

# North Carolina Gazette

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Home Circle. Home is the sacred refuge of our life.

NELL.

"Here I am, Elinor Royston; my education finished and myself ready to commence life, with a fortune of three hundred a year, a large and varied assortment of old valentines, a canary which cannot sing and a pug dog with a bad temper. Oh! and a heap of hideous dresses and an adorable new ulster."

"Well," said Miss Royston, after a moment's pause, in a tone of wonder, and gazing frankly into the eyes of her companion, "are you not going to ask me how I am?"

"How do you do?" Daglish nodded only. "I thought you were too much engaged in taking that inventory of your property for such a ceremony as shaking hands."

"What a silly baby you are," Daglish cried, trying very hard to frown, and not to smile, at the lovely, glowing face now raised to his.

"Do you want everything to be the Methodist that you are?" Elinor pointed. A shadow crossed his countenance at the random words. Elinor Royston was nineteen; Graham Daglish nine and thirty; and as the dew and sunshine are necessary to the life of the flowers, so seemed this wayward, winning girl to Graham Daglish to be essential to his existence.

"Are you not glad that I have finished with that detestable school?" she continued after a short pause. "It depends upon how much you know. What can you tell me conscientiously you have learnt, Nell?"

"She took her stand immediately before him and checked off her accomplishments on the pretty fingers of her left hand as she spoke.

would not have supposed him the kind of man to attract bright, original Nell Royston. Her preference, however, was clear enough; in fact, with the encouragement Young received, the only marvel was that he did not urge his suit more boldly.

The new year had come in, and all the Hall guests were gone save Arthur Young, and he would appear to have taken up a permanent residence there. "I wish I had one of those crimson roses that are in the conservatory," said Miss Royston late one afternoon, as they all sat in the drawing room.

"They are all well out now; you can have twenty," said Graham Daglish, looking off his paper for a minute. "Let me get them for you, Miss Royston," said Young, with very necessary alacrity; Graham Daglish thought, "How shall I find them?"

"Thank you; you are always kind. I will show you the tree," replied Miss Royston, with still more unnecessary alacrity, ill-used Daglish considered. The pair strolled away into the conservatory, Daglish wishing, too late, that he had offered to get the blossoms. To torment himself further he pulled out his watch to observe how long the offenders would be gone.

But at length the guilty ones reappeared, just as twenty minutes were completed; not a bad allowance of time for plucking a couple of roses. Daglish surreptitiously pocketed his watch, affecting not to notice their return; but every gay laugh of Nell's went into his bosom like a poniard thrust.

The next day was one of singular beauty as regards weather, and the saddle-horses were ordered round early, for Arthur and Elinor proposed to take a long ride. As she stood by her steed, Daglish offered to help Miss Royston mount.

"You need not trouble," said Elinor, coldly, the incident of his neglect with regard to the flower ranking in her mind. "I prefer the groom; you either lift me slowly or nearly fling me over on the other side."

At the same time Young rushed forward, and seeing only a servant in attendance, cried: "Let me put you up, Miss Royston." And she accepted his attendance with the most gracious smile.

Upon their return, which was not until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Daglish noticed that Elinor was very much subdued in spirits.

also, for he saw and interpreted the sign not altogether incorrectly. "Nell, could you ever learn to love me?" he asked abruptly.

Miss Royston apparently needed time to gauge her capacities in that respect, for she gave Graham Daglish no reply for a minute or two; and while she hesitated two strong arms stole around her, and a voice whispered: "Are you mine, to be my own darling, cherished wife?"

Miss Royston seemed still to be affected with a difficulty of speech, but she suffered, without opposition or even remonstrance, the bondage in which she was detained. "I am sorry for that poor fellow Young, upon my word I am," said Daglish presently, with the generosity of a philosopher, when he had recovered from his first ecstasies of joy. And then suddenly a painful doubt assailed his mind.

"Elinor, you gave him no promise yesterday, did you?" he asked, in quick dread of losing his new-found treasure. "What passed between you?"

"Never mind," she answered, blushing, "it was his own fault, and Mr. Young will recover it in time, whatever it was."

"Well, I am afraid you used him badly." "There! you begin to lecture me at once," she cried, starting away, and holding up her hands admonishingly. "Not so bad as you may imagine. Public impressions were carefully corrected in private."

[Paris correspondence N. Y. Herald.] A FRENCH ACTRESS PHOTOGRAPHED IN HER COFFIN.

Sarah Bernhardt objects strongly to the imputation of singularity, and yet, if it were not rude to contradict a lady, who would admit that she sometimes does eccentric things. Her latest proceeding is to have herself photographed in her coffin.

The coffin has long been a part of the furniture of her home, and a very beautiful thing it is. It is enough to make one long for death. It was originally a present from a friend, who has spared no pains in making it worthy of the lady's acceptance, and it has since been largely embellished by the recipient. It was a fancy of hers, which she shared, or might have shared, with the late Admiral Lord Nelson, and with others of the great, to have her last lodging constantly in view, and as it were, under repairs at the hands of the prospective tenant.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A merchant, wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a parcel of round her, wishing upon happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly at his favored child, and looked that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among his guests.

Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant, who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand without the candlestick. He named her for each point, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollecting the several barrels of gunpowder had in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms were full of wood," said the girl. "Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sack that's in the sand barrel." Her master dashed down the stairs. The passage was long and dark; his knees threatened to give way under him; his breath was choked; his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder full to the top, the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick. The sight seemed to wither all his power.

The laughter of the company struck his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above; the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moving—was falling! With desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the red-hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed on each side of the candle pointed towards the object of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasp of his fingers and safely moved away from his dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm—but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most powerful laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his system recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

THE MICROSCOPE AS A DETECTIVE.—Some years since it was discovered by the authorities of a railway in Germany that a barrel which, on being despatched from a certain station, contained silver coin, but during the journey to its destination, had been emptied of its contents and filled with sand. For some time no clue to the perpetrator of the robbery could be discovered; but at length a learned professor, having been consulted on the subject, called in the aid of the microscope. And this was how the thief was found out. The professor, knowing that even though in the very minutest degree there was a distinctive difference in the sand found near the various stations along the railway line, sent for a sample of it from each of the places through which the train containing the silver coin had passed. With the microscope he carefully examined the sample, compared it with the sand found in the barrel, and thus identified the station from which the robbery had been perpetrated. Having, in this ingenious manner, found out the station he wanted, he was employed at it by one of whom the robbery had been committed, were so few in number that the culprit was readily detected.

REST FOR THE MIND.—When the daily occupation is monotonous and unengrossing, a full supply of excitement for the leisure hours may be desirable, but where the mental powers have been taxed to their utmost through the hours of labor, it is absolutely necessary to health and happiness that they be entirely released for at least a portion of the time that is left. It is not enough that the usual amount of time be spent in the absolute rest of sleep; if every waking hour be filled to the brim with eager, serious occupation. It is not enough that certain hours be secured free from absolute work, if they are still permeated with energetic thought, intense feeling, or exciting pleasures. The mind needs rest from effort in its waking hours—a time when it may rightly lay aside its activity, and enjoy being acted upon by calm and gentle influences.

REVERSED SPEECH.—Messrs. Jenkins and Ewing have recently made some investigations into the capabilities of the phonograph for reversing sound when turned in opposite directions. They state that both vowels and consonants are unaltered by being spoken backward, and that, whether the pulsations of air be made in given order or in reverse order, the ear accepts the sound as indicating the same letter. Consonants between single pairs of syllables, as *aba, aba*, are identifiable quite as well backward as forward. However, said backward becomes *ba*, and thus the investigators suggest we have there a standard of what does really constitute a single letter or element of articulate speech; it is any one reversible part. The word *nahawessah* pronounced in the phonograph is re-produced very clearly as association.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOUSE TOWER.

Below Bingen the river becomes the true "castellated Rhine." Here begins the narrow gorge of the Rhine, cut through a chain of mountains running nearly at the right angles to the stream. It may be that the river burst through a great mountain wall which opposed its progress at Bingen; and it is certain that a wall of rock runs obliquely across at this place, and has been broken through artificially at what is known as the "Bingen Loch," or "Hole of Bingen." The deepest part of this channel lies under the castle of Ehrenfels, built by the Archbishop of Mainz early in the thirteenth century. It was formerly in the Thirty Years' War; but its destruction, like so much else in this country, is due to the French in 1680.

It rises very picturesquely above the river, while vineyards creep up to it from below, and the folding hills make a fitting background. Archbishop Hatto's name is connected with Ehrenfels, but not more justly than with the quaint Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, on his island in the river below. Every one visits the Mausethurm, and every one knows how the cruel Archbishop induced the finishing people of Bingen to enter a great barn.

"Then when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made fast the door. And while for mercy on Christ they call, He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all." So he went back to Ehrenfels, "and sat down to supper merrily." But that night was his last. A vast army of rats issued from the smoking barn. The rats, in their terror, fled to his river tower. But there was no escape for him. The rats swam the river, climbed the walls, and crept by thousands in at the windows and loopholes. Then "all at once to the Bishop they go."

There are quaint pictures in some old German books which show us the rat on the tower, on the top of which appears the Archbishop, with cope, mitre, and pastoral staff, whilst a couple of huge rats have made good their lodging on his shoulders. The story is "in print," and if not "in German," yet, as far as Bishop Hatto is concerned, it marks but the irony of fate. He was by no means a hard-hearted prelate; and the tower, which is much taller than his time, was built for collecting tolls from the vessels that passed up and down the Rhine. The same story is told of other bishops and of other rats. It is widely scattered, and occurs in Switzerland, in Sweden, in Poland and elsewhere. Mr. Baring-Gould, who has collected many of these parallel stories, suggests that the myth "points to sacrifices of chieftains and princes in times of famine"—of course in heathen days—"and that the manner of offering the sacrifice was the exposure of the victim to rats."—*Picturesque Europe.*

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.—The original authors of the "Arabian Nights" are unknown; nor is it known by any certainty where or when the tales were written. It is believed, however, that many of them, as well as the plan of the work, were borrowed from a collection of Persian tales, written a few years after the Hegira. The majority of them were written, beyond doubt, either in Persia or Syria, in about 1454. That they were not composed subsequent to that time is evident from the fact that coffee is not mentioned throughout them but three times, and tobacco but once, and these references are presumed to be interpolations. Had these luxuries then been in use they would most certainly have been made a feature in every tale. To Antoine Galland, a Frenchman, is the world indebted for the first translation of the "Arabian Nights" into a European language. He was born in 1646. Having acquainted himself with the Oriental language, he accompanied the French minister to Constantinople, and he returned to Paris with so many rare medals and antiquities that he was dispatched to that country again to collect manuscript for the celebrated Colbert. This was in 1679, and it was during this tour that he probably came into possession of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." In 1682 the tales were translated into French, and were soon read in almost every language. The original collection is called the stories of a "Thousand and One Nights," but thus far only five hundred and sixty-eight have been discovered, and only a portion of those have been translated.

A TRAGEDIAN ON ACTORS AND CRITICS.—John McCullough says there are but three tragic actors in the United States—Booth, Lawrence Barrett and himself. He says that Booth is an excellent actor, but like all men who get to the top round of the profession, receives more criticism than he deserves. "This business of criticism," said he, "is peculiar. There are men now writing me up with sincere enthusiasm who will in a few years hence, if I have better luck, make up their minds that he had better begin to pull me down. That is the only trouble with Edwin Booth. He has had the largest following and the best class of support of any person on the stage, in England or America. It began in his youth, and in his following were scholars, editors, scientific men—all of the very best. He has improved, but, of course, there will be panes and reactions in every career. It is the same," continued the philosophic McCullough, "with Dion Boucicault, the play writer. I have seen recently a dozen or twenty references to him as played out."

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

AN ADVENTURE ON HIMALAYA.

We had got within 100 feet of the top of Meghmalinda in safety, when there was a stop. The five coolies were leading, then came Jooram, and I brought up the rear. We had not put on the rope, but were walking close together. I asked what was the matter, and then a lamboob, which one of the coolies was using as a stick, was handed to me, and I was asked what had happened to it. It was making a hissing noise, somewhat like damp wood burning. I at once thought of electricity; but as there was no metal about the lamboob, and as my ice axe was silent, I handed it back, saying I fancied that it was probably only the wood expanding with the damp. We had not advanced three steps when there was another stop, and the four most coolies cried out that their gods were angry, and had struck them on the head as if with a bullet. They lay down on the snow, pressing their hands to their heads as if in pain. Jooram, thinking this was some nonsense, advanced, but he also cried out that he had been struck, and pressed his hand to his head. At the same instant I received a sensible though slight shock in the head, and at once began to crackle all over. From my temples, shoulders, elbows and knees there proceeded a noise exactly similar to that which is produced when one draws sparks from an electric machine. The sensation of pricking was also similar to that experienced when the sparks are drawn. Whether we were sparkling (all were crackling) I can't say, as I did not, under the circumstances, pay attention to such details. Immediately I received the shock I shouted to the coolies—"Lightning! get down as fast as you can!" We all set out down the ridge as hard as we could run, utterly regardless of precipices, avalanches and such like. The crackling still stuck to us, till I shouted to the men to throw away everything made of iron—viz., their axes, their stock my ice-axe in the snow, and the coolies, on my adding that of course I should pay for them, did the same with their axes. We then in a few paces got rid of the crackling and of the pricking sensation. Not being an electrician, I do not know what amount of danger, if any, we were in; but I do know that we had all received a more or less severe electric shock, and that we did not feel inclined to risk the repetition, even of that, to something of anything worse.

PRESIDENT MADISON'S HOUSE.

Montpelier is now owned by Frank Carson, formerly of Baltimore, who purchased it of his brother many years ago. It is situated about four miles from Orange court-house, a station on the Virginia Midland railroad, is an uncluttered and picturesque country, lying almost in the shadows of the Blue Ridge, and bordered on one side by the Rapidan. The mansion, which is built after the English style of its days, stands back half a mile from the road, and is a large, substantial building of brick and stone, with spacious rooms, not unlike in their arrangement to Arlington house opposite Washington, and Monticello, the home of Jefferson near Charlottesville, and illustrating without as well as within the architecture of country buildings that grew up with the colonial period. The estate, which was much larger in the time of President Madison, only covers now some 700 acres. Madison and his wife are buried a short distance to the right of the mansion as one approaches it, in a large field. Their graves are enclosed by a substantial brick wall, quite one hundred feet square, with a plain iron gate, with "Madison, 1820," in iron letters upon it. On a pedestal of four granite blocks a granite obelisk, some twenty feet high, is placed over the grave of the fourth president of the United States, with the simple inscription upon it, "Madison, born March 16, 1751." The date of his death is not given. By the side of this monument there is a small marble obelisk over the grave of "Dolly Payne Madison." The other graves in the inclosure are marked by monuments of various shapes, though Mrs. Madison is within a fair condition, though but a small portion of the latter is under cultivation. There is but little left in the house which was in use by Mr. Madison, and the attractions consist solely of the mansion itself and the superb view from it.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FACE.—The dark complexion of Daniel Webster and his robust frame often startled strangers. When he was in undress, hunting or fishing, ludicrous results occasionally occurred from his singular appearance. A stage-driver, on a road where two or three driving robberies had been committed, was once alarmed at having Mr. Webster as the only passenger, thinking from his looks he might be the bold highwayman.

On another occasion, while shooting a few stray shot from his gun, he wounded a man lying down out of sight. The frightened man rose at once, and his angry tones and words betrayed his indignation and alarm. Mr. Webster hurried to him with an earnest apology, expressing a fear that some of the shot had hit him. The man looked at him from head to foot, and said to him, half in anger and half in alarm: "You have hit me, and from your looks I should think I am not the first man you have shot."

General Stark, under whom his father served, once paid him an ambiguous compliment: "I should know you," said he, "to be your father's son; I never could tell whether his black face was from powder or not, and you are a blamed-sight blacker than he."

Motives are like harlequins—there is always a second dress beneath the first.

Around the World.

Variety is the spice of life.—*Iron Age.*

John Whyte Melville, the novelist, is dead.

The King of Burmah has married his half sister.

President Alcantara, of Venezuela, died the 30th ult.

The total debt of Virginia is given at \$29,269,658.

Orville Grant has been released from the Innatic asylum.

A Chinaman was hung at Bridgeport, Cal., for murder.

The House committee on claims have 1,200 cases to act on.

There have been heavy snow storms throughout the Eastern States.

General Beauregard has been appointed Adjutant General of Louisiana.

The total vote cast for Governor in Tennessee at the last election was 146,542.

Ex-Governor Foote has been appointed superintendent of the New Orleans mint.

Senator Chaffee is said to be receiving \$4,500 a day from one of his mines in Nevada.

Fernandina, Fla., has some naturalized Chinamen, three of whom voted at the late election.

There have been very heavy rains in the Eastern States, and the streams are at flood height.

The Metropolitan Elevated Road of New York, carried seven million passengers in six months.

The liabilities of the West of England and South Wales district bank, suspended, are \$17,500,000.

A cargo of American cattle and sheep has been landed at Birkenhead, England, in splendid condition.

It is estimated that, during the last eight years, Texas has increased in population about 400,000.

Prof. Jenney says that the Black Hills are destined to be the greatest gold-producing country in the world.

Advices have been received from Magador that a terrible famine prevails there, the deaths averaging 25 daily.

The Moffett bell punch isn't the sort of punch that the members of the Legislature seem to indulge in to a very great extent.

The Vox de Mexico considers the murder of twenty-five Protestants in the State of Puebla one of the results of religious liberty.

Last session the Legislature abolished the Georgia State Board of Health, and now a bill has been offered abolishing the Bureau of Agriculture.

A couple in Connecticut recently celebrated their golden wedding on the same day that their son and daughter-in-law celebrated their silver wedding.

It is said that Grant has postponed his return, and has concluded to go to Asia. He may go to Africa, also, as far as most of us, down this way, are concerned.

Judge Blodgett, of the United States district court for Chicago, is in danger of impeachment. He expressed a prejudicial indifference against one of his friends.

The first shipment of horses from America, for the use of the French army, arrived at Havre last week. The military inspectors are much pleased with them.

The New Orleans Times offers a medal valued at \$100 for the best poem expressing the gratitude of the South toward the people of the North for its kindness during the epidemic.

A man in New York has discovered some new laws of motion which are said to explain the lateral and horizontal retro-spective correlative tangential gravity of the gyroscopic.

Senator Beck has introduced a bill to repeal the law prohibiting any person who served under the Confederate government from being appointed to any position in the regular army.

Paper teeth are a new invention in Germany, and a number of specimens were displayed at the late paper exhibition in Berlin. They are warranted fully as durable as any other teeth.

Some twenty years ago, a person with the leprosy settled on Bayou Lafourche, and the disease has spread among the people, until, now, there are about fifty leprosy in Lafourche Parish, Louisiana.

The marriage of a San Francisco widow to her stepdaughter so displeased his neighbors that they stuck tar and feathers on his door as a hint of what they would do if he did not move away. He moved.

The King of Denmark, in announcing the engagement of his daughter Thyra to the Duke of Cumberland, says that the union is the result of love on both sides, and has no political significance.

A freight car arrived at Meridan, from Mobile, the other day, which was equal to the historic Trojan horse, for there were two dozen or more tramps concealed in the bowels who were very Grecey I and who, it was feared, would take the city.

The case of the ex-Empress Eugenie and her son against the State is just now being tried in Naples. They claim certain property of Napoleon III, as belonging to them, particularly the Fontainebleau Children's Museum, the collection of armors at Compeigne, and a great many pictures.