# North Carolina Gazette.

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and a premium of a fit rome, salue \$25

RATES OF A ERTHING

ove rates. Special notice

Home

her mother just buried

our bread and butter, ch

Home is the Sacred laged Our Life."

SENT BY EPRISS

But what are you go' do to earn

'I don't know-I havn thight. Mam-

copies (sent to one addr with at extra copy and a premium of a fin rome, plue \$40 150 00

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1875.

[WHOLE NO. 104.

Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all orth Carina Gazette. his life, but had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of J. H. & G. MYROVER, the pen in dire perplexity. 'But what are Pubshers. there a work house, or some such place I him! TERMS OF ASCRIPTION: can go to until I could find something CLUB TES:

'Hardly,' Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Marian's simplicity. 'They are putting out the lights and es (sent to one addrewith an extra copy \$22 50 preparing to close the office,' said Marian, starting nervously to her feet.

'I must go-somewhere.'
'Miss Harlan,' said Frank quietly, 'my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof a 250 day or two, if you can trust me.

Trust you? | Marian looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. 'Oh sir, I should be so thankful!"

'How late you are, Frank! Heregive me your overcoat-it is all powdered with snow and-' But Frank interrupted his bustling.

cherry-cheeked little mother, as she stood tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

down stairs.' Marian Harlan was onin the world 'A young lady, Frank?'

'Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa She was a beautiful, row-haired girl, to Harrington, the rich merchant; he sailed for Europe this morning and she is left | the wide worruld to sake your fortune.' ith soft, shy eyes of viet ray, and rosy ps compressed to a firmes beyond her ears. For after all, a as scarcely entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't eventeen, and so Deace Cay was tellng her, as be sat by the, spreading find something to do.' is huge hands over the rd blaze, and

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

'Ceme up stairs, my dear-you're as you did quite right; you always do.' Marian Harlan remained an inmate of the spring.

Mrs. Evans' dwelling. 'It seems just as though she had taken the ones in the nest,' says she; and he our dead Blanche's place,' said the cozy caught up a stone to throw at her.

'Now, Marian, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?

'I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think -I have been here two months to-morrow and the situation of governess is very adwire flickering

'Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstigate you are.'

Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret.' 'What secret is that to be so religiously

kept? asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walked in in the midst of the discussion, arlan; I am an orphan, al on in the with his dark hair tossed about by the time he wint to slape up in a tree, and the orld, who must fight life this with wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling cows all wint in the clover, an' out come archly.

cally wiping her dim spectacle glasses. 'Why, Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow !

'Marian!' 'I must Frank; I have no right further

to trespass on your kindness. 'No right, eh? Marian, do vou know that the old house has been a different house since you came to it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam? Marian smiled sadly, but her hand felt

'You'll stay, Marian?'

She shook her head determinedly. 'Then you must be made to stay,' said Frank. T've missed something of great little ones in the nest,' says she. value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft! 'Missed something ?'

Marian rose, turning red and white.

'My heart, Miss Marian. Now look here-I know I am very young and very farmer. poor, but I love you, Marian Harlan, and will be a good and a true husband to

you. Stay and be my little wife !" So Marian Harlan, instead of going out to be a governess, according to the programme, married the dark haired young clerk, in Ellison's express office, New

They were quietly married, early in the his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circlet of gaslights.

of yore, quietly obeyed the behests of the and broke the giant's head intirely. So

Do you remember the young woman Iowa, two months since ? 'Yes, sir; I remember.'

A tall, silver haired gentleman here in-Where is she! I am her uncle Walter A sudden blur came over Marian'ses Harrington. I have just returned from

> relative left me.' have her.'

Has anything happened?

Walter Harrington started. relative for a mere whim.' I wonder if he calls the marriage ser-

Marian opened her little leather pur honest Frank, but he obeyed in silence. accents, 'you will come to me and be the agreeable language, and though you may And last of all, the great Bonaparte died

This is all the money I have in the daughter of my old age? I am rich, not be courted by the fop and the fool, the in his field marshal's uniform and boots,

But Marian stole her hand through her husband's arm.

'Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone; I cannot you going to do !' 'I don't know sir. Is'nt leave my husband, Uncle Walter; I love

'Then you must both of you come and be my children,' said the old man, doggedly; 'and you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb.'

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Marian moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in old days, and that is saving enough.

Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

#### AN IRISH FABLE.

#### The Fortunes of the Bad and the Good Sons.

"An' it was once long ago, in the ould country," said Mrs. Riddy, "there was living a fine, clane, honest, poor widdy woman, an' she havin' two sons, and she fetched the both of them up foine and careful, but one of them turned out bad intire-'Hush, mother; there is a young lady ly. An' one day she says to him, says

> "'I've given you your liven' as long as iver I can, and its you must go out into "Mother, I will,' says he.

"'An' will ye take a big cake wid me refuse her a corner here until she could curse, or a little cake an' me blessing?' "The big cake, shure,' says he.

"So she baked a big cake and cursed him, and he wint away laughin'. By an welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, by he came forning a spring in the woods. and sat down to ate his dinner off his cake The days and weeks passed on, and still and a small, little bird sat on the edge of "Give me a bit of that cake for me lit-

I a few minutes, hoping to guld admit little widow: 'and she is so useful about "'Ive scarce enough for mesself,' says

the next field is belonging to a giant, and

mad, an' nixt day he stopped, very hun-

if the cows gets in his clover he will kill you dead as a sthone.' "But the bad son laughed and wint away out to watch the cows; and before noon-

the giant and shook him down out of the 'Secret!' repeated Mrs. Evans, energeti- tree an' killed him dead, and that was the ind of the bad son. "And by the next year the poor widdy woman, she says to the good son :

"'You must go out into this wide worruld and sake your fortune, for I can kape you no longer,' says she.

"'Mother, I will,' says he. "'An' will you take a big cake wid me urse, or a little cake wid me blessing?" "'The little cake,' says he.

"So she baked it for him and gave him very cold and passive in Frank's warm her blessin', and he wint away, and she a weepin' after him foine and loud. An' by an' by he came to the same spring in the

"Give me a bit of your cakeen for me "'I will,' says he, an' he broke off a foine piece, and she dipped her bake in the spring an' toorned it into sweet wine: an' when he bit his cake, shure an' she 'Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me!' toorned it into a fine plum cake intirely, England. The jurisdiction of the court, But I do suspect you. In fact, I am an' he ate an' drank an' wint on light-

"I will,' says the good son. "'Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for

kill you dead. "'Never fear,' says the good son; 'I don't slape at my wurruck.'

"And he goes out into the field and lugs morning, and Frank took Marian home to livery cow far out in the clover fields, and goes back ag'n to the tree. And out comes finds the cow boy, he goes under the tree often tragic, events .- London Times. to shake him down, but the good little son Frank, with his pen behind his ear as slips out the big stone, and it fell down the good son wint away to the giant's house, and it being' full to the eaves of gold and silver and splendid things !

> "See what fine luck comes to folks that is good and honest! An' he wint home and fetch his old mother, an' they lived

by your side.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald ROMANCE IN KANSAS.

A Cheyenne Indian Attempts to Abduct a Farmer's Daughter.

One of the main tributaries of the Little Arkansas river is called Running Creek. at the mouth of which is Jim Geary's ranche, an old and somewhat notorious stopping place in the days when Government provisions were hauled from Fort from the junction on Tuesday morning Harker to the Indian Territory by means but we could learn nothing definite. Yes of bull and mule teams. Among the terday we were called upon by Mr. W. J settlers is a well-known family from Ohio Van Kirk, of Milvue, a surveyor who was named Falconer, which consists of Robert Falconer, his wife Sarah and an only not a witness of its occurrence. He visit daughter, Bessie, at this time about seven- ed the battle ground, however, was present teen years old. The young girl was en- at the funeral of the victims, and gave as gaged to a young farmer, and had nothing an intelligent report of the dreadful affair. happened would have been married last Friday evening. The time for the mar- two men of considerable means and both riage arrived, so did the bridgroom and in- large owners of stock, had been at feud parents, supposing she was in her room, derstandings caused by the intermixing went to the door to warn her that the time of their cattle which "used" in the same for the performance of the ceremony had range. On Monday Bryers, Sr., with his It was early evening and not yet dusk, so from the house, when Hadley, Sr., accomthey walked to the window to endeavor to panied by a party of five others, compris discover the truant. Their horror may be ing his son "Dink," two other sons, and imagined when they saw rapidly disap- his sons-in-law Bud Pricher and Thomas of a young girl, which from the dress they to settle the matter." Bryers and his son immediately recognized as that of their were unarmed, but the father, after some

the result of the fright she received.

# A COURT 1,000 YEARS OLD CLOSES ITS DOORS FOREVER.

On July 6th an august and ancient tribunal, the most so of any save the "High Court of Parliament," virtually ceased to exist. On that day the Court of Queen's Bench, which represents a tribunal held ing man in religious affairs in the neighbefore the king at least a thousand years ago, sat for the last time, and will probably never sit again. It is a curious circumstance that, reckoning from the accession of Alfred, in 871-the earliest date at which such a jurisdiction can be shown to woods where the small little bird sat again have been exercised-to the year 1870, when the original of the judicature act which abolished it was introduced, just 1,000 years should have elapsed. To Sir Alexander Cockburn, certainly in many respects not the least distinguished of the series, belongs the melancholy distinction of being the last Lord Chief Justice of Junction and Tennsas Bridge. it is true, is preserved by the judicature the roars of him a mile away; and when he with a series of great names and historic,

How THEY DIED .- Augustus chose to 'Ah! but, sir,' said Frank, 'you can't men of sense. It is your character they one of the ladies in attendance remarked rels after marriage. study. If you are trifling and fast in your that her majesty seemed to be asleep .-'Can't have her! What do you mean? conversation, no matter if you are as beauti- "No," replied she, "I could sleep if I Has anything happened? ful as an angel, you have no attraction for Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss them. It is the true loveliness of your the near approach of death, and I would before his death) a gentleman who knew nature that wins and continues to retain not allow myself to be surprised by him in him well asked his opinion of Sherman's the affections of the heart. Young ladies my sleep; I wish to meet him wide awake." conduct. This, it must be remembered, Take me to her,' he said, hoarsely; sadly miss it who labor to improve the Lord Nelson, on receiving the fatal shot, was several years after the war, when there I can't be parted from my only living outward looks while they bestow not a said to Captain Hardy: "They have done were the same means that there are now of thought on their minds. Fools may be for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot forming a true judgment. What passed is won by gewgaws and the fashionable by through;" and had the presence of mind, vice and wedding ring mere whims,' thought showy dresses; but the wise and substan- while carried below, to take out his handtial are never caught by such traps. Let kerchief and cover his face, so as to conand showed him two ten cent pieces, wit 'Marian,' said the old man, in faltering a smile that was almost a tear.

"Marian,' said the old man, in faltering agreeable language, and though you may And last of all, the great Bonaparte died time previous to his dissolution.

[From the Pensacola Gazette.] DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN BALDWIN COUNTY. ALABAMA.

### A Neighborhood Vendetta Fought out,

Partial reports of a terrible occurrence ear the line of the Mobile & Montgom ery Railroad, reached us by telegraph on duty near the scene of the tragedy, but

Greenberry Bryers and James Hadley vited guests, but no bride appeared. Her for some years in consequence of misunarrived, when they found the room empty. son Larry, was plowing about 150 yards pearing through the timber on the creek | Stewart, all armed with shot guns, rode bank, a man carrying in his arms the form up near the fence and said they had "come angry words had been exchanged, caught In an instant the alarm was given, and up a piece of pine-root, a foot and a half the whole party, well-armed, started in long, and getting over the fence, his son pursuit. Within a few minutes they were following him, advanced toward the party. within gunshot of the fugitives, but were As he approached them he was shot down unable to use their weapons in consequence and instantly killed, and his son who ran of his shielding his body with the loved to his father as he fell was instantly killed. form of the bride elect. The young lover Joseph Bryers then came out of the house was almost frantic, and in his frenzy ap- with a double barrel shot gun, but both peared to have gained the fleetness of an barrels missed fire and he was shot dead. antelope; overtaking the almost breathless Meanwhile Dink Hadley rode toward the abductor, he seized him, and after a brief house, sprang from his horse and got bestruggle wrested the girl from him, at the hind a pine tree to wait the coming of ansame time discovering that the abductor other son, John Bryers, who advanced was a Cheyenne Indian, who had been from the house under fire with two guns. around the neighborhood for a year or two. He dropped one of them and sprang to a the spring and turned it black as ink, and his sweetheart, the savage, with an eel-like more than a third of his person, and exwent away up in the trees. And while he wriggle, escaped from his hold and started changed fires with Dink Hadley about looked for her to kill her, a fox wint away on a keen run down the creek. The pur- thirty-five yards off, the rest of the attacksuers, however, were too much for him, ing party meanwhile firing on him from "So he wint away from that place very and one of their number brought him to a distance. At his second fire Hadley the ground by means of a well aimed bul- fell, got up and attempted to reload, but gry, at a farmer's house, and hired out to let from a needle gun. It was soon ascer- seeing Bryers run back and get his other tained that the red man was only wounded gun, he scrambled upon his horse and re-"Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for in the thigh. He was then taken prisoner joined his party and rode away with them. and lodged in a neighboring dug-out, from John firing into them, as they left and which by some means he escaped during wounding old Hadley in the shoulder. the night, carrying the needle gun ball in Dink Hadley's wound was in the knee. his thigh, and has not since been heard of, John was wounded in the head, arm and although a diligent search has been made foot, but not dangerously. Three shots by the friends of the young lady, whose struck the post by which he stood. While wedding has been indefinitely postponed the fight was going on near the house, in consequence of an attack of brain fever, Wylie, the younger son of the Bryers may know what will come next. wound being in the thigh and dangerous. piest. The summary of the affair is a father and two sons murdered and two sons wounded, on one side, and on the other, a father and one son wounded. We are told that Mr. Bryers was much respected, being a lead-

> the facts of the crimes being so plain." Tuesday a posse of ten men, provided passport. with warrants for the arrest of the murderers went to the Hadley settlement but found their residences deserted.

The locality of these occurrences is near the Florida line, four miles west of Perdido station, or about midway between the on with activity, stimulated by the im- sculptor. I am unprepared to go into ex-

quite sure the article is in your possession.' hearted. An' nixt he come to the farmer's act, and is vested in a division of the high er's quarrels as rather pleasant episodes—the cost of the works. Near the Temple of Europe combined cannot compare with court of judicature. And its peculiar juris- probably because they are not quarrels at of Juno has been brought to light a house those of Florence for a high order of merit. "Will ye tind cows for me? says the diction is vested in that division exclu- all. She pouts; he kisses. He frowns; no doubt belonging to some millionaire of yet I do believe that they are unsurpassed. sively. But as that great court, which has she coaxes. It is half play, and they know the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze existed ever since the conquest as a dis- it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. and marble. The couches of the triclinum, which it would be well-for strangers to vistinct and separate tribunal, with that high I doubt seriously if married people ever or dining-room, are especially of extreme it; for instance, the old Medici palace, the clover field beyant is belongin' to the and lofty jurisdiction which could ori- truly forgive each other after the first fall- richness. The flooring consists of an im- which is now called Riccardi. Another giant, an' if you leave in the cows he will ginally only be exercised by the king in ing out. They gloss it over; they kiss mense mosiac, well preserved in parts, and very interesting palace to visit is palace person, and was so exercised ever since the and make it up; the wound apparently of which the centre represents a table laid Strozzio; but if one wishes a real trest let time of Alfred: as that great court of the heals, but only, as some of those horrible out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on him visit the old Senate-Itouse. It is sitking, inferior only to Parliament in great- wounds in battle do, to break out again at a large dish, may be seen a splendid pea- uated on Piazza del Granduca. It is imness and dignity, its history has closed. It some unexpected moment. The man who cock, with his tail spread out, and placed possible to say what is the order of archia big stone up in the tree, and thin sinds has, however, a great history—a history has sneered and said cruel things to a sen- back to back with another bird, also of tecture of the exterior of this building, but of ten centuries' duration, closely connected sitive woman never has her whole heart a elegant plumage. Around them are ar- the interior is full Gothic, and to say that with the constitution of the country through gain. The woman who has uttered re- ranged lobsters, one of which holds a blue it is beautiful is but faint praise. I never the giant a-roarin' so that you could hear a long succession of ages, and associated proaches to a man can never be taken to egg in its claws, a second an oyster, which have seen any interior to excel it. It is his bosom with the same tenderness as be- appears to be fricasseed, as it is open and difficult for me to say, as I have seen so fore those words were spoken. The two covered with herbs; a third, a rat farci, much fine architecture of the various orpeople who must never quarrel are hus- and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried | ders, but I believe that it excels any in Euband and wife. One may fall out with grasshoppers. Next comes a circle of rope. Not for its vast proportions, for it is die in a standing position, and was careful kinsmen, and make up, and be friends a- dishes of fish, interspersed with others of not a very large interior, but for its great in arranging his person and dress for the gain. The tie of blood is a strong one, partridges, hares and squirrels, which all and beautiful columns, its grand and graceoccasion. Julius Cæsar, when slain by the and affection may return after it has flown have their heads placed between their fore ful arches, and its elaborate carvings. conspirators in the capitol, concealed his away; but love, once banished, is a dead feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all To return to the fine arts, I have neface in the folds of his toga, so that his and buried thing. The heart may ache, forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters glected to say that there is a collection of and olives, which in its turn is surrounded paintings of some four hundred painters, and fetch his old mother, an' they lived on his countenance. Siward, Earl of possible to love anyone else, but it is more by a double circle of peaches, cherries, some of them the portraits of the most celrich and continted, and died very old and Northumberland, when at the point of impossible to restore the old idol to its melons, and other fruits and vegetables. death, quitted his bed and put on his arm- empty niche. For a word or two, for a The walls of the triclinum are covered with executed by themselves. Besides, there is What Attracts.—It is not your neat like a beast." Marie Louise, of Austria, a sharpening of the wits, for a moment's self-fresco paintings of birds, fraits, flowers, to be seen at Florence the collection of an-assertion, two people have often been made game and fish of all kinds, the whole in-tique bronzes, which is very fine. There calculations she had made no allowe ed me. I want her; she is the only living dress, your expensive shawls, or your short time before she breathed her last, had miserable for life. For, whatever there terspersed with drawings which lend a is also a very fine collection of gems, medringed fingers, that attract the attention of fallen into an apparent sound slumber, and may be before, there are no lovers' quar- charm to the whole not easy to describe. als and various other things that tend to

given as follows:

D. H.-General Lee, I desire to ask a question, which you will please not reply to if there is any impropriety in it. General Lee-Ask it, sir.

D. H.-Was General Sherman, in his

over the heads of women and children while | ings, the fine streets, the many squares, we were in the field?

General Lee rose from his chair, while his eyes brightened, and said: "No, sir No, sir! It was the act of a savage! He was not justified under usages of war."

leman to whom General Lee said these words. They are worthy of note, and the phrase that General Lee used in speaking of Sherman will be remembered to Sherman's shame when every other bitterness asteries that surround the city, the villas of the war is forgotten: "It was the act of at a distance-all combine to make Flora savage.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit, for how could be

When two people compliment each oth-er with the choice of anything, each of at each end of the building, one-third disthem generally gets that which he likes

## HOW TO FIND OUT WHOM ANY PERSON

It don't require any astrologer, a medium, or a gipsy with a dirty pack of cards. It is very simple-lies in a nut-shell and can be expressed in very few words. They are these:

think of.

jestic men with large whiskers, make up There were two soldiers with fixed bayonyour mind that she will marry a very ets, one on each side of the gate as you small man with none.

looks for, expect to see her stand before police. I never could enjoy myself in this the altar with a very pretty fellow who garden, where we were all let in like a has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow. If, on the contrary, she declares she watched by hirelings; there were no seats, must have a handsome husband, look and if we sat down, we had to do as thouabout you for the plainest person in the sands of women and children did-sit on circle of her acquaintance and declare the ground. I never came out of that gar-"that is the man;" for it will be. Men are almost as bad.

mind and mission, marries a lisping baby dens which once held the wild beasts-empwho screams at the sight of a mouse, and ty now, of course-have been put in good bides her face when she hears a sudden repair, to preserve them from any farther knock at the door.

thing like strong-mindedness, exults in the If a girl says of one, "Marry him! I'd

ance of his name in the matrimonial col-

selves "friends and nothing more," you el Angelos, Raphaels, Corregios and the

Larry had fallen and was shot down, the such marriages are invariably the hap- ing no less than eight splendid Marillos

borhood, and that Hadley had always such a fluttering there that it is hard to Apollo, the Wrestlers, and many others been deemed a respectable person. The guess the cause. dead were burried on Tuesday, a large

Besides, man proposes and God disposes. assemblage being present. No inquest and it is the "I don't know what" with to pretend that there are no paintings to was held, it "not being thought necessary, which people fall in love, and not their equal those of the old masters, and the peculiarities which could be given in a feeling relative to antique statuary is still

#### LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.

The excavations at Pompeii are going have seen he would be looked upon as no portant discoveries made almost at every travagant praises over the collections at step, and the quantities of gold and silver Florence, although many persons have DON'T QUARREL .- People talk of lov- found, which more than suffice to cover contended that all the fine arts of the rest On a table of rare wood, carved and inlaid compose a splendid museum. All these with gold, marble, agate and lapis lazuli, things are to be seen only on certain days. GEN. LEE ON GEN. SHERMAN .- When were found amphore still containing wine, There is an academy of fine arts at Flor-

#### Correspondence.

Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in

NUMBER LXXIV.

MESSES. EDITORS:-Florence is a most Marian, and you are all I have in the good and truly great will love to linger which he had ordered to be put on a short march through the country, justified, under beautiful city: the very large and splendid priety. These persons who act as models the usages of war, in burning our homes palaces and other kinds of public build- are very well paid.

the splendid bridges, the great cathedral, the many churches, the public gardens, the galleries of paintings, the beautiful architecture, the river running through the This we have from the lips of the gen- city, the great park, the corso, the broad, hard roads, with stone walls, leading from the city, the environs (not surpassed by those of any city), the convents and monence one of the most attractive cities in

The late Ducal Palace is the most

ove ten thousand men who never loved one? unique building in the world. It is called Palas Pitti, and is exactly the form of a tance from the end of the shank of the shoe, is one story; then there is another story which commences one-third from the end; finally there is the third story, which occupies the centre, or the curve of the shoe. In the rear of Palace Pitti are the Boboli Gardens, which are splendid; there one can almost lese himself; in this garden there are statues, fountains, walks, lakes, bow-The last person you would naturally ers, and waterfalls. On Sundays it was thrown open for the 'rabble,' for as such If a girl expresses her fondness for ma- the Grand Duke looked upon the people. passed through and entered the garden. If she declares that "mind" is all she where there were any number of spies and drove of swine, and were followed up and den that I did not feel myself degraded. In this Boboli is an old amphitheatre that The gentleman who desires a wife with has been cleaned up and re-seated; the old decay, and show us what were some of the

And the gentleman who dreaded any- customs of former times. My teacher of languages, who was a profact that his wife is everything he de- fessor at court, was kind enough to obtain a permit and go with us to the Palace Pitti; we went all through this quaint- lookrather die," look upon the affair as settled, ing but splendid building, except the priand expect cards to the wedding of these vate apartments. I know that there are If a man remarks of a lady-"Not my paintings in Florence colipse any other style at all," await patiently the appear- collections in the world. I admit that they are very fine-that there is nothing like them in England, Prussia, Denmark or And if any two friends declare them- Holland; for they contain Titians, Michaworks of other old masters. But there is There is no hypocrisy in all this, and the great gallery of Munich, Bavaria, baybesides its Ruphaels, Rubens, &c., and People do not know themselves, and there is the spleadid gallery of Saxony, at make great mistakes about their inten- Dresden, and the Louvre in Paris. The collection of antique statues at Florence is Love is terribly perplexing when he first undoubtedly of a very high order, compribegins to upset one's theories; and when sing, among others, the Dancing Fawn, the his arrow first pierces the heart, there is Niobe group, Venus de Medici, the young

I am well aware that it is the custom stronger, it being generally conceded that the sculptor of the present day cannot produce anything to compare with the antique, and I am confident that if he were to pro-Galignani's Messenger has the following: duce work no better than some antique I

that are perfection.

There are several palaces at Florence.

ence, which has a very fine gallery of old Florentine paintings. Here, as in Germany, it is easy for the student not advanced to be admitted, as the galleries are free to them. Besides these facilities there are well-arranged night schools for drawing, which are attended by scholars from all countries and all ages and both sexes. In the Principal Empires and Kingdoms of Europe. the winter they are opened from 7 o'clock, in the evening until 10. One week a man stands as a model, and the next a woman or girl. They are always unde, but everything is conducted with the nimost pro-VOYAGEER.

a had an uncle in New on who--' 'Yes, yes-I've heard but him -he as mad because your more idn't marry st exactly to suit him, wen it?" Marian was silent. Deco Gray waitid not, and the deacon wut way home, tell his wife that 'the land gal was ie very queerest creatue blever had In the meanwhile Malanyas busy

e carpet-bag, by the ght of the dying wood fig 'I will go to New York'shedd to her-If, setting her small, palv ich firmly gether. 'My mother's acto all hear y cause pleaded through me on lips. Idly! I am not any longe nel Marian

Lower Broadway, at 7 felklin the vening! What a Babel cushing theels, hurrying humanity, ancorglomn the corner of an express of conder the are of gaslight, surrounded by xe, and condered whether people ever wet trazed u this perpetual din and tunt. Her ress was very plain-gray pop, with a

hile her only article of baggigth caret-bag, lay in her lap. She wat here

f gaslights. And then he to up his en and plunged it into a perfect lantic 'Sir.' The dark-haired clerk emerge on his rage with his pen behind his ean obe-

lience to the beckoning finger his sa-'I have noticed that young wan sit ing here for some time-how de she

As though poor Marian were a or a paper parcel. "Who for?" Consigned to Walter Harringto Esq. 'And why hasn't she been called ?' 'I sent up to Mr. Harrington's Tress

'Expressed on, sir, from Millingto owa:

'Very odd,' said the gray-haired theman, taking up his newspaper. 'Yes, sir, rather.' Some three-quarters of an hour ward, Frank Evans came to the palirl's

side with indescribable pity in his zel 'Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mrarrington's residence-Marian looked up with a feveristed

'And we regret to inform you thine

for an exigency like this. 'Can we do anything further for ye

'Nothing-no one can do anything no Frank Evans had been turning aw but something in the piteous tones of voice appeared to arouse every manly | Harlan was married to me this morning.' stinct within him. 'Shall I send to any other of vo

some quiet family hotel!

vorld, sir! So young, so beautiful and so desolate world.

to notify him some time ago; I ext an answer every moment.

friends ?

prived this afternoon

upon her cheek, and her hand clasped htly on the handle of the faded carpet-b sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock is terposed with eager quickness:

she trembled like a leaf. In aller Paris, where the news of her arrival reach-

juestioned the young clerk, politely.

'I have no friends.' 'Perhaps I can have your things sent