North Carolina Gazette.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 30.] THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878. [WHOLE NO. 235.

J. McL. Harrington

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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 (9 lines solid nonpareil)	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.

MRS. WILLIAMS'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was a New Year's eve, a cold, blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleet furiously against the walls of the sturdy Red Stone Farm-house, making the bright fire that was burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, around which were gathered farmer Williams, his wife and four children.

The weather-bronzed face of the farmer has a care-worn, discontented look. He is one of those who 'make haste to be rich,' and though he is surrounded by many blessings and every reasonable want is supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repinings.

His gentle, meek-browed wife is sitting beside him. Her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to a corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled a week ago the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night the snow is drifting heavily.

The long silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door. Farmer Williams opened it, revealing a respectable, middle-aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"The lady who buried a child yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's a New Year's present for her."

Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down the road, where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which came the faint sounds of stifled sobs. Bewildered and astonished, farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen and set it upon the table. As he did so, he was startled by a plaintive cry, and upon opening it there lay a lovely boy apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen. In the meantime Mrs. Williams and her children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure. As the babe saw the sweet face that bent over it, it smiled, and taking it in her arms the good woman pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then her husband came back from his fruitless search.

"I declare, it's an imposition!" he exclaimed, stamping the snow off his boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the very first thing in the morning."

"I can't bear the idea of it going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks like other babies," returned John gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for, rough as was the farmer's way, he had a kindly nature, if one could only reach it. "Anyway, the authorities will have to take care of it; we can't. We've got more mouths to fill now than we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams's lip quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the churchyard. Ah! to her there was one too few!

"Dear John," she said pleadingly, "it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom He has taken to Himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing, you may be sure."

Farmer Williams's countenance relaxed as he looked into those tearful eyes.

"Well, well, Mary," he said in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children will have to go without a good many things, for these are hard times—and likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the matter well before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so, and the result was that her "New Year's Gift" became a fixture in Red Stone Farm-house. He grew up a winsome, merry boy, twining around even the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the place of her lost darling, loved and cherished by her with equal tenderness. Many sacrifices did she make, many toilsome hours did she spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty and the ardent affection he evinced for her repay her for it all. There was nothing about him that could give the slightest clue to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

ARTHUR,
BORN AUGUST 23, 1851.
"I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they had disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

* * * * * * *

It is just ten years from the time that Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift. Let us take another peep into the kitchen of the Red Stone Farm-house. The group is smaller now than then. The farmer who murmured ten years ago that he had too many mouths to feed has now only one child left him—the little flaxen-haired girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest are all sleeping in the little churchyard. A heavy misfortune has befallen him; the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farm-house and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of the new year found him a ruined and homeless man. This was the last night that he and his wife were to remain in the old homestead that had been in the family for generations, and was linked to him by so many tender memories. On the morrow they were to go they hardly knew whither. It is true, many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls—had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for that proud, self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go?" he groaned, as he thought of the morning.

"The Lord will provide, John," said his wife, lifting her sad, patient eyes to his. "He never has forsaken us; neither will He ever forsake any who trust in Him."

But the father lacked the christian resignation that made the gentle heart such a haven of peace and love.

"Ay, that's what you've always said, wife," he retorted impatiently, "and you see what we've come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us anyway!"

Mrs. Williams might have said that he brought his misfortune upon himself, but she wisely forbore. Just then there came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine, sturdy lad about ten, his eyes bright and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.

"It's bitter cold, I tell you!" he exclaimed, flinging his cap down, boy fashion, upon the kitchen settee, and stepping to the kitchen fire, "N' all butt'ny ears and fingers;" he added, blowing upon the latter as he spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother," he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why, Arthur, where did you get this?"

"The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, besides."

"I wonder who he is?" she said musingly.

"I can tell you!" exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is the owner of Red Stone Farm-house! He is the man who bid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rest upon him!"

"Nay, John," interposed his wife, "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."

"Yes, he did; Parson Woods stepped up and told him; but he only smiled, and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood."

"Well," said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "I can't help pitying him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked lots of questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us; and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in trouble."

"I will buy you a new jacket with this, Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing with a sigh at his well-patched roundabout.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the generous-hearted boy. "You shall buy yourself and Sissy a nice, warm shawl."

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quiet knock at the door. It was only a boy, who had brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," said the farmer bitterly, as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood. Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

"God grant that it may bring us as much comfort," she said, laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened the package she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farm-house, made out in her name. On the inside wrapper were these words:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night. Though with Mrs. Williams's joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had a stronger claim to him. This fear was dissipated the next morning by a letter that came to her by the first mail. It contained a check for five thousand dollars, together with these words:

"The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, shall never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish her babe, dearer to her than life, is in heaven. The father, who so basely forsook his child and her whom he swore to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In the S——— Bank you will find the sum of $20,000, deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when legally of age; and the interest of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority."

To this singular letter there was neither date nor signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger who had been in the village some days, and from whom it was evident the letter came, as well as the package recieved the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he had already. As for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was no one that brought a purer joy than he whom she had taken to her heart when a friendless babe—her NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

WASHINGTON CITY REMINISCENCES.

AN ORIGINAL SETTLER.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has purchased that desirable piece of property, just southwest of the White House, for its new depot. It was originally the residence of David Burns, a tobacco planter of Scotch descent, whose low, long cottage still stands on it, covered with cedar shingles laid before the Revolution. When Washington and the other Commissioners came to locate the metropolis, under the act of July 16, 1760, they found old Mr. Burns rather disgruntled, and finally, as they were about to leave, G. W. lost his temper somewhat. "Mr. Burns," said he, "if the Federal City had not been located here you would have been a poor tobacco planter, instead of a rich land owner." "Vera weel, Mr. Washington," replied Burns, "and if ye hadna married the Widow Custis, ye wud ha' been a poor land surveyor, instead of a rich slave owner." Subsequently the two became great friends.

THE FIRST WASHINGTON HEIRESS.

When the Federal Government was removed here from Alexandria in 1800, David Burns had died and been buried, leaving a widow and one child, Marcia Burns, who was the owner of a large part of the city. She was young, well educated, and very attractive, so it was not strange that her hand was sought by numerous public functionaries of high and low degree. The favorite suitor was Mr. John P. Van Ness, then a Representative from the Columbia County District of New York, thirty years of age, handsome and commanding in person and polished in manners. After the marriage the local military companies organized as a "legion," and elected him Major Commandant, which enabled him to display his manly form in uniform, with the tight breeches and high boots used in those days, and to "treat" his command after the parades. But his commission was signed by the President of the United States, and his political opponents, ascertaining this, forced him to resign his seat in Congress, on the ground that he held a Federal office.

AN OLD-TIME MANSION.

On the 4th of July, 1800, Major Van Ness had the corner stone of the stately edifice which still graces Mansion square laid with some pomp. Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol, had *carte blanche*, and he certainly spared neither pains nor expense in erecting a noble mansion, which at that time was the most splendid suburban seat on the continent. Before it was half completed Major Van Ness grew impatient about the cost, and when Mr. Latrobe called one day for a few thousand more, he said: "I have already expended over double what your estimates called for when I began to build, yet you ask for thousands more. Where is the money to come from?" "Major Van Ness," was the architect's indignant reply, "it is my business to furnish plans, specifications and estimates—and yours to furnish the money." Thereupon occurred a scene which both preferred to forget, and they became the same warm friends as before.

The mansion is surrounded by large trees, gardens and green-houses. Major Van Ness (I believe he became a Brigadier General of Militia) and his wife lived there in great state, and had one daughter, who was married to Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina, and died in 1823. Mrs. Marcia Van Ness lived until 1833, having consecrated her life, after the death of her daughter, to works of benevolence.

WEBSTER AND JEFFERSON.—Daniel Webster once went to Monticello to visit Jefferson, and afterwards, in describing the great Virginian to his friend Harvey, he said that Jefferson was a tall, gaunt, light-haired, light-complexioned man, and not a person of very impressive aspect. Mr. Webster said that very much of the early prejudice which he had imbibed with his political opinions in youth, when he considered Jefferson a great heretic, was dispelled when he came in contact with the aged statesman, and saw him in his home. Jefferson's great simplicity impressed him. Ma. Webster believed him to be a sincere man, very true to his convictions, and was convinced that much of the abuse heaped upon him by the opposite party, which had accused him of being a demagogue and an anarchist, was unjust. Mr. Webster said once, in speaking of Jefferson, that he had more deeply impressed his opinions and theories, as well as his practical ideas of government, upon the legislation and destinies of the country than any other man that had lived.

There is nothing that so convinces a man that there is truth in religion as to see true religion in christians.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PRINCESS.

The name of Prince Suvaroff is not only one of the greatest in Russia, but is a perfectly familiar one throughout the civilized world. The present head of the house is a General about 75 years of age, a general aide-de-camp of the Czar, and his most intimate personal friend. The family was never particularly rich, but the Crown was always most liberal towards its members, and habits of reckless extravagance were thus encouraged among them. The old General has always lived heavily in debt, but managed to maintain a fair reputation for probity in money transactions. The case of his son, a young officer of the Guards, was a different one. He had scarcely reached the rank of lieutenant when he had exhausted all his credit, and, notwithstanding frequent donations from his father and from the Czar, he was constantly pursued by his creditors.

For the sake of escaping from such an annoying position, he married a very rich girl, daughter of the well-known millionaire, Bazilevsky. Like the Gunzburgs and the Garfunkels, Bazilevsky made his fortune in the *fermage*, an operation which consisted in buying from the Government the right of levying the excise on whiskey through certain portions of the country. When the *fermage* system was abolished, Bazilevsky invested his already immense fortune in Siberian gold mines, and is said to have increased it ten fold. His lavishness became the wonder of Europe, and his Parisian mansion, now the home of the ex-Queen Isabella, was considered, some years ago, to be the handsomest private dwelling of that city.

The daughter of this rich plebeian was handsome, her dowry amounted to millions, and the young Prince Suvaroff was most happy to secure her hand. For a few years the young couple were an object of wonder and admiration in all the capitals of Europe.

All at once a dark cloud came upon them. One day, when they were at St. Petersburg, all the diamonds of the young Princess suddenly disappeared from her dressing-room. An inquiry was made by the police, and led to the unpleasant discovery that the husband was the person who had abstracted and pawned them. A violent family scene took place, but with the aid of the Prince and old Bazilevsky, things were so arranged that the pawnbroker surrendered the jewels on receipt of issory notes.

The diamonds were but a few weeks at home when the young Prince, being again hard up for money, repeated the pawning experiment. This time the scandal became public, and the angry Czar expelled the young Prince from the Guards and sent him to fight the Circassians in the Caucasus.

The Princess left Russia, took up her abode in Paris, and was for a number of years, together with Princess Rimsky-Korssakoff, the great *lionne* of Paris, of Nice, Monaco, Trouville, and any other place where the fast and fashionable world happened to be congregating. Her life, since her separation from her husband, seems to have been a romance in the style of Arsene Houssaye, and had, according to the Paris correspondent of the London *Truth*, the following denouement:

I have endeavored to convey to you one of the French meanings attached to the phrase, *un homme aimable*. A better example than Marc Antony occurs to me. He is a chapman and commission agent named Delalage, who last summer scraped an acquaintance with the Princess Suvaroff at Aix. She being short of money for her hotel bill, asked him to lend her 12,000 francs, and mentioned to him the hours when she was at home. He called on her, and was not received as amiably as he expected, though he comported himself with the reserve and delicacy which a man who had, under the circumstances related, become the creditor of so great a lady owed to her. His only object in visiting her was to assure her that his purse was at her service. The Princess, in a few days, quitted Aix and went to Lausanne, when M. Delalage again met her. He asked for the 12,000 francs. She wrote to him to apologize for non-payment, and alleged that her affairs had been deranged by the war. Other correspondence and another loan followed. Promise of gracious civility was given in the Princess's manner before she drew the money; but when Delalage renewed his calls the servants were instructed to treat him as an importunate dun. Finally the Princess emigrated to America. M. Delalage wrote to her mother, the rich Madame Bazilevsky, who resides at St. Petersburg in winter and at Orienbaum in summer. No answer being returned, he brought his grievance before the Civil Tribunal. The letters the illustrious debtor wrote at Lausanne were read in court. This small vengeance was the only satisfaction M. Delalage obtained. "Ou il n'y a rien, le Roi perd ses droits." The smart Princess had made over all her seizable property in France to a relative in the enjoyment of her confidence.

The Princess is now at the Windsor hotel, in New York. She has gone comparatively little into society, although her friends have pressed her to do so. At the Charity Ball she engaged one of the proscenium boxes, and made every preparation for going, but was prevented by a sudden attack of illness. At the Liederkranz masquerade at the Academy of Music her magnificent diamonds attracted general attention. Her friends deny the report of her separation from her husband, and say that the latter is still with the army in Turkey. The statements in regard to her financial difficulties in France are also contradicted.

The Princess is about 40 years of age, and of commanding presence. Her complexion is a pale blonde. She lives very quietly at the Windsor, and though frequently invited to mingle more in the social life of upper tendom, has so far confined her visits to her intimate friends. She does not expect to remain in America more than a few weeks longer, and would have sailed for home sooner but for the tempestuous weather. The Princess is accompained by her nephew, the Count Kalouvrat.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues and exhaling sweet odors.

[N. Y. Cor. Baltimore Sun.]

A CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

The Early Romance of a Lady Who Was Buried Last Week.

On Tuesday were borne from a sumptuous house high up on Fifth Avenue, for interment in a Connecticut town on the New Haven road, not far from this city, the remains of a revered wife and mother. Half a century ago, when she was the only unmarried daughter of an old and wealthy family of the town in whose cemetery her body now rests, she came to New York in the bloom and vivacity of a youth just conscious of its own power, to visit the friendly household of one of our first merchants. A prolongation of her sojourn here did not excite the remonstrance of her parents until they were surprised by information that her delay was possibly occasioned by the frequent calls of a gentleman, a lieutenant of the British navy, whose attentions seemed ominously serious, when her mother took the family carriage precipitately for the city to convey back forthwith the giddy damsel. Upon arraignment before the maternal bar the young lady did not deny the frequent visits of the alleged suitor, whom her New York friends had seen no reason to interfere with; indeed, upon stepping into the carriage to go home (there was no New Haven Railroad then), she said quite coolly: "Its useless to find fault now, ma, for I am married."

Such, indeed, was the startling fact. After a short and only finally suspected summer's courtship, she and the lieutenant had been clandestinely married, and before the horrified mother and romantic daughter had been in their Connecticut home twenty-four hours, the bold young sailor was there, too—to claim his wife! But he found her a prisoner, locked in her own room, and both parents met his appeals with steady refusal to acknowledge his authority. The girl was but a child, they said, not conscious of her own mind, and they should resist with every possible form of law any attempt to remove her from their custody. The husband, urging that they loved each other, was told that she whom he had made his wife, in name only, now bitterly regretted her sentimental folly, and wished to see him no more. Astounded at this assertion, the young man passionately impugned its truth. He was asked if he would be generous enough to give her up, if she herself, assured this, though too rashly perhaps, he agreed so to do, confident, undoubtedly, that she would prove true to him.

And then came the most extraordinary scene of the little drama. A married sister strikingly resembling the yet imprisoned virgin wife had been hastily summoned from this city for the purpose, and, artfully dressed to intensify the resemblance, hurriedly entered the room where the lieutenant was present, with a friend for a witness, to learn his fate, and, with simulated sobs, hastily hid her face on her mother's bosom. Supposing her to be the wife whom he agitatedly called by name, the deceived husband begged her to go with him. "I wish to remain with my mother!" was the apparently tearful answer, without so much as a glance for him; and, without another word, the lieutenant bowed to parents and child, and at once withdrew from the room and house. On his way back to New York by steamboat, a favorite dog that accompanied him leaped overboard, and he, plunging instantly over to the rescue, was drowned.

A QUAINT LEGEND OF THE RAINBOW.

According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of the rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingin, in Suabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred guilden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Necker of the Steinach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Suabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterwards lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Suabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterwards dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Suabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Trimber, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

All religion and all ethics are summed up in "Justice."

ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN.

Adolphus Parker, a boy sixteen years old, who sailed on the schooner *Twilight*, a craft of moderate tonnage which traded along the Jersey coast for short distances, and occasionally ran through the Sound, had a fortunate rescue, after passing through a startling experience. The New York *World* says: Wednesday night, at an early hour, he made himself snug in his bunk forward, and went soundly to sleep. The *Twilight* at the time was moored to the wharf in Atlantic City, where she had just discharged a cargo of pine lumber, and was about to take in a part cargo of country hams and fire-clay, bound to Wiegleticgnock. Nobody was on board of her except the boy, who was left to keep an eye out. About midnight he was awakened by the violent motion of the vessel. It was exactly as if she were at sea, and, thinking himself half asleep and dreaming, young Parker pinched himself to get awake, and laid his ear to the "skin" of the vessel to listen, when he heard the swash of water running high, and knew that he was adrift. Running on deck without stopping to put on his clothes, he cast his eyes about and to his terror found himself on the open sea. The cable by which the schooner had been moored was old, and had parted under the strain of the vessel.

Parker went below again and dressed himself, not knowing what to do. The mainsails were too heavy for him to run up alone, and the jibs had been unbent for repairs. There was no food on board with the exception of several pieces of sea biscuit, which the boy, growing hungry later, found after a long search. There was no way to make a fire. The lad scraped together enough loose material and put it into the old stove in the galley, but then he found that there were no matches on board, and after laborious attempts he was unable to get a spark to ignite the pile. When the morning came on he was so tired that he fell asleep and slept until almost noon. He saw the shore about six miles away, but did not recognize it. Several crafts came in sight during the day, but always at too great a distance for him to attract attention from them. At night he had a terrible time. Cold and hungry, he only fell asleep, after hours of waking and watching, late in the afternoon of the following day. Friday night, while he was still asleep, the schooner drifted ashore at Brigantine, clothes and old sails—safe, if not altogether well. As no tidings had been heard from him, it was believed the schooner had drifted out and foundered in the storm.

THE AKHOOND OF SWAT.—The most famous and one of the most powerful of modern Mussulmans, Abdul Ghafur, Akhoond of Swat, has just died at the age of eighty. Up to 1823, though he had studied assiduously, he saw no opportunity of attaining to exceptional distinction as a mollah, so in that year he retired to the Island of Beyka, created by one action of the Indus to be destroyed by another, and there spent twelve years in study, meditation and austere penances, which soon won for him fame all over the Punjaub—indeed, made the fanatics believe that he was invested with semi-divine attributes.

When, in 1835, Dost Mahomet struck to regain the possession of Ahmed Khan, and to drive the Sikh heretics out of the Peshawer plain and beyond the Indus, the Afghan King invited Abdul Ghafur to second him, so great already was the hermit's reputation among the orthodox. Abdul Ghafur accepted the invitation, which gave him the recognition and notoriety he desired, but the war failed, and after the disastrous battle of Jamrud, in 1836, the hermit set himself to carve out a fresh empire in the mountains north of the Khyber, toward Cashmere, his natal place, where he had been a shepherd boy. His rule soon became absolute among the Swatees and the people of Bajour, and so powerful did he become that he could defy both Dost Mahomet and the Sikhs. He was the oracle of the hill men, and, by discouraging their raids, placed England under great obligations to him, while, to a certain extent, he neutralized the Afghan power. His death will probably break up the cohesion of the hill tribes, and let the country, important from a strategic point of view, pass under Afghan rule. In his age the Akhoond (Priest Magistrate) abandoned the ascetic practices of his early manhood; indeed, at eighty he took to himself a wife of eighteen.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—At the beginning of last month there died at Ronsoy, France, a man of strange, eventful history, Louis Mirvault by name. Born in 1774, he had lived during the reign of Louis XV. and XVI., the Directory, the Empire, the two restorations, the second Empire, and the third Republic. He went through the American revolutionary war with Lafayette, and subsequently fell into the hands of Indians, in consequence of a shipwreck, but was saved through the instrumentality of a negro woman. He shipped on board an English ship as an American, but was discovered to be a Frenchman, and his life was in jeopardy, when one day he began playing on a fiddle, on which he was proficient, and so charmed the Captain that he took him into high favor. Under Louis XVIII. he was employed by the Government, and after the revolution of 1830 was engaged in the management of the Marquis of Vaudreuil's property in Picardy, and so won the confidence of the Marchioness that she made him her heir.

Life is a great poem, and religion, love and music are the sweetest of its stanzas.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

A STORY OF TURNER'S BOYHOOD.

An anecdote has been preserved which gives the very starting point of the boy's art life. One morning, when "little Billy" was about six years old, the barber of Maiden Lane went to a certain Mr. Tomkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy was allowed to accompany his father on this occasion, and one can imagine him trotting along, grand with the responsibility of carrying the barber's scissors or curling tongs. Mr. Tomkinson was a rich silversmith, whose house was filled with many objects of beauty. While the father was at work frizzing the wig of his grand patron, the boy was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing with his great blue eyes at a huge silver salver on the table at his side, adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son again turn their faces toward the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day; he sat up stairs away from the confusion of the little shop below, brooding over a sheet of paper. At tea time he appeared, triumphantly producing his sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion, a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tomkinson's. The little barber, unlike some parents whose children have given early indications of artistic talent, was beside himself with delight. His son's vocation was at once settled in his mind. Thenceforth when old customers, looking up from under the glittering razor, would mumble through obstructive lather, "Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?" the barber would smile proudly, rest the ready razor on a piece of thin brown paper, and reply, "It's all settled, sir; William is going to be a painter." Two or three years later the door of the little barber's shop was ornamented by small water-colored drawings hung around among the wigs and frizzes, ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three. Some were copies or imitations of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing master; others, original sketches of Boy Turner, as he was then called. His great delight was to get outside of London, into the fields, and, with pencil in hand, spend whole days trying to catch the exquisite effects of color and light and shade, which touched the young artist like a grand poem.

Ireland an interesting romance connected with the marriage of Kevin O'Doherty, an eminent member of the branch of the Repeal party called "Young Ireland." O'Doherty was, at the time of the outbreak in 1848, a young medical student in Dublin. He was an active contributor to the *Nation*, the organ of the Repealers, in which the principles of the party were most openly and earnestly promulgated. Among the women who furnished verses for the seditious sheet was Miss Eva Mary Kelly, the young daughter of a County Galway gentleman. O'Doherty was first attracted by the verses of the young poetess, and soon was attracted by herself. The love of the two sped smoothly until O'Doherty was arrested among others as a conspirator against the British government. When his case was brought to trial the jury twice disagreed, and before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon—a merely nominal sentence—if he would plead guilty.

The young lover sent for his sweetheart to visit him in prison, and informed her of the proposition. "It may seem as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you perhaps forever," said he. "But I don't like the idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?" "Do!" answered the noble girl. "Why, be a man, and face the worst. I'll wait for you, however long the sentence may be." "Next day," writes Mr. Sullivan, "fortune deserted Kevin. The jury found him guilty; the judge assigned him to ten years' transportation. Eva was allowed to see him once more in the cell to say adieu. She whispered in his ear, 'Be you faithful, and I'll wait.' And she did. Years fled by, and the young exile was at length allowed to tread Irish soil. Two days after he landed in Kingstown Eva was his bride. O'Doherty is to-day a distinguished member of the Queensland Legislature."

ANIMALS AND HUMAN SPEECH.—Animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's Museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner and said in Arabic, "I know you, come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me. I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes, for an instant, seemed positively human.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Occasions of trouble and adversity do not make a man frail, but show what he is.

Learn not to judge too harshly of any one, either in regard to good or evil.