# North Carolina Gazette.

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## North Carolina Gazette.

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## News Budget.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS
**For the Week ending August 26.**

FOREIGN.

General Espartero has advised the Madrid Government to appoint General Manuel Conchna to the chief command of the Republican forces in the Northern provinces bordering on the Bay of Biscay, and General Moriones to the command of Navarre.—The Cortes, by a vote of 66 yeas to 63 nays, consented to the trial of civil tribunals of Benitos, one of its members, who participated in the Cantonal insurrection.—The prisoners taken by the Government forces in encounters with Cantonal and Communist insurgents, are to be sent to reinforce the Spanish army in Cuba.—The total strength of the Carlist force operating in the North is 28,000 of all arms.—The Spanish Government is actively progressing with the organization of new levies, amounting to 80,000 men, to take the field against the rebels.—A bill has been presented in the Spanish Cortes, suspending the guarantee of individual rights during the continuance of the present troubles.—A special dispatch to the London *Standard* says the Carlist forces under Elio, Corregarray, Lizzagara, Olio, and Don Carlos, amounts to twenty five strong battalions.—It is reported that in the event of a recess or adjournment of the Cortes, which is regarded as not improbable, Senor Castelar will visit London, Berlin, Vienna and Rome, and bring about the recognition of the Spanish Republic.—Advices from Constantinople announce the breaking out of cholera in the province of Bosnia.—Telegrams from Madrid state that the Republican army under the command of General Sanchez Bregua, numbering 12,000 men, has entered Bilao; the Carlist forces occupying the city withdrew without offering battle.—The threatened lockout of a portion of their operatives by the iron masters of Manchester has been postponed for the present, a proposition having been made to submit the differences between employers and workmen to a committee of arbitration.—Dr. Falk, Minister of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs at Berlin, has ordered the Roman Catholic Seminary at Posen to be closed.—At a meeting of the members of the Left in Paris on the 23rd, it was decided to seek the support of the Left Centre, to prevent the success of the fusionists and legitimists for the establishment at an early date of the Bourbon monarchy.—Prince Napoleon has been elected President of the Council General of Corsica, by a majority of 20 votes.—Intelligence has reached Madrid that on the 16th an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate Don Alfonso, the brother of Don Carlos. The would-be assassin was taken and executed.—Advices from the north of Spain report the Carlist troops as discouraged and insubordinate.—The freighting steamer Singapore, bound for Shanghae, has been wrecked in the Red Sea; the captain and other officers and many of the crew were lost; thirty six of the crew gained land, but were made prisoners by the natives.

DOMESTIC.

The Secretary of the treasury has returned to Washington.—The Grand Lodge of the Jewish order of Kesher Shel Barzeli of the Atlantic coast met in New York yesterday morning; 200 delegates were present; Philadelphia, Boston, Syracuse, and other cities were represented; the Treasurer's report is satisfactory; H. Rosenthal was elected Grand Scribe.—The first bale of new cotton, classed as mid dling, was received at Augusta, Ga., from Edgefield Co., S. C., and sold at 17½.—Cotton in South Carolina and upper Georgia badly injured by the frost.—Efforts are being made to establish a line of steamships between Savannah and Liverpool; the municipal corporations and boards of trade of Georgia pledge themselves to give support to the line.—The Republican State Committee of New York have decided to hold a State Convention at Utica, Sept. 24.—Cincinnati had 307 deaths last week, a decrease of 15; three of these were from cholera infantum.—The proceedings of the military commission which tried the modocs were to-day returned to the Secretary of War by Judge Advocate General Holt, he having completed his review, and, it is understood, approved the findings of the court. They will be transmitted to President Grant tomorrow. Rear Admiral Taylor reports yellow fever entirely disappeared from Montevideo, South America.—Philetus Sawyer, a prominent member of Congress from Wisconsin, committed suicide, by cutting his throat on the 20th inst.

### REVIEW OF THE MARKETS
**For the Week ending August 26, 1873.**

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 20.—Cotton heavy; sales of 10,000 bales; for speculation and export 1,000 bales; breadstuffs quiet.

AUG. 21.—Cotton quiet: sales 12,000 bales; for speculation and export 2,000 bales; breadstuffs quit; pork 60s. 6d.

AUG. 22.—Cotton, uplands 8⅝; yarns and fabrics dull: common rosin 8s. 6d.

AUG. 23.—Cotton, sales of new crop shipment, not below good 8 7-16d; turpentine, 32s. 8d.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Gold 115⅝ @ 115¾; Government securities dull. Cotton dull and irregular at 19¾ to 20¼ cents. Wheat less active and 1 ct. lower. Corn 1 to 2 cents lower, with active offerings. Naval Stores quiet.

AUG. 21.—Gold 115⅞. Government bonds inactive. Wheat 1@2 cents lower. Corn unchanged, with a brisk demand. Flour in light request and unchanged.

AUG. 22.—Gold 116 to 116⅛. Government securities dull. Cotton steady at 21 to 21¼ cents for middlings. Wheat 1 cent better and inactive. Corn good, with a fair demand. Naval Stores firm

AUG. 23.—Gold 116¼. Cotton irregular at 21 cents. Wheat steady and in fair demand. Corn 1 to 2 cents better. Mess Pork $18 to $18 25. Naval stores quiet.

WILMINGTON, Aug. 20.—Spirits Turpentine 38 to 38½ cents. Rosin, ext.a pale, $3 25. Crude Turpentine 3 30 for Virgin, 2 00 for hard. Tar 2 80. Cotton from 15 to 19¾ cents.

AUG. 21.—Spirits Turpentine 38 cents. Rosin No. 2 at 2 50 and Extra Pale at 4 75. Crude Turpentine, 3 35 for Virgin and 2 for hard. Tar 2 85 Cotton dull and nominal.

AUG. 22.—Spirits Turpentine 39 cents. Rosin 2 45. Crude Turpentine, 3 35 for yellow dip, 2 00 or hard. Cotton heavy and quotation about as before.

London, Aug. 22.

Common Rosin 9s. 6d.

New York, Aug. 22.

Cotton—Net receipts 40 bales; gross 414; sales for futures 9,700; for Aug. 19; Sept. 18 7-8; October 17 7-8; November 17 9-16; December 17 1-2. Cotton steady and regular; sales 2700 bales.

## Home Circle.

### KITTY BLAKE.

One bitterly cold night in the February of 1872, I quitted my comfortable study for the purpose of ensconsing myself behind a white tie, and of encasing my person in those stereotyped sable garments which cry, "Open, sesame," at the portals of society.

My friends, the Wilkins, were indulging in a fit of insanity, and the attack, which in the commencement promised to be of a somewhat mild form, gradually assumed graver symptoms, until it culminated in a tremendous ball. Vainly I pleaded a necessity for reading up a case with which the firm of Thizer & Bulsome had entrusted me. Vainly I declared to Wilkin, upon the honor of a man and a brother, that I was "out of that sort of thing;" that I had read that particular chapter in the book of life clean through *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and that I was only good for the mahogany; he didn't, or rather wouldn't see it, and with a sense of bitter injury at my heart, and an unmistakable sense of frost at the tip of my nose and my extremities generally, I pulled myself together, dressed hurriedly, and arrived at Harley street in a humor the very reverse of amiable, and with the full determination of merely showing myself to Mrs. Wilkin, imbibing a glass or perhaps two of sherry, and getting back to resume the perusal of a novel.

*L'homme propose.*

The crush had not as yet been well turned on, so my ascent to the drawing-room was no very difficult task. Upon the lobby Mrs. Wilkin was standing, behind a huge bouquet which commanded the staircase like a great floral gun; and Wilkin was strolling in the immediate vicinity, with the air of a man who had succeeded in losing half a sovereign, and was engaged in looking for it as though he wanted it very badly indeed.

"Ah, Mr. Brookley! I'm so glad that *you* have come. Freddy told me you were doubtful—all clever men are, but *you* know I always believed in *you*, and I look to *your* aid to make this little affair come off well."

I groaned in spirit. This meant stopping until the candles were snuffed out—until the tallow-faced greengrocers were paid off—until the milkman arrived at the area railings, and until I should be jibed by disappointed cabbies as "the cove as was a playin' the pianner."

"By the way, Brookley, there's a little Irish girl stopping here, a Miss Blake. Come, and I'll introduce you as a friend o' mine," observed Wilkin, dragging me, *bon gre, mal gre*, towards a mass of *fine illusion* surmounted by a bunch of white flowers.

Now, any Irish girls whom I had hitherto been fortunate enough to meet had, somehow or other, been always too much for me. If I was *blase*, they were saucy. If I was *degage*, they were sentimental. If I was learned, they were blissfully and hugely ignorant. I had been invariably foiled, and my most skillful fencing went for nothing. I have not been able to score a palpable hit under any circumstances whatsoever.

I held back much after the fashion of a dog being led to corporal punishment thro' the medium of a collar and a string—bowed a grim unearthly bow, and proceeded to fiddle with the buttons of a pair of soiled, bulgy gloves, and to peer in every direction save that supposed to be occupied by Mrs. Wilkin's Hibernian guest.

At this juncture an attenuated, waxen-looking, beef-fed artist hung in chains, and clad in garments running with grease and threadbare from age, proceeded to pound away upon the piano, aided and abetted by a pudgey man, who appeared to be throwing his whole person into a battered cornocopian, and another conspirator, who discharged his duties to society and to Wilkin by dolefully scraping upon a violoncello.

"This is our quadrille," exclaimed a very sweet voice at my elbow, with just a touch of the brogue pervading it like a perfume, and a soft little hand placed itself confidingly upon my arm. I had not asked her to dance—she had evidently taken it for granted.

Would I say that I never danced? that I had sprained my foot? or invent some patent and plausible excuse?

No! It would not be fair to mine hostess, so I sullenly resigned myself to my fate.

"This is my first visit to London," chirped Miss Blake.

"Oh, indeed!"

"I live in the wilds of Connemara."

"I wish you were there just now," was my inner thought.

"It's the wildest place on the face of the earth, and the loveliest—but won't you secure a *vis-a-vis?*"

I compounded with a pink-faced youth, who was in the talons of a tall, lean, vulture-like woman, to face me in the forthcoming melancholy ceremony, and to assist in carrying out its sad solemnities in all their funeral details.

"Have you ever visited Ireland, Mr. Brookley?" asked Miss Blake, at the conclusion of the first figure.

"I should think not. Ireland is a wretched mistake."

The moment the words escaped from my lips, I could have parted with a good deal of ready money to have been enabled to draw them back again. They were childish, rude, ungentlemanlike, and I turned to her to apologise.

The hot flush was upon her cheek, the little hands were clenched until the gloves threatened to "bust up," and her flashing eyes met mine as she hotly retorted—"You must be an English boor to say so."

The *pas seul* commenced, and, to use a stage phrase, Miss Blake "went on."

I had committed a thrice accursed mistake, *and I felt it.* She went through the entire figure alone. She would not deign to take—to touch my out-stretched hand. I had no words at will to cudgel into a proper form of apology, and I was bewildered by her beauty.

Lovely blue eyes, with sweeping blue-black lashes; a dainty little nose, with a rosebud mouth, and teeth like muffled diamonds, radiant brown hair in massive plaits—and her expression!

*Ay de mi Alkama!*

We did not speak during the quadrille. The pink-faced youth—confound his impudence—struck up an acquaintanceship with her, and treated the vulture-looking woman badly. I felt inclined to hurl him at his partner, impale him upon her nose, and rush frantically from the house. The charming disdain with which I was treated by Miss Blake, rendered me more miserable, and it was only when the laws of society compelled her, at the conclusion of the dance, to take my arm, in order to be conducted to the place whence she came, that I ventured to exclaim—"I implore of you to forgive me—I did not know what I was saying—I am worse than a boor. Hear me for one moment;" and in a few eager words I honestly revealed to her the irritated and inflamed condition of my mind, upon finding myself stranded in a scene so utterly at variance with my mood, and compelled, as it were, to drink the bitter cup to the utmost dregs.

My pleading was full of the redeeming influence of earnestness, and I succeeded in achieving her forgiveness. She danced with me again, again and again. I saw the candles snuffed out, beheld the tallow-faced greengrocer paid off, met the morning milkman without flinching, and returned the playful banter of the cabbies in a mood so utterly different from that which I had pictured to myself a few short hours previously, that—

Pshaw! who can control the inner mechanism of the heart?

One glorious morning in August last found me seated beside the driver of one of Bianconi's long cars which travel between Westport and Clifden, and, as a consequence, through the heart of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Connemara. I had amongst other vows, registered one—that, as soon as circumstances would permit, I would undertake a pilgrimage to Boijoldrun Hall—to the shrine of Miss Katherine *alias* Kitty Blake.

It is unnecessary for me to state that I had *many* reasons to urge me to take this excursion, and that I had *one* in particular; in fact, my heart had, somehow or other, slipped from beneath my waistcoat—had traveled, in company with Miss Blake, to her mountain home; and it was with a view of receiving it, and of taking the young lady in question into the bargain, if my luck was up, that I was now perched high in air, behind a pair of "roaring giants," and jogging along the roadway skirting that desolate but romantic inlet of the Atlantic, known as the Killerin.

In a happy moment I negotiated with the driver, Phil Dempsey, for possession of the box-seat, and almost ere we had quitted the town of Westport, I had come on close, if not confidential, terms with that worthy son of the whip.

Phil is a crooked, hard-featured, sententious little man, whose word is law, whose decision is the *ultimatum*. He knows every man, woman, and child along the road—their belongings, their respective histories, their hopes, and their fears. He carries small parcels for the "quality," and a letter, if good cause is shown why it could not travel by the legitimate course of her Majesty's mail. He has all the Dublin news, and is regarded in the light of "a knowledgeable man."

Instinctively I led up to the subject nearest to my heart.

"*Me* know the Blakes av Boijolderum? Begorra, I do thin, breed, seed, and ginération. They're dacent people av the rale ould stock. Miss Kitty thraveled wad me a few weeks ago; she kem from Dublin, but she was over the water beyant, in London. Sorra a much good that wud do her, or any wan else."

I expressed a hope that she was looking well after her trip.

"Och! rosy an' well, shure enough; and why wuldn't she? What wud truble her, and her mother wud burn the house av she riz her finger. They'll not be trubled wad her long; she's too dawny a creature for the boys to lave alone. I tuk a Misther Crane from Dublin over to the Hall last week, an', be me sowl, he was mighty tendher on her."

This was alarming. I endeavored to probe into the antecedents of this abominable person, but I could only ascertain, after a deal of circumlocution, that he was the possessor of "an illigant portmantle," and that he was "a nice man, an' a nice-mahnered man."

"Good morning, Father James, good morning kindly."

This was addressed to a Catholic clergyman, who was swinging along the road with a jaunty air, bespeaking the motion of one to whom a twenty-mile walk was no uncommon occurrence.

"That's wan o' the most knowledgeable min in this country, sir," observed Dempsey, when we had proceeded a little distance; "but he was wanst bit intirely, cute as he is—an' there's the spot," he added, pointing to a small patch of strand directly beneath us.

"This is how it kem about, sir,—Get up, ye bastes!" (addressing the horses,) "don't let the gintleman see yez thrate me that way; git up. Well, sir, Father James was on his bades and his bravery one winthry mornin,' and he was prayin' away, whin a boy kem runnin' up the boreen cryin' murther, an' that a man was wracked below on the rocks fornist ye, an' that he wasn't expected for to live, an' for Father James to run to him at wanst, for the love av Heaven! So Father James run the bades and the brevary into the pocket of his small clothes, and away wud him to that very spot, sir, as nimble as a roe; an' shure enough, there was a poor sayfarin' man lying for dead on the say rack, an' not as much breath in him as wud cause the eye av a midge to wink."

"'Have none of yez a tent av sperrits about yez,' says Father James. 'Have none av yez a tent av sperrits to put betune this poor man's shammy an' the cowld?' says Father James, risin' at it.

"Now, sir, they were all afeared to say 'Yes,' bekase he denounced potheen from the althar, an' if they wor to say 'yes,' they'd be only kotched be the holy father. At last Biddy O'Donoghoe, who is always as bowld as brass, says—

"'Arrah, where would we git it, Father James? Maybe ye'd have a dhrop in that bottle that's stickin' on av yer coat-pocket.'

"'How dar' ye, ye owld faggot?' says Father James, but he pulled up short, for shure enough, whin he was lavin' the house, he run it into his buzzum, thinkin' it might be wanted, an' forgot it intirely: so he lifted the poor sayfarin' man's head up, and gev him a scoop. Bedad, but it put life into him, sir!' cried Dempsey, giving the horses a tremendous cut, probably with a view to instilling a little life into them—It put life into him, and he gev a great sigh."

"He wants another sup, yer reverance,' sez wan.

"'Let me hould the bottle, Father James,' sez another.

"'Whist, ye haythens!' says his riverance, houldin' up his hand, for the poor sayfarin' man was thryin' to spake, but the rattles was in his throath.

"'Say wan little word to let *me* know that ye die a Catholic,' says Father James.

"The sayfarin' man made a great struggle and screeched loud enough to be heard in Leenawn, 'Down wid the Pope!'—an' he died, sir, an' that's how Father James was bit intirely."

The car was pretty well crowded, and upon one side amongst the occupants was a sergeant of a militia regiment, proceeding to the depot stationed at Galway: This gallant son of Mars was seated beside a very good-looking young girl, to whom he paid the most chivalrous and marked attention. Now it was the sergeant's habit at intervals along the road, to bound gaily from the car, enter a *shebeen*, remain there a few minutes, and then rejoin the vehicle, betraying all the symptoms of having "laid on" a little refreshment during his temporary absence. His attentions to the young lady became more marked as we proceeded on our journey, and such exclamations as "Gelang owt o' that, sargint," "Lave me alone," "Single yer freedom, an' double yer distance," tended to prove that the gallant warrior's potations were carrying him beyond the laws of conventionalism. At length, after a playful but elephantine effort to snatch a kiss, the young lady appealed to the driver.

"'Mister Dempsey, I'd have ye call to this young man—he's insulting me, sir.'

Thus appealed to, Mr. Dempsey quietly turned in his seat, and eyeing the seargeant sternly, exclaimed—

"See here now, sargint, av ye don't lave that young woman alone, I'll take them three stripes aff yer arm, an' lay them across yer back."

A roar of laugter from all the occupants of the vehicle followed this sally, in which the gallant seargeant joined with a heartiness and good-will that clearly demonstrated how keenly he enjoyed the observation, although it told against himself.

"Are ye expected at Boijolderum, sir?"

"Well—yes—oh, yes, certainly," I replied, somewhat confusedly.

"Yer an English gintleman, by yer way av talkin', sir?"

"Yes, I'm English."

"Maybe yer from London, sir?"

"I am."

"And seen Miss Kitty over there, Whem!" Here he gave a prolonged whistle, which might have been intended for the horses, but I felt that it bore direct reference to myself.

"Troth, thin, you are expected, sir, an' there'll be bright eyes and red cheeks at the cross-roads whin we rache there, or I'm boccagh—Miss Kitty will be there, sir, in her own poney-carriage."

I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed.

"You seem to be well aware of Miss Blake's movements, Mr. Dempsey."

"Arrah, didn't she tell me herself, the crayture! Didn't she say to me, says she, 'Dimpsey, take care av a very handsome young gintleman that's comin' to see me from London,' says she. 'Is it the gintleman that I posted all the letters to in Westport, miss?' 'Go ow o' that, Dimpsey,' says she. 'Bluran-agers! why didn't ye tell me ye wor Mister Brookley, and I'd have roused the griddle for ye, sir, an' no mistake."

I could have taken Phil Dempsey to my arms and cherished him.

"Begorra! there's the cross-roads and ther's Miss Kitty in her basket shandhragan like a pitaytee creel. Didn't I tell ye, sir, how it wud be!"

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I experienced that sinking sensation of the heart which the immediate prospect of a meeting with the adored one never fails to create; that I pretended to be looking the other way, and not to have perceived her; that I bounded from my perch with the agility of an acrobat, and that I "tipped" Phil Dempsey to the utmost limit of his satisfaction.

"I tuk good care av him, miss," observed that worthy in a tone known as a pig's whisper, "but he was as wild as a young colt in me hands; but he's a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, as I wish yez joy."

"Stupid creature! I never *can* understand him," said Kitty Blake, with a saucy toss of her head; "I'm afraid he has been taking the mountain dew as he came along."

At this crisis we were joined by Mr. Blake *pere*, a splendid specimen of *pater-familias*, who welcomed me to Connemara *con amore*, my portmanteau was placed in the basket-carriage, and Kitty rattled away with it, leaving me to walk across the mountain to the Hall. And such a mountain, bare and bleak and precipitous; and for any step I made in advance I made two in the opposite direction; but I pushed bravely on, and sacrificed a brand-new pair of patent leather buttoned boots during the excruciating process. But what cared I for boots, or mountain, or physical anguish? Was there not love-light in the eye of Kitty Blake?—was I not approaching the Mecca of my hopes?

I remained a month at Boijolderum Hall. I held the stereotyped interview with Blake *pere* in his study, which terminated most satisfactorily—

And—

Well, yes—

I am to return to Connemara before Valentine's Day, and claim the hand of the sweet little Irish girl who called me an English boor.

### DIAMONDS.

There is a curious reminiscence, for lovvers of the diamond, in the story which has come down to us from the last century, of the first discoverer of the Brazilian diamond fields. This was one Bernardo Fonseca Lobo, a man of an old Portuguese family (the same name is born by the present Portuguese Envoy at Washington) who lived in the Brazilian province of Minas Geraes. He had previously traveled in Portuguese India, where he had seen rough diamonds, and learned to know them when he saw them. Lobe found the gold seekers of Brazil using certain pebbles carelessly as counters in card playing. He knew them at once to be rough diamonds, and took them to Lisbon, where the discovery was confirmed. At once the European diamond brokers and traders took the alarm. The new diamonds would destroy the value, they exclaimed, of the old stock. So they put about a story that these Brazilian diamonds were poor diamonds from India, sent to Brazil, and from Brazil to Europe. In 1750 an Englishman wrote a treatise to prove this. The Brazilian diamonds were thus shut out of the market. But Lobo was too clever for his foes. He took his diamonds out to India, and at Goa sold them as Indian diamonds. This may seem a little extraordinary to us now, when then the difference between the diamonds of Brazil and of India is so well known. If one goes into the establishment, where the choicer varieties of the old India diamond and the Brazilian may be seen in juxtaposition with the new African diamonds, he will wonder as much at the notion of their being confounded with each other, as at a man's mistaking Chambertin for Chateau Lafitte, or Persian silk for Chinese, or the Bartlett pear for the Duchesse. All diamonds are valuable, Why all diamonds are not equally valuable is a thing easily to be learned, and for diamond buyers worth learning.—*N. Y. World.*

NOT YET.—"My son, give me thine heart."

"Not yet," said the little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball, "when I grow older I will think about it."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must now have my care; when they are settled in life, I shall be beeter able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

CHEER HIM!—In one af the large cities a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire companies rallied, but the smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the fiery element was raging with fearful power when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts as they learned that there was one person yet unsaved within the building. In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames, and planted against the heated walls, and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd, and a wild "Hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work, and the brave fireman went upward amid smoke and in a moment descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!" And as a pebble's fall may change a river's course, so your words of sympathetic kindness may uplift a drooping heart, and fix its faltering purpose for a nobler life.

A lady in western New York made arrangements for a grand picnic for her friends, to whom she addressed individual invitations. Unfortunately she put on no 1 cent stamp and none of the notes reached their destination, and not a guest put in an appearance.

MADE HIM PAY,—When General Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the Treasury Department ran up an indebtedness to a poor landlady to the amount of sixty dollars, and then turned her off as he did other creditors. She finally went to the President with her complaint, and asked him if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill.

"He offers his note," she said, but his note is good for nothing."

"Get his note and bring it to me," said the President.

The clerk gave her the note, with the jeering request that "she would let him know when she got the money on it."

Taking it to the President, he wrote "Andrew Jackson" on the back of it, and told her she would get the money at the bank.

When it became due the clerk refused to pay the note: but when he learned who was the endorser, he made haste to "raise the wind." The next morning he found a note on his desk, saying that his services were no longer required by the Government—and it served him right.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction.

A sagacious father of great wealth exceadingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding-cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor, to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well-intended but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter was timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linchpin, and felt himself obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in the possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owner's gold and silver style.

### A GRIEVOUS WRONG.

There is the soundest common sense in the following paragraph from the *Manufacturer and Builder:*

"Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitious that their sons should 'rise in the world,' as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods, or of toiling at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health, and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at, for the supply of candidates for 'errand boys,' dry goods clerks, and kindred occupations is notoriously overstocked; while on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics of every description is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong, and runs the risk of helping by so much to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the State prisons in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—No doubt fancy goes a long way. Hearne, travelling among the Red Indians, was asked by a friendly chief for a charm against his enemy. He wrote some words, and made some marks on a piece of paper. The Indian took care to let this come to his enemy's ears, "who forthwith sickened and before long died." It was often so, no doubt among our Saxon forefathers. They had such faith in charms that they called the gods charmsmiths. Nightmares they dreaded and looked on then as fiendly visitations. And verily some of those recorded in Scott's Demonology are horrible enough to have had their birth in the nether pit. One hears of such things occasionally when a heavy supper could not have been the cause: a man, for instance, was obliged always to sleep sitting up, for as soon as he fell into a reclining position he was attacked by a spectre skeleton, which throttled him. Even in his chair he would sometimes slide down, so he had a servant always on watch to wake him the moment he ceased to be bolt upright. In early times he would have been dosed with charms and well exorcised, and so perhaps cured; but now that one could only "appeal to his reason," his case was hopeless.—*All the Year Round.*

## Humorous.

### A CORNERED LEGISLATOR.

A gentleman who now occupies a seat in the upper branch of the New York Legislature, but at the time was a member of the Assembly, relates the following:

Perkins was as honest a man as ever set foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him, and I knew it, but I thought I would have a little fun with him, so I went down to his room one evening, and said, "Perkins, what do you think of that underground railroad bill? Are you going to vote for it?"

"Well," said Perkins, "I haven't made up my mind yet, exactly. I am inclined to think it a good bill; but why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I "and as long as you have concluded to vote for it, I just wanted to say to you that the men interested in it are paying five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up on its final passage to-morrow, you can just as well have the money as not; you'll vote for the bill anyway?"

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first," cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir. If improper means are being taken to pass the thing, as you say, I for one will vote against it every time. You can put me down *no.*"

"Oh, I don't care anything about the bill," said I; "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet, for, to tell the truth, the rival companies are in full force and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. They are paying the same gum for noes, and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I'll get you the $500 all the same."

"Can such things be," exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat, and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation; "what a state of things this is! A plague on both your houses; I won't vote at all!"

"All right," said I, as I laid my hand on the door, "I'll get you $500 for being absent."

And as the jolly Senator brought to mind the horror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved old Perkins he roared with laughter.—*Albany Times*

ADROIT.—Professor Aytoun was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily suggested that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval: —"You must speak for me," said the suitor; for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library; and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher North, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her around the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

DOMESTIC SCENE.—There is a peculiarly saddening effect in awakening in the night, and hearing burglars at work in your house. This was the case with Mr. Henry, on South street, Friday night. As soon as he detected the noise, which appeared to be down stairs, he softly crept out of bed, and commenced to prowl around for a match. His wife was soon awaked by the same noise, and believing that nothing was the matter with the child who slept in the next room, she withdrew from her bed so as not to wake her husband and started [illegible] instant later they [illegible] that he thought was evidently [illegible] All the hard earnings of a [illegible] life were at stake. Before him stood one or more robbers. With an exclamation of condensed eloquence he clinched her. What she thought is not quite so evident, but it was doubtless of her husband and children, and being plucky withal, she at once twined her fingers in his hair, and gave him a wrench that made him think of death.

Then both of them went down to the floor together, she having the advantage in the fall, and getting on top, with her hands still in his hair, she shook his head on the floor with an energy and courage that would undoubtedly have filled him to overflowing with admiration, had he known who it was, or had he known anything at all. Every time she rapped him she shrieked for help, and in a brief space of time the children and Mrs. Eben Davis who lives down stairs, were on the scene. Mrs. Davis was not dressed for company, but in the excitement she didn't mind adornment. She had a candle in one hand and a long carving fork in the other, and was about to drive the latter into the legs of the villain, when recognition ensued.—Then Mrs. Davis laid down her candle in one direction, and the fork in another, and immediately retired to her own apartment in her yellow flannel nightcap, as it showed the stairs, being the first thing Mr. Henry saw on springing to his feet. The children were returned to their own room and put to bed, but the parents did not resume their couch. It was so pleasant that Mr. Henry concluded to remain up the rest of the night and enjoy the scenery, and Mrs. Henry thought it was best to stay up too, so as to change the bandages on his head as often as possible.—*Danbury News.*

The lacerated feelings of a deserted husband at Pittsford, N. Y., were soothed last week. He discovered the skeleton of the wife who mysteriously disappeared [illegible] years ago in an old well, and he [illegible] ger tortured by the thought [illegible] come back to him.