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North Carolina Gazette. Geoffrey, "and that's more than I can afford." J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,

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Home Circle.

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MADELON.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY.

The chill, white light of the uncompromising February morning shone in upon Mrs. Wing's little room, revealing all its deficiencies, calling merciless attention to the worn spots on the carpet, and contrasting with the feeble fire in the tiny grate, whose handful of coals made scarcely any perceptible difference in the atmosphere of the apartment.

Mrs. Wing berself, pale and shabbily dressed, and with faded shawl wrapped over her shoulders, was sitting close to the fire with some fine needle work in her hands, and Madelon, her only child, stood opposite the tiny little mirror, fastening

on her bat, Madelon Wing was a tall, slight girl, with an oval face, large, dark eyes and lastrons, brown hair rippling around her temples with that natural curve that whole grosses of crimping pins cannot hope to rival. And, as she stood there, the look of tender solicitude on her sweet face was not unlike that of a sweet-pictured Ma-

"Are you quite sure your head does not nche von to-day, mamma ?" said she. "Because, if it does, you must not try to work on that lace flounce. Madem'selle Printemps pays you so wretchedly, and, if I can get a few more engagements to sing at morning concerts and evening soirces, there will be no necessity of your slaving yourself to death in this sort of way."

"My dear, it is pleasant occupation for my lonely hours when you are away," said Mrs. Wing gently.

"Mamma, that is a pious fiction," said Madelon, stooping to kiss her mother's forehead. "However, I hope we shan't be so dismally poor much longer. Wasn't it nice, mamma, that Mrs. Leopold took such a fancy to my voice in the choir, and asked me to sing 'Adeste Fideles' at her morning concert? It was the beginning of all my good luck-and now they tell me I am getting to be all the fashion at these social gatherings. Ten shillings an evening: we shall be rich presently, mamma." Mrs. Wing's faded blue eyes filled with

"Madelon," said she, "do von remember how Gny L'Estrange used to admire your

"Yes, mamma." Madelon's voice had grown hard, her

lips compressed. "I have often wondered, my child, why he never replied to the note you left with

Flora Fortesene for him." "Mamma," said Madelon, with burning checks, "I have so often regretted writing that note."

"But why, Madelon? It was merely a request to allow you to use his name as a reference, in case you decided to accept a situation as a governess-a simple acknowledgment of our fallen fortunes; and I think as a gentleman-and one, too, who had always manifested extreme interest in you-he might at least have an-

"Dear mamma," said Madelon hurriedly, "dont' talk about it any more. It was merely one of the long series of insults we have been called upon to endure since we lost our property. It burt me at first, but I don't mind it now so much."

And with a good bye kiss and a pressure of the hand, Madelon Wing left the house to keep an engagement with Mrs. Geoffrey, who had sent her a postal card, desiring her presence at Gerald Park at

11 o'clock that morning. Mrs. Geoffrey was a fat old lady, with a profusion of flaxen false bair, a double chin and enough diamonds to make a hu-

man show out of her. "Yes," said Mrs. Geoffrey, elevating her eye-glasses. "You are Miss Wing, the

"I am Miss Wing," said Madelon, not without diguity, "and I sing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Geoffrey, "my friend Mrs. Leopold mentioned your name to me. give us a song-something Scotch or Eng. the evening is not half over yet." lish of the pathetic order, you know." "I can sing Auld Robin Gray," said Madelon quietly.

"Yes, I think that would about do," said Mrs. G. "Anld Robin Gray and afterwards The Last Rose of Summer. suppose you'll charge five shillings ?" Madelon colored.

"Mrs. Leopold pays me ten." "Ten!" Mrs. Geoffrey's voice rose althe privilege of supper, if you are so in-

"The society makes no difference to

"Come, I'll give you seven," said Mrs. ed promise to be mine."

And to these terms poor Madelon was forced unwillingly to accede, while Mrs. Geoffrey made out a five pound order to the nearest florist for the decoration of the

But Mrs. Geoffrey believed and practiced economy when and wherever she

She was a plump, blooming blonde, and really looked prettier than usual at Mrs. Geoffrey's that evening, with Jennie's pearls and a dress of the palest pink silk. taken refuge in a group of beautiful pho- disappeared under the water, but soon rose tographic views, with Guy L'Estrange and was tenderly picked up by his friends,

ing presently," said Miss Geoffrey, who sat near by. "Mamma has engaged the new sensation, Miss Wing. They say she Francis had several brothers, all of whom "Miss-Wing!"

surprise.

"My goodness!" thought Miss Fortesone, with a sudden start. "I hope it isn't Madelon Wing turned up again, after all these long months." And she remembered, with a guilty

she had never delivered to Guy L'Es-

Madelon Wing glided into the room, pale one day up to High Bridge, where a and lovely, in a dress of black grenadine, friend of his, Billy Kennard, was on duty with her black hair coiled at the back of as policeman. He passed Kennard near her head, and a roll of music in her hand. the end of the bridge, and in moving on

forward, but the next instant he repressed have done. Now, if you will come along himself with a violent effort, as Miss Wing passed him and took ber place at the pia

"I thought," said L'Estrange, in a low tone to Miss Fortescue, "you said that Miss Wing had gone abroad."

"I-I supposed she had," faltered Flora, seeing the network of falsehood momentarily tightening around her. But Guy had goue to the piano, and

was bending with enraptured face over the beautiful singer, as one by one the silverclear notes of Auld Robin Gray floated out on the perfumed bush of the crowded

There was a burst of applause as the last tremulous accents of the music died

"Very sweet, very affecting indeed," "In the meantime," said Gny L'Estrange,

crowded part of the room."

deserted her when their fortunes had failed and poverty's iron grasp fell on them. "Madelon," he said, in a low, impress ive voice, when they were safe in a secluded corner, where a cluster of hired lemon lighted only by a hanging lamp, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance of

"Gny," she answered, anconscionsly fallng into the tone of former days, "why did you never answer that note I wrote you?" "What note?"

"The note that I gave Flora Fortescue

for you." His brows knit darkly.

"I have never received any note," said "But she told me she gave it to you." "Then-begging Miss Fortesche's pardon for the plain English of the expression-she told you a lie. I did not know where you were; I had no means of com-

these many months!" "And I fancied you had forgotten me, faltered Madelon, her eyes filled with bliss-

.

Rose of Summer directly." "I don't care to hear it," said Flora, Mrs. Geoffrey's hospitable importunities.

Rose of Summer for Mrs. Geoffrey. When most to a scream. "Ten for singing two the matron came to look for her balladist songs! And the society you are in-and to fulfill the second clause of her engagement, she was half way home, escorted by Mr. Guy L'Estrange.

"Because," said the young man, "I canme," said Madelon, smiling; "and I never not rest until I have your mother's seal to the promise you have given me-the bless-

And the drooping flower of Madelon's heart was revived once more in love's bliss-

"And," gravely said Mr. L'Estrange, "all your singing hereafter must be to an audience of one."

LEAPS FROM A DIZZY HEIGHT.

The New York World, in speaking of

projecting out several feet beyond the side of the bridge had been erected, and from this, after standing for a few moments to receive the deafening cheers of the multitudes assembled on the opposite banks of It was one of those awkward intervals the river, the reckless man jumped off. between the dances that are apt to try the In falling he maintained an erect position, patience of the most enduring. Flora had striking the water with his feet first. He who were waiting near by in boats. Again, "Won't somebody sing?" said he, look- about six years ago, a man named Peter ing around with an air of hopeless ennui. Francis jumped from the bridge while un-"We shall have some delightful sing- der the influence of liquor, and is to-day spent a good deal of their time on or in the water. They had a sort of mania for Guy L'Estrange looked up in sudden jumping off from high places into the water. Their daily sport was in jumping which was about forty feet high. Peter was about six feet three inches tall and thin as a rail. He was in the army during the war, and when he came home he flush, the note entrusted to her care that was more reckless than ever. One time, having drawn his pension money-he had been wounded during the war-he went But just as the crimson scarlet suffused off on a prolonged spree. It was while her face the door was thrown open, and be was recovering from it that he went

I will show you what a leap I can take." no, while Flora Fortescue's face was 4 ing, followed along slowly. When Francis reached the middle of the bridge he suddenly mounted the coping and jumped over. His feet struck the water first, but he was so far on his right side that he received a terrible shock, from which he has never fully recovered. For a long time he was laid up, his right side being paralyzed. He is now making a living by fishing around Macomb's Dam Bridge. A BRAVE ACT .- The residents of Barnstable, England, recently witnessed a very

brave and humane act. Charles Jones, a hod-carrier, while ascending with a heavy load of mortar a fifty-foot ladder away. Mrs. Geoffrey hurried to the side placed against a house which was being repaired, when near the top of the ladder, suddenly stopped. George Cross, a masaid she. "We'll have the other in about son, who was waiting for the mortar, saw that Jones was fainting, and at once descending the ladder removed the hod offering his arm, "Miss Wing will allow from the latter's shoulders and carried it me to conduct her to a cooler and less to the roof. He then again descended the ladder, and found Jones in a fit and about And Madelon felt herself being led a- to fall. Cross placed himself back of way by the man whom she loved best in Jones, and held to the ladder tightly. the world—the man she believed to have The sick man struggled violently to free himself, and in his paroxysm bit Cross's arm, who, not withstanding, maintained his grip. The struggle went on for fifteen minutes, none of the excited populace below daring to ascend the ladder. At last trees made a sort of tropical seclusion, Wm. Richards, a driver of a van, bravely went up the ladder to the aid of the mason. Soon afterward a fire-escape ladder was brought, and Jones was lowered to the ground by means of a leathern belt, unhurt, although still in the fit. Cross was exhausted, and, upon regaining the ground, fainted.

LISZT AT HOME. The young lady who wrote the little novel, "One Summer," seventy. He conversed amiably with his ing to revive the poor boy. munication with you. Oh, Madelon! Madguests, and then "suddenly he rose and elon! my heart has been breaking for you went to his writing-table, and with one of presented them to the ladies. "And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing table by his MS, music, presented by the hand that unlucky evening, to transact some important business.

I have always had a prejudice against to be seen it was large, gross and flabby, will make any man respectable and happy:

Leave off drinking.

I have always had a prejudice against to be seen it was large, gross and flabby, will make any man respectable and happy:

Leave off drinking.

Leave off drinking. "Are you going so early," said Mrs. that has made him famous, are already propose to entertain a few friends next Geoffrey, as Flora Fortescue, pale and pressing and will be kept among our Pen-Friday evening, and I should like you to haggard, came to make her adieux. "Why ates, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping "I-I know it," faltered Flora, "but I friends, with date and appropriate inscriphave a violent headache, and the rooms tion on the sheet where it rests." Then the palate, they had better not be made "But Miss Wing is to sing The Last We fancied at first in our simplicity that Berthelot. He recently opened a flask of merely the music in his soul illumining glass bottle holding the precious liquid making her escape by main force from his countenance. His whole face changes was found hermetically sealed in what was and gleams and grows majestic, revealing a Roman burying place near Arles, France. But Miss Wing never sang The Last the master spirit as his hands caress The wine was of a brownish color, and while they master the kevs."

a bad clock, forever striking the hour of occupation of Gaul by the Romans. happiness whether it has come or not.

To believe in another man's goodness is no light evidence of your own.

[From the Chicago Times.] MISTAKEN IN HIS HAND.

What Happened at a Game of Draw Poker—A Confidential Clerk Ruined.

of chips and bank-notes were piled before each player, and the set faces of all the

young stranger said, with a smile and more urgent, he reluctantly consented, and -A character which attracts the attenmen, but allow me to ask if we are play- Mexican. For judges, an American was a plump little French lady, perhaps forty which will lead us to the Notre Dame.

should be counted in, and the players took the crowd. After a few moments the tractive about her as she looks up and tent, and when we shall arrive at the up their hands. I saw a startled expres- Mexican came forward for his trials. says: "You will play, M'sienr!" Tis beautiful square of the Notre Dame I will sion flash across Harry's face, as he looked Without touching his hands to the animal yust so fair for one as oder." She is said show you such an exhibition as is seldom intently at his cards. He did not draw, he vanited on it and went through with to be very rich, and has followed her ever seen; and, if you are anything of a and when his opportunity came he raised precisely the same performance as had doubtful calling for more than fifteen florist, you will be delighted. You will the Wall street operator \$100. The dry Magruder, and really proved himself to be years. No one knows her history, which excuse my lack of familiarity with botany, goods man dropped out. The cotton bro- the more accomplished horseman of the would probably be very romantic if cor- but, anyway, you must not look upon this ker raised Harry \$200. The Wall street two. Magrader himself joined in the ap- rectly written, but for years she has been party—a large-boned, yellow-skinned indi- plause, and admitted frankly that he was identified with the "profession," always the Jamestown weed, and so it is; but the Gay L'Estrange involuntarily started heard a good deal about what my brothers wall, came in again and raised, and it bevidual, with no more expression in his beaten. The Mexican smiled, bowed and alone, always the same polite, smiling lit- Frenchman calls it a grand de fleur, And gan to get interesting. The betting grew beavy. Finally, the cotton broker weak- the like of which he has never seen " ened and laid dwn, but Wall street, who, took the chances. There were over \$12,-000 on the table, when Harry pushed back his chair, and, reaching down, drew from under his feet a small black bag, from

which he took a package of crisp green-Carefully he counted out \$5,000, most- Molino." ly in bills of large denominations, and pushed them forward. The Wall street | der. sphinx saw and raised Harry an equal a-

The boy, pale as a ghost, his lips and fingers twitching with nervous excitement, threw down the remainder of a package of bably one of Molino's men. Magrader money, and said, prefacing the words with

à wild oath:

"Four kings," said Wall street, with out a tremor, as he laid down his hand. "A sequence flush, gentlemen, by al the gods!" said the excited boy as he threw his cards on the table and reached for the spoils. A slight, almost imperceptible flush came upon the cheeks of impassive Wall street; then one eye twitched a little; then suddenly be leaned forward, examined Harry's hand, and said quickly: "Not so fast, not so fast, my

young friend; look at your cards." One look was enough. Never in inv ife have I heard a more horrible groan than came from young Harry's lips, and then the words, "Oh, God! what will mother say?" seemed to burst out of his mouth,

and then he fell upon the floor in a fit. The poor youth had been betting on a sequence flush that was not a sequence flush; for, by some temporary hallucination, he had mistaken the seven of diamonds for an eight, and, although he bad examined his cards time and time again, as I had observed, had not been undeceivhas been making a call upon Liszt. She ed as to his error. The Wall street man, describes him as tall, thin, with long as he gathered in the money, glanced at white hair; a long, black, robe-like cloak, the writhing form upon the floor, and said, being an abbe; long, slight, sensitive as he pouched the spoils, with a gambler's hands; a manner used to courts, and a pity, "Poor devil," and then took his hat well known chime had snapped its lifesmile and grace rare in a man approaching and walked out, while we were endeavor-

I have since heard that Harry was the

ANCIENT WINE .- If boasts are ever made about old wines that have tickled be played. "How he smiles as he plays! in the presence of a Frenchman named he was smiling at us, but later it seemed wine more than 1,600 years old. The tasted as if it had been boiled in contact with some fatty substance. Archæolog-A loving heart incloses within itself an ists declare that the peculiarly-shaped botunfading and eternal Eden. Mope is like the was made during the period of the first

> Our wishes are but the the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits.

MAGRUDER AND THE MEXICAN.

poker. Three of them nodded to my friend, moment, one of the Mexicans came up to no wonder she looks grandly, and talks as South and called beef. Their beef looks who returned their salutation, as he ex- him, patted and praised the horse, and if accustomed to carry matters with a high like that which is sold in the New York

quite as well as we do."

Magruder insisted, and growing warm Presently, as the hand was dealt, and he didn't like to show off his horsemanbefore the players had seen the hands, the ship in public, but at last as Magruder grew

"Now, if the Senor will wait a moment I will show him a feat of horsemanship, I fancied, thought Harry was bluffing, rode half way round the square, and then a long life accumulated a million for his putting spurs to the horse disappeared in son, and the latter sank the whole of it in a twinkling.

tle woman, always making money.

The most rapid waste of a fortune on

record is that accomplished by John Tay-

two years. He had become president of

the New Jersey Central road, in which he

embarked his entire fortune. The failure

of this road ruined him in a complete and

hopeless manner. Never before has a

million been so rapidly thrown away by a

man who had no bad habits, and was mak-

Misery requires action; happiness repose

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL

MESSES. EDITORS :- Close to the great

yards from the great Notre Dame. The trains, trims and straightens the crooked;

"What does that mean?" said the owner of the horse. "I know only one man who can ride like that," said a bystander, "and that is

"Molino, the guerilla?" groaned Magru-

"The same, sir. I don't think you will ever see your horse again." He never did, and the Mexican who held the stakes had also disappeared, pronever heard the end of his exploit among his brother officers, and while his vexation "Five more; I call. What have you lasted he declared that he was "the biggest fool in the American army."

> THE VESPER BELLS THAT BROKE AN Exile's Heart.-In the cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast bexagon, and the house is bexagon also. lily fathom the standing water of the in his trade, who fixed his home near the There are six streets that let into this pool; no twelve o'clock nor four o'clock to might enjoy their sweet, solemn music. In a political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly this evening chime pealed forth from the cathedral tower. His experieuced ear caught the sweet sounds, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his friends, his beloved and native land, all the best associations of his life were in these sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, butchers attend this market and make be digs around and waters the feeble, that less. They spoke to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating thro' his heart at that

A UNIVERSAL MORAL PANACEA .- A reader of the Hebrew Leader proposes the various kingdoms of Germany I often re- whole distance that we have passed on the trusted confidential clerk of a large New following remedy for the ills of the flesh his long, sweet smiles he took a bunch York contracting firm, and had intended and spirit, composed of leaves, plants, and see fresh pork in the small meat houses ery kind of a flower and shrub, for they of roses from a glass on the table" and starting for Washington on a late train roots, which, if taken without a wry face,

> Leave off smoking. Leave off chewing. Leave off snuffing. Leave off swearing. Plant your pleasure in the home circle.

Plant your business in some honorable mployment. Plant your faith in truth. Root your habits in industry. Root your feelings in benevolence.

Root your affections in God. For directions, see the Holy Scriptures and beware of counterfeit creeds and quack theologians.

wearied with the unhallowed passions of outer wall, I will show you where all the the vandals over-ran and burnt Columbia

[WHOLE NO. 218.

MRS McMILLAN.-I had a little busi- market are brought for inspection. Here Gen. Shields in his Mexican war talk the other night at Lockport, New York, told a humorous story of a trial of horsemanship at Cerro Gordo between Gen. Magrader and a Mexican:

Magrader and a Mex The occurrence to which I refer happened during the latter part of the war, in New York, where I was stopping at the time, the guest of a local politician of some note. We left my friend's house at about 10 n. m. and taking a car got off at one. "Going to Mrs. Geoffrey's party? Of course I am going," said Miss Flora Fortescue; "and PII borrow your pearl earlings, too, Jennie. Grup I Estrange is to be there, and I think—I really do think, I make been committed from High Bridge, sister. "And Falsonie frinks to was unforted with the strategy." Said Miss Jennie Fortescue, Flora's young sister, "Papa is beginning to grumble awfully about the milliner's bills and thinks." The content of the make one's mouth water, so splendid were they. This falsonic distinct on the milliner's bills and thinks and called beef. Their beef looks of the moment, one of the Mexicans came up to the recent death of an old man named to the recent death of an old man named from the top of the recent death of an old man named in processing points. We left my friend's house at about to processes, as quare on a superb black animal that he had just bought for a high price, and a false expensiveness. She was loaded with jewelry—the diamonds in her adout the window by which Shields lay that the latter might see and admire his purchase. The curvetting of the steed and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd the the strain callistic signs of passwords with my sister. "Papa is beginning to grumble awfully about the milliner's bills and the processor of the steed and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd the the strain rive. The fanour state of the steed and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd the twintous small market and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd the bea plained to me, sotto voce, that they were re- told the officer that he rode almost as well hand, for this is Mrs. McMillan, the lady and Philadelphia markets; but the beef in spectively a Wall street operator, a cotton broker, and a junior partner in a whole-sale dry-goods house, the fourth party being a stranger to him. This latter was a well-dressed young fellow of about 22, "Nay," said the Mexican, "you claim "Nay," said the Mexican, "you claim to whom Tweed, in those days when he was flush and liberal, is said to have presented a mansion on Fifth Avenue worth some that can ride better. "Nay," said the Mexican, "you claim to whom Tweed, in those days when he was flush and liberal, is said to have presented a mansion on Fifth Avenue worth some like that which we have, and, if there is any difference, perhaps it is worse looking. In these small markets no poultry is ever sold; it is found only in the mornings, for sale on the sidewalks well-dressed young fellow of about 22, handsome, and evidently a comparative too much. You ride well, but it is not ability, he is reported to have deposited near the markets. Now, we of the South ability, he is reported to have deposited near the markets. Now, we of the South ability, he is reported to have deposited near the markets. for safe keeping, until he abandons his have the advantage here, for nowhere in retirement, the snug sum in bonds, &c., of Europe is the poultry so fine as in the \$12,000,000 or \$14,000,000, leaving him-southern United States. I saw, dressed offered to bet a dozen doubloons that he self, as he truly states, with only a few and exhibited in the windows of the resgamblers betokened that an unusually stiff could ride a horse better than the other paltry hundreds of thousands.—New York taurants in Italy, poultry that no one in the Southern States would think of cat-

> wave of the hand: "Excuse me, gentle- the money was put in the bands of another tion of all strangers is "Mmc. Moustache," ments on the south side of the river Seine, ing with the sequence flush; it is custom-ary, I believe, to settle the matter, and we adversary, and the two together chose for She derives her name, which is the only occurs the first and third Thursday of ev-"Why," said the cotton broker, "you put his horse through his paces, first walk- of black hair on her upper lip. She deals you see these pots, jars, boxes and stands have not got one there, have you, Harry?" log around the square, then trotting, then her own fare bank, and is popular with of flowers covering the whole of the pave-"That remains to be seen," replied the galloping, and finally putting his animal the boys, who treat her with marked rements of the quays, so that you are obliged to its top speed, with a magnificent burst speet. She has a bright black eye and a to take the streets; thus it extends to the It was agreed that the sequence flush that drew cheers and hand-clapping from musical voice, and there is something at- Notre Dame, which is one-half mile in exyou see here is the flower which annoys the farmer on account of the bur which adheres to the wool of the sheep. It is hem sullivated on account of its will are all kinds of vegetation are found in all their luxuriance, and often many species become obnoxions. So it is with the central American and the Mexican: to exterminate the cactus he uses his means, and the Scotchman, Laplander, and the Norwegian has for his fuel the fern, while we use all our efforts to cultivate it and the cactus. The countries of Europe are old; the ing every honest effort to increase his fields are shaved as close as the barber shaves his customer; the trees in the country are but few, and to the very top, not a bush, a limb or a brush is seen anywhere; hardly a weed is to be seen; everywhere are fine roads and land in a high state of cultivation. As the European walks ont at early dawn he has not the lark to direct his thoughts upward, nor does the glory of early morn, with its bell form and beautiful blue violet and scarlet, sainte him market in Paris is located Le Marche de as be passes; no violet secretes itself in Ble (the corn market.) This market is some lonely spot to add its fragrance to situated in the center of a square that is the early morning air; nor doth the waterplace. The building has six large iron remind him that time is fast passing away; gates, which are left open during the day, the evening primrose is not there to say to and, if pedestrians wish, they can pass bim that his day's labor is closed, and that through the market, as it makes one's it, with the rest of nature, has done all walk so much shorter. Here, one day in that could be done to add to man's happithe week, merchants, farmers, millers and ness. Now is it any wonder that the bakers assemble to sell and buy, and once Frenchman cultivates and highly prizes a month they have an auction which the Jamestown weed and other plants brings together a large number of bayers that we look upon with indifference? As the right kind of parent knows no differ-Le Marche de Veau (the calf market) ence between his children-the amiable, is on the south side of the river Seine. unamiable, the homely and the comely are Almost all the calves that are sold for the all alike to him-so the Frenchman shows city are brought to this place, which is you the pink with as much delight as the badly located, it is true-that is, on an ob- rarest hot-house plant. It is not necesscure square, which makes out from an ob- sary for him to know that it is a bot-house scure street-yet it is only a few hundred plant before he can appreciate it. He

> > their purchases, and when the veal is of- they may become like the others. fered for sale it is in small houses in vari- You must not understand me to say that ous parts of the city. In these small mar- the Frenchman's plants are old maid's kets all other fresh meats are for sale, but pinks (which are now fashionably called no poultry. An observing person will be zinnias,) bachelor's buttons (called amarather astonished to see how very seldom ranthus globe) and touch-me-nots. Far fresh pork is offered for sale, while in the from it, for this fine, large square and the marked how seldom it was that one could quay is, as we have seen, covered with evworse looking than what I had seen in particular. For instance, the Turk's head, Germany, and in France I saw none of not larger than six inches in diameter, yet any kind; and as for a pig or a shoat, I covered with blooms. You will seldom saw not one dressed for market in all Eu- ever see any of their cactus over a foot rope. Yet fresh pork was to be had in high. They highly prize tulips, hyacinths every style (already prepared for the ta-ble) in all the cooked meat houses in Par-in bloom, are to be found here; but to paris. In noticing the statistics of the vari- chase only the bulb, you will find them in ous countries of Germany, I see they re- the seed shops, in a line for the eighth of port large numbers of hogs, but where a mile, on the quay of the north side of they are while living, or what becomes of the river Seine. The choice of the bulbs them when dead, has always been a mys- commands astonishing prices: think of one tery to me, for in all Europe I did not bulb selling for from five to ten dollars, see, either dead or alive, more than one and sometimes double that price! I must hundred hogs. It is not to be wondered say that I never saw anywhere in Europe There is something soothing and de- at in France, for the French have a horror any such beautiful roses and such splenlightful in the recollection of a pure-mind- for le cochon. In fact all Europe indulges did flower gardens as are to be seen in the ed woman's affection; it is the oasis in the less in gross food than we of the United Southern United States-for instance, the desert of a worldly man's life, to which States. Well, if you will ride with me to gardens of Augusta, Ga., Charleston, S. his feelings turn for refreshment, when the south-eastern part of the city, hear the C., and Columbia, S. C.—that is, before fresh meats that are intended for the city in 1865.