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ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS—HIS HOME AND PRIVATE SURROUNDINGS.

The forthcoming work of Henry Cleveland furnishes the following description of Mr. Stephens at his home in Crawfordville:

The inner room is the sanctum sanctorum. If a visitor comes in winter, a light tap is given on the door, a quick, but pleasant voice says, "come in," and turning the top knob of the door gives admittance. All is open in summer; there is a pretty carpet of green flowers and a low French bedstead draped in white. The walls too are white. There is a bureau and mirror; cot-bed for waiting boy, Tim; washstand and toilet furniture. Over the mantle, Brady's imperial photograph, taken in 1855. It is flanked on the right by the picture of "Faith at the Cross," given while at Fort Warren, by a much valued lady friend; on the left by an embroidered watch stand and a pair of lamps; then a book-case with broken glass, and bundles of paper in great seeming disorder. The disorder is not so great but the owner can find what he wishes; and before the confusion incident to the late war, no statesman kept such perfect order among so many various papers. There is a little round top writing-table, with eyelet press, and papers and scraps. More papers and scraps are in the little table drawer, and the mind of the owner is the index to them all if they are not disturbed. That annoys him greatly. His old office and other library are at the Courthouse but he seldom goes to it.

On the worsted hearth-rug of this room in winter, and on the grass of the yard in summer, lounges, a hugh brown mastiff named Troup. Near this larger specimen of the canine species is usually to be seen a little black terrier, with a chronic growl; he is called Frank.—A restless yellow pup sometimes intrudes, but is generally sent away with the proper rebuke from his grave seniors. He bears the appropriate name of Sir Bingo Binks, one of the characters in Walter Scott's "St. Roman's Well."

Rio, the famous poodle dog, the favorite pet and companion of the statesmen for years, both at home and abroad, has had since 1863 a dreamless sleep in the garden. The red clay mound that marks the spot of his burial still awaits the tablet for which the appropriate epitaph was once written:

Here rest the remains
Of what, in life, was a satire on the human race
And an honor to his own—
A faithful dog.

On the left of the fireplace of the room we last spoke of, in winter, in the veranda in summer, is generally seen the owner of the premises. The man is known personally, and by thousands of pictures, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. The face is so kind that it is almost handsome; and many years of high thought, generous deeds, and patient suffering have given it that peculiar look of the maturely good which is almost beautiful. His age, on the 11th of February, 1866, was fifty-four. The eyes are large, dark, habitually thoughtful and almost sad, sometimes full of brilliant power, and always fine. His dress is such as described by the "Blind Captain," except that in summer it is usually white. The pure and delicate fabric of the outer garments, however, hide the heavy woolen that ill health and neuralgia compel him to wear.

OILING A VENTRILOQUIST.—A physician says that he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engines were upon the deck, and he sauntered in that vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent on the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil-can, a gigantic one by the way, the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of the kind, liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went on well for awhile, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the doctor and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the back of the neck and emptied the contents of the can down his spine. "There!" said he "I don't believe that engine will squeak again."

COMMUNICATED.

FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS:

BEING A SONG OF RAALBAC, PRINCE OF METHEG-AMMAH.

When I started upon life's journey the attainment of happiness was my sole object. Her fair hand seemed beckoning from the far future. Her bright smiles filled the world with *coleur de rose*.

I hastened to festive halls and mingled with the throng of giddy revelers. I saw glad smiles dimple the flushed cheeks of Beauty, and glowing eyes emit flashes of enthusiasm, as surging waves of melody rolled upon the tear-sprinkled strand of feeling. But amid all this apparent enjoyment, I have seen warm hearts grow cold, bright eyes droop in sadness, and rosy cheeks become pale beneath the mask of mirth.

I was seeking happiness, and my heart told me, "it is not here."

So I turned away, and wandered through wild woods and in deep misty glens.

I gathered lilies in the valley, and clambering the sides of lofty mountains plucked roses from the summits. But the wild wood held poisonous things, and the glens grew dark with shadows; the fair lilies of the valley drooped, and the mountain roses withered. Then I followed the course of winding streams, and my ears drank eagerly the music of falling waters—but those sounds grew monotonous and the crystal fountains became murky.

Turning from thence, I pressed the green sod of the forest beneath my feet, in the early morning, when flowers of delicious fragrance perfumed the winds, and a thousand birds made music in the boughs of the stately trees. A weary sigh burst from my heart, like a wild bird.

Happiness was not there.

I turned me again to the world's broad ways. I reached out hands—feverish with wild unrest for worldly honors. I strove to press the shadowy phantom, Fame, to my unsatisfied yearning breast. I sought to reap golden opinions. I called to my aid all the artifices of a wily ambition to secure the affections and plaudits of an uncertain and fickle world. My insatiate ears were bent to the flattery of sycophantic followers. Pride and vanity were despotic sovereigns in their kingdom of deceptive shadows; they bound their captive subject with galling chains of disappointment. With sickening anguish I loathed the hollowness of these painted pageantries until the grass-grown grave of fame lost its attractiveness. The tender crown of laurels became withered upon the throbbing brow it encircled—a wearying sense of the worthlessness of the prize so eagerly sought, pursued me. My feet were bruised and wounded upon the rugged ways—I was groping, as one in the dark, for happiness, and my heart said, "it is not here."

Tired and sad, I forsook the world; fleeing, as a man flees from danger, from the halls of festivity; for music now seemed a warning, and mirth a mockery. My heart was wailing for a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace. My soul, panting amid the sands of the desert-world, was thirsting for living waters.

The scorching rays of noon-day consumed me. I pined for the shade of the tree of life. From a far country came a messenger unto me. His mien was gentle and his face was fair. He spake pleasant words of wisdom and love. Within his hand he held a Book, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, whereon each page is writ, with pen of fire, a wondrous truth of love and mercy.

He told me of a better land, and described in glowing words a city out of sight, and mansions eternal prepared in heaven. He lifted up his voice in words of teaching: "Receive my instructions and not silver, and knowledge rather than fine gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. Now therefore hearken unto me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord."

And he showed me a pure river, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb; in the midst of the sheet of it, and on either side of the river was the tree of life. My heart throbbed with a new and wild delight when he asked in thrilling tones, "will you come to the land of eternal joy? The spirit and the bride say come, let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely." I sought happiness and my heart rapturously said, "it is there, it is there."

The song of Raal-bac, Prince of Methegammah is ended.

AMRIECHAUSKA.

Fayetteville, 1866.

Artemus Ward thus describes his perils at sea: "Deth stared us in the face; but we had rather the advantage of Deth. While Deth stared us into the face, there was about seventy of us starin deth into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin to us. Not much. I don't know how deth liked it."

The Southern Methodist papers abound in reports of large accessions to the church in various parts of the country. The Nashville Advocate reports from different circuits, 770; the Richmond Advocate 1,000; the St. Louis Advocate 350; the New Orleans Advocate 175.

THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE.

The following, which we copy from The Farmer, is equally applicable to North Carolina as well as Virginia:

The Science of Agriculture, the oldest and most honorable of all pursuits, embraces all the products of the earth necessary for the subsistence of man.

Wheerver man has existed in the social state, it has necessarily been the main fountain of wealth and prosperity. Encouraged by special laws among the Egyptians, deified by the Greeks, it has throughout all time occupied the energies and intelligence of our race. It has felled forests, drained marshes, reclaimed land from the ocean, changed the aspect of nature, "made the solitary place to rejoice and the wilderness to blossom as the rose." Our continent, which, a little over three centuries ago, was a pathless forest, the home of the savage, has, by the energy of its votaries, been made to teem with the products of the earth, which from a thousand tributaries are now carried to different marts, making our rivers and railroads the channel of an endless stream. Agriculture is the source of all real wealth, prosperity and power. Without it, no people can ever rise to rank and influence. Spain marks her decline from the time when the gold and silver of her South American possessions diverted the attention of her people from Agriculture to the pursuit of wealth in mines and caves. And so it will ever be, for it is only from our mother earth that we can derive our support. Virginia has ever been an Agricultural State, and is peculiarly and eminently adapted to that pursuit, both on account of its varied soil and its genial climate, and yet her resources which are immense, have never been developed to one-tenth of their capabilities.

A negligent system of cultivation of large tracts of land has been detrimental to her best interests, and not until the whole system is changed, need we look for any improvement. Small farms, deep ploughing, draining, trenching, the liberal use of fertilizers will more than quadruple her products. Farming must be made the business and not the amusement of life. Thrift, industry and the closest attention to the interests and wants of the farm, economy in labor and stock, the cultivation of those crops which will give the greatest yield from the least outlay, are necessary to, and will inevitably render farming a profitable and certain source of revenue. We constantly hear of the failure of crops and the destructiveness of insects, and these are urged against the profitableness of agricultural pursuits; but let it be remembered that these are the effects of overworked, impoverished and exhausted lands, and of negligent, imperfect cultivation, and as such can not militate against the argument in favor of Agriculture.

Why have Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and other great agricultural States so far surpassed us in farm products? Simply because their system of cultivation differs from ours. Their people farm a hundred acres each, and do it well; we attempt to farm five hundred or a thousand, and do it badly. Certainly no State in the Union has more natural advantages than Virginia. She might become the garden of all the States, and in the course of time resume her proud position as the "Old Dominion." Her mountains and valleys invite to industry and enterprise, and her sons are not deficient in energy and fortitude.

To illustrate the power of a rational system of Agriculture, I can cite as an example, two Scotts, who settled near a town in Virginia, on a few acres of land, the one on a rocky hill, the other on a marsh. In a few years, besides supporting their families, they accumulated property, whilst their neighbors were dreaming. This difference was due not to any superior intelligence, but their training; they had seen and studied the best and most approved mode of farming in England and Scotland, and applied this information to the soil of Virginia with the happiest results. It is time for our people to awake to their true interests, and apply all their energies of body and mind to the development of the resources of the State, or they will, like the poor Indian, be compelled to yield the ground to others of more energy and intelligence, abandon the graves of their fathers, and move towards the setting sun. In this age of what is called progress, the strong man thrusts aside the weak. The great wave of energy and intelligence will find its level. The past of Virginia is history, the future must open with another volume, which in time, if the people are true to themselves, will record a glorious one.

SOME DIAMONDS.—At the Russian ball, given in honor of the Princess Dagmar's wedding, the French Ambassador's wife wore a brocaded orange and gold train, bordered with the most costly Russian sable. The dress was profusely ornamented with diamonds. But the Grand Duchess Maria de Leuchtenberg was the lady who, in that spendidly attired assemblage, outshone all others with diamonds, for she was literally covered with them. Her dress was white, and the front of the skirt was trimmed with three rows of magnificent brilliants; a *grecque* of brilliants replaced the *berthe* usually worn round the bodice, and a bouquet of diamonds was fastened to the *riviere* which encircled her throat. This bouquet was so large that it concealed her shoulders.

THE WAR IN CANDIA.

A letter from Athens to the New York Herald, in relation to the war in Candia, thus describes the fighting at the Convent of Arcadian, heretofore briefly mentioned:

Arcadian is a convent, situated in a strong position in the Department of Rethymnos. It was occupied altogether by five hundred and forty persons, three hundred and forty-three of whom were women and children, leaving one hundred and ninety-seven men capable of bearing arms. Upon the 20th Mustaph Pacha left his headquarters at Episcopi with twelve thousand men, and advanced upon the convent, demanding the surrender of the garrison. The Cretans refused, and Turkish artillery immediately opened a tremendous fire upon the place keeping up the bombardment two days and nights. A breach being at last effected in the walls, the Turks, who had suffered heavy losses, poured into the convent court. This was surrounded with small cells, in which the Christians had barricaded themselves and kept up their fire for six hours. Finding all resistance ineffectual, the defenders of the convent formed the desperate resolution of setting fire to the powder magazine. A monk applied the match. The explosion was tremendous, hurling Turks and Christians into the air, strewing the neighborhood with corpses. Two thousand Turkish soldiers were killed on the spot and large numbers wounded. Thirty-nine men and sixty women and children of the garrison were all that escaped. These were taken prisoners and carried off to Rethymnos. The wounded Turks are daily being brought into the hospital. Canea and Souda have received upwards of a thousand, many being officers—among them being Mustapha Pacha's brother-in-law. The Turkish army is reported to be much dispirited by this disaster.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUICIDE.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette relates the following extraordinary circumstances:

A melancholy case of suicide occurred on Sunday, on the Podunk farm, near Titusville. The name of the unfortunate man has not yet been discovered, but it appears from the following pathetic effusion, found in his left boot that the suicide was not instigated by exploration of "dry holes," as at first supposed:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step mother. My father's wife—i. e., my step daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mothers's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

We must confess it was a rather singular complication of kindred, but we see no reason for committing suicide on the discovery that your wife is connected to you by two of the tenderest ties in the world of love. We hold that their felicity should be the greater in consequence.

A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.

"About the year 1316, the friends of Dante succeeded in obtaining his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a certain sum of money, and entering church, there avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the Republic. The following was his answer on the occasion, to one of his kinsmen: "From your letter, which I received with due restoration to my country, I am bound to you the more gratefully, that an exile rarely finds a friend. But, after mature consideration, I must, by my answer, disappoint the wishes of some little minds; and I confide in the judgment to which your impartiality and prudence will lead you. Your nephew and mine has written to me, what indeed had been mentioned by many other friends, that, by a decree concerning the exiles, I am allowed to return to Florence, provided I pay a certain sum of money, and submit to the humiliation of asking and receiving absolution; wherein, I see two propositions that are ridiculous and impertinent. Is such an invitation to return to his country glorious for Dante, after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Far from the man who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could do like a little sciolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, *by offering himself up as it were in chains*. Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, this compromise, by his money, with his persecutors. No, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country.

But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante; but if by no such way, Florence I shall never enter. What! shall I not *everywhere* enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth, under the canopy of Heaven, consoling and delighful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay *famous*, to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me."

INQUISITIVENESS OF CHILDREN.

An old "bach," who had the misfortune to be left alone with a little "olive branch" the other day, gives his experience as follows: If the first born of Egypt were lively children, with a tendency to ask questions, I look upon Herod as a benevolently wise man, whose acts have been misconstrued, and whose memory has been vilified. A vast amount of nonsensical interrogatives which would have bothered the patriarchs, and perhaps stopped the wheels of that parental style of government, he spared that generation. The other day, in an unguarded moment, I accepted the charge and custody of a young gentleman who wore half-gaiters and a Charles the II. hat and feather. His sponsers in baptism had given him one name—circumstances another. His latter appellation: "Buster." His age, as he informed me, was "going on 7." When he made up his mind that we were to be left together, he eyed me malevolently a moment, and immediately commenced the following system of torture. What was my name and my brother's, and my father's name, and why? Did I have any little boys? Why didn't I have any little boys? What was the reason, if I didn't have any little boys, I didn't have any little girls? All this put as one question, with no stops, and a gradual rising inflection. Was them buttons gold in my sleeve, and why? How much did they cost? Did they cost $155? If they didn't cost $155, what would be the price of a gold house with gold furniture and gold staircase? Did I ever see a house with these auriferous peculiarities? No. What then would be the cost of a silver carriage and a gold harness? What then would be the cost of a leaden carriage with iron harness? And why? Did I know why the flies walked on the ceiling? Could I walk on the ceiling? Not if I had one man to hold my head and another my legs? Why couldn't I? Couldn't I if I was a giant? Did I ever see a giant? Was I personally acquainted with any? Did I ever see them eat? How far was it to New York? Was it a million of miles? Fifty millions of miles? If he (Buster) had a balloon, and should start off, would he get there to night? Nor next night, nor another night, nor next week!—and WHY? I soon found that this WHY was a simple form of closing all questions, like the usual note of interrogation. What was my business, and did I know any stories, and why? This afforded a plan of relief. I instantly started into a history of my previous life and adventures. I invested all my relations and friends with supernatural attributes, and made myself a creation something between a Genie and Robinson Crusoe. I made the most astonishing voyages, and saw the most remarkable occurrences. I drew liberally from the the Arabian Knights and Baron Munchausen. Whenever I saw the open mouth "address itself to motion, as though 'twould speak," I brought in a Roc, or a Genie, or a casket of diamonds, and took away the unhappy child's breath! In the midst of an animated description of the Hoarhound islands and adventures in the damp caves, where the candles hung in long stalactites, the parents happily returned. I hurriedly received their thanks and left. But I have the secret satisfaction of knowing that all that pent-up torrent of questions burst on the unhappy father; and that geographical inquiries regarding the locality of "Floating Island," the "Blanc Mange Archipelago," and "the Valley of Cream Cakes" will be henceforth his dreadful lot to meet and answer!

From the Lynchburg Republican.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

We give below the latest Paris fashions, and as the "fashions" never fail to interest "God's last, best gift to man," we are certain the paragraph will be perused with interest:

The fashions of the day lean more and more towards those of the first Empire. Just now they are pretty, as far as the make of dresses and skirts are concerned; but I must ascend no higher than the skirt, for the low, narrow bodices of that period have not yet ventured to make their appearance. The dresses are worn very much gored, almost flat round the hips and body, and swelling gradually into an enormous breadth at the bottom, which, towards the back, forms a sharp-pointed train of great length.

The breadths are in general trimmed all the way down their lengths, so as to mark the seams either with gimp, guipure, velvet or other ribbons; the front of the dress is much shorter than the sides and back, and a very habitual fashion is to have the lower part cut out in dents, vandykes, or *cremaillon*, which arrangement is followed out round the *paletot sac* or peplum, as may be. These continue to be made either the same as the dress, or in velvet; or, if for fall dress, in lace, the body being trimmed to correspond with it.

Numbers of people have adopted what dressmakers term "costumes," a convenient style for walking in, but, as its name indicates, somewhat fanciful. The costume, then, is a short skirt, generally black, cut out in vandykes or scallops, or trimmed with fringe and jet, reaching above the ankles; underneath this upper garment, which is considerably gored, is another of striking color, such as violet or blue, if the dress is black, or of the same material if it be wollen, and one color, which serves as a petticoat, and only just touches the ground, being sometimes plain, sometimes scalloped, like the robe. A *paletot sac* of the same material, likewise cut out at the edges, finishes the "costumes," and gives, on the whole, a very jagged, dangling appearance to the wearer.

Velours de laine, in blue or violet shades, richly embroidered with jet and *passementerie*, make a very useful and pretty *paletot sac*, which it is the custom to have short, with real or simulated streamers at the back. These costumes are made for home wear, of a cheap sort of velvet, called velveteen, which has come across the channel, and our greatest *elegantes* do not disdain to wear petticoat, skirt and *paletot* of this material, which costs little more than a dollar's metre, and looks very well when new, either in a gold sort of brown, or in blue. Worth, the great man-milliner of the Rue de la Paix, has made morning dresses quite short in front and sides, with a long narrow train at the back. A few, very few, ladies have also begun to wear small head-dresses resembling the turbans of the first part of the century, and the Empress' plume the other night seemed an approach to that fashion.

A VERY REMARKABLE FAMILY.—Perhaps it is not generally known, says the Montezuma (Iowa) Republican, that that veritable old gentleman known as the "oldest inhabitant" resides in our county. His name is William Prosser. He resides in Washington township, about four miles from Grinnell, and is now in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of the first settlers in this part of the country, and from present appearance bids fair to be a resident of the county for some years longer. Mr. Prosser served as an artilleryman during the war of 1812, and was in the battles of Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. He is still quite vigorous, and will walk three or four miles with ease. He has never received a pension, but now thinks of applying for one. His mother's family were not long-lived, but on his father's side they lived to a great age. His father's mother was married twice, and her second husband's name was Van Camp. They lived in Northampton, Pa. She lived to the age of 114 years, and raised to manhood and womanhood twenty children. Among them were three pairs of twins, the last pair being born after she was sixty years of age. Now, if anybody's grandmother can beat that, just let them speak out. The old lady evidently had a *penchant* for twins, which appeared to run into old age. She was undoubtedly a descendant of Mrs. Sarah Abraham, who is spoken of in ancient history as being the happy mother of little Isaac in the ninety-first year of her age.

THE CREDITOR'S STRATAGEM.

Four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, in the State of Maine. He owed each one separately, and each one was suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode, acquaintances, all talking upon everything except that they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing to "put 'em over the road" but a solitary cab, towards which they all rushed. Three got in and refused admittance to the fourth and the cab started. The fourth ran after, and got up outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to; that he was not worth more than fifty dollars, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would not take $100 for him. "Yes," said he. The fourth man quickly paid over the money, took the reins, and backed the cab up to a bank, slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and then jumped upon the horse's back and rode off lickety-switch, while the insiders were looking out of the window, feeling like singed cats. He rode to a lawyer's, got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the "insiders" came up, puffing and blowing. The cabman soon bought back his horse for fifty dollars. The "solid" men offered to pay that sum if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it in Boston.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE WORLD.—It is the keeping alive for men certain ideas, and ideals, too, which would soon pass out of the world in the push and hurry of material existence, if they were not fed and replenished by those who are able to stand aloof from the worry and vexations of active life. When society ceases to have the means of creating its own ideas, it must decay. Civilization is nourished by imaginative wealth that the world possesses and renews for itself from time to time; and those treasures of imagination which we call ideas are mainly dependent on the social position occupied by women. Ideas of purity, unselfishness and devotion, in the words of the poet, are the hinges of the gate of life; and, if women were to become as men, the sacred fire would soon become extinct. The heathens of old fitly expressed this truth by the image of the eternal flame of Vesta, which it was the duty of her priestesses to maintain unimpaired, and on the preservation of which the welfare of Rome herself depended.

Home Journal.