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North Carolina Gazette.

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News Budget.

SUMMARY OF NEWS
For the Week ending Jan. 20, 1874.

FOREIGN.

Cardinal Antonelli is dangerously ill at Rome, with the gout in his stomach; the Pope has administered extreme unction to him.—The Government troops shot ten insurgents while attempting to escape, otherwise, the occupation of Cartagena was bloodless.—The French authorities have refused to surrender the Numancia without orders from Paris; the Numancia is comparatively uninjured.—The condition of the forts around Cartagena indicates treachery; provisions are plentiful in the town.—The Intransigentes at Barcelona have surrendered; the authority of the Government is fully restored there.—The London *Times'* correspondent at Cartagena reports tumults among the people, who were convinced that the treachery of their leaders precipitated the surrender.—It is understood that the French government will deliver to Spain, under the extraordinary treaty, those of the Cartagena refugees now in Algeria who are accused of piracy and other crimes.—A Rome telegram says the Pope will hold another Consistory early next month, when he will appoint several additional Cardinals and seventeen foreign Bishops.—The Prince and Princess of Wales have arrived at St. Petersburg, and a grand *fete* will be given at the American Legation, on Monday, in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage.—The Madrid Government denies that the trouble at Barcelona was serious, and announces that order has been restored in that city.—A portion of the force which took parc in the siege of Cartagena has marched against the Carlists.—The British ship Wallacshe has been burned in the harbor of Almenia, Spain.

DOMESTIC.

The delayed steamship China has arrived at San Francisco.—The National Board of trade in session at Baltimore, discussed finances on the 15th; the views of some of the orators diverged widely.—A defective piston was the cause of the detention of the steamship China at San Francisco yesterday; she lies low in the water and is coming up the harbor with only one wheel working.—Mrs. Lola Torrence, of the California theatre company at San Francisco, and wife of John Torrence, shot herself through the head on 16th; domestic trouble was the cause.—A nineteen year old wife was murdered on 15th by her husband in a drunken brawl at Portland, Me.—The jail at Greensboro, N. C., was consumed by fire on the 16th; the prisoners were all safely removed; the building took fire from a defective flue in the furnace; loss about $3,000; no insurance; the fire was suppressed and no other buildings were injured.—Miss Laura Alexander, the actress, died in New York on 15th.—The children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum attended the funeral of the unfortunate Stiner family at New York on 15th.—Dudley White, colored, accused of murder in Mecklenburg county, Ky., was taken from jail and hanged by the people.—At Baltimore, in the National Bricklayer's Union, the motion to admit negroes to membership was defeated, and the eight hour question was remitted to local Unions.—At Columbus, Ohio, both houses in joint session, on 15th, re-elected Allen G. Thurman to the U. S. Senate.—The New Jersey Southern Railroad is in the hands of Gen. R. F. Stockton, with, however, no power to run it; arrangements for the resumption of operations will be made, it is hoped, in a few days.—Gov. McEnery, of Louisiana, departed from New Orleans for Washington, Thursday night 15th.—Texas advices received at New Orleans indicate that Gov. Davis will yield his office to Gov. Coke.—At St. Louis, Mo., Thursday 15th, the thermometer stood at zero; two such days, it is said, will close the river.—At Annapolis, Md., Wm. Pinckney White has been nominated for the United States Senate by the Democratic caucus, which secures his election.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS
For the Week ending Jan. 20, 1874.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 14.—Uplands, nothing below Good Ordinary, shipped February and March 8¼d. Uplands, not below Low Middlings, deliverable January and February 8½d.

Jan. 15.—Cotton—uplands 8¼d; Orleans 8⅜ to 8¾d. Common rosin 7s. 8d.

Jan. 16.—Cotton dull and unchanged—sales of 10,000 bales; for speculation and export 2,000. Breadstuffs quiet. Pork 67s. 6d; long clear middlings 39s; short clear middlings 40s. Uplands not below Low Middling, shipped January and February, 8¼d. Orleans, not below Good Ordinary, shipped January and February, 8 7-16d.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Gold closed at 111⅝@111¾. Government bonds are strong. Cotton quiet at 16⅞@17¼ cents. Flour less active and declining—common to fair extra $7 10@$8 30; good to choice extra $8 35@$11. Wheat 1 @ 2 cents lower. Corn firmer at 92 cents for old Western mixed, in store. Pork heavy—new mess $16 25. Beef quiet at $8 75@$11. Spirits turpentine firm at 44 cents. Rosin unchanged. Freights to Liverpool dull and unchanged.

January 15.—Gold 111⅝@to 111¾. Government Securities strong and active. Cotton weak at 16⅞@17⅛ cents. Flour dull and declining—good to choice $8 25 @ $11. Wheat heavy--1 cent lower and holders disposed to realize. Corn is irregular and lower with better export demand. Pork heavy and lower; mess $16. Naval stores quiet. Freights steady.

Jan. 16.—Gold 111⅝. Government bonds strong and active. Cotton dull at 16⅞@17 cents. Flour dull and drooping—common to fair extra $6 90@8 10; good to choice extra $8 15@$11. Wheat heavy and 1@2 cents lower. Corn a shade firmer with a moderate demand—old western mixed in store 91½ cents. Pork heavy and lower—new mess $15 87½. Beef quiet and unchanged. Spts. turpentine 45½ cents. Rosin is quiet and unchanged. Freights steady.

WILMINGTON, January, 14.—Spirits turpentine 39½ cents; market firm. Rosin at $2 05 for strained; market firm. Crude turpentine at $2 80 for yellow dip, and $1 80 for hard; market firm. Tar at $2 30 and $2 55, an advance of 25 cents since last reports; market firm. Corn at 86 cents per bushel. Cotton at 14½ cents.

Jan. 15.—Spirits turpentine 40 cents; market firm. Rosin at $2 07½ ℔ bbl; market firm. Crude turpentine $1 80 for hard and $2 80 for soft ℔ bbl. Tar has declined 5 cents; $2 50 ℔ bbl; market steady. Cotton—Market quiet and steady; sales at 14½ and 14¾ cents.

Jan. 16.—Spirits turpentine 41 cents; market closing firm. Rosin at $2 10 for strained, an advance of 2½ cents on last reports; market firm. Grude turpentine at $2 80 for yellow dip and $2 for hard; market steady. Tar $2 50 ℔ bbl; market steady. Corn at 87 cents. Cotton 14½ cents.

Home Circle.

HAND AND HEART.

One evening, in the year 1520, a woman, enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance. She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio! Adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet. Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said, "Girl! destroy not thy life which Providence has given thee. If you are unhappy, enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from crime—from rushing uncalled into His presence!"

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said, "Let me go! I must die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: an avaricious father, a poor mother, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly did Maria plead with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening, her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested just on the verge of committing suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches, and, bidding her retire to her own apartment and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart a young gondoiler appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her, said in a low voice:—"Dearest! dearest!"

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting, "Out of this! out of my house, fellow!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that, since I was ten years old and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not, then, allow us to hallow your old age with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my children," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Beggars!" replied the young man. "You surely forget yourself."

"Not I, indeed," returned the father. "I refuse my consent. Therefore, get you gone!"

"But hear me for one moment," pleaded the gondolier.

"'Tis useless. I again repeat that such as you shall never wed my daughter. Your position is too mean."

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man, "but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with help of Heaven, do much."

"A fool's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza, a cowherd."

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to the dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said, "Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success and struggles conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Master Jew," said the unknown, turning disdainfully towards him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babbles are more tiresome than thieves. Before tomorrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and turning towards a table began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensuous, avaricious expression; and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand," cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvols, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the innkeeper. "I would not give a zechin for it."

Without speaking the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria; but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the sender with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale, and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said. "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter! say you!" cried the gondolier; "much—much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life."

"Men call me Michael Angelo."

"It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvass the lovely features of Maria."

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on and found Antonio, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of the production, however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

LOUISA MUHLBACH'S GRAVE.—On the 29th of September Louisa Muhlbach was buried in the grave in which for eleven years past the remains of her gifted husband, Theodore Mundt, the author of "Mirabeau," have reposed. Among the mourners were all the notabilities of Berlin in art and literature. The aged Carl Gutzkow, Adolph Glassbrenner, Germany's greatest humorist, Dr. Max Ring, the author of "John Milton and His Times," Janke, the eminent German publisher, were especially noted. The Emperor William had signified his respect for the deceased by sending one of the court carriages. At the grave, which is remarkable on account of its memorable surroundings—Hegel, the great philosopher reposing on one side, and Iffland, the great German actor, on the other—Rev. Dr. Sydow, whose triumphant acquittal by the Brandenburg Consistory of the charge of infidelity recently created so profound a sensation in religious circles, delivered the funeral oration. The coffin was opened, and the sight of the deceased, who was dressed in a suit of black, and whose face looked smiling in death, produced a thrilling effect upon the throng of sympathizing spectators. "Far beyond this country," said the reverend speaker, "will this mournful scene excite regrets in innumerable hearts. Critical judgment grows dumb in view of an open grave. Her works will live after her. Millions have read and admired them. Hers was a life of work. For years she was an invalid, and yet she never wavered in performing what she deemed the great duty of her life. Heroes, greater than those who face the cannon's mouth, are those who, with the germ of death within them, come smilingly up, day after day, to their life's work. It has been said that she whose death we mourn to-day has been a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul. I know it is a calumny, and I will repeat here what I heard her exclaim eleven years ago, at this very grave, at the moment when her husband's coffin was lowered into it, and she stood here, frantic with grief, with her two little daughters. 'No!' she cried in a voice choked by tears, 'no, a mind that has created so many original works, in which it will live here on earth, cannot sink back into nothing!'"

Then Carl Gutzkow laid a laurel wreath on the coffin, saying only, "Adieu, dear, gifted, faithful friend."

On the following day a slab was placed on the mound, bearing the inscription: "Clara Mundt, aged fifty-nine, the historical novelist of Germany."

ENTHUSIASM NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.—In his "Getting on in the World," Professor Matthews says there was never, probably, a time in the world's history when high success in any profession demanded harder or more incessant labor than now. Men can no longer go at one leap into eminent position. The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows. Above all, a deep and burning enthusiasm is wanted in every one who would achieve great ends. No great thing is or can be done without it. It is a quality that is seen wherever there are earnest and determined workers—in the silence of the study, and amid the roar of cannon; in the painting of a picture, and in the carving of a statue. Ability, learning, accomplishment, opportunity, all are well; but they do not, of themselves, insure success. Thousands have all these, and live and die without benefiting themselves or others. Men, on the other hand, of mediocre talents, often scale the dizzy steps of excellence and fame because they have firm faith and high resolve. It is this solid faith in one's mission—the rooted belief that it is the one thing to which he has been called—this enthusiasm, attracting an Agassiz to the Alps or Amazon, impelling a Pliny to explore the volanco in which he is to lose his life, and nerving a Vernet, when tossing in a fierce tempest, to sketch the waste of waters, and even the wave that is leaping to devour him,—that marks the heroic spirit; and wherever it is found, success, sooner or later, is almost inevitable.

BABYLON'S HANGING GARDENS.

Our pretty hanging baskets, with their suspension wires completely draped in delicate climbing ivies and standing mosses, with their masses of beautiful trailing plants, their drooping grasses, vincas, mimosas, musk-scented and covered with brilliant golden flowers, though liliputian in size, are literally hanging gardens. But even should they be made a million times larger, their plan is so utterly different that they could never suggest the faintest notion of the hanging gardens of Babylon, about the very name of which there is a ring of poetic grandeur and a flavor of oriental magnificence. They were literally paradises, for though our word is from the Greek *paradisos*, the Greeks borrowed it from Persia, where to this day the rich satraps rejoice in their paradises or pleasure gardens. Xenophon mentions those of Belesis, governor of Syria; and such as he beheld them, apparently, we find them described by Chardin and other modern travelers. The hanging gardens of Babylon were simply a very costly variety of the paradise, such only as princely wealth could afford. Their origin is attributed to Semiramis by some; others say that they were invented by a king of Syria to charm the melancholy of one of his wives of Persian origin, who sighed to behold again the verdant mountains of her native land. Strebo and Diodorous Sicular have written about these famous hanging gardens, Philo of Byzantium—if, indeed, he is the author of the treatise on the seven wonders of the world, by some attributed to him—and many others.

They were called hanging gardens doubtless because of the huge branching palms and other trees, overhanging the balustrade on the summit of the high walls that enclosed the paradise. These walls were about one hundred and thirty yards long on each of the four sides, twenty-two feet thick, and fifty cubits high, or over ninety-one feet according to the Hebrew cubit. The terraces were upheld by immensely strong galleries, whose ceilings were formed by hewn stones sixteen feet long and four wide. Resting on these stones was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of asphalt, and on this was a floor of fire-dried bricks laid in mortar; finally, a floor of lead plates to prevent any moisture from penetrating the foundation of the terraces, the soil of which rested upon the leaden floor, and was of sufficient depth to hold and nourish trees of fifty feet high, and thousands of rare plants culled from all parts of the known world. All these were kept in a perennially flourishing condition, we are informed, by water raised from the Euphrates through the aid of machinery concealed from view in certain rooms made in the galleries. The galleries, also, contained many royal apartments, variously decorated and furnished. Decently lighted, they could not have been; but one can easily imagine that a walk around those upper terraces on a fine moonlight night, the senses charmed by soft music, and by waves of perfume rising from the wilderness of flowers and shrubs below, must have been enchanting.

LEGEND OF THE CLOCK OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.—Many years ago there lived in Strasburg an aged and experienced mechanic. Buried in his arts, he forgot the ways of the world, and promised his daughter to his gallant young apprentice, instead of to the hideous old magistrate, who approached the maiden with offers of gold and dignity. One day the youth and damsel found the unworldly artist weeping for joy before his completed clock, the wonder of the earth. Every body came to see it, and the corporation bought it for the cathedral. The city of Basel bespoke another just like it. This order aroused the jealousy of the authorities, who tried to make the mechanic promise that he would never repeat his master-piece for another town. "Heaven gave me not my talents to feed your vain ambition," said the man of craft; "the men of Basel were quicker to recognize my skill than you were. I will make no such promise." Upon that the rejected suitor, who was among the magistrates, persuaded his colleagues to put out the artist's eyes. The old man heard his fate with lofty fortitude, and only asked that he might suffer the sentence in the presence of his darling work, to which he wished to give a few final strokes. His request was granted, and he gazed long at the splendid clock, setting its wonders in motion to count off the last-remaining moments of his sight. "Come, laggard," said the prosecuting magistrate, who had brought a crowd of spectators, "you are taxing the patience of this kind audience." "But one touch remains," said the old mechanic, "to complete my work;" and he busied himself a moment among the wheels. While he suffered the agonies of his torture a fearful whir was heard from the clock; the weights tumbled crushing to the floor as his eyes fell from their sockets. He had removed the master-spring, and his revenge was complete. The lovers devoted their lives to the comfort of the blind clock-maker, and the wicked magistrate was hooted from society. The clock remained a ruin until 1842, when parts of it were used in the new one constructed by Schwilgue.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

PAUPER BECOMES A MILLIONAIRE.—In the summer of 1871 there arrived in this city a young German from the city of Recklinhausen, Westphalia, in a state of most abject poverty. He gave his name as Louis Steenkopf and said that he had been robbed of all his clothes on board of the immigrant ship. To aggravate his misery he became affected with rheumatism, and wandered about the streets of New York famished and ragged. Finally a humane countryman of his took pity on him and got him admitted to the German hospital, whence poor Steenkopf was discharged shortly afterward with only a few shillings in his pocket. He was again thrown upon the town in the dead of the hard winter of 1871-72, and he soon was more miserable than ever. One day in the summer of 1872, by that time having become a filthy and disgusting beggar, he piteously begged a policeman to have him sent to the Island. There he remained two months, when he suddenly received, through the German Consul, a letter with the enclosure of $300, and an urgent request to return to his German home. A few hours after the New York pauper visited a barbershop and a clothing store, and was transformed into a gentleman, and the next steamer carried him back to the fatherland. Upon his arrival at Recklinhausen, Steenkopf found that two of his wealthiest relatives had died suddenly, and that he, their sole relative, who, a short time before, had begged alms in the streets of New York, had, all of a sudden, become possessed of real estate and stocks valued at one million two hundred thousand thalers. A more singular and sudden revulsion of fortune has rarely occurred.—*Sunday Mercury.*

THE MARQUIS OF TALLEYRAND'S PLACE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from the "Land of Flowers," says that there is a pretty place of some thirty acres four miles out from Jacksonville, on the shell road, which could, with the proper care, be made very beautiful, and which has a history somewhat romantic. Until about three years ago there lived there a Frenchman known as the Marquis of Talleyrand. At any rate, he was a real French nobleman, and the heir to the title he bore. He is said to have been very wild, and in the habit of getting into all sorts of scrapes at home, therefore he was sent to America, and came to quiet Jacksonville to recuperate and reform. He served, too, with unlucky Max in Mexico. He married a Miss Curtis, of New York, an accomplished and beautiful young lady, educated in France, and so much the Frenchwoman that she was frequently mistaken for one. It was her family which bought the estate and fixed it up. A house, stable, henneries, and the like were erected, and there was also put an inclosure for wild game. The mansion, which is not very pretentious, is still standing. It was luxuriously furnished, many of the appointments, some of which yet remain, being of quaint character. There were, too, summer-houses and look-out boating houses, for the grounds are directly upon the river. Here the Marquis and Madame lived like two turtle doves until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, which offered to the young gentleman an opportunity for returning home; so he crossed the sea and offered his sword to France. He escaped the risks of battle, and is now with his wife in gay Paris.

TANGIER.—Tangier, seen from a distance, is pleasingly picturesque and striking. The houses rise in irregular tiers, presenting the appearance of huge white-washed square boxes piled one above another, without order or method, but somehow jumbled together so as to make a pleasing picture. The crenelated batteries rising also in irregular tiers, and the gray mass of the Kusban which crowns the almost perpendicular rock that faces the strait, with the old ramparts rapidly crumbling to ruins, give the place an appearance almost fantastic. The modern massive batteries reassure the spectator of the reality of the scene. Above the mass of houses rise the towers of the mosques, which, with their small white flags, form striking objects in the view. The town had once a stone mole, but our civilizing cousins, the British, when they abandoned Tangier, blew it up, and the remains now form a kind of breakwater. The landing takes place on the small beach inside this breakwater, which is dignified by the name of "The Marine." Thence ingress to the town is obtained by a gate of modern construction, the old one, which is not larger than a small postern, having been walled up. It was situated inside the battery still called the "Marine Battery," and ingress and egress were obtained through the crenelated battlements. Over the gate there is placed a marble globe sustained by a hand, the whole built into the wall. The legend assures us that inside of this globe is placed the head of Hadji Mohammend Erifi, who, for a loaf of bread, delivered over the town to the Portuguese. The head is walled up as a warning to future hungry rascals, and, no doubt, is not without its moral effect on the true believers. In this battery are huge bronze guns, captured from the Portuguese, and now, like the armament, sadly neglected. Indeed, if it were not for the kindness and thoughtfulness of the considerate Britishers the batteries would be in a sad state; but somehow, doubtless from Christian charity, English cannon have been liberally supplied to arm the batteries, just as at the present moment a quantity of small arms have been sent over from Gibraltar to be placed in the hands of the Moors.

A marriage took place in Norfolk, Va., recently, to which the contracting parties were a bridegroom of 67 summers and the bride 24. This is his fourth marriage, the three preceding yielding the fruits of 30 children, 20 of whom are now living, and he has 40 grandchildren, and yet the end is probably not yet.

A prophet of evil, in the person of a negro named Santee, has turned up in Louisiana. He predicted the epidemic in Shreveport a year ago. He might make a similar prediction every year for certain places in the South and not make a failure once in ten times.

SMOKED TO DEATH.—A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his mouth. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said, "It was a mysterious act of God."—The minister at the funeral consoled the friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease," and said nothing about the cause of his disease. A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said, "Tobacco killed him." It deranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell.—The woman was right.

BAZAINE'S PLACE OF SECLUSION.—Marshal Bazaine has commenced his term of twenty years' seclusion, in accordance with the terms of the punishment fixed by Marshal MacMahon. The Isle de Sainte Marguerite, where he is to take up his lengthened residence, is on the Mediterranean coast of France, opposite Cannes, and about two miles and a half from the shore. It lies close to the Italian frontier, and is one of the groups of two isles called Lerins. Sainte Marguerite is of small extent, is covered with wood, and the climate, as may be inferred from its position, is of a salubrious character. Bazaine does not exactly go into exile, nor is he to suffer the ignominy of being transported to a penal colony. He will always have in view the coast of France, and close at hand are many towns and villages, where, before his eyes, can be constantly seen the industry and every-day life of his fellow-countrymen in one of the most attractive portions of France. Sainte Marguerite was once before the prison of an individual whose life was of romantic interest, and whose history has been the subject of labored and extended research. The Man in the Iron Mask was confined on the island from 1666 to 1698, when he was removed to the Bastile. The dungeon in which he was incarcerated is still pointed out. Its solid windows are guarded by twelve iron bars. The only approach to it was through the Governor's room. In the midst of a small garden is a square building with a door on each face, and evidently constructed with a view to strength and to prevent prisoners confined in it from escaping. It is understood that the condemned Marshal will be accompanied in his seclusion by his wife and children, and that restraint on his movements will extend to his safe-keeping. In other respects he will have the privilege of moving about within the confines of the island as much as he pleases.

ADVENTURE WITH CANADA WOLVES.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Along the line of the Grand Trunk railroad, between the Island Pond station and the French village of Conticook, in Canada, a distance of eighteen miles, the country is an almost unbroken forest, and wild animals are frequently seen beside the road, staring in wonder at the passing trains, while deer, foxes, lynxes and wolves often bound across the rail in front of the locomotive. Some years since the latter animals were remarkably plenty, sometimes appearing in droves of a dozen or more.

One evening late in the autumn a young man had occasion to pass along this lonesome way on foot, and had not accomplished more than half the distance when he heard a crackling in the bushes at the side of the track, denoting the presence of some wild animal. Thinking to frighten the creature, he threw a stone toward the place where it appeared to be. This was answered by a howl from the wolf, for such it was, and what added to the discomfort of the situation, various other howls were echoed and re-echoed by wolves from all sides, and they soon began to close in around the now thoroughly frightened man, who started on a run, but was soon obliged to slacken his pace from sheer exhaustion. Although the pack of wolves now numbered about twenty, they still for some reason failed to attack him, but surrounded him at a distance of a few paces, each moment growing bolder and bolder. In his desperation he picked up stones and threw toward them, at which they would scatter for a brief period, and he would make another effort to escape them, which, however would prove useless, for as soon as he turned to run they would again surround him, and the only method by which he could keep them at bay was to keep up the shower of missiles, shouting at the top of his voice.

But even this resource was fast failing him, as he was well nigh exhausted and ready to drop with fatigue and fright, when suddenly unexpected assistance arrived. He heard afar off a low rumble, and knew that a train was approaching. Could he only hold his fierce enemies at bay until its arrival he felt that he would be safe. He redoubled his efforts, and soon the rumble of the train grew louder, and the head-light of the locomotive appeared around a curve. The hunted man now gave up the unequal contest with the savage brutes, and facing the approaching train threw up his arms and concentrated all his energies in a loud call for help, which was heard above the rattle of the cars. The engineer whistled "down brakes," the cars came to a standstill, and the poor fellow, more dead than alive, climbed into the cab of the engine and fainted, and it was only after the arrival at the next station that he was able to relate his terrible experience.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in the Various Kingdoms and Empires of Europe.

No. 3.

At 7 o'clock a. m., on the 18th of August, I took the mail train at Liverpool for the great city of London. This railroad is a curiosity to an American. Constructed to last, it would seem, for hundreds of centuries, it is 201 miles long and has eleven tunnels—none of which are very long.—But the masonry will compare with the splendid, substantial work of the docks of Liverpool. The construction of this and all other railroads in England is more substantial than those of all other portions of Europe or of America. There is much caution taken in England to prevent casualties. There, like everywhere else in Europe, are three classes of cars; the first and second-class can seat but few persons; while the third-class can seat from twelve to twenty-four persons. The first and second-class cars are well fitted up, but nothing like so finely as on the Continent. In all classes of the cars the seats are so arranged that the passengers face each other. When all have entered the cars the doors are locked, and no one is allowed to get out until they arrive at their destination. No smoking is allowed in any class of the cars, and with every train are two policemen, and if any difficulty takes place, or any one is robbed, the police let no one out of the car until the affair is settled. The police are very polite, and do everything in their power to make strangers in their beat comfortable. At last, at about 3 o'clock, we arrived in the suburbs of the city. On, on, we rolled, by a sea of houses; on we rolled. At last, here was the great London! Sometimes the houses and the people on either side were above the tops of the cars, and sometimes we flew along higher than the very tops of the trees and chimneys; and, strange to say, in London, as in the little country towns, the people left their household affairs to look at the cars as they rolled on; and the children! I really think I saw more children on each side of the track than I had ever seen before. Thousands of the houses were mere hovels, and thousands of others but very little better. I never could have believed that it were possible for any such city to be surrounded by thousands of such miserable dens.—At last we began to come to 2 and 3 story wooden houses, without paint, and without any kind of ornaments, looking like they might have been built during the time of Egbert. What a contrast between the miserable huts of the suburbs of English cities, and the fine mansions we always see in the suburbs of Augusta, Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities in the United States! I am not surprised that when Dickens was in this country he camplained so much of the white houses with green blinds. He or any one else will not have any cause for such complaint in England. At last we arrived at the depot, which was immense. There, as everywhere, I found the hackmen very troublesome, but if one is in any way cautious the regulations are so good that they cannot impose on you. Every hackman, in addition to the number on his hat, has also a number on his hack, has a card of the tariff of prices for baggage and individuals pasted inside his vehicle, and, besides, he is compelled to give you his card with his name, place of residence and prices, which you retain until he has taken you and your baggage where you wish to go; and after you settle with him you return him his card. The names of the hotels are legion: I stopped at St. Paul's Family Hotel, just opposite St. Paul's Cathedral—a rather obscure, 8 story building, where things were conducted very much like I found them in Liverpool. There was no *table d'hote* as on the Continent; I had often thought during my residence in Philadelphia that I had eaten good beefsteak, but no one in this country knows what beef-steak is until he goes to England. Added to this, the neatness and apparent cleanliness of everything that is served up in England gives one more relish for what is set before him.

No one can form an idea of the vastness of London. In all, it covers over 31,360 acres, has more than 15,000 miles of streets, is more than 20 miles in diameter, has 9 bridges over the Thames, and has railroads terminating in the city from all parts of the kingdom. London is the most difficult city for one to find his way in I have ever seen. The streets are narrow and very crooked, in many of them one cannot see more than a few hundred yards ahead; there are a great many 4-story wooden buildings, old and unpainted on some of the great arteries, for instance, on such streets as the Strand, Threadneedle, and other great thorough-fares that correspond with Broadway, New York. The most fashionable and the finest looking streets are Pall Mall, Regent, Crescent and Piccadilly. The Thames has nine bridges; four of granite, two of iron, one of wood, and two suspension. London Bridge is of granite, and is perhaps the most durable bridge in the world; it is 928 feet long, and cost £2,000,000. On London bridge there is a charge of a penny for all pedestrians; at each end of this wonderful work of architecture is a very small house; in this little box lives a man who keeps the bridge, and just about daylight he commences to receive toll from all pedestrians—I was unable to learn what were the arrangements for vehicles. Just as you step upon the bridge you hand in your penny, or rather, lay it on the counter as you pass the man who stands ready to receive it; one morning I laid down an American cent, to see what he would say, whereupon he looked up, laughed, and said "that is an American's pass-port." As I stood off at a little distance looking at the vast crowd of pedestrians crossing over, I was so much astonished that I asked the toll-keeper if he could tell me how many persons crossed the bridge per day. He had only time to say '200,000,' and wave his hand, which I understood, and went on, hoping to gain more information at the other end, but the man there was still more busily occupied. I then made the inquiry of a policeman, who confirmed the statement, and told me that once a year two men were placed at each end of the bridge to count the number crossing over. This custom also prevails at Berlin, Dresden and Paris, though no charge is made as at London.

VOYAGEUR.