautiful blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the queen, prince consort, and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the royal family, and bass-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite dairy. All around the walls ran a marble table, and through the centre two long ones supported by marble posts, resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of pure spring-water. By this means the table slabs are always kept cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in, in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates of the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milked skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal, porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland; so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the 'coming of the butter' without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more out grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners more than dissatisfied to see rolls of golden butter and cans of cream sold from the model farm for saving money for the queen! I know the butter is sold, for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."

DEATH OF A NOTORIOUS INFIDEL.—Samuel Ludvigh, the notorious German Infidel, died lately in Cumminsville, near Cincinnati, Ohio. He was born in Guens, Hungary, in 1801, and came to America in 1837. Here he began his editorial career in the publication of that most vile and infamous paper, *The Fackel*, which advocated the most low and vulgar infidelity. He was naturally a talented man, but his infidel brethren permitted him to contend all his lifetime with want for the necessaries of life. Infidelity does not understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Even on his death bed poor Ludvigh suffered the most pinching want, and the Turners of Cincinnati projected a theatrical exhibition for his benefit. But this came too late. Ludvigh died before the exhibition could take place, and now the proceeds are to be given to his poor widow and six children.

Why do not those for whose principles this man devoted his life take up a general collection among all the infidel brethren, by which the family might have been raised above want? The answer is, that genuine practical love to the brethren does not flow from this cold materialistic world, but it springs only from the fountain of love on Calvary, from Him who has shed His heart's blood out of love to the brethren. A living faith on the Redeemer will also kindle in the heart a love to the brethren.

I AM SO HAPPY.—Little Annie had for some time been very sad; but one day she was seen to appear very happy—her eyes sparkled with joy, and and she seemed as though she felt, it was so great.

"Annie, why are you so cheerful?" she was asked.

"O," she said, "It is because I am so happy!"

"But why are you so happy?"

"O, I was so wicked, and God was angry with me; but now he has forgiven me, and that is why I am so happy."

A Vermont man has written to a lawyer in Indiananapolis, to know whether he can have a "devors," being unable to support his wife, asking moreover what it will cost. "If it cost $20, I can't pay that much."

A lot of new Texas cotton, in the seed, was sold in Brownville, on the 11th ult., at four cents per pound, specie.

It is estimated that the number of persons who visited Florida on business, as settlers, and as invalids or pleasure-seekers, last winter will reach three hundred thousand.

The King of Prussia, though a strict temperance man, drinks now every morning a great deal of French cognac for the purpose of appearing in public with the semblance of unimpaired health and vigor. Without the use of the stimulant it is said he would be unable to leave his room.

Sir Robert Clitton, who died recently in England, had £250,000 insurance on his life. Most of the policies were held as security for advances made the deceased.

An aeriel steamer has been tried in San Francisco, and it is said the vessel rose in the air about seventy-five feet, the machinery operating successfully, buoying up and driving forward the vessel with considerable speed.

Letters received in Montreal from President Jefferson Davis, who is now in Paris, state that it is doubtful if his health will ever permit his return. If he recovers sufficiently to travel he will spend the summer in Canada and the winter in Mississippi.

A negro alderman was present at the Gettysburg celebration, and was refused admission to the hotel. Having during last winter, waited on a distinguished Congressman who was in Gettysburg at the time, he applied to him to use his influence in his behalf with the hotel man. The representative declined to interfere, and the darkey stayed out in the cold. The Mayor of Washington, who was present, did his best for the negro but he failed to stir the landlord.

Sam Hildebrand, the notorious Missouri outlaw, who had eighty death-notches on the but of his rifle, is reported to have died of the wound which he recently received when defending himself against an armed posse of sixteen. He had escaped and wandered through the brush for some days with a large party in pursuit, but cheated them of the $10.000 reward offered by dying under the hands of a physician.

Memphis, Tenn., under Radical rule is not a pleasant place to live in. There have been forty-three murders and homicides committed in the city and vicinity during the past twelve months. Of the guilty parties none have been punished, and only two convicted and sentenced, viz: Gavin and Moody, who are to be hung on the 20th of August.

Reports of great social immorality having reached the ears of the grand jury at Dubeque, Iowa, subpœnas were issued to almost every male inhabitant who had reached years of discretion.

The Virginia Conservatives have defeated the Radical party by a majority of 40,000.

The fashionable circles of Brooklyn are disturbed just now by a well founded report that the daughter of a wealthy merchant living on the Heights eloped last week with her father's coachman; while those of South Boston are hardly less agitated over the fact that a young lady of social position and culture, and one of the belles of that aristocratic locality, has adopted the stage as a profession and will appear at one of the New York theatres next autumn.

Mrs. General Grant's "best" dinner set was made in Paris, expressly for the White House. Will the New York Tribune call this encouraging American manufactures?

There is much excitement in New York over the fact that a large number of brokers have been brought before the grand Jury for a violation of the usury laws.

Wm. H. Sanford, cashier of one of the New York National Banks, has decamped, being a defaulter for one hundred thousand dollars, caused by the unfortunate gold speculations. He leaves a destitute wife and children. His character for years was irreproachable. The business of the bank will proceed as usual.

Sixty-two emigrants, direct from Switzerland, arrived at Goldsboro', N. C., on Friday evening. They are in fine condition, and were received by members of the North Carolina immigration Association. Mr. Hatch, the agent of that association, has returned from Europe.

Wells, Fargo & Co. have shipped $1,000,000 overland since the opening of the Pacific Railroad.