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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1869. VOLUME XVII--NO. 15.

The Dying Mother.

BY ALICE CARY.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosom—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Around the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was the mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then glory bound her forehead
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
On the baby's golden hair.

Appearances Against Him.

A New England merchant, doing a large business, requiring several clerks, a short time since missed several articles of value from his store. He determined to watch the habits of these young men to discover, if possible, which one, if either of them, was untrustworthy. There was one of them who appeared particularly active and faithful; was the first to come and the last to leave at night; his dress was inferior to that of the other clerks; and he was evidently not particularly popular among them. The merchant learned that this young man remained for an hour or more after the others left, with the door of the store locked. This circumstance awakened his suspicions, and he arranged a plan to conceal himself in the store, so that he might discover what occurred when the clerk supposed himself to be unobserved. Having sent the young man upon an errand just before the hour of closing, he entered his place of concealment. The door was locked as usual at the proper time. The clerk at once began to sweep and put the establishment in order. While waiting for the dust to settle, he was seen to go behind the counter, and taking something from under it, place it in the breast of his coat. The merchant was now all alive to discover what had been taken and what was to be done with it. The young man went to the window and sat in silence a few moments, apparently examining the package which he had taken from his breast. The merchant was not left long in doubt. His clerk soon fell upon his knees; he saw that it was the Bible he had been reading, and now he offered aloud a simple and touching prayer, for himself, his mother and sister, his employer, and particularly for a brother clerk, who, he feared, was yielding to temptation. After he had finished dusting he left the store, unconscious of having had a human eye upon him.

It is easy to believe that the merchant was deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. This clerk's salary was increased several hundred dollars a year, and he was given the position made vacant by the discharge of another whose criminal acts had been discovered.—*Agriculturist.*

In Richmond is a negro who, eighteen years ago, bought his freedom of his master, and, working hard, early and late, soon was able to buy his wife. He has been prospering since, and he now owns the finest livery stable and hack stand in the State, and is said to be worth $50,000. His old master, when Lee evacuated Richmond, in April, 1865, was worth half a million dollars. Thousands upon thousands were destroyed by fire; money went this way and that, and not long after he came back to Richmond broken in spirit, ruined in property, and tired of his troublesome life. His old slave found, took him to his house, gave him the best medical skill that money could buy and every luxury. Presently the old man died, peacefully and happily. His funeral was a large and expensive one, and he was borne to a lot in the cemetery paid for by his old slave, who also paid for the funeral outlay. Over him was raised a handsome monument, paid for with the negro's money. The widow of the deceased slave owner lives in a house presented by the negro, who also supplies her with every comfort.

H. O. Gibbs, Esq., of Pittsfield, Vt., has a Durham cow two years old, that has given 50 pounds of milk in 24 hours, and made about 12 pounds of butter a week on grass only.

Something Unusual in Virginia—A Mormon Train en route for Utah.

On Wednesday morning last the city of Norfolk, Virginia, was visited by a number of country-appearing people, who loitered about the upper portion of the city as if they had nothing to do, and whose actions excited a great deal of curiosity among the citizens generally. The centre of attraction to these new-comers from the rural districts seemed to be the wharf of the New York Steamship Company, where the Isaac Bell lay, taking in a cargo for New York. The status and destination of these people is thus stated by the Norfolk *Virginian:*

Upon inquiring at the wharf, we were referred to two persons, who appeared to be the business men of the company, and who informed us that they were Elders Howard K. Corey and H. J. Boyle, of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, and whose residence were respectively in Provo and Ogden cities, Utah Territory. They informed us that they had been preaching in the counties of Stokes and Surry, North Carolina, and Smythe, Virginia, and this company of emigrants was partially the result of their labors. The company consisted of about one hundred and thirty men, women and children, fully one-half of whom were females. The people seemed to be deeply imbued with the peculiar doctrine of the sect, and to have full faith in their leaders, the elders above mentioned. They have sold off their property, whenever practicable, and will make a fresh start in the land of promise. Some of them, we are told, being unable to dispose of their lands, left them rather than be left behind. The men seem to be entirely of the industrial classes, stout, sunburned farmers, and would be an invaluable acquisition in any community. The women, with one or two exceptions, seem to be entirely destitute of personal charms, and if the universal report of Mormondom be true, they will, in many instances, be destined to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for more favored ones.

Convents.—Thackeray expresses his feelings and thoughts respecting an Irish convent in Cork, as follows: In the grille is a little wicket and a lodge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his, and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she offers herself up and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies forever the beautiful duties of her being—no tender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her—there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. O honest Martin Luther! thank God, you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! was the blue spire of the Monkstown church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of gladness and motion round about, and I couldn't but thank heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who gave us affections that we may use them—not smother and kill them; and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shrink from it, as though we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it and its bountiful Provider. I declare, I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit suttee-ism in India, as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them.

Nothing Leaves Us as it Found Us.—If a sheet of a paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading specter of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the specter of the key will again appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on the brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the specter image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

A Memorable Sunday—The Last Day of the Confederacy—Scenes in Richmond—The Flight of President Davis—Evacuation of the Capital—The Conflagration.

From Pollard's Life of Jefferson Davis, just published, we copy the following spirited picture of the scene which preceded the final evacuation of the Confederate capital:

No sound of the battle—not an echo, not a breath had yet reached the doomed city. It was a lovely Sabbath day, and Richmond basked in its beauty and enjoyed more than usual remission from the cares of the week. There were no sounds of the vexed thoroughfare; the long streets laid open, not a vehicle upon them; the murmur of the river gave tones only to soothe the ear, and the silent pulses of the sunshine beat slowly in the misty warm air that laid on the landscape. It was a day of careless thoughts. The usual Sunday crowd lounged near the post office, exchanging rumors of the war, or the latest depraved gossip of Richmond society. Hundreds wended their way to the churches, while not a few of their "country's hope" trod the paths beaten as sheep-walks to the back entrances of the whiskey shops on Main street, and sought consolation in the shades of "the Chickahominy," "the Rebel" and "the Wilderness." Ladies dressed in full finery, in which the fashions of many years were mingled, were satisfied to make a display at St. Paul's about equal to the holiday wardrobes in better days of the negroes at the African Church. At the former church worshipped Mr. Davis. He now sat stiff and alone in "the President's pew"—where no one outside his family had ever dared to intrude since Mrs. Davis had ordered the sexton to remove two ladies who had ventured there, and who on turning their faces to the admonition to leave, delivered before the whole congregation, had proved, to the dismay and well deserved mortification of the President's wife, to be the daughters of General Lee. Mr. Davis was an earnest worshipper. But a Sunday before this memorable one, he, General Lee and Secretary Trenholm had gone together to the communion table, and many eyes in the congregation had been moistened to see these three men, on whom depended so many of human hopes, kneeling side by side, to partake of the most precious and comforting sacrament of the church. Now a very different scene was to be witnessed.

In the midst of the services, a man walked noisily into the church, and handed the President a slip of paper. Mr. Davis read the paper, rose, and walked out of the church without agitation, but his face and manner evidently constrained; an uneasy whisper ran through the crowd of worshippers, and many hastened into the street. The congregation was soon dismissed. The rumor had already gained the street that Richmond was to be evacuated; it was confirmed to a few who penetrated the closed doors of the War Department, or made persistent inquiries at the telegraph office; but, although the Government had no motive now to suppress the sad truth, but, on the contrary, was in duty bound to inform the people and prepare them for the exigency, it is remarkable that there was no authentic announcement of the intended evacuation, no published order on the subject; no official notification of any sort; and that news in which every man's household was involved, was left to wander all day as a vague rumor in the streets, only to be confirmed by the actual visible fact of the authorities leaving the city.

A little past noon some regiments of Longstreet's command, on the north of James River, were seen marching through the city, on their way to reinforce General Lee in the battle he was then supposed to be making to save or recover his lines before Petersburg. The soldiers moved with a slouching step; and once on their disordered march, it is said groans were called for Jefferson Davis. Formerly when Confederate soldiers had passed through Richmond there had been music, cheers, crowds of shouting spectators, throngs of ladies standing on the balconies of the principal hotels on Main street, to waive their adieux, perchance to scatter flowers on them, at least to bestow upon them sweet and inspiring countenances. Now, as they passed through the thoroughfare, only a few spectators looked on sadly or cynically; no note of music cheered the sullen procession of men marching sadly and wearily to death; a few blank faces appeared at the windows, and on the balcony of the American Hotel only two or three ladies stood.

For four years Richmond had lived in the easy row of the war. Now it appeared as if the day of judgment had been called upon it. Now there was hurrying to and fro. Now the panic-stricken city broke up as if riven by lightning, into black, torn crowds of maddened men, conscience-stricken fugitives, sobered revelers, blanched women and children, fleeing wildly through the streets, over the bridges of the river, through every avenue of escape from the terrible day of judgment—the chariots of fire and wrath that were next day to enter the doomed city. It was a scene never to be forgotten in the memories of Richmond. The night was hoarse with the roar of the great fight.

The reporter of the associated press, who was aware that eight o'clock had been designated by General Lee as the hour of evacuation, unless meantime he succeeded in re-establishing his lines, in which event he would telegraph again, attended the room of General Breckinridge at that hour and was admitted. He came out with a blank face. "There is no hope," said General Breckinridge, and he walked quietly from the room and from the building to the house where the President was then concealed, making private preparations for his flight. There was no last council or conference. All that there was of deliberative assembly—all that remained of the once proud and loquacious Government of Jefferson Davis—was to appoint the rendezvous and time for flight, the Cabinet members being instructed to meet the President at the Danville depot a little before midnight.

The capitol appeared deserted; but as night fell it was noticed that the main doorway was ajar. Hid away in an obscure room in the third story, the City Council was anxiously debating what ceremonies were necessary for the surrender of the city, since the President was supposed to have already fled or to be concealed for the present in Manchester, and the duty of surrendering the capitol was thus devolved upon the municipal authorities. It was a cowardly debate removed from the observation of the citizens. One of the councilmen was ostentatiously dressed in a Confederate uniform. So extreme was the concern for the safety of the city, and such the anxiety for its readiest humiliation, that it was arranged that a notification of surrender should be given before the next day broke, and three hours past midnight the Mayor, despite his eighty years of age was started in a dilapidated vehicle on the mission of surrendering Richmond before the enemy could get in sight of it.

Before the Mayor could mount on his mission to the enemy, a new and surpassing terror fell upon the city. It had been fired in various quarters, and there were already gleams of conflagration on the dark horizon. While the heaving and tumultuous city was even at this hour of the night filled with pillagers and marauders—convicts from the penitentiary, who had escaped, their guards having fled, and lawless soldiers who were no longer under any control, the main command of General Ewell having already tramped across the bridges over the river—the wakeful and anxious eyes of thousands of terrified citizens looking from their windows beheld this new apparition of horror rising from the black wastes of the night. Word came that the Shockoe warehouse was fired; then again, that three other large warehouses, containing tobacco had been given to the flames. It was too late; the hand of the Government was recognized in it.

A French journal reports the discovery of a book of theological discussions, written by some of the early monks, upon such questions as these: "What was the shape of the wings of the Archangel Gabriel?" "Did Pilate use soap when he washed his hands?" "How much wine did they drink at the marriage in Cana?" "Are there any angels with baritone voices?" "Could Christ have changed himself into a devil, or into a pumpkin?" "If a priest should be interrupted during the baptism, at a moment when about to pronounce the name of the child, and should pronounce "Sapristi," should the child bear through life the name of Sapristi, and is the baptism valid?" It is said that the discussion of these different question fills three volumes of five hundred pages each.

Massachusetts is in the agony of execution of the new prohibitory law, and its inhabitants invent many ingenious dodges to get possession of the ardent. Thus, a Taunton man the other day procured a prescription from a doctor, and then added to it the words, "one bottle of porter." The pharmaceutist noticed a difference in the chirography, and ignored the "porter."

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has just received a bequest of $10,000.

The "Coming Man."

The Memphis *Avalanche* says:

It can no longer be said that Chinese immigration is a dream or a thing on paper. The "ball" is fairly started, and at least one thousand Chinamen, with their rat-traps and pig-tails, will be at work in the cotton fields of this section before the close of the coming picking season. They will be of the best and most reliable laboring class, and will add greatly to the development of our resources and the restoration of our lands, which, since the war, have been relapsing into their original wild state. Mr. George W. Gift will leave here on Thursday of this week in the interest of the Arkansas River Immigration Company, and is authorized to contract for and bring back 1,000 Chinamen, to be delivered to Thos. H. Allen, agent of the company in this city. He goes via the Union Pacific Railroad to San Francisco and thence by steamer to Hong Kong, which route will occupy between forty and fifty days. The return trip will probably be all the way by water to New Orleans. In the event that the necessary number and right material can be obtained in California, Mr. Gift will return at once with them from that place, deferring his trip to China to some future time, or until the experiment of Chinese labor in the cotton fields of the South is fairly made. He is provided with the means necessary for expenses, and has also letters of credit for $50,000. Here is the first practical step in an enterprise that will no doubt result in great good. Mr. Gift is the man to carry out the business successfully, and his return will be looked forward to with great interest and anxiety. The examples set by the company he represents is one that should be followed throughout the South, and we trust the company organized in Memphis during the past week, which is to operate on a larger scale, will make as quick time in getting under full headway, that the practical results may be experienced before the close of this cotton season.

THE ANTI-COOLIE LAW.

In regard to the law of Congress prohibiting the coolie trade, about which so much has been said, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette* remarks:

The "act" about which so much fuss is all at once made, is necessarily wholly inoperative here, because there is nothing whatever for it to operate upon in this country, and never was. It distinctly relates to a species of slaves known as "coolies," and tolerated only in certain "foreign" countries, and never in this since the revolution, as is plainly recognized in the law itself. Herr Koopmanschaap is simply to *contract* for laborers in China to *emigrate* to America at so much a head—the expense to be deducted from their wages when employed. Every one professing to enlighten the public mind should know that at least since the adoption of the Constitution in 1787, the specific performance of such a "contract" cannot be enforced by the courts. The risk must be run by the employer, and, for the edification of the tergiversating Radical organs, here and elsewhere, I have it in my power to say that *it will not be endured.* In this respect the question is no new one, as the early career of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will show. They dealt, however, with quite another sort of "coolies" than the Chinese.

A VOICE FOR REPEAL.

The New York *Times* is in favor of repealing or modifying the act of Congress prohibiting the coolie trade, so as to offer no impediment to the importation of Chinese labor:

The editor assumes that "there is no longer any doubt of the great value and economy of Chinese coolies as agricultural laborers; they have been tested as common laborers on various public improvements in the West, and have been found more economical than others; but they have not proved to be available as skilled laborers. There is no doubt that the Pacific coast needs laborers, and that Asia will most probably supply that demand for many years to come. The conditions, in an industrial sense, are, therefore, somewhat changed from what they were when the law was passed, and favor its modification. The conditions, politically and socially, are also materially altered, and these also favor the modification of the law. To prohibit the coolie trade entirely is to prohibit the immigration of the Chinese. The coolies are too poor to immigrate without help; their government will not send them, and hence those in need of their labor will have to supply the means of transportation."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think that ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

From the Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

Letter from Hon. A. Burt.

A few of the distinguished gentlemen of the State were invited by the President of the Female College to attend the late Commencement in Institution; among others, Hon. A. Burt, of Abbeville. It was a matter of regret that he could not be present. In answer to the invitation, the following letter was received, which, on account of its general interest, we we take the liberty of publishing, hoping that the writer will excuse us:

ABBEVILLE, July 8, 1869.

REV. J. I. BONNER—*Dear Sir:* I thank you sincerely and cordially for the invitation to atttend the Commencement of the Due West Female College on the 15th of this month, and deeply do I regret that inexorable professional duties will require me to be elsewhere on that day.

I beg to assure you that I deem your invitation a high compliment, and were it practicable, that my presence should attest my appreciation of the honor to myself, and my sense of the inestimable importance of institutions for the education of the young women of our country. Amongst the bright memories of our past, none are more grateful to the christian or the patriot than the virtues and the deeds of the women of the South. Glorious as have been the achievements of Southern men on the great theatres of life—in the council chamber, the forum, and the field—I feel, in the very truthfulness of my heart, that they all were parallelled by the refinement, the gentleness, the dignity and the heroism of Southern women. My fondest, best hope for our future, the accomplishment of the great work of restoration of that of which we have been deprived, and the preservation of the little we still possess, lies in our women. If we can but preserve the ancient, the characteristic virtues of Southern women, we shall yet rejoice in a free country and a high civilization; if we fail, I avert my eyes from our fate in utter black despair.

Labor, unremitting toil, dull, depressing but manly and honorable toil, is the duty and the destiny of the present day. But the young women must be educated, and they will refine and educate and elevate the men. Illiterate and unrefined women are rarely, if ever, the mothers or the wives of those who mould the destinies of a people, or achieve their freedom from oppression. But I forbear.

With these views of our present and future, I need not assure you of the patriotic pride and joy with which I contemplate all endeavors and all institutions in behalf of female education. Amongst such institutions, I have regarded with especial interest the College over which you preside with so much usefulness, and with such ability; and gladly would cheer you on in your noble work with my presence, with words of commendation, and with my prayers.

Very truly yours,
ARMISTEAD BURT.

The Ice Question.—The artificial production of ice has long been an experiment with which every tyro in science is familiar; but it is only of late that the process has been so simplified and utilized as to render it, especially in warm latitudes, an important and profitable branch of manufacturing enterprise. A recent invention by a Jerseyman, which distills fresh and pure water from the ocean brine, and then in a few minutes converts the distilled water into solid blocks of crystal ice, is attracting much attention just now throughout the country. By a modification of the same plan, fruits, meats and vegetables can be preserved in their purity and freshness for an almost indefinite period.

Artificial ice, manufactured by this process, is now sold in large quantities in New Orleans, and the system is coming into general use; but more particularly for the preservation of Texan beeves and their shipment to New York and other Northern cities. The hold of a vessel can be readily converted into a mammoth refrigerator, so that tons upon tons of perishable produce can be safely carried on long voyages; and the same principle can be successfully applied to the smallest refrigerator, and be made available for the convenience of the most limited household. The apparatus, which is exceedingly simple, admits of the production of any temperature desired, even as low as one degree below zero. It has been found however, that thirty-five degrees, three above the freezing point, suffices to prevent the decomposition of meat, and that is the temperature used in the large meat-house at New Orleans. So rapidly is this important and useful invention coming into universal use in the Southwest, that it would not be surprising if, in the course of a few years, the ship[illegible] New England ice to the Southern States should have become a thing of the past.

Fourteen Years Asleep.

Death of the Remarkable Sleeping Woman in Kentucky.

Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, the sleeping wonder, died at her mother's home, some eight miles from Hickman, Kentucky, on Wednesday, the 14th instant.

The history of Miss Godsey is well known to the public, a statement of her wonderful condition having been published extensively by the press of the United States. At the time of her death, Miss Godsey was about twenty-six years of age, and had been asleep, as described, about fourteen years. The existence of this wonderful case of coma, or preternatural disposition to sleep, has been doubted by many, but the fact is indisputable. Indeed, some twelve months ago, Miss Godsey was taken to Nashville and other places for exhibition, but we understand many even of the physicians of Nashville looked upon the case with suspicion. The history of the case is briefly: When about twelve years of age she was taken with a severe chill, and treated accordingly by her physician. As the fever which followed her chill subsided, she fell in a deep sleep, in which condition she has remained ever since, except at intervals. It was her custom at first to awake regularly, with a few minutes of the same hours each day; but of later years she awoke oftener, so much so that many considered it an indication of her final recovery. She would remain awake five, ten, or perhaps, fifteen minutes and gradually drop off to sleep again. When asleep it was utterly impossible to arouse her. She never complained of any bodily pain, though when asleep she was very nervous at times, and appeared to suffer considerably by the violent twitching and jerking of her muscles and limbs, and her hands clenched tightly as if enduring severe pain, but when awake she did not appear to suffer except from drowsy, gaping inclination, and persistent effort to cleanse her throat of phelgm. She generally passed into sleep through violent paroxysm, which would last perhaps five minutes, and she would then sleep awhile as calmly and quietly as an infant. Miss Godsey was of medium size, and her limbs and muscles were well-proportioned and developed, and grew considerably after affliction.

Miss Godsey, on the day she died, indulged in a little prophesying which we give as related for what it is worth. She said "the sun would be a total eclipse on the 7th of August," (this is remarkable, because parties assert that she could have had no knowledge that this was according to calculation,) "and that the sun would never shine as bright after that day. That this would indicate the end of the world, which was speedily approaching."

Manufactures at the South.

People everywhere are beginning to open their eyes to the marvellous advantages which this Southern land of ours possesses as a manufacturing region. The contrast between the doleful talk of the New England mill-owners and the cheerful reports from the cotton factories of South Carolina, Georgia and other Southern States, is too marked to long escape the attention of the keen sighted capitalists of the North.

A Massachusetts manufacturer has recently declared that it cost at least sixteen cents to manufacture fabrics which would not bring in market more than fifteen cents per yard. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that either because of real loss, or in order to secure a high protective tariff on foreign goods, the whole Yankee manufacturing interest is just now making particularly wry faces. Formerly, as is well known, the profits of cotton manufacture were very great, and it may now be that that the complaint is owing rather to a reduction of these large dividends than to the alleged total deprivation of profits. In any event, however, it is gratifying to know that the depression, real or affected, which prevails in New England, is not felt in any degree by our own mills, and that even recently established cotton factories in the cotton producing region are paying quarterly dividends of five per cent upon the initial expenditure. New England manufacturers must look to it, or their occupation will soon be gone. They must choose between surrounding themselves with idiotic castes, transferring their mills South bodily, or locking their capital into cotton [illegible] for the [illegible] with cotton fabrics manufactured where the cotton is grown, and possibly Southern mills may find a large market in the North for their goods. In the face of the united opposition of the great West, and of a South steadily and surely increasing in wealth and power, the "industrial kings" Down East cannot hope much longer to bolster up by special legislation, at the expense of consumers, the pleasant monopoly which has so long kept them sleek and fat.—*Charleston News.*

The Empress Eugenie of German Descent.—It probably known to a few readers that the Empress Eugine has German blood in her veins. Gustave Rasch, a German tourist traveller, who generally manages to scrape up all the interesting and piquant items of gossip in his wanderings, has lately been through Spain. In one of his letters to an Austrian paper, he says:

In Malaga, many years ago, there lived a poor German toy dealer, who had a very beautiful daughter, to whom the third son of Count Montijo, a wealthy Andalusian, began to make love. This toy dealer's beautiful daughter was as sensible as she was beautiful, however, and repelled the advances of the young Count, saying, "Without marriage, no love." The young count was, however, really in love with the poor girl, and in spite of the opposition of his father and his whole family, he married her. The old count was enraged at this, withdrew every income from his son, and the married life of the young couple was at first very gloomy. But the young countess had fortune; the two older brothers of her husband died and the latter became the heir to the title and possessions of his rich father. The daughter of this poor German girl is the Empress of the French, the wife of Louis Napoleon.

The brick six story hotel in Boston, known as the Pelham House, is to be removed, to permit the widening of Boylston street. Eighteen traverses have been constructed under the building, each forming a trainway. All are equal to the best foundation walls. Each of them is thus built: A trench is dug from the foundations westward, fourteen feet in length. The trench is filled in its whole length with immense blocks of granite. On these a brick wall is built of the strongest cement, two feet wide, one or two feet high, and fourteen feet long. Along the top of this wall run several rails an inch or two apart. These rails are made of flat, thick iron. From under every one of the six walls that run from Boylston street to the back of the building these traversers of stone, brick and iron go fourteen feet westward in the direction that the building is to go. The building will roll on small iron rollers or round bars over the flat iron rails along the traversers.

Some time ago the New York Board of Health undertook an investigation of the quality of the kerosene oil sold in that city for family use. Their chemist, Professor Chandler, of Columbia College, tested over one hundred samples, purchased at different retail stores in various localities, and found not one among the whole lot which came up to the standard required by law. Indeed, one-eighth of the samples were pure benzine, one of the most dangerous products of the distillation of petroleum, disguised under the names of "Aurora Oil," "Liquid Safety Gas," and the like.

The Orientals travel with bar gold coin and coin and jewels to pay their way in foreign lands, banking being very little of an Eastern institution; therefore it is not so very wonderful, if curious, to hear that the Viceroy of Egypt, to meet his expenditure in England, came furnished with twelve boxes of oak, bound with brass, each box being eighteen inches long, nine inches high, and twelve in width, and containing gold and notes.

A movement is developing itself in Virginia, having for its object a reconciliation between the two leading factions of the Republican party in that State, many of the Radicals who supported Wells having expressed themselves satisfied, with the sentiments contained in the speeches of Governor-elect Walker.

A company have commenced operations near Norfolk, Va., to reduce cane or reeds to fibre, for the manufacture of paper-box board, pasteboard, wrapping paper, &c. The cane fibre will be ground, beaten up, or reduced to pulp, for the above articles.

The Pacific Railroad is bringing fresh fruits from California; and the dispatch of a fruit car, laden with [illegible] for Chicago and New York opens up the prospect of a large fruit trade between the Atlantic and Pacific States.