North Carolina Gazette.

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

VOL. 3--NO. 45.] THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1876. [WHOLE NO. 148.

North Carolina Gazette.

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

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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
Dryden.

A JAGUAR STORY.

"Ah! Senor Inglez, I see you're determined to defy our climate! After the march that my husband led you through the woods this morning, one would have thought you'd have been glad of a siesta; and here I find you writing away like any abagoda!" (lawyer.)

So speaks, gliding out with the suppleness of Spanish blood into the verandah in which I am seated, my charming hostess, Senora Diaz, one of the most piquant little tropical beauties that Murillo ever dreamed of, though sadly marred by the custom (unhappily almost universal among the belles of Paraguay) of carrying in her smooth olive cheek a quid of tobacco that would astonish a man o'-war's-man, and "chawing" it ever and anon with the relish of a Down-Easter over a "plug o' real Jeemes River."

"Well, really, Senora, after all the wonders I've seen in this fairy land of yours, I had need write them down as fast as I see them, lest, as your proverb says, one nail should drive out another!"

And in this there is certainly no exaggeration. Senor Diaz's ranch stands on a gentle slope, overlooking the broad, smooth sweep of one of the countless tributaries of the Parana, on the opposite bank of which the wild grass surges up in one huge green wave to the height of ten or a dozen feet. The house itself is of the characteristic type common to all parts of Spanish America—the cool, shady verandah, the long, low front, the painted walls and cross-barred windows, the spacious patio or courtyard, the flat, parapetted, azotea (roof) giving quite a fortress-like appearance to the whole building. For several acres around it, the cultivated ground, like a battalion of soldiers in the heart of a mob, displays its long, even lines of feathery sugar cane and huge banner-like bananas, in striking contrast to the dark, impenetrable masses of untamed jungle that shut it in. A very paradise, indeed, were there not a snake under every leaf by day, and more mosquitoes than air to breathe at night.

"You flatter our poor country, Senor, with the courtesy of your nation. But as I see that you are putting by your writing, I will test your gallantry so far as to beg your help in watering my flowers, for it is not easy for me, with my lame hand, to manage that great watering-pot."

"Be pleased to use my hands as those of your slaves, Senora, when and wherever you may need them. By-the-by, am I wrong in imagining that you promised me a story in connection with the laming of the hand of which you speak? I would not willingly be troublesome, but when you have leisure——"

"With pleasure; it is very kind of you to interest yourself in such a trifle. As soon as the plants are watered, I shall have the honor of serving you a cup of coffee on the balcony; and then, if you are good enough to care to hear it, the story is quite at your service."

And accordingly, ten minutes later I find myself seated in the verandah over a cup of such coffee as I have not tasted since leaving Arabia, with little Lolita (Dolores), my hostess' only daughter, and my especial pet, nestling at my side, while the Senora, deftly rolling up and lighting a cigarette, begins as follows:—

"When we first came here, Senor, a good many years ago, the place was very different from what you now see it. My husband had got a grant of land from the government, which was glad to give away ground about here to any one who would take the trouble to clear it; and well it might! For in those days, the mato (jungle) reached right down to the water's edge; and such a black, horrid tangle it looked of briars, bamboos, Spanish bayonet, wild fig, liana, pirijao, locust-wood, and what not, that I felt as if I daren't go even a step into it, for fear of being lost altogether. But my husband and his peons went manfully to work, chopping, fencing, digging all day long, except just in the worst heat; and many a time I've seen them come back so tired out that they just dropped down to sleep where they were, and it was only when they woke up again, three or four hours later, that they had any thought of food.

"However, bit by bit, we began to get the ground into some sort of order; but even when we had cleared it, and began to plant it, we had still plenty of enemies to fight against. The ants were the worst; for, apart from the havoc which they always make in a plantation, they have a way of running their galleries under ground till they fatally undermine the whole surface, and it breaks in just like the crust of a pie. There's a place a little to the north of this (we'll show it to you one of these days, when we go up the river in a boat) where you see a huge pit in the ground, full of bushes and wild grass, with here and there a few mouldering timbers, where a whole village sank at once, the foundations having been fairly honey-combed by the ants! And thence comes our saying that Paraguay has two enemies—'los Indos bravos y los Indos hormigas.' (the wild Indians and the ant Indians.)

"However, luckily for us, there were no Indians about here, except the Indos mandos, (tame Indians), who behaved well enough, and used to bring us food and dried meat in exchange for knives and aquadiente. And as for the ants, what with poisoning them, and digging up their nests, and flooding their galleries with boiling water, we managed to get the best of them at last, though even now they sometimes make a chacu (foray) upon us from the woods around. But after them came a pest that was far worse—the snakes. I need hardly tell you, who have been through the forests yourself, how they swarm there; and for a time I really gave myself up for lost. My husband used to call them 'the tax-gatherers,' and, really, they were quite as regular—not a day that we didn't find one or two of them somewhere about the house. And once—O, Santissima Madre!—what a fright I got! When Lolita was only a few months old, my husband and his men had gone out to work one morning as usual, and I was busy in the house, with the child lying asleep on a mat at the other end of the room, when, all at once, I caught sight of a mouse's skin on the floor, with the body sucked clean out of it, like an orange. I knew at once that there must be a snake somewhere about, for they're mighty fond of mice, and that's just the way they deal with them; but, look as I might, I could see no snake anywhere, till suddenly the thought struck me, could it be under the child's mat? As gently as I could, I lifted up one corner, and there it was, the long, slimy, green-and-yellow beast, curled snugly up, and fast asleep. Ay de mi! what a start I got! I knew that I could do nothing with it myself, for it was a sort that you can only kill by shooting; so I ran out into the court yard, and, luckily, the first thing I saw was our hunter Jose, with his gun on his shoulder. I called him in at once, and he settled the beast with a charge of small shot.

"However, as the work went on, and we got more and more ground cleared, our visitors began to forsake us; for snakes must have a thick cover to burrow in, and, when that's taken from them, they soon slink off. So then I began to hope that we were fairly at the end of our troubles; but we weren't—we were only at the beginning of them.

"I don't know how it was—perhaps it may have been that (as the proverb says) everything must have its turn—but somehow, all through our troubles with the ants and serpents, the bigger beasts had never disturbed us at all; but now, just as we were beginning to have a little peace from our other plagues, the four-footed gentlemen began to come on the stage at last. One morning, just as we were at breakfast, in came one of our vaqueros, with news that our cattle, while feeding among the long grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, and one of them killed. The fellow who had brought the news had had to run for his life, and would hardly have escaped had there been anything on him fit to eat, or had there not been a fat ox ready to hand instead. As it was, he looked so thoroughly frightened (though he was a brave fellow enough), that it made us all rather serious. However, a week passed without any fresh alarms, and we were beginning to get over it, when suddenly in came three or four Indians in a great flurry to tell us that a huge jaguar had broken into their encampment, and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story he made sure that it was the same beast that had fallen upon our cattle; for they described it as being of a very strange color, far lighter than any that had ever been seen in those parts before, and from that they had nicknamed it 'The Pale Death.' So then we all thought it full time to do something; and my husband called his men together to go out and hunt it down.

"I remember that morning well, though it will be a year ago the day after to-morrow. Away they went merrily enough, every man with his gun and hunting-knife and Moro, the bloodhound, along with them. My husband turned and kissed his hand to me just as they entered the wood, and then they were gone!

"When I found myself all alone in the house with Lolita, and thought of what might happen if they met this horrible beast, I was so frightened that (although I had no thought of any chance of danger to myself) I wasn't satisfied till I had shut and barred every door in the house; and then I came and sat down in the drawing-room, and took Lolita in my lap, and tried to tell her a story.

"Suddenly I heard a scraping along the roof, and then a dull thump like the fall of something heavy! Anxious and nervous as I was, it gave me a terrible start, though I little dreamt what it was. But the next moment came a sound just overhead that I could not mistake—a long hoarse roar, that I had heard many a time in the forest at night, and never heard without feeling my heart stand still. Then the thought struck me—'Oh, Heaven; the jaguar!"

"Dios de mi alma! I shall never forget that moment! For one minute I was quite sick and helpless, as if all the life had been struck out of me at one blow; and then a thought flashed upon me. There was no keeping the jaguar out, for most of the doorways were only hung with curtains; but in the store-room close by there was a huge wooden corn-chest, nearly empty, and big enough to hold six or seven people at once. If Lolita and I could only get in there, I thought, we might be saved yet!

"So I snatched up the child, ran with her into the store-room, and crouched down in the chest. Unluckily it closed with a spring lock, so that I had to keep the lid partly open with my left hand, to avoid being shut down and stifled outright; but it had an overlapping edge several inches long, which quite covered my fingers.

"I was not a moment too soon. Hardly had I got fairly settled in my hiding place, when I heard the great claws scraping the floor, and the hungry 'sniff' as the jaguar quested about in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and there stopped short a moment, as if suspecting a trap. Then he put his head close to the narrow opening, so that I could feel his hot breath in my face, snuffed once or twice to satisfy himself, and then tried to force the lid up with his paw.

"Ay de mi! how I trembled! but, thank God, the great paw would not go in that little chink! All he could do was to get his tongue in and lick my fingers, making them bleed as if they had been rasped with a saw. And then, what with the taste of blood, and what with hearing Lolita crying inside, (for she, poor darling, was as much frightened as I was) his fury was roused and he began to roar—not an honest, deep mouthed lion roar, but a sharp, snarling yell, that made my very blood run cold. Ugh! I can't think how I didn't die outright, but the touch of Lolita's little arm, clinging round my neck, seemed to give me courage.

"But the worst was still to come. Finding that he could not reach us from below, he sprang on top of the chest, crushing my hand between the lid and the upper edge. Then I thought all was over, and gave a scream that made the house ring.

"My scream was answered by a sound that made my heart leap—the distant cry of a bloodhound! The jaguar heard it, too, for he leaped down and stood listening for a moment, and then ran to the door, as if to escape. There it was again—much nearer—and with it the voices of men calling to each other. They were coming back! meanwhile, the jagnar seemed to get bewildered, and ran wildly up and down the inner gallery. Suddenly there came a loud shout at one of the windows, and then two shots and a frightful yell; and then my husband's voice, strained to its loudest—'Cachita! where are you?' I just managed to crawl to the door and let him in, and then I fainted outright.

"They told afterwards that our bloodhound had struck the trail of the jaguar leading straight to the house; and then they all struck off like madmen, fearing some harm to me. My husband and Jose distanced the rest, and came up just in time to shoot the beast through the window; but he told me afterwards that when he saw it rushing about inside, he felt like one under the collar of the garotte (the instrument of execution).

"As for my hand, it was so crushed that I could not use a joint in it for weeks after. The Indians doctored it for me, and they tell me I shall have the use of it again by and by; but I don't need that to remind me of that day. If I live a thousand years I shall never forget it."

THE IMPERIAL ENFANT TERRIBLE.—Here is an anecdote of the childhood of the Prince Imperial that has just been made public. It appears that when he was quite a little fellow he was very fond of going to play among the soldiers of the Imperial Guard who were quartered in the palace. Napoleon III., wishing to see his heir popular with the army, encouraged him in these frolics. These rough playmates were, of course, very careful to shape their conversation as much as possible to suit the age and rank of the boy, but sometimes an oath would slip out unawares, and, though the offense was always followed by an apology, it was pretty sure to be repeated. It so happened about this time that the heir to the throne was named president of some learned commission. "Now, be careful," said Napoleon to the little Prince, "when you find yourself in the presence of these gentlemen, to put them at their ease as much as possible, and not to interfere with their conversation." The child promised to remember this advice; and so one day, instead of going to play with his beloved Guards, he was solemnly presented to the learned association in question. Its members, mostly grave and aged men, profoundly saluted the heir to the throne, and an instant of silence succeeded. "O, gentlemen!" cried the little prince, with his mother's own sweet and gracious smile, "don't let me disturb anybody—you can go on swearing!"

ONLY ONE.—It was the custom every 5th of May for all the old debris of the Republic and of the First Empire of Valmy and Jemappee, of Wagram and of Waterloo, to march in procession to the Vendome column and deposit a crown on the railings. Each pensioner dressed in the costume of his period, and according to the arm of the service to which he had belonged. In 1865 there were two hundred of these pensioners. The number of surviving braves is now very small, and only one went to deposit a wreath on the monument this year. Under the Empire a cart arrived during the night of the 4--5th of May, laden with crowns, which were silently hung on the railings. Next morning all France was informed of this spontaneous testimony toward the popularity of the Napoleonic dynasty.

THE WATER-MAIDEN.

Afar in that fabulous land that skirts the Mountains of the Moon, where in lakes of water lilies the grand Nile has its source, the queen of all the lotus and water-lilies found in her season of blossoming on her stem one bud too many. "Take it away," said the queen water-lily, "and give it to whoever will rear it well, for I have too many buds, and the lake is full of my snow-white blossoms; the swan complains that she has no room to sail, and sing her song among my perfumed cups, my daughters are so numerous."

A Hindoo woman, whose little girls had all gone down the sacred river of Hindostan, had wandered far away from her native land, until in her loneliness she came to the brink of the lake where the queen of all the water-lilies had her palace. Birds of Paradise flashed above the surface of the water. It was nature's seclusion, cool, fresh and fair as on the morning of creation. "I will take the rejected bud, the one lily too many," said the Hindoo woman; "perhaps in the light of my lamps of incense that I light at evening, she will unclose her leaves and refresh a heart that mourns, and please and satisfy the eyes whose tears are all wept dry for the lost little ones who have floated down the soft, gold bed of the river."

"She shall then indeed be your daughter, Hindoo woman," said the queen of the lilies, "for we are only women like you. You throw your little ones in the holy river; I give my superfluous bloom away. The souls of your innocent little ones go to brighten the beautiful Paradise; the buds of the queen of the lily go to refresh the desolate and waste places of the world; for if I seem to be cruel and send away my maidens I know the broken stem of life will take root and grow again, and my daughters will be queens of other lands. This one, however, shall become a mortal woman like yourself. Be not down-hearted, my daughter; fulfill the flowers of the woman's destiny; bloom where nature places you. I know not in what place your beauty will unfold to cheer the passer-by; but into your life I feel now that something of divinity is stealing. Hindoo woman, the daughter I will give you shall be fair, though you are dark. Your eyes, though you have shed so many tears, are yet darker than the night; your hair is more shining in its blackness than the purple black wing of the raven; but the water-maiden shall have hair of gold, with eyes of blue, and her face shall be white as ivory, and she shall be more fair to see than any earthly maiden."

The lily-bud, torn away from her parent stem, and carried away to Hindostan by the wandering woman, became, as the queen had said, a maiden, but all unlike all other earthly maidens, she would not "toil or spin." This was her heritage and dower from her queen mother. Her race wear perpetual glories, for which they, as the wise man said, neither toil nor spin. In vain the Hindoo woman sought to instruct her of household care, duty and art. She placed in her hand the distaff and set before her the wheel, that she might spin the fine wool of cashmere, or weave the slow-growing precious shawl; she distilled before her the aromatic oil to burn in lamps of incense, and wrought and elaborated the dusky henna before the water-maid's listless eyes. She brought before her glowing Indian youths for lovers, and instructed the girl to light her lover's boat at night, and set it afloat from among the reeds that grew along the river. It was of no use. The fair white maiden saw no beauty in the tawny youth of that warm land. Her blue eyes, brimming and liquid with unshed tears, were like the quivering drops of dew that line the hearts of summer flowers. Her long, fair hair, like beaten links of gold, had ever in its shimmering depths the dampness of the foam-crowned cascade. Her white garments clung to a form so lithe and graceful that it seemed like the falling spray of water-kissing willows.

The Hindoo youth said of her: "She is no earthly maiden. For her the springs and rills were peopled, shadowing wings waved to her from the rain-distilling clouds, and Naiad faces smiled on her out of the crystal water."

The king of a Saxon country came way down here to Hindostan to buy shawls and ottar of roses; he saw the loveliness of the maiden as at evening or at dawn she hovered about the spring where the Hindoo women sent her to bring water. He loved her, and asked her in marriage of her mother.

"My daughter," answered the woman, "is not like other girls. No household task contents her. I can not tell if she will ever love as other maidens, or be willing to follow the fortunes of her husband."

The King of the Saxons was very rich, and the water-maiden loved pearls, because they were the tears of the sea, she said. So he wooed her with pearls, and all bedecked with these gems, linked in the lustre of her hair and covering her breast and neck, and circling about the perfectness of her alabaster arms, she became the bride of the Saxon King and went with him to his country. Her love was not satisfying to her lord; her lips and kisses were dewy and cool; her heart seemed ever to be far away, where the fog arose over the valleys in silvery whiteness and softness, where rivulets gurgled and brooks plashed, and springs hid themselves in the ground in secret places. The witch-hazel bent and trembled and twisted itself in her snow white fingers, and all through the court of the King went the rumor that he had wedded no earthly maiden. Her life was high and exalted, yet she had no pleasure in it.

The Queen and the ladies of her court were out in the boat; a great wind streaming down from the dark mountains blew them far into the middle of the lake. The boat was in the shape of a swan. The white wings of the boat swayed and rocked the frail vessel from side to side; the other ladies were affrighted, but the fair Queen, crowned with pearls and dressed in her robes of state, was not dismayed. The divinity called to her, the lake was troubled for her sake, and in a stormy rush of wind and wave she fell from the boat into the middle of the lake. She made no effort to rise or reach forth her hand to grasp ribbon, scarf or garment that the ladies threw her one by one. The lake grew calm, the swan-like boat sat on the unruffled water, the sun shone on the ladies of the court. They watched the changes of an ineffable splendor that kindled all the water. The white robes of the Queen flooted up lily-like about the fair face, the mortal investiture of the water maiden dropped away, and her soul, a snow-white lily, floated for a moment before them on the unruffled bosom of the lake. Only for a moment—now from each wax-white petal sprang faintly at first, but with ever-growing radiance, the rainbow, the heaven-embracing arch. Thus the fair water-maiden, rejected of the queen-lily, unsatisfied with earth, found her permanent place in heaven.

WIDOWS AND THEIR ATTRACTIONS.

Widowhood is discussed by the *World* in a leading article, and the statistics presented are very suggestive. "Winter-kept apples, seasoned wine, a clouded meerschaum, a vase around which the scent of the roses still hangs—all these," says the *World*, "have a rare, evanescent flavor that suggests but cannot express the charm of widowhood. A young widow is, perhaps, the most interesting object in nature—or in art. She represents experience without its wrinkles or its gray hair. She is matronly beauty and maidenly freedom combined. She is grief with a laughing eye—sorrow in a house of festival—a silver moon in a sable cloud. She is too sweet for anything! Like all good things, she can only be created at a great sacrifice. Mrs. Browning says that you must spoil a man to make a poet; and certainly a man must be pretty thoroughly spoiled before he can leave a widow. This black swan—this mournful phœnix—rises only out of the funeral urn that holds the ashes of a husband's heart! Let us wipe away the briny tear and proceed. *Pergite Pierdies.* Poets, statesmen, heroes and philosophers have each felt the indefinable influence of widowhood. Its quality is not strained. It falls alike upon the just and the unjust. None can escape it. Edward Plantagenet wedded the widow Elizabeth Grey, though he knew she brought civil war for her dowry. Ned Waller, Joe Addison, Sam Johnson, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, John Wesley, Tony Weller, Ben Disraeli and all the boys married widows. Henry the Eighth was so fond of them that he took two; and King David was so pleased with Abigail, the widow of Nabal, whom he took to wife, that he turned Bathsheba into a widow on purpose to marry her. When Judith ceases her cogitations over the virtues of the late lamented Manassas of Bethulla, puts off her mourning and adorns herself in brave attire to set out for the camp of Holofernes, we feel instinctively that she will come back with his heart, his crown or his head. whichsoever she goes for. When the old widow Naomi counsels the young widow Ruth how to lay her snares in the harvest fields of her kinsmen and spring her net on the threshholdfloor, we know at once that the wealthy bachelor Boaz might as well order the wedding garments. Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling how to woo a widow; he might as well have left directions how to get struck with lightning."

A CORSICAN DUEL.—Martin Poli, a young man of twenty-five, grandson of the famous Theodore, King of the Mountains, so celebrated in Corsican history, was in love with a young girl of that Island. But he had a rival, one Joseph Lecca, surnamed the Zouave, who, by his bravery, had gained the military medal in the French army. The latter, considering that the other was treated with greater preference, enticed him one evening to a roadside public house with a view to giving him up to the gens d'armes. Poli kept the appointment, and, having boldly announced his suspicions of the other, a quarrel ensued, and they determined to settle the matter then and there. Each was armed with a musket, and they went out into the open ground where the moon was shining brightly, and each took up his position behind a tree, firing at his opponent at every opportunity, the two gradually approaching each other. At last they got so near together that they were in full view, and they both fired at the same time, both falling dead, shot through the breast. The neighbors, aroused by the firing, came up to the spot just in time to see them both expiring in a pool of their own blood.

Experience has taught men who are subject to severe and prolonged exposure to cold, that there is danger in taking alcoholic stimulants while the exposure continues. The lumbermen in Canada who are engaged in felling timber in the pine forests, living there all the winter, sleeping in holes dug in the snow, and lying on spruce branches covered with buffalo robes, allow no spirits in their camp, and destroy any that may be found there. The experience of arctic travelers on this subject is nearly unanimous, and to the same effect. But after extreme exposure the administration of stimulants may be very beneficial.

A MURDERER'S REMORSE.

Five Years of Sleepless Nights—

The murderer's remorse and the visions that haunt his troubled slumbers have furnished the theme for many an exciting sketch, but the free surrender and unsought acknowledgment of a self-confessed man-slayer rarely appears in police annals. The regular hearing at the central station had been concluded, says the Philadelphia *Times*, the audience had dispersed, when a patrolman, nervously grasping a man of peculiar appearance, hurried into the hearing room and announced that he had a murderer in custody. The prisoner gave his name as William Devitt and his residence as "nowhere." Officer Smith testified that one evening the prisoner approached him and said: "I want to give myself up; I have committed murder." The officer then questioned him, and subsequently at the station house, in regard to the matter, and learned the following particulars: About five years ago Devitt was employed as a laborer on a railroad near Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa. Together with three or four companions, all of whom, as well as himself, were intoxicated, he was passing through the woods. They met a stranger, whom Devitt thinks was a railroad "boss." Being in a quarrelsome humor, Devitt, and a man whom he terms his "partner," had a controversy with the stranger about some trifling matter. The argument advanced to a war of words, when Devitt and his "partner" seized a large log of wood, and, striking the man on the chest, crushed in his breast, causing almost instant death. Devitt's "partner" ran through a cornfield, but had not proceeded far before he was captured. Devitt himself was arrested the following day, and the two men were lodged in jail, though in separate cells. Devitt succeeded in forcing open the window of his prison apartment, and, lowering himself to the ground by means of blankets cut into strips, effected his escape. In subsequent conversation Devitt stated that since his escape five years ago he had wandered about the country, mainly through the Southern States, working upon various railroads. His companion in crime was convicted of manslaughter and was sentenced to five years in the western penitentiary (Pittsburgh). "I have not had a night's rest nor a day's luck since that time," said Devitt, in earnest tones. "Everywhere I go the murdered man is before me; everything I do his blood stained corpse distracts my attention and grants me not a moment's peace. We were all intoxicated, but I want to go back and be tried, as I would then feel far more satisfied."

The unfortunate man was accordingly committed to await the action of the authorities of Fayette county. Devitt is twenty-eight years of age and a native of Ireland. His countenance is a peculiar one. It bears a look both of hardened criminality and firm determination. At first glance he appears but a boy in years, but upon closer inspection lines that tell a tale of daily torment and a look of premature age are plainly discerned. In talking he has a careless, unconcerned way of expressing himself, leading to the inference that he either was of unsound mind or was narrating a false tale for the furtherance of a private scheme. The man who, in San Francisco, announced himself as the Nathan murderer, when brought to New York admitted that his sole purpose was to obtain a free passage to the latter city. At the central station, however, two years ago last Christmas day an individual delivered himself up as the murderer of a man in Maryland, and was subsequently sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment. The police authorities rather mistrusted Devitt's tale, and accordingly telegraphed the authorities at Uniontown. A reply was received, stating that a murder of the character that Devitt describes had been committed about five years ago, and one of the accused parties had managed to escape. Officers from Fayette county took the prisoner with them.

THE LEAF OF LIFE.—There's a certain curious member of the plant family, very common in Jamaica, I'm informed, called the life plant, or leaf of life, because it is almost impossible to kill the leaves. You may cut one off, and hang it up by a thread, where any ordinary leaf would be discouraged, and would dry up. It will send out long, white, thread-like roots, and set about growing new leaves. You may cut off half a leaf and throw it into a tight box, where it can get neither life or moisture; (necessaries of life to other plants) the spirited little leaf puts out its delicate roots all the same. Even pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium—the very driest and dullest place you ever *did* see,—it will keep up its work, throw out roots and new leaves, and actually grow out of its covers! I'm told that botanists who want to dry this pertinacious vegetable are obliged to kill it with a hot iron or with boiling water.—*"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas.*

A GORGEOUS TOILET.—Aimee appears in a new toilet every night at Offenbach's concerts. Once she was in a pink silk of a soft shade, with diamonds gleaming on her excellent white bosom; again in a robe of ecru shade, embroidered in red and blue; again in a soft white trimmed with white lace and worn with a bonnet of the same; again in a black silk with white lace insertions (the quietest toilet she was ever known to wear); again in a robe of silk, striped in rainbow hues on a neutral ground, and decorated with immense bows of crimson ribbon, and so on through a wardrobe that knows no end. However, as Dundreary says, "a fellow must dwess. If he didn't the police would awest him. I don't know why they should, you know, but they w-w-would."

THE QUARREL OF FOOTE AND DAVIS.

One of the most amusing of the Congressional squabbles, says the Washington *Chronicle*, was between two gentlemen who were never excited by strong drink—Jefferson Davis and Henry S. Foote. They were sitting together in a room at Willard's, in 1848, and got into a discussion over a letter written by Gen. Taylor, then a candidate for the Presidency. One word brought on another, and soon the two "grave and reverend" Senators were striking from the shoulder at each other. The noise of the encounter brought neighboring inmates of the hotel into the room, and the combatants were separated, and, after some entreaty, shook hands and made friends.

"Really," said Mr. Foote, "I should not have thought of such a thing as striking Mr. Davis if he had not passed the first blow."

"Are you not mistaken about that?" urged Mr. Davis, apologetically.

"Indeed, I am not!" retorted the impetuous Mr. Foote.

"It is my impression that you struck first," pleaded Mr. Davis.

"Oh, no! it was you!"

"No, it was you!"

"But, Mr. Davis, I'll swear it was you."

"And I, Mr. Foote, would swear it was not."

"You did strike first!"

"I did not strike first!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, I say!"

"I say I didn't!"

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Foote, "there shan't be any dispute as to who struck first this time," and as he spoke he dealt Mr. Davis a stinging blow on the cheek. The astonished friends sprang between the two gentlemen and prevented further hostilities. Pledges were exacted from all present to deny that there had been any "unpleasantness;" but I have the above from good Southern authority, as the commencement of a feud not yet settled.

MADAM MCMAHON AND THE GREEN GROCERS.—Madam de MacMahon is much more popular with the green grocers of Paris than the well known Madam Thiers, who, though very wealthy—her sister and herself being co-heiresses of several large fortunes—is said to be adverse to spending money for anything that can be procured otherwise. During M. Thier's tenure of power his wife purchased neither vegetables, fruits nor flowers, all of which she procured gratis from the gardens and hot-beds of the Grand and Petit Trianon. A confidential maid was sent, regularly every morning, to the lovely little supplementary palaces so dear to Marie Antoinette; and under her direction everything eatable in the garden, with a grand provision of flowers, was sent off to the Presidential residence. In three months the head gardener at the Trianon sent in £44 worth of green peas, which ought to have been paid for, but were not, besides other things in the same proportion, to the great vexation of the shopkeepers, who complained that the State gave the President a civil list, which he kept in his pocket instead of spending, and was made not only to give him a large salary, but also to furnish him two-thirds of his dinner. The people of Versailles accused the ladies who were then at the head of the Presidential house-keeping, of wanting to get their butter and eggs in the same way at the Trianon; but as the cows and poultry of its former days have long since disappeared, this part of their programme could not be carried out. Madam de McMahon, on the contrary, purchases freely, and is generous in various ways. In honor of her forty-fourth birth-day, recently, the green grocers decorated their shops, and otherwise celebrated the day.

THE SULTAN'S LIFE.—The ordinary every-day life of the Sultan in his own house is something wonderful even to think of. That vitally pious man prays on a carpet kept in order by several persons whose joint salary is $2,500 a year. His doctors and apothecaries cost $40,000 a year. Whenever one of his wives falls ill, she is at once sent away from the palace. His third wife fell suddenly and most dangerously ill recently, and could not in common decency be removed. The Sultan constantly refused to see her during all her illness. She died during the night, and the instant he heard of her death he quitted the palace, and refused to return until after her burial. When physicians are summoned to the palace, they enter the harem with the old ceremonial. First comes a eunuch brandishing a very large sabre, then comes the doctor, followed by two other eunuchs armed to the teeth. Clergymen are never admitted.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—The Emperor of Germany is one of the most remarkable men in Europe. He is now in his 79th year, and seems no more inclined to rest than ordinary men at half that age. This past season he has been particularly active. He has traveled through his own country, holding military reviews and receptions in all the principal cities, and no sooner was this task completed than he set off on a visit to the King of Italy. The Emperor has helped to make a good deal of history in his day. He became Regent of Prussia in 1858, and three years later succeeded to the crown. The war with Austria in 1866 resulted in making Prussia the head of the North German Confederation, and the war with France in 1870—'71 united Germany and made the King of Prussia its Emperor. Since then he has been active in European politics, as becomes the Emperor of a great military nation.