### North Carolina Gazette.

#### J. H. & G. G. MYROVER, Publishers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION ;

CLUB RATES:

sies (sent to one address) with an extra copy \$ 22.50 and a premium of a fine chromo, value \$25

00 copies (sent to one address) with an extra copy and a premium of a fine chrono, value ₹40 RATES OF ADVERTISING :

twelve "

## News Budget.

# SUMMARY OF NEWS

For the Week ending March 24, 1874.

Stanley writes to the Daily News that after careful investigation he is convinced Dr. Livingstone is dead .- Parliament re-assembled on the 19th; the Queen's speech refers to the continuance of friendly relations between England and foreign two great Empires .- Carlist forces, under Gen. and it can't be undone, more's the pity!" Schalle, entered Olor without opposition.—After a long debate in the French Assembly Thursday, on offered by the Left, censuring the ination of Mayors of cities, was defeated by a mawite of .2. - Captain General Jovellar has suspendefitemporarily the inauguration of the law exacting one tourth duties in gold, which was to take effect on the 1st of April; he has approved the law authorizing the circulation of foreign doubloons at \$17 and American \$20 pieces at \$21.—The troop ship Tamer arrived at Portsmouth on the 19th

from the Gold Coast, with the fasiillers on board. -The brig Industry, from Santes, was run into him?" by an unknown schooner on the 18th, and stove er starboard bulwarks and broke her stauchions. -From Paris a specie increase of twenty-six and a quarter million frames is announced .- By the re was every prospect of its continuance; promise a deputation which waited on him that a is superstitious." through the Upper Yarra villages, which skirt the unsquificent Alpine scenery of that district.-In New South Wales exegusive bush fires have prevailed of late at Kyambacreka, near Tarcutta; late rains lave caused boods and great loss of property

at Maitland and elsewhere in the Hunter district the military stores in this colony now represent. It is said, over a quarter of a million sterling in

The Mayor of Chicago refused a committee of ladies a yeta of the ordinance allowing saloon to keep open on Sunday; it was mainly upon this issue that he was elected, and he said he could not telegram says that a colored mail driver has rob in post office orders and drafts, a few of which he used; those recovered will be astored to the owners .- At Washington, Spencer, from the Commerce Committee, has reported favorably on the bill of the House of Representatives appropriating \$30, 000 for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river, but the matter was laid over .- A white woman, the wife of a colored man named James Freeman, living at Farmington, Conn. brained her daughter, aged 18, with an axe on the 19th: jealousy was the cause,-It is stated that the detective killed by the Younger brothers, in St. Clair county, Mo., Tuesday, belonged to the party who went from St. Louis privately in the hope of capturing the Gads Hill railroad robbers,-A Sumner memorial celebration was participated in by a large number of colored people in Savannah, Ga. March 18; a number of colored religious and benwhere addresses were delivered by several colored men.-The Massachusetts democratic members of the Legislature held a cancus to consider the Senatorship; there was a general interchange of sentiments upon general principles, the tore of the remarks being almost universally in favor of making a straight party nomination for Senator; the meeting adjourned without deciding upon a programme.

### REVIEW OF THE MARKETS

For the Week ending March 24, 1874. LIVERPOOL, March 18.—Cotton firmer uplands

Sa St. Orleans St. Sales 25,000 bales, including 5,000 speculation and export.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Cotton firm at 162 a 164 Southern flour dull and lower, common to fair extra \$6.35 a \$7.25; good to choice \$7 a \$11. Wheat dull; 1 a 2 cents lower, with a limted de mand; winter red western 60. Corn a shale firm er at 86 for new western mixed. Pork dull; new mess \$16. Turpentine steady at 48 a 49. Rosin active at \$2.45. Gold 1114. Government bonds

WILMINGTON, March 18 .- Spirits quiet at 42. Crude steady at 1 90 for hard, and 2 90 for wellow dip. Rosin d. II., at 1 90 for strained. Tar dull. LIVERPOOL, March 19.—Cotton active and firmer—sales of 18,000 bales, including 4,000 bales for speculation and export. Uplands, nothing below low middlings, shipped February and March, 84d. Uplands, nothing below good ordinary, deliverable May and June. 81d.

NEW YORK, March 19 .- Gold dull at 1114 1114. Government bonds are strong and but little doing. Cotton dull and lower to sell at 101 w 163 cents. Flour quiet and heavy-common to für extra \$6 35 a \$7 25; good to choice \$7 30 a \$11. Wheat is dull and 1 to 2 cents lower. Corn unchanged. Rosin steady at \$2 45 to \$2 60. Spirits turpentine steady at 49 cents. Pork firm-new

mess \$16 124. Beet quiet. WILMINGTON, March 19.—Spirits turpenting No sales reported-44 cents bid. Rosin at \$1.6) for strained; market firm. Crude turpentine St 90 for yellow dip and \$1 90 for hard; marked tain which—from which he was aroused by steady. Tar at \$2 25 P bbl; market quiet. Cotton the old kitchen clock striking twelve.

LIVERPOOL, March 20 .- Cotton firm; uplands Std; Orleans 9td, with sales of 15,000 bales, including 3,000 bales for speculation and export. The sales for the past week foot up 115,000 bales; for export 11.000, for speculation 15,000; stock 713,-000 bales, of which 341,000 are American; receipts for the week 73,000 bales; American 47,000 bales; actual export 9,000 bales.

NEW YORK, March 20 .- Gold dull at 1111 Government bonds strong and active. Cotton dull at 162. Flour dull and lower; common to fair extra \$6 30@\$7 20; good to choice \$7 25@\$11. Wheat is heavy and 1@2 cents lower. Corn is a shade firmer; new western mixed 88. Rosin firm at \$250. Spirits Turpentine firm. Pork dull and nominal;

mess \$16 124 @\$16 25. WILMINGTON, March 20.—Spirits turpentine 44 cents; market quiet. Strained rosin \$1.85; market quiet. Crude turpentine, \$2.90 for yellow dip and \$1 90 for hard; market steady. Tar \$2 15; market dull and declining. Cotton, no sales to

#### Home Circle.

#### MR. BUTTONBALL'S VISION.

"Now, Uncle Buttonball, I think you are foolishly prejudiced about it."

Mr. Benedict Buttonball, commonly called "Uncle Ben," shook his head at Frank off from it. Worrall's levity.

"Maybe I am," said he, "but we're not to blame for our convictions. I can't help mine, anyhow. And I couldn't any more marry in the face of my promise to Hephsibali, than I could-join the Mormons!

"Paulina Pepper is a pretty girl," said Frank, meditatively, cleaning his nails. "And a good girl, too. Although not "If she was, she wouldn't be suitable to

2 50 me!" said Mr. Buttonball. "I don't deny that it's all true enough, what you say, Longeradvertisements charged in proportion to the But, you perceive, I'm the victim of cir-

"Circumstance be hanged!" ejaculated Frank Worrall, losing his temper at last, and banging the door behind him, as he hurried out of the room.

While Mr. Buttonball again shook his head, took his silver spectacles out of their case, and unfolded the newspaper.

"Polly Pepper would make a nice wife," he thought to himself. "As plump and round and fresh-colored as a September peach, or a cabbage rose; and a woman, ed with an agony of superstitious terror. too, that thoroughly understands housekeeping. I almost wish I hadn't promised my dear departed Hephsibah never to powers, and alludes to the marriage of the Duke ed my dear departed Hephsibah never to of Edinburgh as a pledge of friendship between marry again! But it's all past and over,

And resolutely dismissing all shadowy occulations, Mr. Buttonball plunged into the three-syllabled tides of a political leader, in the Hopton Clarion of Progress."

"Isn't he a fool !" said Dorothy Martin, petulantly jerking her needleful of worsted through the square of canvas she was embroidering. "And is he really so superstitions about breaking the promise that looking complacently down at the red unreasonable virago of a wife exacted from

"Unquestionably he is," said Frank Worrall, screwing and unscrewing the top of Dorothy's ivory needle-case. "I suppose steamer Mikado, from Sydney, N. S.W., February he actually belives that my Aunt Hephsi-13. the following intelligence has been received: in | bah would haunt him, if he married again,

"How?" questioned Dorothy.

"Oh, he sees winding-sheets in the candle, believes there will be a death in the family, if a dog chances to howl under the window, and would sooner cut off his right hand than begin having, or go on a journey on a Fridays

"Frank!" hesitatingly began Dorothy.

"What sort of a woman was your Aunt Hephsibah! You know I never saw her. She died before I came to Hopton to live."

"A little, fat woman, with spectacles, and a brown fore-top, who always wore brown gingham, and talked through her I forgot, though—she had a monstrosity of a cap, with a frill two inches wide all around it, and a colossal bow of snuff-colored ribbon perched on the very ball is on the qui vive for a second apparitop-a guy of a cap, only fit for a scare-

"Not at all like Pauline Pepper," said Dorothy. "And Paulina really likes Mr. Martin is pretty certain he won't. We shall Buttonball—and she needs a home, poor thing. Not to speak of Mr. Buttonball's evident admiration for Paulina. It would certainly be a match, if——'

"If it wasn't for the departed saint in irreverent imitation of his Uncle Buttonhis deceased wife.

For Aunt Hephsibah had ruled Mr. Buttonball with a rod of iron during her life time, and it actually seemed as if she were determined not to "let up" any after she was safely screwed down into her coffin.

"Poor Paulina," said Dorothy, looking thoughtfully out into the bleak November sky, where leafless boughs were tossing to and fro in the moaning wind, and stray flakes of fluttering snow betokened a com-

"And poor Uncle Buttonball," echoed Frank Worral. "Upon the whole, darling, it looks like a hard case."

"Past cleven o'clock!" said Uncle Buttonball, looking up at the clock over the rims of his silver spectacles. "Well, I hadn't an idea it was so late. And snowing and blowing like all possessed, and the wind howling down the chimney fit to set a man's teeth on edge. Just such a night as poor Hephsibah died four yeers ago, and -bless me!" with a slight, cold shiver down his spinal column. "If it ain't the 20th of November-the identical anniversary of the sad event. Poor Hepbsy, folding his hands and looking thoughtfully into the fire; "I hope she's happy in the other world. She never took much comfort in this, what with flies, and dust, and poor

kitchen help. And then Mr. Buttonball fell into a doze, or a reverie-he never could be quite cer-

"Midnight! It ain't possible!" cried Mr. Buttonball, chilly, uncomfortable, and superstitious. "And the fire e'en a-most out. I guess I'll rake it up and go to bed.'

stiffness from the chair, the door leading from the buttery creaked slightly, a slow, leavy footstep sounded on the floor, and, boking around with startled and dilated eyes, Mr. Buttonball beheld—the departed

Hephsibah herself, with the identical fore-top and brown curls, the frilled cap and the bow of snuff-colored ribbon, while a pair of green spectacles (Aunt Hephsy had been subject to sore eyes) gleamed at her surviving relict like emerald moons.

Benedict!" spoke out the quavering

and nasal voice. "Benedict!" Benedict!" (It was always so, Uncle Buttonball remembered, in all well authenticated ghost stories, the summons was distinctly enun-

ciated three times.) "W-w-well, my dear," stuttered Mr. Buttonball, holding tightly to the arms of

"I have brought a message from the the Presence. "You want to marry again!"

"N—not if you object to it, my dear," faltered the shaking widower. "I-I-

"Peace! Disturb not the voices of higher sphere!" "No, my dear, I won't," said the submissive husband.

"Peace, I say !" (Hephsibah's old way of putting him down, without a loophole for argument), "and listen. You are absolved from your promise to contract no second marriage. You are a free agent. My eyes are opened now to many things, among them the folly of my earthly jealousies. Go, marry whom you will, and my blessing rest the oracle is closed."

Slowly the brown-ginghamed form retreated backwards, with gleaming spectacles and uplifted finger, through the buttery door, into the back kitchen, while Uncle Buttonball sat staring and transfix-

"He has really asked you to marry him, Paulina?"

"Yes, really," said Paulina Pepper, her blooming face all smiles and dimples. "And I'm so glad! Because—there can't be any harm in owning it now, Dorothy dear-I did like him ever so much!"

"He's a very nice old-I mean middleaged gentleman," said Dorothy Martin, demurely. "But I thought he had determined never to marry again." "Oh, that's all settled," cried Paulina,

shine of her garnet engagement ring. "He thinks he has had a vision—that his departed wife appeared to him, and released him from his vow."

"Dear me!" said Dorothy. "How very

you think so? "Undoubtedly," said Dorothy. "For-what are you laughing at, dear?

Paulina Pepper broke off to say. "Nothing, nothing; only it seems ridiculous that, in this age of the world, people can believe in ghosts!" cried Dorothy, giving way to a hearty peal of laughter, as she caught up her embroidery and hurried out of the room. Frank Worrall ance of one of those private gambling salfollowed her.

"Dorothy," said he, "it was you!" "What do you mean?"

"The ghost.

"Prove it, if you can!" cried Dorothy, saucily. And that was all she would ever

But Benedict Buttonball and Paulina Pepper were married at Christmas, and live happy and serene, except that Mr. Buttontion, when the anniversary of the 20th of November again rolls around. He believes he shall see Hephsibah again. Dorothy see which of the two is correct.

ABLAZE WITH DIAMONDS.—Mrs. Astor. the wife of the hundred millionarie of New York, appeared at a party given at her snuff-colored ribbons," said Frank, with an | Fifth Avenue residence one evening last week, at which she literally blazed with ball's peculiar intonation when speaking of diamonds. On each of her shoulders she had four stars, the size of silver half dollars. made of diamonds. Her hair was set thickly with diamonds, and her head scemed affame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She had diamond earrings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to her waist, around which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front were too large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety and form, all over her dress and person wherever they could be artistically placed. She present ed an extraordinary, dazzling spectacle. A connoisseur in precious stones, who was not have cost less than a million dollars.

present, says the diamonds she wore could WORDS OF APPROVAL .- The ability to find fault is considered by some people as a sure sign of superior insight, when in the majority of cases it is only an indication of shallowness and ill-nature. One deserves as much credit for seeing the merits of a picture as its defects, for finding out the lovely traits in a character as for lying in wait for its imperfections; indeed, he who steadfastly and on principle determines to see all the good there is in any person is that person's greatest benefactor, and can do most to lift him up into what he might be. Following this vein a little further, if we love our friends not only for what they are, but for what they are capable of being, our very love will assist in transforming But as he rose with a sort of rheumatic them into the realization of the ideal for which we love them, and thus the constant outpouring of our affections toward them will act as a perpetual lever, lifting them nearer and nearer the realization of their desires. Let no one doubt the truth of this; it has been proved by practical demonstration. Let us not be chary of complimentary

and appreciative utterances, but forgetting self and remembering those dearer or who should be dearer, in assuring their happiness and success, most surely secure our own. Love rules his kingdom without a sword. only before the coup detat, Eugenie met funeral pyre of Dido.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1874.

[Correspondence of N. Y. Herald.]

and is consequently, though no one would friend Edgar Ney, the Duke of La Mosk- ropes, slung as far as possible into slings, guess the fact from her face, forty eight owa, into the Elysee gardens, when he hoisted up with cranes with three-fold tackhis chair lest his teeth should chatter him years old. Those who believe in the om- came suddenly upon a radiant, blushing les, and lowered into the steamer's hold ens of dates will note that the 5th of May | girl, who was trying to do up her hair a- like bales of cotton. When in the hold is one famous in Bonapartist annals, for it lone, opposite a glass in the conservatory. they were placed in pens built of strong teak other world, Benedict," solemnly uttered is that on which Napoleon I. died. How- Her hair had come down during a waltz; timber baulkes, bolted to the ship's side to ever, when Eugenie was born, nothing and the crowd being too great to admit of prevent them from breaking loose. The fear seemed more improbable than that she her reaching the ladies' dressing-room, she the animals suffered was the only pain they would ever marry a crowned head, for her had glided in there, hoping to be unobser- underwent; and by watching the eyes of mother did not occupy the brilliant posi- ved. Louis Napoleon, seeing her embar- the poor beasts their terror was very manition which court biographies and memoirs rassment, gallantly gave her his arm, and fest. Tears trickled down their wild countwould have us think. Her maiden name led her around to the dressing-rooms, and enances, and they roared with dread, more was Kirkpatrick-Closeburn. She was de- from that day there was mutual regard be- especially when being lowered into the scended from a Scotch family, and was married to the Count of Montijo and Teba, The attentions of the Prince to Mlle. Eu- them to stand upon. We are told that one who was a grandee of the first class, but who had not much money. For some reason, too, the Count of Montijo soon tired of his wife's company, and the pair were separated long before the Count's death. With her two daughters-for Eugenie had an elder sister-the Countess then travelupon your bride! The word is spoken, ed from country to country, and spent some years in London, where she lived in retirement, and went little into society. On leaving London, which, it is said, she found too expensive, Mme. de Montijo returned to Spain, and resided for about three years in different parts of the Peninsula, her place of predilection being Seville. But towards the year 1845, she came to Paris, and some documents found at the Prefecture de Police, under the Commune, brought ple; and on the 30th of January it was sol- moment for the mahout, who was always to light the following queer notes about her:—"There is staving at No. 45 Rue St. Antoine, in a rather shabby apartment on the third floor, a Mme. de Montijo, who all the charms of manner and person which either from the lightness of his heart at beprofesses to be the wife of a Spanish grandee. Her style of living is modest, and she receives no visits from ladies; but three ion. or four times a week, a number of gentlemen, principally foreigners, come and spend the evening with her, and play eards. It is presumable that they are attracted as much by the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's two daughters as by the wish to gamble." On the margin of this police note the Pre- begins to live. To love something that the former blowing water, from his trunk, fect of that time, M. Delessert, had writ- is different from one's self-a flower, a star, and the latter from his nose .- Calcutta ten: "Find out whether Mme. de Montijo a human soul—what power is in it, what Englishman. is really the wife of a nobleman;" and on stir of all the faculties! Oh! the manifold "Of course the dear fellow must have a paper appended to the above was this life of love! How it flows and streams a-Victoria the work of railread extension was going without her express permission. For a man been asleep and dreaming, though—don't brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is re- way on every prospect of its continuance: brief statement: br ally what she asserts she is, the wife of the mother, brother and sister, husband and laboring under great distress of mind, was Count of that name, but the couple were wife, and friend, and little children, to the virtually divorced three years after marri- tiniest speck in the grandest orb. We re- fortune-teller's study. age, and the Countess professes to live on her jointure of 10,000 francs a year." The light. The very worm beneath our feet girl, "you who read the future, come to my word "professes" was underlined in both thrills us. We are alive all over. notes, and it is evident that the authorities supposed the foreign lady derived the larger share of her income from the mainten-

oons which have at all times been com-

mon in Paris. Whether this was the case

or not need not be conjectured; but if it

were a fact, it would entail none of the dis-

credit which attends the encouragement of

gambling in other lands, seeing that the French look upon games of hazard with wondrous respect and affection. As to the note about the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's daughters, nothing that could have been said on this head would have been exaggerated, for they were both lovely to an astonishing degree, and were. moreover, known as "fast" girls-but not fast in any evil sense. They were well guarded by their mother, and had all the virtues and modesty of well-bred young ladies; but they rode a good deal, dressed exuberantly, and, in the flying excursions which they made now and then to Spain, they delighted in bull-fights, masked balls, and other amusements of a dashing kind. It was during one of these excursions that, being at a bull-fight one day, the two prety Montijo girls were seen by the Duke of Alba, and this circumstance led to a very comantic passage in the life of the future WAITE .- In Cincinnati they tell a little face of her benefactress, said : Empress of the French. The Duke of Al- story about Mrs. Chief Justice Waite. Aba was immensely rich, and bore one of bout three months age, before Gen. Grant the finest names in the kingdom. He was had broached Mr. Waite's name to the also young, handsome, amiable and charm- | Senate—though General Hillyer says Mr. ng in every way, so that it was an exci- Waite was always Gen. Grant's first choice instincts of a mother's heart inspired me.' ting day for the two sisters when he ob- -but before anything was thought of the tained an introduction to their mother, and matter by the Waites, Mrs. Waite wrote began to visit at their house with assiduity. an article on cookery to the Cincinnati in England when a horse came to the door, He came every day, and would sit for Gazette. The article was signed "Yankee unfastened the latch with his mouth, pushhours and chat. In the evenings he came Cook Girl." It was full of sound suggest- ed the door open with his nose, and enteragain, and wherever the Montijos were to ions on the cookery question, and replete ed the room, where the lady of the house be seen, whether at theatre, promenade or with good advice to housekeepers. The was sitting. She knew what he came for, party, there was the Duke of Alba dancing article from the "Yankee Cook Girl" at- got up and put a lump of sugar in his his coronet. For a long time, however, glad to give the "Yankee Cook Girl" a came in this way for a lump of sugar. there was no telling which of the two sis- situation-not as a servant, but she might ters he preferred, and the point was solved preside over his household. In fact, he only on the day when he proposed to the offered marriage. Mr. Reed had to reply elder one. Eugenie, who perhaps loved in a paragraph that the "Yankee Cook the Duke, or who perhaps had simply as- Girl" was not in the market, she having the world over, to make a dazzling marri- people of Cincinnati don't know even now age, was cruelly wounded by her disapthat the "Yankee Cook Girl" was Mrs. pointment, and, in the first burst of grief, Waite, the sensible, practical wife of the The older one threw down the cards on the tried to commit suicide. You will not find new Chief Justice, and that her new situ- floor and said :- "Harry, where did you this little episode in official histories; but ation is to be the highest in the land—the it is a true one, nevertheless, and well chief mistress in Uncle Sam's household of that one you have been singing." The young known to all who are versed in the private law and justice. chronicles of society. Eugenie swallowed poison: an antidote was administered in ime; but the drug left a trace behind it in the shape of a convulsive twitching of good orators. the mouth which has not disappeared to this day. Eugenie could not then foresee her imperial destiny, but the time was rap- without an answer. idly approaching when she was to eclipse her sister in a way as startling as it was unexpected. Thanks to the wealth and

rank of the Duke of Alba, the position of the Montijos was now very different from what it had been previous to the marriage. When Mme. de Montijo returned to Paris, she bired a mansion in the Champs Elys- it ends in the dust of the earth. ees, and became a regular frequenter of the parties given by the President, Prince love, insulted, is a storm of fury. Louis Napoleon, at the Elysee. And so it befell that at a ball given by and opened Pandora's box upon the earth the President at the Elysee, some nights | Love fired the siege of Troy, and lit the

tween the President and the fair stranger. hold, the bottom of which was sanded for genie were thereafter marked and unceas- timid female elephant actually fainted, and ing-so much so that, finally, Mme. de | was brought to with a fan and many gal-Montijo begged a private audience of the lons of water. At sea it appears that the Prince, and informed him that as his at- animals got into a curious habit of occasiontentions to her daughter had begun to ex- ally-evidently with a preconcerted signal cite public comment, she had formed the | -setting to work rocking the ship from side intention of leaving France. Napoleon to side, by giving themselves simultaneousasked Mme. de Montijo to tarry twenty- ly, a swinging motion as they stood athfour hours, as he might then have some wart the ship, the vessel rolling heavily, thing to say to her, and he immediately as if in a seaway. This they would do for

her future husband and Emperor. The

manner of meeting was somewhat roman- the air and lowering elephants into the

tic: Louis Napoleon did not care much for hold is not only an unusual sight to most

on the elephant's neck from the time of its emnized at Notre Dame. It is certain that the Emperor never re- touching water to letting go. As the word pented of his choice. Eugenie possessed was given to let go, each of the elephants, can adorn a throne; and blessed the Em- ing freed from his floating prison, or from peror's life with a sweet and tender affect- his own weight, we are not sure which,-

LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness is death. Think of one who has no throb | mahout on his neck. The anxiety on the outside of himself: is he not entombed in a face of the mahout, just one second before grave darker than that of earth? The mo- the plunge was a study; so, too, was it when ment one begins to love, if only a dog, he elephant and man rose to the surface again, joice in all things. Every sound is a de-

"There's not a throb, a thought, a sense, But opens to God's magnificence. We cannot know this life until we expefience love. How sweet and deep it is; to what heights it leads, to what amplitudes it conducts, to what knowledge, purer vision, beauty and ecstacy! Feed the body with a thousand pleasures, and it is the same dead thing always. Only the spirit is capable of a multiplied life, and to the loving spirit the very stocks and stones open into avenues of glory. Love is the magician's wand that shows the secret riches of the most barren spot. It is Alladin's lamp that compels the finest ministries. How weak we are when we are selfish! How strong when we are loving, how varied, how manifold! It is, indeed, more blessed to give than to receive; for giving is the most receptive of all acts. We give from the finite, but we receive from the Infinite. Love is creative. It is continually producing, unfolding, enlarging, sweeping into new forms of beauty and power. Selfishness withers, compresses, annihil- riage and conveyed the girl home. ates. It is the grave. Love is resurgent,

triumphant, immortal, unbounded. It comprehends all, assimilates all; achieves all; in a word, it is life. ANECDOTE OF MRS. CHIEF JUSTICE

Love teaches asses to dance. Love, knavery and necesity make men

Love, thieves and fear make ghosts. Love without return is like a question Love your friend with his faults.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs. Lovers' quarrels are love redoubled. Lovers think others have no eyes. Love arose from the foam of the sea, but

Love, cherished, is a breath of fragrace; Love disturbed the council of the gods,

vhen it operates to one's own advantage ?

Eugenie Marie de Montijo was born at the crush of ball-rooms, and he had chosen men, but also a strange experience to most Grenada, Spain, on the 5th of May, 1826, a propitious moment to escape with his elephants. They were lashed with strong Messes. Editors:—On as fine a morning as one can ever see in London, (for a fine day in London is a rare thing,) we took acquainted his ministers with his determi- a spell of an hour or more, then desist for nation to marry Mlle. Eugenie. Notwith- several hours until the strange freak took standing their opposition to the mesalliance them again. When they reached port they the Prince was inexorable; on the 2nd of were hoisted out of the hold and swam on December he was proclaimed Emperor; on | shore; thirty-five thus safely landed without the 23rd of January the coming marriage any accident at all. When they were rewas officially notified to the French peo- leased from the slings it was a supreme

ELEPHANTS AT SEA .- The hoisting into

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—A fresh, budintroduced by the servant into the great

lightness of heart, like lightness of head,

causes elephants and men to play pranks,

-plunged down deep into the water, the

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed the young

Madame Laourmand looked intently for some time at the trembling, fawn-like figare, and, after asking a few insignificant questions, she said, in an impressive tone:

"You have fled from your father's house?" "Alas! yes!"

"It was love that induced you?" "It was."

"He entreated you to follow him ?" "It is true!" "So much for the present, then, my child!" "But the future, madame—the future?"

"The future! This is the future: He vill leave you; abandon you to infamy and poverty; leave you to die of shame and grief. Despair and sorrow will send your

father to his grave!"

Then, putting her arm around the poor child, the fortune-teller soothed her, spoke words of affection and reason, till her mind became clearer; and then, when tears began to flow, and the feverish excitement of passion abated, the sorceress ordered her car-

A few days after the fortune-teller was sent for to receive the thanks of the father for saving his child from a lil crtine's infamy. As she was taking her leave, the now happy young girl kissed her hand, and, gazing thankfully and wonderingly in the

"You are, indeed, a prophetess! Nothing is hidden from you-the present, the future. "No, my child, I am not a prophetess, nor a witch. But I am a mother, and the

A gentleman was visiting a farm-house

THE VALUE OF A HYMN.—Two Amerer began to hum, and finally sung in a low tone, but quite unconsciously, a hymn. learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, man said he did not know what he had been singing. But when the older one rewhat I've won from you. As for me, as is trained to run horizontally; the stem was God sees me, I have played my last game | bent four feet from the ground, and was, at and drunk my last bottle. I have misled the time I saw it, about two feet in diameyou, Harry, and I am'sorry for it. Give ter and 300 feet long. It has no branches me your hand, my boy, and say that, for near or touching the ground; it is kept old America's sake, if for no other, you will | well trimmed, and the stalk is run horizquit this infernal business." Colonel Rus- ontally inside the long glass-house which sel H. Conwell, who was then visiting is built over it for protection. This house China, and was an eye-witness of the scene, is 325 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 6 feet says that the reformation was a permanent high, and is built of the best heavy flint

Love subdues everything except the grapes. felon's heart.

## Correspondence.

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

the cars for Hampton Court, the renowned residence of Cardinal Woolsey-about fifteen miles from London. We (as I have spoken, and perhaps in the future may often speak, in the plural, let'me say that I had always with me a traveling companion from Philadelphia,) soon reached our destination, and I can say that no place in Europe, which I visited, was so interesting to me, except Westminster Abbey and the Tower. Here dwelt the son of a butcher, who rose from obscurity, and became the very head of the Catholic Church in England,-he who had living after living bestowed-nay, heaped upon him-. It appears that his first great advancement after his debauch and confinement in the stocks at Leamington, was his appointment as domestic chaplain to the Arch Bishop of Canterbury. After various other appointments he became chaplain to Herry VII., and was afterwards presented to Henry VIII. Henry conferred very many honors upon Woolsey, and at length made him Minister of State. Just at this time commenced a perfect flow of ecclesiastical preferments; they were almost beyond number. Although there is a space of some 350 years between the times of Woolsey and Thos. A. Becket, yet there is a wonderful similarity in the lives of the two: as Woolsey stood high in the favor of the two Henrys so did Becket stand high in the favor of Henry II; both found favor with the Pope, and both at length grew

into disfavor with their sovereigns, had their riches confiscated, and went down in sorrow to their graves. Hampton Court!-four hundred years ago there glided over these very floors Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Cardinals, Arch Bishops and Bishops; here were passed the days of a prelate whose retinue was said to contain from 800 to 1,000 gentlemen and kinghts, and who kept 300 beds for distinguished visitors from all parts of Spain, France, Germany, Holland. Italy and England. The floors and walls of this beautiful mansion have never altered in all these ages. The floors are veneered with oak and chestnut-each piece about the size of one's hand. A person can stand at one end of the building and look through countless suites of rooms. To go to the extreme end of the palace, one must pass through every one of these rooms, which are very large and highpitched, and have a very sombre appearance. To some it may appear insignificant, but I was forcibly struck with the beauty of perspective produced by doorway after doorway until it was lost in the distance. Hampton Court contains 1,900 pictures, many of which are battle scenes; hundreds and hundreds of old, dry, blacklooking Van Dykes; many productions of Flemish artists; hundreds of old, dusty portraits of dead Kings and Queens, and their relations. The most interesting thing to be seen in the way of the fine arts is Raphael's "Cartoon's," which hang in a very conspicuous place. I saw none of Woolsey's 300 beds, but I saw in one room three beds -that of Elizabeth, that of William and Mary, and that of Anne. Each bed was covered with a quilt of patch-work, made by the hands of the said Queens. The respective ages of these renowned quilts were said to be as follows: Elizabeth's 300 vears, Mary's 175, and Anne's 150. Age and long exposure to air have done their work, for each quilt is hanging in tatters; the vast numbers of bits look so tempting that the valet de chambre remains in the room till the last one has left, and not even turns his back on the bed while visitors are present. There are many other objects of interest which would be too tedious to mention. The building or palace covers many acres. I must say that I did not like its exterior: as for its order of architecture, it is difficult to say what it is; the palasters are Ionic, and the remainder is Doric, or looks like it. The building is too low for the

space that it covers. The grove or park in some respects is very unnatural looking; the trees are in rows, and trimmed to attendance on them, and exciting fine tracted so much attention that finally a mouth. The horse then backed out of the the very top, in such a form as to produce storms of jealousy in the breasts of other rich old widower in Cincinnati wrote to room, shut the door, and marched back to an arch. The grounds are beautifully kept. Spanish young ladies who pined to wear Sam Reed, the editor, that he would be the barn-yard. The lady said he often There are vast numbers of orange and lemon trees in immense boxes, and these boxes are placed on wheels, and can be moved at pleasure. This immense court, that was icans—one a young man, the other over once the resort of Kings and Queens, was forty-were drinking and playing at cards never a place of residence for them, and in a gambling house in China. While the now it is occupied by hundreds of old lapired, after the manner of young ladies all got a situation in a neighboring city. The older one was shuffling the cards, the young- dies, the pensioned widows, mothers and sisters of formerly distinguished men. I was told that there were even some of the lower grade of nobility residing there, I saw one old lady taking an airing, who was said to be a Duchess. At the risk of being considered tedious, I will here describe, as well as I can from memory, (having lost the pamphlet conpeated some of the lines, he said they were taining the account of it) one of the most learned in the Sunday school. "Come, interesting things I saw: It is a grape-vine Harry," said the older one, "come, here's planted by Queen Anne 150 years ago. It

glass. The temperature within is kept very Is moral courage only to be admired regular, and the house and vine are both said, an average crop of 300 bushels of

VOYAGEUR.