North Carolina Gazette.

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North Carolina Gazette.

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Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
Dryden.

HIS POCKETS.

They had been married five years, and she had begun to think he didn't care for her as in days gone by.

His many endearing pet names had dwindled to "my dear," an occasional "darling" and a very occasional "tootsey love." He read the morning papers at breakfast and the evening papers at dinner. He had gone, several times of late, to business without kissing her. He had ceased bringing home walnut candy, and he had even slapped the baby!

"And when a good-natured, even tempered man like John Margerum," thought Mrs. Margerum, "slaps his own innocent offspring for nothing more than throwing the pudding and butter on the floor and upsetting the salt-cellar into the tea-pot, there must be something decidedly wrong."

Could he be enthralled by the arts and wiles of some other woman? He had said the other day that the highest type of beauty was the blonde, and *she* had brown skin, brown hair, brown eyes—no one could have been more brunettey.

He had joined a club lately—so he avowed—and stayed out until 12 o'clock every Tuesday and Friday evening. He had taken to whistling love songs and reading poetry, and when she asked him for a simple ostrich feather (one of those that go all around the hat and enough left to fall gracefully over the crown), he had *growled* that he had no money.

Circumstances looked awfully suspicious, and, as circumstances generally do, the more they were looked at the more suspicious they grew.

But how to find him out in his iniquity—how to gather conclusive evidence with which to confront him and cover him with confusion as with a garment?

His pockets! In the days when she had trusted him implicity, and when he used to remain up long after she retired, reading and writing (he had taken to going to bed early for several months past, giving as an excuse that he wanted to get a little sleep before the baby awoke him by sitting upon his head at midnight, whereas the dear child *never* sat upon his head before two, in the morning), she had never thought of them. But now she was determined each night to investigate them.

These inconstant husbands, in spite of all their precautions, were always sure to leave something in their pockets to betray them at last.

She had read of a hundred cases, and heard of a hundred more, where a lock of hair, a photograph, a woman's glove, and, worst of all, a note had led to a divorce, or at least a separate maintenance.

So night after night, when John Margerum's musical snore proclaimed that he slumbered, his wife stole quietly from his side, and in fear and trembling, with many furtive glances at the sleeper, it must be confessed (for John, like most good-natured men, was the maddest of the mad when he was mad), she carefully and conscientiously examined the pockets of trousers, vest, undercoat and overcoat.

A month went by, and she had found nothing but a flask with something more or less in it, a handkerchief smelling strongly of beer, a pair of gloves ditto, some coffee beans, a few cloves, a piece of flag root, a meerschaum, half a dozen cigars, a paper of cigarettes, two or three cards pertaining to hotels and restaurants, a night-key and sundry silver and nickel coins.

At last, just five weeks after she had commenced her search, she felt that her patience was about to be rewarded.

In a corner of the vest, between the cloth and the lining—it had slipped through a hole in the pocket—made there on purpose, no doubt, these men are so artful—she discovered the receipt of a registered letter, which letter had been addressed to Miss Mary—Miss Mary (why do these post-office people write so illegibly!)—for the life of her she couldn't make out the surname, but Miss Mary somebody, at the very time he had denied her, his lawful wife, the simple ostrich-feather.

"Deceitful wretch!" she said, between her teeth, glancing indignantly at the bed where the "wretch" slumbered unconsciously; "but now I have one proof of his perfidy," and she hid the post-master's receipt in her work-basket, "and I'll have more, if it takes me all the rest of the winter to find them."

But she didn't have to wait all the rest of the winter, for the very next night, when John Margerum was snoring louder than ever, after the cloves, and the flask and the meerschaum, and the handkerchief smelling of beer, and the gloves ditto, and a few other articles had tumbled out, away down at the bottom of the breast pocket of the husband's overcoat Mrs. Margerum found a sealed envelope directed to nobody. Straight to the garret she carried it, deliberately tore it open and read as follows:

"MY DEAREST ONE.—Meet me at the Aquarium on Wednesday afternoon, and there we will spend some happy, happy hours. Together we'll watch the gambols of the intelligent seal, and look at the broad back of the interesting white whale. Together we'll gaze upon the Salmonese twins and the festive hermit crabs. Don't disappoint me. Be there at two precisely, when the band begins to play.

"Ever thine,

"RUMMY."

"Rummy," she repeated, with the calmness of a volcano, as she inserted the billet doux into another envelope, sealed it and returned it to the breast pocket. "You'll have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Rummy, also, *my dearest one.*"

And, shaking her little brown fist at the dreaming slumberer, she laid her head on the pillow beside him and slept a restless sleep.

Wednesday afternoon came, bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Margerum arranged her silken tresses in the most becoming and coquettish style, perched a pretty, broad-brimmed black velvet hat upon them, and, arrayed in her invisible green silk, with cloth polonaise and kid gloves to match, prepared to meet the foe.

"The 'dearest one,' shall see that I'm not to be despised, if I haven't her blue eyes and brassy hair," she said with scorn, as she perfumed her best lace handkerchief with rose water.

As the clock struck two she set out with beating heart for the place of meeting. It was a quarter of an hour's ride from the house, and a quarter of an hour would just give them time to meet and clasp hands and gaze lovingly at each other ere they made a pretense of studying the wonders of the deep.

The aquarium was reached. Faster and faster beat her heart, brighter and brighter sparkled her eyes, redder and redder glowed her cheeks.

She had never looked prettier in her life.

The band was playing as she entered. Was he—were *they* there?

He was—directly in front of her, and stepped eagerly forward with a bland smile, saying, "why, how charming you look, Tootsey, love! Wasn't it romantic, my putting that note for you in my pocket? I thought it a shame that you should search so patiently and so long without finding something by way of recompense. By-the-by, that receipt you've got in your work-box, take care of it. I sent some money to your sister. She didn't want you to know it for fear it would worry you, but she's lost most of her scholars and is very poor."

Mrs. Margerum blushed a still deeper crimson, but all she said, in a calm and child-like voice, was "John, where is the hippopotamus?"

A FOX-HUNTING PARSON.—Mr. Radford, in the north of Devon, some years ago, was fond of having convivial meetings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously. Bishop Philpotts sent for him, and said, "Mr. Radford, I hear, but can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house." "Lor', my dear," answered Parson Radford, in broad Devonshire, "doun't' believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the churchyard." The Bishop came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radford, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meeting, when he heard the Bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run up stairs and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the Bishop's carriage drew up at the door. "Tell his lordship I'm ill, will ye?" was his injunction to his housekeeper. "Is Mr. Radford in?" asked the Bishop. "He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper. "Dear me! I'm sorry! Pray ask him if I may come up and sit with him." The housekeeper ran up stairs in sore dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily raised his head above the bed clothes, but was reassured when he saw his room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the Bishop. "Please, your honor, his ludship wants to come up stairs and sit with you a little." "With me? Good heavens!" groaned Parson Radford, "No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with scarlet fever; it is an aggravated case, and very catching."

THE GRAND COMPOUNDER.—One of the many absurdities existing at Oxford up to fifteen years ago was "a Grand Compounder." The name was given to any undergraduate who had £500 a year in his own right, and the rule was that he must, in taking his degree, pay some very heavy fees, from which others, no matter how wealthy their parents, or how large their expectations, were exempt. This state of things might have gone on for many years longer than it did but that a reformer discovered that a Grand Compounder, though compelled to pay these outrageous fees, could, on the other hand, compel all the dignitaries of the university to attend when he took his degree. So the reforming party begged a young gentleman named Baxendale to take the audacious step. The authorities were aghast. Such a thing had never been heard of. They looked up the ancient statute; there it was in black and white and there was no getting out of it. So when Baxendale's degree day came, the Vice-Chancellor in his robes, attended by his "pokers," as the mace bearers are irreverently called, the proctors in their velvet-sleeved gowns, and all the other university officers, had solemnly to escort the Grand Compounder to receive his degree. It was not found necessary after this to repeat the ceremony. The reform was no longer opposed.

A star is a little thing, but it can hold this great world in its arms.

THE LATEST PUNISHMENT OF THE SEDUCER.

The seducer of a woman ordinarily loses no caste in society. While the woman who has sinned generally joins the vast congregation of those not inappropriately called—"Lost Women," the man continues his functions of parlor Adonis, laughs down criticism, and, when disposed, marries, settles down respectably and becomes, to all appearances, a model citizen, if not shot down in the meantime by some avenger of his victim's dishonor.

There is an effective method of disposing of the vultures of society, but it can not be called popular, from the comparative infrequency of its occurrence. There transpired in Crawford county, Ga., the other day, a meeting of citizens, whose action will no doubt be taken in other communities as an excellent precedent for dealing with seducers. A lawyer named Roddy seduced the wife of another citizen in that community, and the latter, overwhelmed with a keen sense of the disgrace which had befallen him, and unwilling to take the life of the man who had wronged him, committed suicide. An indignation meeting of citizens was then held, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, J. D. Roddy, attorney at law, has in our judgment, prompted by an evil heart and corrupt inclination, been guilty of surreptitiously and dishonorably entering and destroying the happiness of a family in our midst; therefore, be it

Resolved, That such conduct is unbecoming, ungentlemanly and unchristian; the more so because Roddy is himself a man of family, and deserves to be frowned upon and stamped with the seal of public indignation by any man who has a wife, a mother, a sister, a daughter, and who feels any interest in the purity of female character, and we hereby denounce such conduct and all who may indulge in the same, and are only sorry that our condemnation can not blast all such characters.

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Crawford county, demand the instant removal of the said J. D. Roddy from our midst, or in default thereof he must meet the well-merited vengeance of an outraged public.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to J. D. Roddy by the Secretary of the meeting, and that the same be published in the Macon *Telegraph*, Fort Valley *Mirror* and Monroe *Advertiser*."

It is probable that the community is freed from the foe to its good name. This proceeding is unusual. The punishment of such wrong-doing is usually performed by an individual. Here a whole community sets its seal of condemnation upon the evil, and the punishment is the more severe. It may be that few communities would venture upon such a course. The wide-spread lasciviousness of the age suggests that pointed remark of the Master: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." When the time comes for the general expatriation of seducers, as lepers, we will have approached the millenial age. Nevertheless, it is an encouraging reflection that the people of Crawford county have dissented from the too common belief that the woman alone is to blame in such matters, and have taken the new departure as indicated in such resolutions.

MISS MARTINEAU.—Harriet Martineau had her romance. At the age of twenty-four she became virtually engaged to a student friend of her brother James. She was at first anxious and unhappy. Her veneration for his *morale* was such that she felt she dared not undertake the charge of his happiness, and yet she dared not refuse because she felt it would be his death-blow. She was ill—she was deaf—she was in an entangled state of mind between conflicting duties, and many times did she wish, in her fear that she should fail, that she had never seen him. Just when she was growing happy, surmounting her fears and doubt and enjoying his attachment, the consequences of his long trouble and suspense overtook him. He became suddenly insane, and after months of illness of body and mind he died. The calamity was aggravated to her by the unaccountable insults she received from his family, whom she had never seen. Years afterwards, when his sister and Miss Martineau met, the mystery was explained. His family had been given to understand, by cautious insinuations, that she had been engaged to another while receiving his addresses. Miss Martineau was always thankful that she never married. She never afterward was tempted, nor suffered anything in relation to that matter which is held to be all important to woman—love and marriage.

A LONDON LUNCH CAFE.—Several new dining and tea rooms have been opened in London for the purpose of providing workingmen with cheap lunches without liquor. One of these is a cafe in St. Paul's churchyard, where 2,000 clerks lunch or dine daily. Combining the attractions of a confectioner's shop, a luncheon-bar, dining-rooms, and a cafe for reading and smoking, this place is not unlike a "temperance hall." Tables of gray marble are ranged along the middle and sides of a large and lofty dining-room, where light, heat, and ventilation have been carefully studied; the seats throughout are padded with crimson plush, that gives a cheery look to the place; and oil paintings of some merit will be hung on the walls to relieve the prevailing flat tints. Besides the luncheon-bar and shop down stairs and the dining-room, this building contains a ladies tea-room, a grill-room, a reading-room, and lavatories. The reading-room, where coffee is served and the soothing weed is not prohibited, is on the top floor, so that the diners are not annoyed by the fumes of tobacco.

THE PLAYERS.

How Much They Make and How They Make It.

Lydia Thompson, says the New York *Sun*, brought home $100,000 in cash after her burlesque tour in the States. Other artists—Booth, Boucicault, Sothern, Neilson—are doing just as well to-day. The sums paid to drawing stars are enormous, and if actors were as provident as the average grocer, their profession would be noted for its wealthy members.

In the dramatic firmament one star differs from another star—not alone in the glory of popularity, but in two radical points besides—salary and economy. Men like Owens get rich every year, and keep so. Men like Florence get rich often, and spend all they make.

Booth's history covers a period of twenty-five years, yes, thirty years, but until he made his hit in Winter Garden, coached and directed by William Stuart, neither he nor his history was of the least account. From that time till the day of his bankruptcy he lived on the very crest of popularity, and coined fortunes every year. He failed and lost all. His father-in-law, Mr. McVicker, of Chicago, recently compromised Booth's debts, to the amount of $250,000, at the rate of five and a quarter cents on the dollar, so that once more the actor is free to make and save. His regular terms are $700 a performance, or $4,200 a week. This sum was paid him during the last long and profitless engagement in the Lyceum Theater, from which Manager McVicker retired a loser of $25,000. With Booth and one of the worst companies ever known he went to the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and in two weeks cleared $26,000, so that when he returned to his Western home he was not out a dollar. Booth is known in the profession as a "slider." That is, he makes terms according to his market. For instance, he plays now in the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, where, for seventy-five per cent. of the gross receipts, he furnishes himself and his support. When he played in the Brooklyn Theater he had $500 for each performance. In San Francisco, after thirteen years' absence, he netted $32,000 in six weeks, and the management cleared the same sum. The places where Booth draws best are New York, Philadelphia and Boston. His recent experience here was unique, and would not probably be repeated. Brooklyn is not a theatrical town, and no manager ever counts on a certainty there. The good is as likely to fail as the bad to succeed. Booth declined $1,000 a night for 100 nights, to play in Booth's Theater. It is thought, now that his difficulties are settled, he may play in his old home yet

Sothern has had an extraordinary run of luck. He is not a young man, nor indeed a middle-aged man any longer. He verges on old age, with grown up children and locks like the damaged snow. His regular terms are $500 each performance, or $3,000 a week. These terms he commands in New York, Boston, San Francisco and Chicago. There is a great difference between Booth and Sothern in money matters. The former is stingy and close, the latter reckless and extravagant. He not only lives while in this country in most prodigal style, but keeps up a great establishment abroad. He gives freely and spends foolishly. The "American Cousin" is the biggest bonanza, although "Garrick" has paid him handsomely. In novelties Sothern is not a draw. In *Dundreary* he is simply immense.

John McCullough is rising more rapidly than any of our legitimate actors. He follows in the footsteps of Edwin Forrest, whose friend, pupil and support he was. He shares after expenses, and averages $600 a week easily.

Frank Mayo plays but one card, David Crockett, and that has netted him $50,000. He plays on shares.

Mr. Chanfrau is worth in Long Branch property about $150,000. He was the original Mose in the "Streets of New York."

BRAVERY REWARDED.

In the Seven Years' War, when the French army, under Marshal De Broglie, and the Prussians, under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were watching one another in the neighborhood of Wesel, the Chevalier d'Assas, a captain in the regiment of Auvergne, was in command of an outpost on a dark night of October. He had strolled a little in advance of his sentries into the wood which fronted his position, when suddenly he found himself surrounded and seized by a body of armed enemies. They were the advanced guard of the Prince's army, which was marching to surprise De Broglie by a night attack, and they threatened him with instant death if he made the slightest noise. If he were but silent he was safe as a prisoner of war; but his safety would have been the ruin of the whole French army, which had no suspicion of his danger. He did not for a moment hesitate. With all the strength of his voice he shouted to his men, who were within hearing, that the enemy were upon them, and fell bayoneted to death almost before the words had passed his lips. He had saved his comrades and his commander, and had influenced the issue of the whole campaign. The enemy, whose well-planned enterprise his self-devotion had baffled, paid a cordial tribute of praise to his heroism. Ferdinand himself publicly expressed his regret at the fate of one whose valor had shed honor on every brother soldier; but not the slightest notice had been taken of him by those in authority in France till his exploit was accidentally mentioned in the queen's apartments. It filled her with admiration. She asked what had been done to commemorate so noble a deed. She was told "nothing;" the man and his gallantry had been alike forgotten. "Had he left descendants or kinsmen?" "He had a brother and two nephews; the brother a retired veteran of the same regiment, the nephews officers in different corps of the army." The dead hero was forgotten no longer. Marie Antoinette never rested till she had procured an adequate pension for the brother, which was settled in perpetuity upon the family, and promotion for both the nephews; and as a further compliment, Clostercamp, the name of the village which was the scene of the brave deed, was added forever to their family name. The pension is paid to this day.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

Here is a little story: Twenty-two years ago a young man in New Haven was engaged to marry a young woman there. For some reason she transferred her promise to marry, if not her affections, to another person. The first suitor, who was a respectable mechanic, disapproved of the match, and declared that his rival was a disreputable person, who would lead his affianced a wretched life, and that, while he could surrender her himself, he would rather she should die than marry that man.

Accordingly, and, as he said, solely to save her from the awful fate of such a degrading marriage, he killed the girl. He did not attempt to conceal the deed; he justified it, and regarded himself as the savior of the girl's happiness. He was tried for murder, and acquitted on the ground of insanity, although he stoutly denied that he was insane, and said that he acted on his cool conviction of what was best for the girl, and was ready to suffer the penalty of the law for the homicide. Acquitted, he was remanded to the county jail by the court; he remained there seven or eight years, all the time protesting that he was in his right mind, and that the State should either hang him for murder or release him. He was then transferred to the State prison at Wethersfield—by what authority does not appear—under no sentence. There he has remained to this day, in the same state of mind, apparently rational on all subjects, except that he insists that he had a right to kill the girl to save her from dishonor, and that if the State had a different view, it should have punished him as a murderer.

This is the story of William Clark, who has now petitioned the General Assembly of Connecticut to remove him from the State Prison to the Insane Asylum at Middletown. If he is insane, that is where he belongs. If he is sane, he has a right to his liberty, having been once acquitted on trial for his life. So far as it appears, he has now been in jail nearly a quarter of a century without authority of law; for if there is anywhere existing a legal commitment of Clark as a lunatic, the State Prison is not a legal place for the confinement of lunatics who have not been convicted of crime. It is quite time that the Assembly relieved the State of the disgrace of such slip-shod proceedings.

AN EXCITING WEDDING TRIP.—An express train left Kelan, Holland, a few days ago, with a newly married couple on board, who soon saw that a part of their carriage was on fire. Their cries for help were not heard, and there were no means of signaling the driver, and so the gentleman climbed out of the carriage, and by making a perilous journey along the footboard on the side of the train, succeeded in reaching the engine. The train was stopped in barely time to save the wife from a horrible death.

A serpent's fang is a little thing, but death is its victory.

A lap dog is a little thing, but he is a very silly thing besides.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER CX.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Now that I have spoken (in a general way) of the ordinary, better and best houses of the city of Paris, I will name over only a few of the public palaces, to many of which the French prefix the word Hotel, often causing strangers to believe them to be houses of entertainment. For instance, Hotel de Ville, (in English "city hotel"): this house is the residence of the Mayor of Paris. The French use the word hotel more to denote the importance of the occupant or the estimation they place on the contents of the palace. For instance, in years gone by the palace of a King was called "l'Hotel." Hotel de Ville is an immense palace, covering over a whole square—as large as any of the parks of Philadelphia. The architecture of the palace is Corinthian and semi-Gothic. The front is two and a half storeys. The first storey has alternately a Corinthian pilaster and a semi-Gothic window; the second storey has alternately a niche and a window on top of each one of the pilasters, which terminate at the commencment of the second storey, where a bracket is placed, and on this bracket is erected a life-size marble statue, which causes it to stand just in front of the beautiful Gothic niche that I have just spoken of. This front is beautiful, but I always thought the north and south ends were more beautiful. Instead of the pilasters there are in a row on the first storey twenty-six Corinthian columns, and between each one is a Gothic glass door. Each one of these columns stands out three feet from the main building, which gives the appearance of ten or twelve small porticos. In front of all these are fancy iron railings. The second storey has the same number of fluted Corinthian columns as the first, and there are alternate semi-Gothic windows instead of doors. These columns stand out three feet as do those below, and form the same appearance of porticos. These columns support a beautiful Doric projection, which is surmounted by a beautiful iron terrace, on which are placed twelve marble figures of distinguished individuals. The number of statues in all that adorn the exterior of this splendid edifice is fifty-five. Just before the dethronement of Napoleon III. a mansion was built in front of the Louvre and next to Eglise St. Germain Auxerrois. The style of architecture of this house is the same as that of the church, and they look the same, only one is new and the other old. This house was intended as the residence of the Mayor. The Royal Palace Luxembourg was built by Mary de Medici. It is built of a somewhat semi-circular form, and perhaps that is the reason why it is said that she intended to have it like the Pitti Palace, at Florence, Italy. I do not think she ever intended to build it like the Pitti Palace, as there is no resemblance, only a slight horse shoe curve, and the form of the Pitti Palace is that of a horse shoe. The Luxembourg is three storeys, very extensive, and of the Ionic order of architecture; it is not only beautiful, but the material of which it is built adds much to its appearance. That part of the palace which shows to the best advantage is what is called Palais du Senat. Here the material, which is flesh-colored sand-stone and white marble, is like the material of most of the buildings, yet this part shows to much greater advantage. Hotel Cluny is a noted house of Paris—noted alike for its own antiquity and the antiquities it contains. These antiquities are very rare. The building was erected during the fourth century, which causes the French to put a higher estimation on it for its age than its beauty. Everything is done to have it look as old as possible, without permitting it to go to decay. Even portions that have fallen down have been allowed to remain in that condition, while it is all enclosed with a strong iron fence and the greatest care is taken to prevent any injury to the establishment. The cabinet is open for exhibition only on Sundays. Hotel des Invalides is one of the most attractive buildings in Europe. Its dome is a perfect model of architecture, which is Corinthian in style. The number of invalids cared for during the year is said to be thousands. In front of this most excellent institution is a great, open square, having many fine, large trees. This is one of the great squares of Paris that I have not spoken of. Palais du Corps Legislatif (Parliament House of the Legislative Body) is a large and beautiful building, situated to great advantage at a long distance. Built of stone and marble, it has an immense Grecian portico with twelve fluted Corinthian columns. It is just in front of Place de la Concorde, which causes it to show to great advantage from all that part of the city where Place de la Concorde is situated. There is where Paris has the advantage over other cities of Europe: not only the material and the beauty of the construction surpasses, but they seem to have had an eye to location, and in that respect they have been very successful. Hotel de la Marine, (Navy Department), which is situated on the north side of Place de la Concorde, is a most beautiful structure, having a fine front of twenty large Corinthian columns, which support an upper porch, and the same below, forming a beautiful arcade, which is lined with fine stores. On the same side of Place de la Concorde is situated Hotel de la Guerre, (War Department), which is like the building I have just described. Both these buildings are fine ornaments to the city, and can be seen to a good advantage. La Bourse de Tribunal de Commune (the Exchange and Commercial Equity) is one of the noblest edifices in Europe; high and elegantly symmetrical, it sits in the center of one of the gayest squares in Europe—a square that I have not before mentioned. This square is 212x126 feet, and is surrounded by sixty-four immense Corinthian fluted columns, which support an entablature and masked attic, which form a splendid covered gallery. To enter the edifice one ascends a flight of twenty granite steps. These steps extend the full 126 feet—the width of the building, and they are the same at both ends of the Exchange. The west end of this magnificent house faces on Rue Vivienne, one of the most splendid streets in Europe, and by each one of the other sides a street passes, but I have forgotten the names of them. The following will show how the French do things: when I first arrived in the city there was quite a number of little, scrubby trees then in the square, but the French became tired of waiting for them to grow, so they were all taken up, and fine, large horse-chestnuts put in their places, and when I left Paris there was a fine grove of large horse-chestnut trees. Hotel des Finances, situated on Rivoli street, is built of stone and is an immense building, which also shows to considerable advantage from many points. Hotel des Archives covers over much space, is low, and reminds one very forcibly of the public buildings of London. Hotel des Mennais, (the Mint), a magnificent structure, fronts on Quai Conte, (Quay of Fiction), on the south side of the Seine. The cabinet here contains the best collection of coins and medals that is to be found in Europe. Hotel des Postes, situated north-east of Palais Royal, is low, being only one storey high, and is very much like the bank of England building at London. Some think it is beautiful, but it has nothing good-looking in connection with it. I wish it were possible to give you a further detail of these magnificent buildings, and not fatigue your readers, but I fear it would become monotonous.

VOYAGEUR.

McRAE'S COLUMN.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

—AND—

GREAT CLOSING SALE

—OF—

Dry Goods!

The firm of McRAE & DAINGERFIELD is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be closed by Mr. McRae, and all persons indebted will please call and settle.

R. S. McRAE,
A. B. DAINGERFIELD.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 8, 1877.

The Stock of Goods

in the store occupied by the late firm will be *sold out immediately*

AT NEW YORK COST AND LESS!

Any one wishing to buy Dry Goods of all descriptions,

Clothing, Hats,

Trunks, Valises,

and EVERYTHING to be found in a

Large, General Stock,

will find an opportunity which will not occur again.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

is asked to our stock of

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,

UNDERWEAR,

ALPACAS,

NOTIONS,

TRIMMINGS,

LACES,

FLANNELS,

DOMESTICS,

HOSIERY,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

WHITE GOODS,

SHEETINGS,

BED TICK,

PLAIDS,

LINSEYS,

and all kinds of

SUMMER GOODS.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

Will find a good chance here to buy Spring Goods for the early trade.

REMEMBER!

This is a closing sale, and there will be NO RESERVE.

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