Hon Thos. McDowell

North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. & G. G. Myrover, Corner Anderson and Old Streets, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. 5--NO. 15.] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877. [WHOLE NO. 220.

North Carolina Gazette.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance)	$2 00
Six months "	1 00
Three "	50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (this space)	one insertion	$1 00
" " " "	two "	1 50
" " " "	one month	2 50
" " " "	three "	5 00
" " " "	six "	9 00
" " " "	twelve "	15 00

Longer advertisements charged in proportion to the above rates. Special notices 25 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
—*Dryden.*

THE LUCKY LARCENY.

A Lawyer's Story.

Mr. Courtney was a rich old bachelor and the uncle of a couple of nephews—the one a brother's, and the other a sister's son. These two were his next of kin, legally entitled, in case he died intestate, to inherit his property.

Edward Horton, his deceased sister's son, was decidedly his favorite, and to him the old man decided to give the bulk of his estate.

Charles Courtney, the other nephew, had inherited a handsome fortune from his father, and, moreover, by his uncle's will, was entitled to succeed to that left by his cousin in the event of the latter's dying without issue.

Old Mr. Courtney was one of the balest of bachelors, when it was suddenly announced, not only that he was dead, but that foul play was suspected. A post-mortem examination demonstrated that he had fallen a victim to poison; and it was given out that the hand which administered it was that of his favorite nephew. The public mind was naturally both surprised and shocked.

It was not until Edward Horton had been fully committed for trial for his uncle's murder that I was retained to get up the defence.

His statement was in substance this: A physician had been called in to see Mr. Courtney on the occasion of some apparently trifling illness, requiring some remedy, for which a prescription was written and handed to the prisoner to be made up. This the latter had taken to a well known, competent druggist, who had put it up in his presence. The medicine consisted of three white powders, each folded in a scrap of paper, with the whole enclosed in a single wrapper. They were to be given at intervals of an hour, and had remained continuously in the prisoner's possession till the first was administered, which was done by himself, immediately on his return from the druggist's. Mr. Courtney grew rapidly worse, and at the expiration of an hour the symptoms became so alarming that a messenger was dispatched for the physician, who, on his arrival, declared that the patient was suffering from the effects of poison. An examination of the remaining powder disclosed the fact that it was *pure arsenic.* It was too late for any antidote to be available, and in less than an hour death had relieved the sufferer. An autopsy of the body and an analysis of the contents of the stomach left no doubt as to the cause of death. The presence of arsenic in a necessarily fatal quantity was indicated by every known chemical test. It was further admitted by the prisoner that he alone had access to his uncle's apartment, or had handled the medicine from the time it was compounded by the druggist till the coming of the physician after the second powder had been taken.

The druggist, who was known to be a man of extraordinary caution and thoroughly skilled in the business, was ready to swear that by no possibility could any mistake have occurred in putting up the medicine.

To make matters worse, it transpired that the amicable relations between the uncle and nephew had been somewhat disturbed of late by reason of an attachment of the latter, disapproved by the former, who had even gone so far as to threaten to change his will unless his wishes were respected.

"Who was in company with you from the time you received the medicine till you returned to your uncle's house?" I asked the prisoner, desperately groping after something to afford a ray of hope.—

"No one," he answered, "but my cousin Charles, whom I met near the druggist's, and who accompanied me in."

I drew from Edward the fact that Charles saw the medicine put up, walked with him a little way; then went back for something, Edward awaiting his return; then they walked arm in arm nearly home, when Charles left. I also reminded Edward that, his uncle being dead, if he should also die childless Charlie would inherit the estate.

"He did it! He did it!" the young man cried, in a paroxysm of excitement too earnest to counterfeit. "He went out to get the poison when he left me waiting. He put it up to resemble the druggist's parcel, for which he substituted it as he went along. Villain—I *know* it now! I carried the parcel in the right pocket of my overcoat, and it was on *that* side he walked!"

I was seated in my office on the day preceding that fixed for the trial, indulging in anything but sanguine expectations, when a tap at the door announced a visitor. It was a detective whom I had employed.

"What is it?" I inquired, after closing the door.

"I made an arrest to-day," he answered, "and in the prisoner's possession found this overcoat," undoing a package he had brought.

"Well?"

"In one of the pockets I found *this,*" and he handed me a parcel, which I opened.

Inside were three papers folded as druggists put up their prescriptions.

"The person with whom I found this coat," the detective continued, "confesses that he stole it from a billiard saloon, the owner having laid it aside while playing; and the date he fixes corresponds with Mr. Courtney's murder. But, what is more important, I have ascertained that *Charles Courtney is the owner of the coat!*"

"Let us at once proceed to the druggist's!" I exclaimed, springing from my chair and snatching up my hat.

We were soon there.

"Please examine that parcel," I said, putting it into the druggist's hands.

He did so, carefully opening the papers and inspecting their contents. They contained *three white powders!*

"How do they correspond with those you made up for Mr. Courtney, and for which others seem to have been so mysteriously substituted?" I inquired.

"They do not correspond at all," he answered; "*they are the same!*"

"The same! How do you know that?"

"By these figures," he replied, pointing to the inside of the papers. "I had made a calculation that day on a sheet of paper, part of which I used in putting up the prescription bought by Mr. Horton. The remainder I have preserved, not knowing but that it might be important. Here it is, and you see how the pieces and figures fix it."

They did exactly. The chain of evidence was complete!

I need hardly tell you how the trial ended. Charles Courtney was called upon by the prosecution to prove some unimportant point. The counsel whom I had retained for the defense asked him but three questions on cross examination:

Had he accompanied the prisoner from the druggist's?

Had he lost an overcoat that day?

Was that it?

The questions were very simple, but the effect upon the witness was most remarkable. He trembled and turned pale. He knew that his secret was out, and that lying was useless. He answered all three questions in the affirmative, but in a voice scarcely audible. Before the next witness was called he slipped from the court, and was never heard of afterward.

With the testimony of the detective and the druggist, not forgetting that of the thief who stole the overcoat, we made short work of what had promised to be a "beautiful case of circumstantial evidence."

THE TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN.

A Vienna letter says: Lighted by a taper in the hands of one of the brothers, we descended to the gloomy crypt in the old church of the Capucines, where Austrian royalty is buried. In the dim light we picked our way through many metal caskets, occasionally having a horrible sensation by banging against one and being startled by the noise of the contact with such an object in such a place. At the extreme end of the repulsive vault the long-robed monk halted, and the inscription indicated that we were beside the casket of the Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Poor Maximilian! The victim of the man who presumed to hang the trappings of Imperialism on the borders of the Republic; the brother of the Austrian Emperor, who exchanged a happy home and high position for the fatal illusions of a monarch's title. The schemer, driven from the throne, dies an exile, and the victim, slaughtered within sight of his throne, is brought home to lie among his people. The love that was borne for the Archduke is evinced by exquisite offerings of fresh flowers, tied with broad white ribbons embroidered with gold, which are constantly renewed on his coffin. Not far from where Maximilian rests is the plain casket containing the remains of the young man called Napoleon II. He is close to his grandfather, the Emperor Francis I., and directly beside his mother, the wife of the great Napoleon. The most conspicuous casket in the crypt is the ostentatious piece of silver bronze which encloses the great Empress Maria Theresa. The vault of the church of the Capucines contains the bodies of the royal family, the cathedral of St. Stephen their bowels, and the church of St. Augustine their hearts. In the latter the rows of silver urns in which their hearts are placed can be seen by looking through a small grating in the door of the cell. As one stands in the dismal place, surrounded by the coffins of the dead, the sight of the urns produces a strange impression. It is a luxury to escape from the depressing sepulchre, and again feel the warmth of the genial summer sun.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—The other day an alleged horse thief was brought up for trial at Waco, Texas. The evidence against him was very strong, when his wife—a mere child, with tearful blue eyes and blushing cheeks, and the stamp of candor on her innocent forehead—took the stand and testified that her husband had bought the horse from a man she had never seen but once, and produced the bill of sale. The jury burst into tears and acquitted him, and locked in each others arms the devoted couple left the court amid applause. Two hours later the discovery was made that the wife had been schooled by one of the worst thieves in the prison, who had written the bill of sale for her.

Arms and ammunition are shipped from New Haven for Turkey.

OLD TIMES AT WATERING-PLACES.

Well do I remember how, during my early childhood, we used to travel to "The Springs." The family carriage would come to the door, and boxes beneath the seats would be packed with bed and table-linen, towels, napkins and a silver spoon and fork for each one in the party. Immense boxes of lunch were packed, and cake enough baked to last for some time. Then the trunks were strapped on behind. When this was accomplished the coachman mounted the box, the nurse and baby took a front seat, my little self beside her, and father and mother on the back seat. In those days ladies seldom had more than six dresses. One ball dress was sufficient, and a black silk lasted for years.

The cottages at the White Sulphur were pretty much the same as now. Each family brought its own adornments, and the three-legged tables were dressed in colored cambric covered with muslin. There was no hotel, but a rude building which comprised dining-room, ball-room and kitchen. The fare consisted principally of mutton, which grazed on the hills, and was shot down when needed for the table. Every family had its own servant, who foraged for and cooked the meals, bringing the dishes to the table and acting as waiter. This system was so universal that when the elegant Harrison Grey Otis of Boston visited the White Sulphur, he was disgusted as well as indignant at being frustrated every time he attempted to help himself from a dish, by being told that it was private. The price for board in those days was only about three dollars a week, but the charm of the place was the elegant society. Cottages were set apart for distinguished men. It was told of Henry Clay that once, after dancing till midnight, he proposed that the ball should wind up with a Virginia reel.

The music in those days was furnished by three musicians—Jesse, Scott and his two sons, from Charlottesville, who played on the violin. Jesse was a negro and his wife an Indian. I well remember them in Charlottesville, where they lived during my childhood, and where I often heard how one of the sons became a great dandy. When Wm. C. Rives was appointed Minister to France he took Tom Scott with him as *valet.* Tom quickly acquired the habits and appearance of a French servant, and put on airs when he returned to his native village and humble home. He assisted his father in fiddling at parties at the University in winter and the White Sulphur in summer. When Mr. Clay requested the leader to play a reel, he was surprised to find that he did not know the music. Mr. Clay took the three musicians to a corner of the room, whistled the air until they had all caught it, when they resumed their places, and Mr. Clay led in the merry dance. Such were the primitive manners 35 years ago.

NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet, every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "my boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day, somebody's son is a hungry outcast pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day, somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy," not if we have the love of Him who gave his life to save the lost.—*The Christian.*

WOMAN.—The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition, almost instinct. By a glance she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question. A philosopher deduces inferences, and his inferences shall be right; but he gets to the head of the staircase, if I may say so, by slow degrees, mounting step by step. She arrives at the head of the staircase as well as he; but whether she flew there is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct she is seldom deceived, and she is generally lost when she begins to reason.

An excellent quartette—A good temper, a good library, a good wife and a good friend are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

A STRANGE HISTORY.

The Adventurous Career of a Native of Tennessee.

East Tennessee is a weird region, and no part of it is wilder than Hawkins county. It is nearly a hundred years now since it sent forth an adventurer who achieved a great career, passed through a world of stirring events, and lived a long life.

About the year 1780, Elias P. Bean, a lad of seventeen, started with a party of raftsmen bound from the Holston to the Mississippi. They floated down from Bean's station, trading by the way, lost their raft upon the Muscle Shoals, and, having purchased a drove of horses, continued their journey overland toward Natchez. Here young Bean met the famous frontiersman, Captain Nolan, who was about starting an expedition into Arkansas. He joined this party, stealing away from his brothers—whom he left to return home without him—overnight. After many ups and downs the detachment of Nolan's command, embracing our hero, was captured by the Indians somewhere close upon the Texas border. Bean and a companion escaped from the Indians only to be re-captured by the Spaniards, who took them prisoners to the old town of San Antonio. Here, after a while, they were released on parole, and, having a turn for taking things easy and a genius for work, the younger of the two Americans set himself to learning the trade of a hatter. He succeeded so well that in three years he became the fashion, began to make money, fell in love with a native beauty, and was making strides toward his fortune, when, in an unguarded moment, an opportunity to escape presenting itself, he yielded to a sudden fit of home-sickness, abandoned his business, deserted his sweetheart, and fled. He was pursued, overtaken, brought back, and, as a penalty, sent across the Rio Grande and over the Mexique mountains to the Pacific seas. In other words, they took him to Acapulco, where he was thrown into prison. He occupied a dungeon in the old fortress for six years, his only comrade a scorpion, which he tamed and took into his affections.

In 1812, the first Mexican insurrection against the Spanish power broke out. It was led by Padre Morelos, a dissolute priest, but a patriot, a soldier and a statesman. Reaching the sad old seaport, where Bean was confined, it released him, a prisoner of half a dozen years, but a man of undiminished strength and ardor, a little into his thirties, and perhaps all the better for his long confinement. He sought the insurgent camp and leader. Morelos, seeing before him an American, who spoke two languages like a native, a stalwart, soldierly fellow, just out of prison and eager for active employment, gave him first his confidence and then his love. He became chief of staff, next general of brigade, next general of division, and smote the Spaniard hip and thigh. At length, the contest growing imminent, a more delicate, if not a more dangerous, business presented itself. Morelos had loved, seduced and cajoled from her home a noble Spanish damsel, whom, for many years, he had concealed in the mountains. She had borne him a single child, a son. In the midst of the struggle, and at the critical point, she died. The son was too young to go into the field. He could not be left anywhere to take care of himself. There was really no safe place in all Mexico. So Morelos sent for Bean to counsel what should be done. Bean represented that arms and munitions of war were wanted; believed he could negotiate for these in the States, and proposed that he should kill the two birds with one stone—carry the lad out of harm's way and bring back the needed military supplies. Morelos was delighted, and Bean was despatched on the double mission. He succeeded admirably; but, when he got back, Morelos had been captured and shot, and for the time being, the revolution was at an end. The son of the priest-president, as the Mexicans delighted to call the great Padre Morelos, grew up to be the famous General Almonte, his guardian and friend to be a field marshal, and the richest man in Mexico; where, at Jalapa, in 1848, our victorious army found him a hale old man, retired from active life and living in vast splendor, surrounded by an extensive progeny. Of his children but one rose to distinction—the black sheep of the family—a fellow by the name of Cortinas, not unknown to fame.

Curious episodes, indeed; but fit outgrowth of the rock-ribbed ledges dark "with the silent horror of death."

"WHO ART THOU?"—When Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, England, the text he one day took to preach was: "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress, who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the suprise of all present, replied: "I am sir, an officer of the Seventh Foot, on a recruiting party here; and, having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that, though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded in without considerable difficulty.

HOW STRAKOSCH ACTS WHEN MAD.—Mrs. Max Strakosch is described by the San Francisco papers as "a pleasant and fascinating lady." Max will succeed as a married man. When he is very mad his voice is silvery, and he smiles with great violence.

THE JUGGLER AND THE HACKMAN.

When Heller, the magician, arrived in the city on Friday last, he directed the hackman to drive him to the Parker House. Reaching the hotel, he stepped briskly up to the clerk's desk, and was soon surrounded by a host of old friends, including Dr. Tompkins, of the Boston Theatre, Frank Chanfrau and a dozen others. Amid the hearty greetings came a rough voice, which soon attracted general attention.

It appears the hackman hadn't been paid.

"What is it, my good friend? What are you yelling about?" demanded Mr. Heller.

"I wants me fare. I saw you skip away. Two dollars for you and the lady."

This answer created a laugh among the magician's friends.

"I know I paid you, you rascal," exclaimed Mr. Heller.

"Divil a cint."

"You put it in your hat. Hand it to me!" and, to the consternation of John, there was a bright, clean two-dollar note taken from the lining of his cady and held up to the gaze of the rapidly increasing crowd. Cabby stood transfixed with wonder.

"I am afraid of your future, my poor fellow, and advise you to alter your course," interposed Mr. Jarrett.

"Be virtuous and you'll be happy," was the advice of Mr. Cheney.

"This after all our boasted New England civilization and moral advancement!" added Mr. Chanfrau.

"If this thing should get abroad!" was Dr. Tompkins' alarming exclamation.

"Think of your wife and children. Repent ere it be too late," was the kindly toned proposition of Mr. Heller.

"Look here, gintlemen, this is all good enough, and yez hev me tanks, but may I never see a sixpence again but I wasn't paid, and that bill I niver saw before in all me born days. I did not have a cint about me," and the indignant hackman slapped his hands on his coat pockets.

"You have no other money on your person?" demanded Mr. Heller.

"No!" said the hackman unhesitatingly.

"What's this, and this, and this, and this?" inquired the magician, as he delicately pulled a bank note first from the poor cabman's side coat pocket, then one from his coat-cuff, another from his pantaloons pocket, and another from his boot-top. "My friend," continued Mr. Heller, in a voice softened by swelling emotions, the while the crowd around moaned with excess of sorrow over the sad exhibition of human depravity, "you are not yet lost, but you are on the brink of ruin. We all feel for you, don't we, gentlemen?" And groans came in response.

"Look here, me friends," cried the hackman, "this here thing's played out. I'm not the worst man in the warrud"—when, to his utter horror, the magician interrupted him to take from his coat pockets, hat, trousers and boot-tops not only greenbacks and plenty of silver coin, but pens, blotting paper, matches, blank cards and the general invoice of stationery to be found on a hotel desk.

"Man, who are you, anyhow?" cried the poor fellow, as he crossed himself and commenced to back out.

"Hawkshaw, the detective!" shouted Jarrett, as he struck an attitude.

"My name is Norval," replied Mr. Heller.

"'Tis Clifford's voice, if ever Clifford spoke," added Mr. Cheney.

"I am thy father's spirit," groaned Mr. Chanfrau. And by this time the perturbed driver had reached the street, shouts of laughter falling on his ear, and with another surprise awaiting him. Mr. Heller had placed a five dollar note in the man's vest pocket.—*Boston Globe.*

"NOW, THEN, ALL TOGETHER."—In a little settlement, not a thousand miles from Baldwinsville, and not more than forty years ago, there was a funeral. The deceased man had been a corpulent man, so corpulent, in fact, that it was no easy matter for the bearers to properly dispose of the coffin at the cemetery. It was finally placed upon the cross pieces over the open grave and the straps arranged, when upon trial it was found that the bearers were unable to raise it sufficiently to allow the sticks on which it rested to be withdrawn. After several honest but ineffectual efforts the perspiring bearers cast an imploring look at the master of ceremonies, who being thus appealed to cried out in stentorian tones to the bystanders: "Here, you! Step up here, half a dozen of you!" The requisite number having responded to the summons, and been properly disposed at the straps, the director, in tones that filled the little cemetery, and then bursting its confines went sweeping up and down the road for the distance of a furlong or two, gave the following command: "Now, then! All together! Pick him right up!" It is needless to say that the remains were picked "right up" and safely lowered to their resting place.—*Baldwinsville (N. Y.) Gazette.*

GOT IT MIXED.—A young woman on West Adams street read sometime ago of the cutting courtesy with which a Duchess once silenced a presumptuous youth who was about to light a cigar in her august presence. "Is smoking disagreeable to you, madam?" said the p. y. "I do not know, sir; no one has ever smoked in my presence," answered the haughty dame. "That'll be a good thing to say some day," said the young woman to herself, and last week she got a chance to ring it in on a gentleman who said to her: "I beg your pardon—is smoking distasteful to you?" "I do not know," she said, with ineffable stateliness, "no one ever asked me before."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A FEMALE WARRIOR.

Romantic Episode in the Russo-Turkish War.

So on the third of September began the advance of Biela. The whole of the force encamped in front of Rasgrad marched out under the command of Achmet Eyoub, and proceeded by various roads in the direction of Kaceljevo. Here the Russians had strongly entrenched themselves in front of the Karalom.

On the night of the 5th the right wing, under Fuad Pasha, reached Costenza, while the center, under Nedjib, occupied Solerick. Meanwhile, ever since the 31st of August, Sabit had been creeping along from Karabunar, hugging the hills at the back, and on the night of the 5th he was past Bekerin Yeniaof, in the same direction. On Thursday, the 6th, a combined attack on Kaceljevo was carried out in excellent style. The Russians defended themselves extremely well and made the most of the advantages of their position; but it was manifest that they were outnumbered. The Turks showed good courage, and advanced with coolness against a very heavy artillery fire, delivered with admirable precision. The enemy had entrenched themselves in three lines, but the first was soon carried. The second was more obstinately contested, and here occurred, probably, one of the most extraordinary episodes of the war.

As the Russians began to waver and their fire to slacken as the Turks were pressing forward with increasing vigor, a young Russian officer was seen standing just behind one of their batteries waving his sword and boldly encouraging the men to stand their ground. Over and over again he rallied the troops who were pouring out of the trench, but it was of no use; it was not in his power alone to stem the tide of victory. His men, animated by his example, turned and held their own for a few minutes, but the fire was too heavy for any human being to stay and live. They could not bear it. They fell on their knees and entreated him to fly, but not an inch would he stir, and at last he stood for more than a minute absolutely alone, save for the dying and dead piled in heaps around him.

It could end in only one way amid the storm of bullets which were raining around him thick as hail; one at least found its way to that noble heart, and he fell dead. As the Turks swept over the parapets and dashed past the spot where he lay, the colonel, struck by the boy's extraordinary courage and devotion, gave orders that he should be decently buried. In the evening he reported to the Commander-in-Chief that the body was that of a girl. I give this most astounding declaration of the colonel upon the authority of the English officer on the Serdar's staff, who tells me that he was actually present when it was made. It seems almost incredible; but, true or not, no braver heart ever beat than now sleeps in that little grave on the sunny slope of Kaceljevo.—*London Times' Correspondence.*

A PERPLEXED DEACON.—When Governor Gerry managed Massachusetts, a country deacon happened to catch a fine salmon, and, knowing that the Governor had a particular liking for that sort of fish, he determined to present it to him. So the salmon was carefully packed, and the deacon, in the absence of railroads, started in his wagon for Boston. On the journey he stopped to dine, and, telling at the table his errand in regard to the fish, a practical joker present could not resist the temptation of slipping out to the wagon and changing the salmon for a poor codfish. The unconscious deacon went on to the Governor's house, and, after announcing his gift, the two worthies opened the box, and discovered the flavorous codfish. Mortified, the poor deacon started for home with his codfish, and, stopping for a lunch at his dining place, the wag secretly removed the codfish and replaced the salmon. When he reached home, the deacon mournfully told the story to an incredulous wife, who had herself packed the salmon; they opened the box together. The deacon stared. "Well, you are a pretty good salmon when you are in the country," said he; "but when you are in Boston you are a miserable, poor codfish."

SOUND SENSE.—What are wealth and poverty? Only relative terms. There is none so rich as the poor boy who has just received his first dollar after a week of hard work. We waste a great deal of pity on those who are born in the humbler ranks of life. It is my impression that on the whole, it is better to be born poor, and work your way up to wealth and honor, than to have wealth and honor thrust upon you at birth, even though retained through life.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A woman's thought: How men would be loved if they were only lovable; how lovable women would be if they were only loved.

Scepticism is a sort of envenomed sensitiveness.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In one of my communications I spoke of London as it is seen at night. I do wish it were in my power to speak of Paris as it is seen of a dark night. The brilliancy of the whole city is beyond imagination. There is but one street in New York that shows to advantage, and that is Canal street; and but one in Philadelphia, and that is Broad street, so broad and so long, reaching for miles, and having such a beautiful curve. But Broad street is so filled up with churches, public buildings and private residences that it cannot show to that advantage it would if it were filled with brilliant shops and the same life that Canal street, New York, is. London at night is a dark, gloomy city. With but few exceptions one cannot see more than a few hundred yards ahead, because the streets are so narrow and crooked, but when one ascends to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral or some other eminence, then the scene is unlike anything that one ever beheld. The dull outlines of palaces, churches, colleges, [illegible] envelops the [illegible] one sees millions of lights shooting in every direction, which reminds one of so many fire-flies darting through some miasmatic atmosphere, and the vast number of stationary lights, with their misty halo, only serve to make the scene still more gloomy. But how is it at Paris? The darker the night, the more brilliant the scene. If one wishes to see Paris in all her splendor let him ascend the great hill, north-west of the city, called Mont Martre, a dome of some one of the churches, or stand on the bridge Austerlitz. On this bridge his eye will take in Ecole Militaire and Champ de Mars, Palais du Corps Legislatif and Ministere des Affaires Etrangeres to his right; to his left is the finest square in the world—Place de la Concorde, on which are situated several magnificent public buildings; in his rear is the charming Champs Elysee, with the great Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile towering above everything else; looking up the river from the bridge on which one stands, can be seen a continuation of bridge after bridge, until they lose themselves in the distance. All these squares, parks, palaces, streets, bridges, are in a blaze; the vehicles by thousands, with double lights, darting in every direction as so many meteors; the boats, the wash-houses, the bathing houses; with all other craft on the river, add to the brilliancy of the scene. Or, suppose you take the top of an omnibus and ride through the almost semicircle of the boulevards from the Colonne de Juillet to the Eglise de la Madelaine. These great boulevards are as broad as some streets are long, lined with trees, and in some parts with trees in the center, and many of them filled with lanterns; the *mansions* or balconies hung with lanterns as high as the sixth and seventh storeys; the shops and fancy dry goods stores all of a glare; the cafes and theatres and concert halls all having their various devices in gas. One in passing sees open places, squares and broad streets all lighted up. To add to all this and many other attractions in lights, is the lighting up everywhere of the city in gas, so that the whole of the boulevards are in a perfect blaze, and if one on his first arrival in the city could only see the boulevards he would come to the conclusion that it was some great occasion which had called for an illumination. This is all very well, but if you wish to see that which can be seen only at Paris, go to the Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile, pay fifty cents and ascend this magnificent monument. In the first place, it is situated in the most elevated portion of Paris, except Mont Martre; then its great height gives a commanding view of the whole city. It takes in the parks, squares, churches, places, gardens, palaces, columns, fountains, boulevards, streets, statues, the river and the quays with all their life. And yet, west from the Arc, leading west to the town of Euelie, is the great Avenue. Then on your right and left are the great boulevards, situated outside the inner walk. Now one can see from what I say that the view is for many miles—yes, from twenty to thirty miles in every direction, and not anything obscured, but one vast expanse of open squares, boulevards, avenues, groves, parks, gardens, palaces, churches and theatres. As I have made an attempt only to give a statement of facts relative to the brilliancy of Paris by gas at night, and as it is difficult for one to imagine unless they could see for themselves, I will give a statement, that they may have an idea. In the year 1807—just seventy years ago—the streets and squares of Paris were lighted by 4,223 oil lamps. On the first day of January, 1857, just fifty years from the first date I have named, these oil lamps were superseded by 14,330 gas lamps. These lamps are those kept up at the expense of the city. In 1807 each oil lamp, all expenses included, cost two and a half cents per hour, or twenty-seven and a half cents per night. This calculation is taking the average length of time for the lights each night, which was eleven hours. In 1857 the cost of gas, all expenses included and for the same average of time, was only nineteen cents for each lamp, and an individual writing on the subject says that each jet or burner gives a brilliancy seven times greater than that of the old oil lamp. If we would multiply the number of gas lamps I have stated by 7 we would have an equal of 100,310 oil lamps. Just to think of it!—and this is only what is kept up by the city. The total number of gas lamps in Paris—those of the streets, parks, squares, gardens, courts and houses—is over 2,000,000. Now multiply that by 7, and we have the equivalent of 14,000,000 oil lamps. Of the main lines of gas pipe laid down there are 585 miles in the city. One who has been curious on the subject says: "Were all the gas lamps collected into one globe and situated at an elevation of 2,500 metres above Paris, it would afford light to the whole department of the Seine equal to that of a cloudy day." I am indebted to the GAZETTE for the following: "The cost of lighting the streets and public buildings of Paris last year was $1,000,000."

VOYAGEUR.