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## Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.

Drayden.

## MAGGIE RYAN.

"But just let me stay until morning, ma'am. It is cold, dreary and dark along the road, and indeed I've no place to go but Widow Yarrow's, and that's long miles away."

"Spoke a sad, worn-looking woman, standing on the threshold of a well-to-do farmer's house, just as the last rays of light were fading from the red evening sky."

"The person to whom she spoke, a large woman in a bright, flowered dress and apron—the mistress of the house—turned away pettishly."

"You came at night, Maggie, and it seems to me you can go at night. You don't say, I never saw such shabby ways in my life. And Jane Smith is here, and I've only one bed for the servant, and I can't expect a tidy girl like Jane to sleep with—well, with strangers. I've paid you for your three days, and, goodness knows, you've worried me out of my senses since you've been here, and I can't keep you another night; the earlier you get the sooner you'll see there, wherever it is."

"Well, that's true, anyway, ma'am," replied the woman, "and you are mistress in your own house; but, God knows, it's not a dog I'd be driving out in the night." Then she tucked her little pinafore in the corner of a pocket handkerchief, and walked away out of the gate and up the road, not looking back once. Her heart was heavy as lead, and she was angry with a world that had been very kind to her.

"Three years since Pat went away," she said to herself, "never a word from him. He's dead, no doubt, and it's the best kind of word I've heard. I wasn't shiftless and good-for-nothing to him. 'Maggie,' he'd often say, 'I'd change you for nobody's wife.' Ould he was the man, and as good to me when I was faded and worn-out with the hard living, and rain and losin' the childer, as he was when I was a party girl with cheeks like roses, and he was a big courting me. Ould Pat, where did you go at all? You died in a ditch like a dog, maybe for all these gentle-folk care, we all might."

"She turned, and shook her fist back at the house she had just left, only a bit of the roof visible over the rising ground now."

"My heart was aching for the childer, and for Pat," she said; "but you could have no patience if a pertative was burnt, or a towel not that smooth. You sent me out with the night falling. Bad luck to you and to all your life."

"Then she probed on again; but the woman she had left was not as bad as she had fancied her. In her thrift and tidiness she could not understand this untidy, careless being. She knew nothing of the misery at her heart, or the sorrow that made her forget the pots and pans. She was actually half afraid of her and anxious to get her out of her house. She had felt it a great mistake to hire a tramp from the road as it were, and she had paid her and was conscious of no cruelty."

"The daylight fled away; the moon, risen long ago, became visible—a faint streak of new moon that set in a little while—only the stars were left—and Maggie, wandering on the road with her bundle under her arm—a bundle of rags and odds and ends tumbled together in an old flannel petticoat—began to lose her knowledge of it. Here and there she saw lights in a window, but they were no promise of hospitality to her. If she could get to the widow Yarrow's, that personage who took the laborers to board would let her lodge while she could pay; but where was the widow's cottage—to the right or to the left? She could not tell in the darkness whether she had taken the proper turning. Dazed by a rushing sound, as of water, danger there, perhaps. The railroad was somewhere at hand, and though Maggie felt that the world was a poor place, she did not feel ready to meet death just yet."

"I'll just drop down in the grass somewhere," said the poor lone woman, "and God be between me and harm. If I could find a bit of hay now 'twould be a comfort."

"She stretched forward, peering through the darkness, and her foot struck a loose branch that lay on the ground with a crackling sound."

"What's that?" said a voice very near her, in a sharp whisper.

"It's an imp of a squirrel," said another voice, "go on with the work, Jim; the train will be along in fifteen minutes. Up with that rail. If I'll have 'em 'em this time."

"Hold your tongue, fool," said the first voice, "you're half drunk. Itell you it was a sleep."

And now Maggie, who had sunk flat on the ground, knew all. Those who whispered near her were train-wreckers!

"I'll make no noise," thought she, "it's none of my business."

## THE ROBBERS' RIDE.

Paying \$6000 for a ride—How two Robbers Pooled their Pursuers.

The writer sat in a well-known eating-saloon at noon eating a delicious salad and sweltering over a cup of hot tea, when the proprietor stepped up.

"The boys have a nice time for their excursion to Kingston," said he.

"They have, indeed. Ever been there?"

"Yes; I took a couple of bank robbers down there twenty-five or thirty years ago. Never told you about that affair, did I? Well, I will. It was, let me see, in 1840. I was working at the Old Eagle tavern; had a couple of nice horses and, for a young man, was doing a fine business. In those days there were neither railroads nor telegraph. The stage coach was the only mode of public travel, and it was the event of the day to see the coaches from the west and New York bustle into the tavern. Well, one cold morning in the middle of December, I was just stepping out from the office to the long wooden veranda, when I noticed two well-dressed gentlemen, each carrying a good sized traveling satchel, hurrying toward the hotel. One of them, addressing me, said:

"Stage for New York gone yet?"

"Yes sir."

"How long?"

"More'n two hours ago."

"They were much excited over the news, and asked what they could do to get to New York speedily. I told them I didn't know. The boys had stopped running a month, although one of them still ran to Kingston, the river being open that far up. She was to leave that evening for New York, and the stage coach which left Albany a couple of hours before would transfer her passengers and mails to the steamer at Kingston Point. Then the gentleman said they must get that boat, and asked me if I knew of a couple of fast horses anywhere in the city, and if they could hire or get a carriage to beat the stage in. It was a matter of life and death, they said, and they would pay any price. I asked what price they would give, and they told me \$600 to beat the stage to Kingston. It was a large sum, and I wished, but told them I'd take it, and off I ran. I found a friend of mine, Hank Lewis, he hitched up his horses to a four-seated sleigh, and away we went, better shelter, for Kingston. How we did go! Two hours behind the stage, and yet before we reached Athens we passed it. Near Catskill the horses gave out completely, and we had to hire a new team. I didn't want to go any further on account of the horses, but one of the gentlemen asked: 'What is that team of yours worth?' 'Three hundred dollars,' I said. 'Drive on,' he answered, 'I'll pay for them! Once we tipped over, and half an hour was spent in getting to rights. Then we went it again, and at half past four we drove up to Kingston Point, where the steamer lay, all loaded, but waiting for the Albany mail."

"The two gentlemen went on board and asked for Captain Dean. He came aft. They told him what they had told Lewis and me coming down; how they had resided in Canada, but were sons of an English nobleman, who had recently died, leaving a valuable estate. Their presence was needed immediately in London if they would save the estate from a designing would-be heir. The packet sailed from New York for Liverpool on the first tide the next morning. They must get it or wait thirty days for the next ship, and so lose their fortune. They offered the captain \$200,000 if he would leave them and there and make certain of catching the ship."

"Would he to make that \$200,000, gentlemen," said Captain Dean, "but my orders are not to leave until I get the Albany mail, and I cannot accept."

"They seemed much disappointed, but said it couldn't be expected, and they made themselves agreeable to every one about. They paid me the \$600 promised, gave me \$200 for the lost horses, and gave my driver and men over \$100 each. We waited until the stage came in, and the mails and passengers were transferred, and away went the boat in a hurry; then we rode leisurely back to Albany, it being a fine night, but before we got there we met the mounted police frantically coming after the robbers, the head nobleman's bogus notes, which they held contained over \$200,000 in gold and Bank of England notes, the proceeds of a big Montreal robbery."

"Did they catch them?"

"Catch 'em! No. When the boat started that night they talked with the Captain and offered him \$5000 if he would help them on board the outward bound ship before he landed, as she would be lying in the channel. Captain Dean accepted, and just at daylight the steamboat lay alongside the vessel, and by the time Captain Dean got to his pier and the passengers awoke, the ship was sailing through the narrows and away to England."

"And were the robbers never heard of?"

"Never. Why, they had a start of thirty days, and being young men, they are perhaps living in clover in some country on their ill-gotten wealth. They were smart enough to take as in by their smooth talk and gentlemanly address."

"Just then the salad was finished, and so was the story. The writer picked up his check, and Mr.enzie walked to another part of the dining room to see that his waiters were paying proper attention to other hungry customers."

"The story has the merit of being literally true.—Albany Express."

The origin of half the "first loves" of young hearts is ignorance, and their death-blows experience.

Truth and confidence are better preventives of jealousy than concealment.

## A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE AGONY.

Fearful Scene at the Deathbed of a Hydrophobic Victim.

The death of Miss Lizzie Webber from hydrophobia in the Boston Hospital was attended by most terrible symptoms. On the 31st day of July she was bitten through the nail of the thumb by the finger of the right hand by her pet dog, a black-and-tan. Some boys in the street were worrying, and teasing the dog until at last the animal, goaded to anger, turned and bit six persons, four adults and two children. Five of them probably had the bite cured, and the sixth is unknown. Mrs. Webber, to punish the dog, grasped him and cut his ears, when he bit her finger as stated. Three hours after the infliction of the bite she went to the Massachusetts General Hospital to have the same operation performed, but the doctors told her it was too late to be of any service. She thought no more of the matter, and experienced no ill effect, until a recent Friday, when she had a severe headache, and the next day she experienced a severe pain extending from the right shoulder down to the hand—which she thought to be a touch of rheumatism. On the succeeding Sunday she was chilly all day, and at night experienced a violent heart-beating, and great difficulty in breathing—the breath coming in short, quick gasps. Two prominent physicians were in attendance, but she could not take their medicine. They decided the case to be a bad cold. Monday the patient kept her bed—the breathing difficulty increasing, with great nervousness. The slightest noise, such as the closing of a door or the moving of a fan, or sound of a pocket, would cause her to jump violently to the floor, and it required the united efforts of her attendants to quiet her. She began to show great aversion to water; but the doctor held no suspicion of the real nature of the disorder, which gradually grew worse and worse. She expressed a desire for various articles of food and drink, but when they were offered to her she found herself utterly incapable of eating or drinking anything; in fact, from Sunday morning until the hour of her death, Tuesday afternoon, she ate and drank nothing. At times, Tuesday afternoon, she felt quite easy, and the next moment she severe gasping for breath would come on, and she would jump up and down and dash wildly about. She would grasp her attendants by the dress and thrust as much as she could into her mouth, telling them at the same time, however, that she would not bite them. She was next seized with severe and unmistakable convulsions accompanied by frothing at the mouth. Morphine was given. Then a pail of scalding hot water was procured, and the patient's feet placed in it. One of the lady attendants poured hot water upon the head of the victim, all of which she bore without flinching, in fact she declared it made her feel better. At times she would stamp her feet upon the floor so furiously and violently as to shake the house, and in the meantime her difficulty in breathing increased. Another trial of the water pail caused her to bound back to the other side of the bed, and experience a severe convulsion. She was taken to the hospital in a sort of ambulance, held by fastenings around her body. On the way she made a growling or barking noise. At the hospital, where, about three-quarters of an hour after her arrival, she was lying apparently comfortable, she suddenly gave back arms and feet a violent twitch, her countenance turned black, and she breathed her last. After her death a consultation was had by the physicians at the hospital; the dead authorities upon the subject of hydrophobia were looked up and quoted, and it was unanimously decided by the physicians that it was "a genuine case of hydrophobia."

## ENGLAND'S FUTURE LOUVER KING.

By the by, apropos of Albert Edward, did you see the guarded notice in the London dailies contradicting the rumor that the Prince of Wales is about to remove from England for an indefinite period? I venture to say that brief denial cannot mean more than that the prince, contrary to custom, (which is to cheer) in the most chilling silence. It was noticed that the fair ladies turned away their heads, and made their daughters do the same, to avoid recognition of or by the next king of England. I am told by one who knows, that although the prince behaved with perfect self-possession, and said never a word in comment upon this extraordinary reception, he made amends for his restraint on his return home, showing by word and deed that he keenly felt the slight that had been put upon him.

The truth with respect to the latest sensation of having actually made an assignation with that actress whose history I gave in a former letter, and who was married to a convenient cat's paw and hurried out of the way, as it was hoped, forever. The princess taxed him with it and weepingly told him he was breaking her heart, and it was time they must part, but he coaxed, caressed and fooled her poor loving little heart once more, and notwithstanding the anger and indignation of the princess, she refused to leave him. And to-day she shares with Victoria the love and devotion of the great body of the English people.—Chicago Times.

## AN INTERESTING RACE.

A mail train and a carrier pigeon recently had a "race" from Dover to London. The pigeon was from the Belgian breed, and was "homed" to a house in Cannon street. On the train leaving Dover it was thrown from a carriage, and was observed to circle round for a few moments, when it took its flight in a line between Sittingbourne and Maidstone, which would, of course, be the nearest route to London. Although the railway people were confident in the powers of their locomotive (the Continental express) the bird arrived twenty minutes before the train. The times are not given, but the pigeon must have flown at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

## A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's daughter did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; but she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be wrecked, no more boats should be lost, on the "Lonely Rock," if a light in the window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but when night fell, she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many banks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through biting winds, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fisherman, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fisherman had only to keep it constantly in view, and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

## BEAUTIFUL POLESSES.

The Polish ladies, says a Warsaw correspondent of the Boston Journal, are very beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful in the world. They retain, in middle life, the freshness of girls, and make me think of New England women (owing I scarcely know to what air of superiority and the possession of what divining instinct peculiar in a greater or less degree to all women), and this in spite of the fact that New England women do lose their clear complexions and rosy cheeks, and in spite of the fact that the Polish ladies have withal a slightly Hibernian cast of countenance, including nose, the most imperious tips of which do turn up just a little. But they are evidently self-respecting, keen creaturers, who know what they are about, careful to observe all the proprieties, never flirting in public if they do in private, and walking the streets in a quiet, dignified manner, as if they were disdainful if not unconscious of their charms. They are not possessed either of dollish or masculine faces, as the English and American ladies often are, they are not voluptuous or black-browed like their sisters of France and Spain, but a queenly sort of woman, tall and graceful, and possessed of a cooler type of beauty than blooms on the Mediterranean—a type of beauty that makes me think of marble statues, Damascus blades and anora borealis. By the way, Bayard Taylor says he saw more handsome faces in one hour at the Warsaw races than he saw elsewhere during two years in Europe, and I do not doubt it. Moreover, I have never been in any country where the relations of the men and women of the upper classes seemed so high-toned; and I am sure that a stranger entering the best society of Warsaw would have to acknowledge the most elevated devotion on the part of the men and the most gracious yet dignified appreciation of it on the part of the women he had ever witnessed. To acquire good manners and to see human intercourse at its best, I should rather go to Warsaw than to London, Washington, or Paris.

## SAVED FOR GREATNESS.

Mahame de Maintenon, who became the wife of Louis XIV, of France, and for the last thirty years of his life exercised a controlling influence over his opinions and policy, had a narrow escape from premature burial in childhood. Her parents migrated from France to the Isle of Martinique when she was ten years old. On the voyage she was taken ill, and the sickness ended in apparent death. The funeral rites were over; the last look taken of the body about to be dropped into the sea; a cannon was loaded to be fired over the corpse; when the mother, ordinarily unloving, insisted on seeing her child once more. To her surprise, she found the heart still beating, and, in a delirium of joy, declared that the child was not dead, but would recover. The hope, born of rapture, proved a true prophecy; and the little girl, so nearly given to burial in the ocean, was spared to become one of the most distinguished women in French history.

## FROM THE NEW YORK GRAPHIC.

ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY'S ROMANCE.

How He Renounced a New England Belle to Become a Priest.

The death of the distinguished Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore recalls to the memory of some of those who remember him in his youth the romance of his early life. When he decided to leave the Episcopal ministry, for which he had been trained, and study for the priesthood, he made sacrifices that few men are called upon to endure.

He gave up at once not only his social position, but the great fortune which his uncle, Mr. James Roosevelt, after whom he was named, intended to bequeath him, and, worst of all to some hearts, he renounced the woman whom he loved.

One of the most famous belles that New England ever produced was Miss Julia Beers, a daughter of Judge Beers of Litchfield, Conn. During the first thirty years of this century the law school of Litchfield was considered the most distinguished institution of the kind in the country. It drew to this bleak New England village the young men of the best families throughout the country, and one of its most honored teachers was Judge Beers.

His daughter was a beautiful blonde of the rarest type, with waving hair of pale gold, large blue eyes, and a figure remarkable for its tall and slender grace. Added to those natural gifts, she possessed also a fine voice of remarkable power and compass, which she constantly improved by training, while her fine natural powers of mind were cultivated by every advantage of education, so that at twenty she was a woman of rare and remarkable fascination.

At this time, during a summer pleasure trip, she met the young Episcopal clergyman, and the two became engaged. The Rev. Mr. Bayley was, at this period, a strikingly handsome man, possessing qualities of heart and mind sure to endear him to those with whom he was brought in contact. They were, indeed, a remarkable man and woman who met in that long past summer, and she, who had been indifferent to a hundred admirers, listened with pleasure to the addresses of a man who felt that until now he had never met a fitting mate.

But powerful as love might be in an organization like his, the honesty of religious conviction was still dearer to the heart of the young clergyman; and after his transference to Hagerstown, Md., where he met the present Cardinal Coadjutor, Bayley resolved to become a Catholic priest. This decision was a death blow to Miss Beers. She herself, persuaded by her love, embraced the faith of the Church of Rome, and for awhile took refuge in a convent.

This departure of one of society's ornaments to the gloom of a cloister produced a great sensation among the fashionable circles of that day, and when, after a brief period, she, under circumstances of peculiar romance, fled from the convent and returned to her friends, all sorts of speculations were set afloat. For a few years she led a life of retirement at her home in Litchfield, and then fell a victim to consumption and perhaps to a broken heart.

## WIDOWED AT LAST.

A quiet wedding occurred in Middletown, Orange County, N. Y., within the last few months, at which there were no guests, the mother of the bride being the only witness of the ceremony besides the officiating clergyman. In 1852, a young gentleman, who was betrothed to the lady, enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him, and with a breaking heart bade him adieu, and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of her family besides her mother. For a time all went well, and loving letters cheered the gallant soldier. After the battle of Chancellorsville, his letters suddenly ceased. Letter after letter was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was that after that terrible battle he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never entirely abandoned hope, and lived on, hoping against hope for his return. After many weary years her patient troth has been rewarded, and she is now a happy bride. Some time during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after he was sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor, and getting to England on a blockade runner. After much delay and many disappointments, during which his courage almost failed him, he succeeded. He remembers sailing through the blockading squadron. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon after insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by the captain of the blockade runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded, through friends in the asylum, in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house, where he won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was given him; he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a lady of thirty-two, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married, and are now in England, where he proposes to remain for a number of years.

If the internal grief of every man could be read, written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be the objects of pity!

She spins a good web who brings up her son well.

He that is careless of fame is not fond of integrity.

Let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself for every guilty person is his own hangman.

Let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself for every guilty person is his own hangman.