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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
By Genl.

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.
A Thrilling Adventure.

It has been a long day since then, yet I remember it all, just as though it occurred but yesterday.

I was a carpenter, the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been a schoolmate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased. "Here," said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth more than all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid two hundred dollars for it, and considered it cheap. You could easily double my money investing it, and you see, Harvey, it is really a good investment."

"No doubt it is," said I, "though it seems a large sum to have to tie up."

I heaved an involuntary sigh as I hid the coin down on the desk, for two hundred dollars would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife and one of my children, and the death of another, made serious demands on my purse, and it took me the exercise of the utmost care to keep myself free from debt; nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sum, which, besides my salary, was all I possessed of worldly resources. Thinking of this, I hid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning I was again summoned into the office, but this time I met with a kindly greeting as usual.

"Harvey," said my employer abruptly, "what are we looking at this disapproving? I have made a thorough search, and it is not to be found. It has been carried away by some one. You alone saw me with it, and—"

"He passed, and looked significantly in my face. I finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dyeing my cheek and lips as I spoke.

"You mean, therefore, that I took it—?"

"When else can I think? The coin was there no more saw it. I cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money; you have told me that yourself. It was a great temptation, and I forgive you because of our old friendship, but I cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you."

"Very well," said I, with forced calmness, "so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me after years of faithful service, I shall not stoop to defend myself."

"Then I took the money he had laid upon the desk, and went from his presence a sorrowful, broken hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife, I do not think that I would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my innocence, I took fresh courage, and set resolutely to work to find a new employer.

Successful is a breath of slander turn which way I might, I ever found that the story of my dismissal for the theft had reached me, and application for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

"This went on piece by piece our furniture and every spare article of clothing, found its way to the pawnbroker's, until at length even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

"Yet I did not sit down in idle despair; I would not afford to do so; the life or death of all I loved on earth depended on my exertions, and so, turning away from them with a heavy heart, I once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! refusal after refusal met my entreaties for employment, and I was turning homeward with a listless step, when, passing an immense church, I was attracted by a group of men at its base.

Impelled by some strange impulse, I approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple, which towered above some two hundred and fifty feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently an architect, was addressing him in earnest language, and at the same time pointing toward the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, as I drew near, "it must be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! is this the way you back out of a job after engaging to do it?"

"I didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself, if you want it done. I would if I were able," said the arch-

itect. "But go if you will; let it be. My honor is pledged to have it done at any price, and I can find a braver man than you to do it."

The carpenter walked off with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to move away also, when I stepped forward.

"What is it you want done?" I asked.

"I am a carpenter; perhaps I can do it."

"He turned eagerly toward me.

"I will make it worth your while. Take down that cross, and I will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend those ornamental blocks, and I tell you candidly they are not to be relied on. They must be weak, and rotten, for they have been there for years."

I looked up at the spire; it was square at the base and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small, gilded blocks of wood.

"It's a dangerous place to work," I said, "and there will be even more peril in descending than ascending. Suppose I succeed in moving the cross, and then—"

"If any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. I promise you that. Give me your address."

"Here it is," I said, "and as you value your soul keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or I would not attempt this work. If I die, they can live on the hundred dollars for awhile, until my sick wife recovers her strength."

"I'll make it a hundred and fifty," exclaimed the architect, "and may God protect you. If I had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple, I would ask no man to risk his life there. But come, and keep a steady hand and eye."

I followed him into the church, then in to the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which I must start on the perilous feat I had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people in the street below—more spears in the distance—I reached out from the window, and, grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out from the spire.

For an instant my courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, and with a silent prayer for protection and success, I placed my hands on the next block above my head, and clambered up.

From block to block I went, steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere I trusted my weight upon it.

Two-thirds of the way had passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—slid away. O, heavens! never, though I should live to see a hundred years, shall I cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment.

Yet even in the midst of my terrible agony, as I felt myself slipping backward, I did not lose my presence of mind.

It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so unaturally acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable.

Down, down I slipped, grasping at each block as I passed it by, until at length my fearful course was arrested; and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came from the people below.

"Come down! come down!" called the architect from the window; "half the sum shall be yours for the risk you have run. Don't try it again. Come down!"

But, not more than ever now I was determined to succeed. I was not one to give up, after having undertaken a difficult task.

Coldly but cautiously I commenced the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not dare to trust myself again on that which had proved so treacherous.

This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose at last, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Eye long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even astonished me.

A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had hung at my back, and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and, as the last fragment disappeared, I found a sad pleasure in the thought that, should I never reach the ground alive my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife could find employment.

Steadily and cautiously I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amidst the cheers of those assembled in the street.

In the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

"You have well earned the money," he said. "It does me good to see a man with so much nerve—but—bless me! what is the matter with your hair? It was black before you made the ascent, now it is gray."

And so it was! That moment of intense agony, while slipping downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man. The work of years had been done in an instant.

Entering the bare, cheerless room, which was now all I called my home, I found a visitor awaiting me—my late employer.

"Harvey," said he, extending his hand, "I have done you a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to believe in your guilt, but circumstances were so strongly against you that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey; it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, dear old friend?"

My heart was too full to speak. I silently pressed his hand.

"I will undo the wrong I have done.—All the world shall know how I accused you unjustly, shall through my words only,

but through my actions, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse, I shall feel that you have not forgiven me."

I did not refuse. Instead, I thankfully accepted the offer which my friend so generously made me; knowing that no surer method could have been devised to silence the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach which of late had rested upon it.

DESERVING BOYS.

We like boys who try to help themselves. Every one ought to be friendly to them. The boys of energy and ambition, who make a manly effort to do something for themselves, are the hope of the country. Let their anxious ears catch always words of encouragement and cheer, for such words, like favoring breezes to the sails of a ship, help to bear them forward to the destination they seek.

It is not always as it should be in this respect. Many a heart has been broken—many a young man of industry, animated by honorable motives, has been discouraged by sour words, the harsh and unjust remarks of some relative who should have acted the part of a friend. The unthinking do not consider the weight with which such remarks sometimes fall upon a sensitive spirit, and they may bruise and break it.

If you cannot do anything to aid and assist young men, you ought to abstain from throwing any obstacles in their way. But can you not do something to help them forward? You can at least say God speed to them, and you can say it feelingly, from your heart. You little know of how much benefit to boys and young men encouraging counsel, given fitly and well timed, may be, and in the great day of account, such words addressed to those in need of them, you may find reckoned among your good deeds.

Then, help the boys who try to help themselves. You can easily recall simple words of kindness addressed to yourself in manhood and youth, and you would like now to kiss the lips that spoke them, though they may long since have been sealed with the silence of death, and covered by the cloths of the valley.

WORK FOR IT.—Boys want to be rich, great or good, without working for it.—They think that learned, wealthy and influential men are very fortunate—that they have easily slipped into their respective spheres. They rarely ever think that by hard work and dint of perseverance most of these men have risen to their present positions. Bibles never rise in the world. God does not reward laziness by riches and honor. God did not make man to be useless, and live at ease and reap without sowing. When farmers can sow and reap on the same day, and not until then, can boys hope to become men of marked influence and acquisition without working for it.

A splendid carriage rolls along the street. Boys look at it, and say to themselves: "He's a fortunate man; what an easy time he has! Some day we may have a windfall, and not be obliged to work for a living." They scarcely dream that the owner of that vehicle was probably once a poor boy, who worked hard for many years, winning the confidence of all around him by his industry, integrity and noble bearing. Had he been as idle and loose as many boys are he would not have owned the carriage, nor have been a millionaire. Many years of earnest toil, struggling to overcome obstacles, practising the most rigid economy, and bravely holding out against discouragements, is the secret of his success.

AMBITION.—That is the bravest ambition which is vigorous enough to over-leap the little life here. The highest aspirations seek not fame. Whatever we can do of good in this world, with our faculties or our affections, rises to God as humanity's going forth of praise.—Amid the million tongues ever joining to swell the music of that song are not those which sound loudest and grandest here, but the tones which roll sweetest and purest up to the eternal throne, which mingle in the most perfect harmony, with the anthem of the angel choir! May not the most obscure life be dignified by a lasting aspiration, and be dedicated to a noble aim?—*Wills' Columns.*

A MECHANIC.—A young man commenced visiting a young lady, who seemed to be well pleased with him. One evening he had called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to enquire where he had been. "I had to work to-night."

"What do you work for a living?" she enquired in astonishment. "Certainly," replied the young man. "I am a mechanic." "I dislike the name of mechanic," she said, turned up her pretty nose. This was the last time that young man visited that young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the nicest women in the country for a wife. The lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserably poor—a regular vagrant about at grog shops, and the soft, verdant, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children. You dislike the name of mechanic, eh?—you whose brothers are but well dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so soft as to think less of a mechanic—one of God's noblemen, the most dignified and honored personage of Heaven's creatures. Beware of dishonoring the young men who work for their living, for you may one day be a mental to one of them yourself. Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brasses and pomposity, and to take your affections to the callous-handed, industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs to honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

REMINISCENCES OF WIGFALL.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Dispatch gives some interesting stories of the late Senator Wigfall:

"I read with some interest your article on the death of General Lewis T. Wigfall of Texas, a man who, to my mind, was one of the most remarkable characters the South ever produced; and I have thought some reminiscences of him strung together at random might not be unacceptable at this time, especially as his death has brought his name once more prominently before the public.

In conversation he was one of the most fascinating men it was ever my fortune to be thrown in contact with—not only a brilliant talker but a learned and profound talker as well. Possessed of a wonderful retentive memory, a great fund of anecdote, a style that was exceedingly picturesque, and a gift in making metaphors—for it cannot be called by any other name—that was inexhaustible, he could come as near proving black to be white in an hour's talk as it was said Lord McCaulley could. Before an audience of people proper he was irresistible. Once, after the war, in the mountains of Colorado, General Wigfall happened to be passing through some little mining town in the silver regions—I think it was in 1870. It was raining hard, and had been all day. The vehicle in which he had taken passage broke down a short distance from the place; and this necessitated a halt for the night. Roughly clad, covered with mud, and wet to the skin, Wigfall struggled up to the nearest hotel in the settlement, and registered his name. While drying his soaked garments at the stove, a shout was raised outside, and the news came that a well known desperado called Texas Peter, had been caught with a sack of gold-dust in his possession that did not belong to him, and that the miners had formed themselves into a court of justice to try him for his life.

"Where is the man from?" Wigfall asked the landlord.

"They say he is from Texas, but I don't know. He has a bad name hereabouts, and I expect it will go hand with him."

Wigfall himself was from Texas, and perhaps some memory of the State, at the time, was busy at his heart, and earnestly at work upon his sympathies. This son-brought of Texas Peter, in all probability a borrowed one, arrested his attention at once. He rose abruptly from his seat, and passed out among the miners, gathered together in the rain to pass sentence upon a fellow mortal, who, in their eyes, had committed the unpardonable sin. The culprit had no friends. He was a gaunt man, with a scar across his right cheek, iron-gray hair, and a face that was strongly marked and sinister. His guilt was established beyond doubt, and with all due formality he was sentenced to death. The rope was brought, and from purple hue the man's face turned ashen pale.

Wigfall leaned over near to him, and asked him gently if there was any one in Texas who would be sorry to hear that he had died like a dog. Yes, there was one, a wife whom he had once been happy with, but whom, for all that, he had cruelly treated and abandoned.

"Will you go back and support her if I save you?" Wigfall demanded.

"The man swore he would."

Then in a twenty minutes' speech, as has been declared to the writer by three truthful men who were present, Wigfall did with that rough, unshorn crowd just what he pleased. They cried, laughed, felt sorrow and rage and infinite pity by turns, and finally, with a great yell, released the thief, and bade him go in peace while the spell was on them.

Before he left the town he drew up a code of laws for the mines, intended for their local self-government, refused the profits of a hundred claims if he would stay among them and keep the peace, and declined to take, with much gentleness and many kind words, no end of presents as an homage to his eloquence and the interest he had shown in the welfare of the settlement.

THE ROMANCE OF A MILLIONAIRE.—The Paris papers announce the death of Baroness Michaela de Pontalba, a native of New Orleans, and the late owner of princely estates in that city; the daughter of Don Andres Almenaster, the Spanish Intendant of Finance of the colony of Louisiana, who founded the cathedral in New Orleans, and several charitable and religious institutions, and who died, leaving his daughter the wealthiest lady then on this side of the Atlantic.

In those days, and, indeed, long afterwards, the fair *demoiselles* of the colony finished their education in a convent, and made their debut in society and the fashionable world at a very early age. And, indeed, marrying at fourteen and fifteen years of age was no rare thing for them to do. As Madlle. Almenaster was married in 1812, at the age of nineteen, to her cousin, the Baron de Pontalba, it was some time ere that date when she reigned a belle in the parlors of the old creole aristocracy, and where she met the celebrated John McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire. Of marvelous beauty, and an heiress, the young merchant fell an easy victim to her charms, and his subsequent lonely life and asceticism were attributable to the early and crushing disappointment of his love.

Young McDonough, from the cultured society of Baltimore, obtained an easy entry into the privileged circles of the Southern capital, where his gay and dashing habits and luxurious living soon made him a noted personage. It was not long, however, before the bewildering Spanish beauty led him captive. He proposed marriage, but the answer he received was as decisive as it was mortifying. He was not

rich enough to marry the heiress of Don Andres Almenaster.

In his bitter anger McDonough vowed he would live and work until he was richer than all the Almenasters and Pontalbas put together. He kept his word. A bitter reclus from the moment of his rejection, the energies of his powerful mind and indomitable will were absorbed in money-getting. He accumulated eight millions of dollars, and died in a lonely house opposite New Orleans, with only servants for attendants, a comparative stranger in the city where he had lived all his life, and of whose property he was so large an owner.

In his death hour he talked incoherently of his early disappointment, and desired that a small painting on ivory, supposed to be a likeness of his early charmer, be buried with him. It was done, and so faded from the world his romance and his life.

A CONGRESSIONAL ROMANCE.

There is romance enough about the late marriage of the Hon. Omar D. Conger, of Michigan, and Mrs. Sibley, to fit out a half dozen younger couples. By the side of the Grant-Sartoris affair sinks into insignificance. There was Conger who, twenty seven years ago, was a poor lad in Mian, Ohio, struggling with algebraic problems and cube roots in Huron Institute. But notwithstanding he grappled so bravely with these tough and tiresome studies, he had a susceptible heart; and so, when his eyes fell upon the beautiful Miss Humphreys, then a reigning belle in that part of Ohio, he hauled down his colors at once, and surrendered unconditionally. The young lady was interested, and encouraged him. In a short time they were engaged and happy. But dark clouds will come, and sometimes they get between two hearts, and so obscure the vision that neither can discern the other. So it was here. In those days the young ladies were given to a queer kind of pastime called flirting, happily done away with in these better times. Miss Humphreys was addicted to this kind of amusement, and she followed it faithfully, notwithstanding her engagement. Mr. Conger objected, a quarrel ensued, and the match was broken off. Afterwards it was renewed, but the young man protested once more at the conduct of his fiancée, and they finally cried quits for good. In the full belief, no doubt, that his life was blasted, and that he had nothing to hope for except an early death, Mr. Conger rushed out into the wilderness with a surveying party, and for three years carried the chain in the mineral regions of Lake Superior. Then he wandered to Port Huron, and, astonished to find that he still lived, concluded to settle down to the practice of the law; he did so, and succeeded. Not long after he felt anew the touch of Cupid, and soon surrendered himself a second time to a love, long and was married. In the meantime, Miss Humphreys had also found another on whom to bestow her affections, and married Major Sibley, of the United States Army. After this, the young people, who, until now, had watched each other's movements, lost sight of one another altogether. Mr. Conger rose in his practice, was elected Judge, State Senator, and finally, in 1868, was elected to Congress, where he has since remained. A few years after his marriage his wife died, and he did not marry again, but devoted himself to his children. This, in brief, is Mr. Conger's history.

Mrs. Sibley had gone out upon the ocean of life in a different direction, and had become an accomplished lady of society. Twelve years after her marriage her husband died. Childless and lonely, the widow left for Europe, and after a lengthy stay upon the Continent returned a short time ago, landing at New York. She was preparing to proceed to her old home in Ohio, when she took a strange fancy to visit Washington. She went, and for several days amused herself in rambles about the Capital. One day she was sitting listlessly in the House gallery, watching the restless flow of political wisdom on the floor, when a member on the left of the Speaker arose and addressed the House. Through all the confusion, the clapping of hands and murmur of hundreds of voices, the words of the speaker came clear and distinct to her. There was something in the tones strangely familiar, and they came as if reminding her of a dream long since forgotten. Then she gained a view of the speaker, and started as she recognized his features. After all these long years, there she was gazing upon the face and listening to the voice of him who had become as one dead to her. It was a strange experience, but it brought her no comfort. She had heard that Mr. Conger was married years ago, and to see him now again could bring little else than painful recollections. She would depart and make no sign. But this was not to be. Mr. Conger had heard that Mrs. Sibley was in Washington, and it was not long before he recognized her in the gallery. He disappeared from the floor, and while she was revolving the queer circumstances that brought them once more under the same roof, she felt a slight touch upon her arm, and, looking up, beheld him before her. Their hearty greetings over, each became embarrassed. Each tried to appear altogether oblivious of the past, and each most signally failed. To add a little poetry:

We cannot kill the past; somehow
We cannot shut the door
That hangs between what we are now
And what we were before.
The rest shall not be known,
Except that with a weary tread
We walk our ways alone.

Mrs. Sibley rose to go. She would be glad to see Mr. Conger at the Arlington, and also his wife and family. She supposed they were with him, of course. Then came the explanation, and Mr. Conger promised to call, on one condition. "Name it," said the lady. "That you take back what you uttered twenty-seven years ago."

"Take it back," she faltered, and then "scotched" out of the gallery, as General Sherman would say, to hide the happy tears that sprang to her eyes as she said it. And then Mr. Conger went back to his seat with a wonderful flow of spirits, and looking as if his five and forty years were but five and twenty. The other day there was a quiet, happy wedding in Washington, at which Mrs. Sibley and Mr. Conger played the principal characters.

So ends the story, and it is a pretty good one, notwithstanding it is true. As Bonicault would say, "The night is passed; the darkness disappears; joy cometh in the morning."

VICTORIA IN A HUFF.

The Quarrel About Precedence.

A London letter says: "The Queen has gone off to Balmoral, leaving her imperial guest, the Emperor of Russia, in London. On the face of it this is a piece of gross rudeness that a less important personage than the Czar might justly resent with anger. The court party here excuse it by saying that the health of the Queen has greatly suffered in consequence of the unusual exertion she has made and the excitement to which she has been subjected; first by the arrival of her new daughter-in-law and then by the advent of the Czar; and that her doctors have ordered her off to Scotland in order that she may have immediate rest and quiet. The truth is, I believe, that Her Majesty is suffering from one of her periodical attacks of what Mr. Disraeli calls "mental disability," and that it has been caused mainly by the chagrin which she experienced by being compelled to yield to the Czar in the matter of the concession to his daughter of the rights of rank which he claimed for her. I have been greatly amused to observe the zeal with which the English people take up the Queen's side in this little family quarrel, and insist that the Grand Duchess should be "honored" by being introduced into 'our royal family,' and should be quite satisfied at taking any back seat that was awarded her. The Czar and his daughter did not see the matter in this light, and as he insisted on having his way, the *Court Journal* has been compelled to announce that hereafter the young lady shall be styled 'Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Russia,' and that she shall take precedence immediately after the Princess of Wales.' This concession has been gall and wormwood to the Queen and to her daughters, and the mortification arising therefrom is the real cause of the present illness of Her Majesty and of her untimely flight to Scotland.

"The Queen, with all her virtues, takes queer freaks now and then, and acts in a manner that gives rise to some unfavorable remarks. She has never been very fond of her youngest son, Prince Leopold, and she has lately displayed a curious indifference concerning him. The poor fellow is a student at Oxford, where he is said to be very much liked. For some weeks he has been dangerously ill—so ill that at times his life was believed to be in danger. The Queen did not visit him, nor did she send for him to come to her. The young man saw nothing of the *fetes* at Windsor and London in honor of the Czar and his daughter, and now his mother has gone off to Scotland, leaving him in a condition of suffering and of danger. Still, Victoria is the 'model and exemplar of all the domestic virtues.'"

RISE IN THE WORLD.—It was towards the middle of the last century that a little ragged boy, named Saunders, made his appearance at the door of an attorney's office in Clement's Inn, London. He was cast upon the world in absolute want; he knew nothing of parents; he had not a friend; and he knew of no roof beneath which he had a right to lay his head or obtain a crust to eat and a cover in return.

The attorney found him very bright and prompt, and employed him. The boy proved faithful and earnest in the discharge of such business as was given him to do. By-and-by the boy, when he had been admitted to sleep in the office, expressed a desire to learn to write. The attorney rigged him a low desk in a far corner, and set him copies, also assisted him at times by personal instruction. The boy developed a bold, clear and beautiful hand; and by the time he was fifteen he had become a correct and rapid writer.

He was now transferred to the inner office, and set at the work of writing important legal papers. This gave him an insight into, and a taste for legal lore. He studied—studied so hard, to such good purpose, that in time he came to afford his employer sound and valuable counsel in important matters. His diligence was untiring, and his faithfulness unswerving, and his ambition unchecked. He worked his way up to the bar, and became one of the most eminent and effective practitioners of his time.

This man, whose entrance into the struggle of life had been from so low and unpromising a station, by the proper use of the fortunate qualities inherited, became, upon the death of Pemberton, Lord Chief Justice of England.

The fashionable dance in London, it is said, is the Russian polonaise, a novelty introduced in honor of the Duchess of Edinburg.

Lake Neufchatel has been stocked with one hundred and fifty thousand young trout.

Fifty-five is the average weekly number of deaths in London streets.

Hood called the slamming of a door in a passion "a wooden oath."

He who reforms himself does more than he who starts out to reform the world.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.
Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in the Various Kingdoms and Empires of Europe.
NO. XXIV.

ERRATA.—In No. 20, the river on which the city of Hanover is situated should be "Leine," instead of "Seime." In No. 21, for "the city of Bavaria," read "a city of Bavaria." In No. 23 the "robes of state" and the "cocked hat of Frederick the Great" should have been trimmed with "ermine," instead of with "crimson;" and the "gold cross" spoken of in paragraph 1, line 38, should have been "two" feet long, instead of "ten" feet.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin is a large and splendid building, of the Doric order of architecture. The Royal Opera House is perfectly magnificent, especially the interior; it is of the Corinthian order; there is no other opera house like it, either in Europe or America; the throne in it is very fine—much finer than the one in the palace; the upholstery is scarlet; tickets are always from \$3 to \$5, but what the price might be for fourth and fifth tiers I cannot say; the throne is situated on the first tier, and right in front of the stage. Although this opera house is by far the finest in Europe, I must say that I saw and heard the poorest opera here that I did anywhere in Europe. The Royal Theater is also very fine, exterior and interior; it is fluted Ionic. The School of Design for Sculpture is very fine, and is fluted Doric. One of the most magnificent and imposing buildings in all Europe is the Royal Museum; here one will see the best anatomical collection that is to be seen in the world; the building is of gray granite, has 18 fluted Ionic columns, and in every respect is the very model of good taste. Vast numbers of specimens are in porcelain and wax. I would advise any gentleman (for ladies are not admitted) going to Europe not to fail to see this collection. While there are such a vast number in wax and porcelain there are any number of natural specimens in liquids, and any number of skeletons of all sizes. Out of this rich collection what struck me more than anything else was a glass coffin some seven feet long, which contained a man in wax six feet long, who had died of the leprosy. His case was so novel, so unlike anything I had ever seen. From all I had ever read on the subject, I had been led to believe that it was a cutaneous affection of a dry, luskny nature, perhaps looking like a cancer in its earliest stage. But, on the contrary, he was covered, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, with pustules—not the small, opaque pustules of the small pox—but all sizes, from that of a garden pea to that of a cherry; sometimes they were an inch apart, while at other times they were in clusters, perfectly transparent, and looking like the blister produced from the fly blister. I was told that he had been a sufferer for thirty years. All his nails had become like horn. I was so interested that I begged permission to make a drawing, and was very properly denied; for, as the guide said, granted to one it would have to be to all, till it would become a school of design. He said that, as it was, he often caught persons drawing without permission. The Royal University is a fine building of the Corinthian order. At Berlin there is a French church and a French theater, both of which are very fine buildings, and look exactly alike, standing in very conspicuous positions near the Palace. Berlin, with her 800,000 inhabitants, has only about forty-five churches, and there is not a fine looking one among them.—As I have said, there are across the Spree some very bridges. The Palace bridge is quite short, but very fine—built of granite and trimmed with white marble; it has eight marble pedestals, and on each pedestal is a nude figure larger than life. Frederick bridge is also very fine, and adorned with statues. In the squares there are but few statues, but they are of a very high order; they, like the public buildings, are admirably conceived and located. The only drawback to the statues on the bridge arc, that the bridge being narrow, and the statues set too low, they do not show to advantage. If they were placed on such bridges as the London and Waterloo bridges, London, they would show to a great advantage, as they are very superior productions of art.

As regards the streets of Berlin, they are kept in good order—no wandering minstrels, organ grinders or beggars being allowed. There would be plenty of beggars on the street if they were permitted to appear. But what would be the use of begging, when they would get nothing, except from strangers, and if anything can be gotten from strangers, the government wants it. In going to Potsdam, Sans Souci, and other places from the city, we saw any number of the most miserable looking, crippled, blind and all kind of beggars; but none were allowed to enter the city gates. And outside of the gates are any number of organ grinders, some of whom have ground until the last tooth is almost ground off of their organs.

As we intended to remain for a considerable time in Berlin, we concluded to take rooms, and have our meals brought to us from a restaurant. We soon found fine rooms, tastefully furnished, at a moderate price, and our meals brought us from a restaurant were much cheaper than they would have been at a hotel, where we would have been expected to pay a high price for wine, whether we drank it or not. I advise anyone going to Europe, when he arrives in a city, and intends to remain several months, to hire furnished rooms in some fine house on a fashionable street. One can live much more privately, be much more comfortable, and at half the price.

VOYAGEUR.