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News Budget.

SUMMARY OF NEWS
For the Week ending Nov. 25.

FOREIGN.

It is officially announced that the effective Spanish force in Cuba numbers fifty-four thousand men.—The London Daily News hopes that England and America will act in concert in the Virginia outrage; half a million in gold was bought in London in open market for New York; the United States steamer Ada, feared to be lost, has arrived at Kingston.—Fresh advice note the importation of food from America to Calcutta, and says it will avert the famine in Bengal.—Changarnier presented to the assembly a motion, agreed upon by the Right, prolonging MacMahon's powers unconditionally; a strong debate followed, and the Assembly adjourned without a division; MacMahon's prolongation has been fixed at seven years, independent of the adoption of the Constitution; Paris is much excited over the result.—Don Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos, has been appointed Generalissimo of the Carlist forces; Intelligence has been received of the annihilation of a band of Republicans numbering four hundred, in the Province of Alania; all were killed or captured by the Carlists.

DOMESTIC.

The funeral of John P. Hale took place at Dover on Saturday at 2 o'clock.—The large bell of Alton was burned at Vicksburg, November 20; twelve hundred bales cotton and 4,000 packages of sundries lost.—The Post Office Department has no official notice of the detention of letters at Havana. There have, however, no letters regarding Cuba, through Cuba. It seems to be understood that commercial letters are without detention.—Orders have been received at Boston to work day and night until the Brooklyn and Franklin are ready for sea.—Great activity in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and 50 additional hands employed.—The steamer Powhatan presented at the Navy Yard on the morning of the 15th, on her way to the Navy yard. The Manhattan went into commission, and will be ready for sea when the Powhatan arrives to accompany her. The Terror was brought up to the navy yard on the 15th from League Island. The Iron clad gunboats, at Wilmington, is being prepared for service, and will be ready in about two weeks.—The schooner F. V. Turner from Honduras, was captured in Long Island Sound, on the 15th. Three lives were lost.—Wm. J. Sharkey, held for killing Dunn, escaped from the Tombs in female attire. Mrs. Westry Allen remained in his cell.—Tweed is allowed to attend to the business of his office in the city.—The body of two deputy sheriffs. There are no special limits to his movements.—At Charleston the war news from Washington and New York causes anxiety regarding Forts Moultrie and Sumter, now dismantled, and it is hoped that Government will immediately put them on a war footing.—An Annapolis dispatch says A. H. Stephens left for Washington on the 15th. He says: "I am for Cuba immediately, the 1st of Nov." He thinks the movement to take Cuba worth producing a good feeling between the North and South.—San Francisco had a slight earthquake Friday.—The first prize of the billiard tournament at Chicago was carried off by Gen. G. H. Sherman and Ulysses on the 15th.—The Democrats have carried the Chattanooga municipal election for the first time since the war.—The sum of \$2,000 has been offered for Sharkey, the condemned murderer, who escaped in female attire.—There are sixty small pox cases at Cleveland. The disease is increasing.—The severest snap for years at Montreal, November 19. A number of propellers are ice-d.—The Constitutional Convention at Trenton refused to exempt church and school property from taxation.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows at Philadelphia opposes the abolition of Encampment branches of the Order. The Grand Secretary was directed to inform sister Grand Lodges of the action.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS

For the Week ending Nov. 25, 1873.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 19.—Uplands, not below low midlings, shipped November and December, 83-16d. Sales of cotton to-day include 5,800 bales American. Breadstuffs quiet.
Nov. 20.—Uplands, not below good ordinary, to be shipped October and November 83-14; do, to be shipped November and December 81-4; do, shipped December and January same.
Nov. 21.—Uplands, not below Good Ordinary, shipped October and November 84. About 255,000 bales; American 153,000 bales. Breadstuffs buoyant. Red western spring wheat 1 1/2; 3/4 1/2. 41. Corn 35. 6d. Flour 25-25. Sales of cotton to-day include 6,100 bales American.
NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Gold 102 1/2 @ 109 1/2. Governments strong, with little doing. Cotton dull at 15 1/2 @ 15 3/4. Flour active and firm—common to fair extra \$5 35 @ \$7 10; good to choice \$7 15 @ \$10 75. Wheat is 2 1/2 cents better, with a good export and firm milling demand. Holders' firmness restrict transactions—winter red western \$1 50 @ \$1 55. Corn closed 1 1/2 cents better, with export enquiry—yellow western 70 cts. Pork weak—new mess \$14 50. Naval Stores quiet. Freight quiet.
Nov. 20.—Gold weak, governments steady and strong. Cotton dull, 15 1/2 @ 15 3/4. Southern flour firm at \$6 50 @ \$7 25; common to fair extra \$7 30 @ \$11; good to choice do; wheat 1 1/2 cents better, and less active at \$1 52 1/2 for winter red western; corn firmer and less active at 69 7/8 for prime western mixed afloat; pork quiet at \$14 50; beef dull at \$1 10; turpentine steady at 40 1/2 @ 40 3/4; rosin quiet at \$2 50 @ \$2 75.
Nov. 21.—Gold active and strong at 110 1/2 @ 110 3/4. Governments considerably stronger. Cotton firm at 15 1/2 to 16 cents. Flour firmer and fairly active—southern common to fair extra \$6 60 to \$7 40; good to choice \$7 to \$11. Wheat is 1 to 2 cents better, but less doing, shippers being offish. Corn 1 cent better and break—prime western mixed afloat 69 7/8 to 70 cents. Pork \$11 25 to \$14 50. Naval Stores dull. Freight quiet.
WILMINGTON, Nov. 19.—Spirits turpentine, market quiet and nominal, with no transactions. Rosin at \$2 35 for strained. Crude turpentine—No sales reported. Tar at \$2 25, an advance of 10 cents since last report; market steady. Cotton 13 1/2 cents; market quiet.
Nov. 20.—Cotton steady. Spirits turpentine quiet at 36 cents; rosin quiet at \$2 30 for strained; crude turpentine no sales; tar steady at \$2 25.
Nov. 21.—Spirits turpentine, turpentine at 25 cents. Rosin \$2 30 for strained. Crude turpentine \$2 50 for Yellow Dip and \$1 80 for Hard. Cotton 13 1/2 cts.

Home Circle.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.

I don't say brother Ben's widow was not good-looking for her age and size. Then, too, she had a pretty penny left her. And she might have married well if she wanted to change her condition; but you see Margaret Ann was a fool—she was a widow of forty—to set her cap for Spencer, who was only twenty-four. Though her brother-in-law, and though Ben had said to me, as he did, "Richard, always be kind to Margaret Ann," I couldn't help seeing that. The fact is, that, as a general thing, widows do make fools of themselves oftener than girls. In this case I admit the age was the only obstacle. Sam was a good young man, above selling himself to a woman old enough to be his mother for her money bags. Sam was a clerk in the store. I was poor Ben's partner. I had said over and over again, "Margaret Ann, you have plenty and to spare, why not retire?" but you see, she would not. Ben had left his share of the furniture to her, and she would not drop it. After a while I found out the reason. It was Sam Spencer.

That is why she liked to sail about the store in her dead black silk; that is why she was always finding some excuse to hand down that part of the stock he had in hand, mixing everything up and giving him no end of trouble. You see, I couldn't help it. The concern paid, and Widow Wood owned just as I did. If I had said to her "Margaret Ann, go home," she could have said, "I have a right here." That was it. She never varied on a customer. She never did anything but bother and pry. She had no children to occupy her, and she brought her white poodle along with her. "So lonesome," she said, in the big house opposite; and that was why she had us come to tea so much of late.

Well, this went on for nearly a year. Big eyes at Sam, sweet smiles, soft peaches! I used to wonder whether old Ben knew how soon he had been forgotten. To be sure he was sixty when he died, a bald-headed, stoop-shouldered old man, with solemn ways about him; but should he live for twenty-three years, and laugh I'm a bachelor, I know what feelings ought to be. And Ben was my brother, too. I hope it wasn't wicked for me to make up my mind to put an end to her capers, as far as Sam went, and tell him that he wanted a young lady as cashier, and why not? and if Lilly Rathbone could leave Grigg & Carter, I'd give her the place. Sam was in love with Lilly, I knew that, but Margaret Ann had not seen her. "Margaret Ann," said I one day, "we will have a new cashier to-day. We need one, and I have engaged one." "Well," said Margaret Ann, "perhaps we do. I hope he is a nice young man, and good-looking. Good looks attract custom." "I'm glad you coincide with me," says I, and laughed to myself, for I knew she was thinking of somebody else to fill with.

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der the counter.

"Sister-in-law, you know," said I; "one of the family; it won't do to praise her too much." "Oh, I wasn't thinking of what you were saying," said she. "I am surprised about my key. I am sure I hung it here. A little brass door-key, with a nick in the handle and a piece of pink ribbon tied to it. I can't think where it has gone." Well, we both looked every where. We unrolled packages and peeped into the boxes, and poked down cracks in the floor. Lilly went worrying about getting a locksmith to fit another before she could get in, and said that Rosa was always tired.

Rosa was her sister. The two were orphans, and kept house together in one little room in a respectable tenement house. "I've always had tea before Rosa got in," said Lilly; "but to-night she will have to wait." It's odd how we remember little things sometimes. Perhaps the girl's pretty, puzzled face and graceful motions, as she ran about looking for the key impressed this one on my mind. At all events we did not find the notched key with the pink ribbon, and Lilly went home without it. I told Margaret Ann about it when I saw her next, and she inquired very politely of Lilly as to the end of the affair, when she next saw her. The key was never found, but Lilly said she had had two made, so that such a thing could never happen again. She could keep one and Rosa the other.

"And, as I presume it was lost here, you must have the value of it from us," said Margaret Ann. "It's not much but its just." And that I thought very kind of the widow, considering. Well, time passed on, and one day was about like the other. Winter went and summer came. People began to go to the country, and trade was dull. And Sam told me that he and Lilly were going to be married soon, God willing. I had just left Sam when Margaret Ann's colored girl stepped across the street and told me her mistress wanted to see me.

Of course I went over; and when I got into the back parlor I found Margaret Ann wrapped up in a shawl, her eyes red with crying. "Anything happened?" says I. "Yes," said she, "I'm afraid so. Oh, I'm so sorry." "Dear me! Do mention the fact," says I. "Well," says she, "I can hardly bear to do so; but—who has a chance at the safe besides you and me?" "Nobody but Lilly Rathbone," said I. "You are sure," says she. "Why, of course," says I. "Ah! well," says she, "perhaps there is another way out of it. May be you have had occasion to use that money of mine. I mean the one thousand dollar bank note that I put in there in a red pocket-book last week."

"No," said I. "Of course I'd spoken of it. It was your private money." "It's gone, Richard," says she. "You saw me look into the safe to-day?" "Yes," said I. "Well," says she, "it was gone then. I couldn't bring myself to speak of it. You see a girl like that has so many temptations, love and all. Richard, promise me you won't have her arrested, or anything, if it is her." "It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it was your money. You would be the prosecutor to any thief."

"Dear me, yes," says she, "and I'll let her go; but I must get it back, and she must leave the store." "How can you think so ill of the girl?" said I. "Why don't you suspect me. I am ever so much more of a doubtful character than she is!" "You are my brother-in-law," said Margaret Ann. "Now listen to reason. Come to the store with me, and we'll search. If we don't find it I shall charge Lilly with the theft to-morrow, and, if she doesn't confess, get a search warrant for her rooms. I will be very kind, but I can't lose a sum like that."

She cried again. I did really feel that she was in great trouble. We went to the store again and searched the safe, but the money was all gone. Margaret Ann had the number in her pocket-book. It was easy to identify, and besides the poor girl was in a suspicious position, and I said if she should prove guilty, my faith in human nature was gone. "Mine, too," said Margaret Ann. "I had come to like her so. And then poor Sam." I went home to tea with my sister-in-law, but we had not much appetite. She promised not to come to the store until the closing hour, and to be very merciful, and to give the girl every chance.

And so we parted. I arose to say good-night, and came around the table to shake hands with Margaret Ann, when, being a clumsy old bachelor, not used to women's fixings, my coat caught in a little wicker-work sewing basket, on spider legs, and overset it. Out tumbled cotton, buttons, and tape, and I stooped to pick them up, when among them I saw a key, a brass door-key, with a nick in it and a long piece of pink ribbon tied to the handle. It was a little thing, and it made my blood run cold. If that was the key Lilly lost, what was it doing there? I didn't dare to look at my sister-in-law. And I walked the floor all night; but by morning my mind was made up.

hours—ten, eleven, twelve—and kept saying to myself:

"If you are a wicked, suspicious old fool, Richard Wood, may the Lord forgive you." But I waited still, and just as the long black hands pointed at half-past one, I heard such a knock as my sister-in-law gave at the office door. There was another knock, a pause, and then I heard the key turn in the lock and saw the door open and my sister-in-law come in. She looked about her, shut the door, re-locked it, and stole across the room. Then—God forgive the woman, I suppose she was mad with jealousy—she lifted up the mattress of Lilly's neat little bed in the corner, and taking a red pocket-book thrust it under, pulling the quilt well down about the bed afterward.

"I hardly think you'll marry Sam Spencer after this, Miss Lilly," she said aloud, with a wicked toss of her head. "I've out-witted you." "Not quite," said I. "Margaret Ann, there are two words to that matter." I walked out of the closet and stood with my back to the outer door. She knew she was entrapped, but her wicked tongue had its way still. "So you are in the habit of coming here," she said. "Nice young lady, certainly." "I never came here before, said I, "and you know it; but I have been here all day waiting for you. I saw Lilly's key in your basket last night, and I began to guess the truth. Bring me that pocket-book."

Margaret Ann did it. She was pale as death and almost as cold. I looked at her and felt sorry for her after all. "You are my brother's widow," said I, "and a poor, foolish, jealous creature. I haven't told any one of my suspicions yet, and I never will, on two conditions." "Name them," said she, "I cannot help myself." "You will retire from the business," said I. "Glad to do it," said she.

"And you will give that thousand dollar bill to Lilly as a wedding present." She looked at me and gave a great gulp. "Nasty little cut!" said she, "I won't." But she did, and only I knew why the widow Wood was so generous to Lilly Rathbone on her wedding day, or why she started for Europe on the very next steamer that sailed from New York and still remains there.

MARRIAGE.—It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life.

The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prating upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle—every thing seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toils to enjoy the sweet of his little paradise. This is true domestic pleasure—the only bliss that survived the fall! Health contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects, are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with a large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy.

It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortune, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part; and thus may a wife become 'not a help-mate, but a help-out.'—Winstown.

A PEN PORTRAIT OF BAZAINE.—Marshal Bazaine is now so prominently before the public that the following description of his personal appearance, from the pen of the Versailles correspondent of the London Telegraph, will be read with interest: "Bazaine may be the rankest traitor that ever disgraced the soil of France, but he certainly looks not the part. You would not take him, probably, for a man of deep and searching intellect, but you must own to a mental wrench if you are to set down that man opposite to you, with the simple martial carriage and the bold yet not arrogant front, as aught save a soldier sans peur et sans reproche, save of faults such as the soldier may hold his face to without the shaming or sullying of his cloth. His forehead is low, but full and well arched, bullet-like hard; the few that still remain, short and crisp, have turned gray almost to whiteness. But his thick eye-brows, arched over the small dark eyes, are still black, as are the slight moustache on the firm-set upper lip and the tuft upon the full-fleshed, massive chin. The contour of the face is of a curious dusky pallor—as if the face, actually swarthy, had been dusted over with powder. Occasionally a slight blush seems to gather on the marble-like brow and cheeks."

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC.

In a very modest house, on the corner of the old Avenue de l'Imperatrice and the Rue Poissonniere, in Paris, lives Paul de Cassagnac, whom his enemies call the Don Quixote of the Second Empire, but who, notwithstanding all his faults, is one of the most brilliant young French journalists of our times. M. de Cassagnac is now only thirty-five years old, and yet he has written for the French press for nearly twenty years. He was initiated into politics in 1854, and at once embraced the imperial faith with all the enthusiasm of an impetuous youth.

His father, Granier de Cassagnac, employed him at first as a proof-reader, but soon advanced him to a far more responsible position—that of a military and sporting editor of the Pays. Young Paul de Cassagnac displayed, from his earliest youth, extraordinary skill as a marksman; and already, at the age of fifteen, in a duel with a fellow-student, at the College St. Barbe, killed his antagonist.

Unfortunately for French manners, such duels were, and still are, countenanced by the best classes of la grande nation. Young Cassagnac, as all the adherents of the Lower Empire, was dazzled by its first successes. Many a fatal combat did he have to undertake on the part of the old aristocracy; but he was never repudiated as an adversary, because no one was able to doubt his good faith, and because his incorruptibility was beyond question. His enthusiasm for the imperialist cause, however, caused him frequently to applaud the worst mistakes of the third Napoleon; and when the war of 1870 broke out, he enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment of zouaves, in which capacity he was taken prisoner at the battle of Gravelotte.

For ten months he remained a prisoner in a Prussian casemate, and then he immediately repaired to Paris, where he revived his Pays. In his new paper he advocated, as before, the cause of the empire, and he was always ready to stand up for what he wrote, with his sword. In Paris M. de Cassagnac is looked upon as an enthusiast of the most honest convictions—the more so, with all the chances he had under the empire for accumulating money, he has remained poor. This is what constitutes his strength; and he is, undoubtedly, now the Bonapartist most respected by all the adversaries of the cause. Appleton's Journal.

THE INDEFINABLE DIGNITY OF WOMAN.—There is, in particular, that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. These have a quiet dignity, tempered by much sweetness of speech and manner, that is the loveliest kind of all, and the most subtle as well as the most beautiful.—They are like the lady in Coitus, and seem to cast the spell of respect on all with whom they are associated. No man, save of the coarsest fibre, and such as only physical strength can control, could be rude to them in word or brutal in deed; for there is something about them, very indefinite, but very strong within, which seems to give them special protection from insolence; and a loving woman of soft manners, whose mind is pure and who respects herself, is armed with a power which none but the vilest can despise. This is the woman who gets a precise obedience from her servants without exacting it, and whose children do not dream of disputing her wishes; who, though so gentle and affable, stops short of that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt, and with whom no one takes a liberty. For this one can scarcely give a reason. She would not rant or rave if she was displeased, she would not scold, she could not strike; but there is a certain quality in her which we may not be able to formulate, yet which would make us ashamed to pass beyond the boundaries of the strictest respect, and which restrains others less consciously critical than ourselves as certainly as fear. It is the respect we pay to those who respect themselves; the consideration and honor which all real purity of nature demands and obtains. This is womanly dignity in its loveliest aspect, and the kind we all desire to see in woman, whom it would not harm, nor render less loving.

A TERRIBLE HAZARD.—A game of cards in which a human life was at stake was played on the 9th of September at the Ritter Hotel, Heidelberg; by four young students, one of whom, Silfred Meyer, was an American, from Chicago. It appears that the four men had formerly been intimate friends, and they met, it seems, on the above day at the Swan Tavern, where they drank a good deal, and finally began to quarrel. One of them, Count Ottendorf, called Meyer a cowardly Jew, whereupon the latter promptly challenged him. Meyer, in a tone of great excitement, proposed that all four should repair to the Ritter Hotel and there play a game of "sixty-six." The loser should shoot himself with a pistol.

The proposition was accepted, and the four students repaired to the hotel.—They ordered wine and cards to be brought up to a private room, and Ludékan, one of the four, procured two loaded pistols from a neighboring armorer.—The fourth student dealt the cards, and Ottendorf and Meyer seated themselves a pistol lying by the side of each. The first few minutes the game remained almost even. But then Meyer obtained a single advantage, and Ottendorf, seeing that he was lost, suddenly jumped up, and exclaimed "Adieu, my friends," seized his pistol and shot himself through the right temple.

He fell a corpse to the floor while his companions stood as if petrified for a moment, and then hurried from the room.—When the proprietor of the hotel hastened

into the room he found the dead Count lying on the floor.

He gave an alarm, and the police started soon after in pursuit of the fugitive students. Late in the afternoon they succeeded in arresting Imnich, who made the above statement. Meyer and Ludékan escaped across the French frontier. Ottendorf was the son of wealthy landed proprietor in Westphalia. At the time of his death he was only nineteen.

PHANTOM TROOPS.

On Midsummer-Eve, 1735, William Lancaster's servant related that he saw the east side of Souter Fell, toward the top, covered with a regular marching army for about an hour together; he said it consisted of distant bodies of troops, which appeared to proceed from an eminence in the end, and marched over a niche in the top; but as no other person in the neighborhood had seen the like, he was discredited and laughed at. Two years after, on Midsummer-Eve also, between the hours of 8 and 9, William Lancaster himself saw that several gentlemen were following their horses at a distance, as if they had been hunting, and, taking them for such, paid no regard to it till, about ten minutes after, a giant turning his head to the place, they appeared to be mounted, and a vast army following, five in rank, crowding over at the same place where the servant said he saw them two years before. He then called his family, who all agreed in the same opinion; and what was most extraordinary, he frequently observed that some one of the five would quit the rank, and seem to stand in a fronting posture, as if he was observing and regulating the order of their march, or taking account of their numbers, and after some time appeared to return full gallop to the station he had left, which he never failed to do as often as he quitted the lines, and the figure that did so was one of the middlemost men in the ranks. As if grew later they seemed more regardless of discipline, and rather had the appearance of people riding from a market than an army, though they kept crowding on, and marching off as long as they had light to see them. This phenomenon was no more seen till the Midsummer-Eve preceding the rebellion, and they determined to call more families to witness this sight, and accordingly went to Wiltontill and Souter Fell Side, till they convened about twenty-six persons, who all affirm that they saw the same appearance, but not conducted with the usual regularity as the preceding ones, having the likenesses of carriages interspersed; however it did not appear to be less real, for some of the company were so affected with it as in the morning to climb the mountain, through an idle expectation of finding horse-shoes, after so numerous an army, but they saw not a vestige nor print of a foot.—Laws and Legends of English Lake Country.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—It has been calculated that the English language contains about thirty-five thousand words, but if we inquire how many of these thirty-five thousand words are in daily use we shall be perfectly astounded at the smallness of the number. A child, from the moment he begins to speak, picks up words and uses them by an imitative process, which waxes less active as he becomes an adult. The number acquired in childhood may be about one hundred. If he does not belong to the educated classes of society he will at no period of his life acquire more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty. Upon a stock of twice that amount he may mix with learned men, and even write a book. Then how vast is the number of words that lie hid in the "kamms" or "ocean"—according to the Arabic title—of our dictionaries. Words that even the educated speaker or writer administers only in homeopathic doses; words once in repate but now forgotten; words invented for the use of science or art; words confined in their usage to certain districts and dialects.

A TURKISH PRINCESS.—Mrs. B. Etham Edwards visited a Turkish princess, whom she describes as follows: "She was tall and slender and very handsome, with a pearly skin, delicately cut features and black hair and eyes. Her dress was simply perfect, ample, flowing, easy, of soft, noiseless, lustrous silk, the precise hue of which it would be impossible to describe; it was something between an asphodel blossom and the palest pink coral, and yet neither one nor the other approached it at all nearly. Around her head was wound a little turban of delicately colored gauze, fastened over the forehead with a jewel. Now, I am sorry to confess that this graceful and imposing creature was such an inveterate smoker that it seemed the sole business of two or three of her slave-girls to supply her wants. During the two hours that we were honored with her presence one of these automaton-like figures would come in about every seven or eight minutes, unsummoned, and hand each of the ladies a cigarette. Anything more like machinery could not be conceived. There was no salutation on the part of the servant, no acknowledgment on the part of the mistress. The cigarette came and went, and that was all."

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Show us a man who can quit the society of the young and take pleasure in listening to the kindly voice of the old; show us a man who is always ready to pity and help the deformed; show us a man who covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us a man that bows as politely and gives the street as freely to the poor sewing girls as to the millionaire; show us a man who abhors a libertine, who scorns the ridicular of his mother's sex and the exposure of woman's reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect due a woman in any condition or class, and you show us a true gentleman.

FALSE MORALITY OF WOMEN'S NOVELS.

In speaking of lady novelists, Greg writes in his "Literary and Social Judgments": "In youth and in the youth of women especially—there is a degree of exaltation of mind and temper which, beautiful as it is and deeply as we should grieve over its absence, partakes of, or at least has a strong tendency to degenerate into, the morbid and unsound. It may add to the interest of a tale, but it renders it unfaithful as a picture of life, unsafe as a guide to the judgment of, and often obnoxious in its short—and to sum up in a single sentence the gist of all that we have said—that branch of literature of our day which exercises the widest and most penetrating influence of the age—from which the young and impressible (nearly all of us, in short, at one period or another) chiefly drew their notions of life, their habitual sentiments and feelings (so far as these are drawn from literature at all) and their impressions as to what is admirable and right and what is detestable and wrong—is to a great extent in the hands of writers whose experience of life is seldom wide and never deep, whose sympathies have not yet been chastened or corrected, whose philosophy is inevitably superficial, whose judgment cannot possibly be matured, and is not very likely to be sound. The result is that we are constantly gazing on inaccurate pictures, constantly sympathizing with artificial or reprehensible emotions, constantly admiring culpable conduct, constantly imbibing false morality."

THE OCEAN.

After all what do we know about things ten miles down in the stupendous valleys of the ocean? On land, here, the vegetation of the Alpine base is not that of its summit; the wild goat skips upon the peaks of the Himalayas, but the rhinoceros has its lair miles below. Our acquaintance with the deep must be absolutely and literally superficial, for we may assume that its mountain-tops alone are revealed to us, and these dimly, and that to its valleys our senses can never penetrate. All the creatures that disport themselves on or near its surface are more or less familiar to us—the whales, the porpoises, and the sharks that come tumbling over its undulations much in the same way that buffaloes come floundering over the waves on the prairie. The countless broods that feed on its shallow banks, and are taken therefrom to feed shallower mortals, are all within our grasp, and we grasp them. On the ledge of the iceberg sits enthroned the walrus, and we salute him as the elephant of the sea, an esteem him unspeakably for the commercial value of his ivory tusks. The huge sea-cow has no mystery for us. We waken the harmless creature up from its bed of seaweed on the isolated rock, and, having wished it good morning, we stick spears into it, and convert it to the noble purpose of gain. The magnificent sea-unicorn, king of the Arctic waters, is no stranger to us, which is just so much the worse for him. We have cognizance of all the sea-creatures, and many more, the range of which appears to be in the upper regions of the deep; but what can we have of the mystic realms that lie far, far down about the bases of the great sub-marine mountain ranges—mountains compared with which our highest dry-land peaks are possibly nothing but mere hillocks!

There is a sea-monster known to fishermen as the Horned Ray, a monster most fearful in itself, but interesting as an illustration of that which is, and a suggestion of that which may be—a veritable dragon of the sea, whose lateral fins extend like wings, and frequently measure more than thirty feet from tip to tip. This voracious fish will sometimes make its appearance among the swimmers in the surf, and, taking one under each arm, so to speak, do descend with them to the depths unknown. Until the ocean shall have been dried up, or drained off, no human being can ever explore the strange grottoes into which this hideous man-eater glides with his prey. The great fishes and sea-beasts that are known to us may be creatures of the deep alone, never descending below a certain depth, lest they encounter far more hideous and powerful monsters than themselves, which dwell at the bases of the marine mountains leagues farther down. One can easily imagine a polypus anchored there below in some distracting valley, of which it is lord and tyrant—a stupendous mass of bloated matter, grasping at everything in a circumference of half a mile, and absorbent of all living creatures under the size of a whale. In the China sea there are bivalves—whether oysters or mussels I am not certain—the shells of which are large enough to contain a man properly doubled up. If a monster like this inhabit comparative shallows, there is no limit to one's imaginings of the bivalvular enormities at the bottom ten miles farther down.—Atlantic Monthly.

There are many parents who do not seem to understand the necessity of sending their children to school regularly. They are prone to frame excuses to gratify a child's caprice, and are equally ready to blame the teacher if it gets behind in its classes. Getting an education is like getting along in business; unless the pupil is industrious and constant the more preserving win the race.

The Italians have a proverb which says "He who takes an eel by the tail or a woman by the tongue is sure to go empty-handed."

It is said there are 200,000 lost women in the land.

Mr. Colfax has just celebrated his 5th wedding day.