

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

\$2 PER ANNUM

VOL. XIII.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1856.

NO. 28.

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN. BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

Price Two Dollars per annum in advance, or \$2.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires \$3.00.
Payment will be considered in advance if made within three months.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, and contracts made on reasonable terms.
The SPARTAN circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends to reach customers.
Job work of all kinds promptly executed.
Blanks, Law and Equity, continually on hand or printed to order.

THE OPAL RING; OR, THE FATAL LOVE TEST.

An old street, which we shall name the Rue des Trouands, in old Paris, in times not old to us. To call it a street is little more than a form of speech; it is rather a narrow, black, squalid passage that divides the tortuous rows of high, dark, rickety, bulgy, sickly houses, irregularly pierced with windows that breathe an atmosphere of the nature of which may well account for the unwholesomeness of their complexions.

It is always cold there, and the atmosphere is always charged with a deadly damp and nausea. On the ground floors of the houses are some shops that have no aspect of containing anything saleable, or of being the scenes where commerce is carried on; for you always seem to see the same unfaded, untempting goods, of whatever nature or description they be, in the dark, mud-splashed windows. Lean, green, under-dressed children, some looking precociously intelligent, others stolid in their grimy misery, hang about the doorways or listlessly dabble in the mire; and towards evening, which falls early there, the rats come out and forage, little disturbed by their vicinity. The street is very quiet in general, except on fête days, about some of the low cabarets, from whence there then proceed fierce oaths and savage roars, which are supposed to be songs of mirth and jollity; for even joy there wears a mask of vice and debasement and ferocity.

On a summer evening, when the right side of Paris had not yet lost the last beams of the sun that never fell upon the wrong, a woman turned from the gay quarter into the Rue des Trouands. She was dressed in dark garments and closely veiled, so that nothing but her height was clearly distinguishable; and she walked rapidly, and with the anxious air of one who is nervously conscious of being in a false position. She stopped at last before a closed door, examined the aspect of the house, consulted a little paper she held in her hand, and then knocked softly. The door opened instantly, and closed on her as she entered, leaving her in total darkness.

"Fear nothing, madame," said the shrill voice of the invisible porter, "give me your hand, and I will guide you safely."
The visitor held out her hand in the dark, and felt it taken by a hand so cold, so lean, so extraordinary small, that she could hardly forbear shuddering at the strange, unnatural contact. Through a room or passage, dark and earthy-smelling as a tomb, up a steep, winding stair case, through a long, creaking corridor, still in darkness, now and then faintly and momentarily broken by some invisible borrowed light, the guide and guest proceeded together in silence, till at the end of the passage they stopped, and the former knocked at the door. Being bidden to enter, they did so; and, for the first time, the visitor, looking down about the level of her own waist, saw her conductor, a dwarf perfectly unrecognizable, who, after peering upward with a quick, strange, side-long glance, that seemed to pierce her veil, noiselessly withdrew and left her standing before the room's inhabitant.

It was an old man, of a pale leaden complexion, with quick, keen eyes, that peered from beneath low, shaggy black brows, while his hair and long thick beard were white. He sat at a table covered with venerable-looking books, yellow vellum manuscripts, and various instruments of singular aspect, on which a shaded lamp threw a partial gleam. Signing to the lady with a lean, long hand, to advance to a seat near him, he watched her movements with a look of close and quiet scrutiny and in profound silence, till she had taken the chair.

"Excuse me, madame," he said, "but you must raise your veil. I cannot see you without seeing your face."

She hesitated for a second, then suddenly flung it up, and boldly and steadily met his eye. The action and the face recorded, both were proud, passionate, resolute—even defiant; the latter, though not in its first youth, handsome. Nothing of this was lost on the old man; neither did he fail to perceive that the hand that threw back the veil was small and white, and that a jewel flashed from it in the lamplight.

"I come," the visitor said, "for a turn of your art. Can you, are you disposed, to aid me? Fear nothing as to the extent and security of your reward; and she laid a heavy purse on the table.

He appeared not to notice the movement, as he said quietly:

"When you have stated the case to me, madame, I shall be better able to answer your question."

It was evident that there was a powerful struggle in the mind of the visitor; for her color rose, her nostrils dilated, and when, after a pause, she spoke again, her voice was thicker, and her words abrupt and hurried.

"I love and would be loved again, which I am not. I would purchase love—that one man's love—at any price."
"At any price to him, or to you?"
"To either, or to both."
"Is he heart-free—or does he love another?"
"He loves another—his affianced wife."

"Hum! Complicated."
"You have nothing more encouraging than that to say to me?"
The old man smiled a quiet, slightly contemptuous smile.

"Patience, belle dame, this is not an affair of yes or no in the first five minutes. I must consider it."

"How long a time do you require for consideration?"
"I require until the day after to-morrow, at this same hour."

"And you will tell me nothing till then? If you doubt my possessing the means to reward your services, here is only a small portion of what I have both the power and the will to bestow, in the event of your aiding me effectually; and she held the purse out to him. He waved it back quietly.

"Keep your money for the present. You have on your hand a jewel, which if you choose to confide it to me, shall in the event of my deciding to accept this task be made the instrument of accomplishing your wishes, and shall, in any case, be restored to you in safety."

His eye was fixed on a ring she wore—a serpent studded with diamonds and bearing on the head an opal of singular fire and splendor.

"This ring! It belonged to my mother and grand mother, and I promised never to let it out of my possession. There is a family superstition attached to it."

"As you will, madame. I have no wish to undertake the affair, and can only do so on my own conditions."

With fiery impatience she tore rather than drew the ring from her finger, and held it out to him. The opal and the emerald eyes of the serpent shot forth prismatic gleams, and the folds seemed to undulate as he turned it about in the light of the lamp.

"No common jewel this," he said, contemplating it; "the opal is a stone of peculiar influence in the occult sciences, and I can see that this opal is more than usually gifted with such virtues. You did well to bring it; it may aid the accomplishment of your desires more than anything else."

"Then you promise me—"
"Nothing. Understand fully that to-day I in no way bind myself to anything in the affair. The day after to-morrow you shall have my final decision."

He rose. The lady following his example, he rang a hand-bell, and the dwarf again made her appearance to lead her through the intricacies of the house. When she got into the street it was almost dark, and as yet the few lanterns that at distant intervals were suspended across the alley, by lines stretched from house to house, were not lighted. With uncertain steps, therefore, she made her way over the slippery, filthy pavement.

More than once she was nervously conscious of attracting the suspicious attention of a denizen of this iniquitous haunt; despite her resolute nature, her heart beat high at the sensation of encountering a very real danger; and when she emerged on the broad open thoroughfare, still only in the light, a load of alarm and anxiety was removed from her breast. As she turned a corner she suddenly came on a group of three persons, an old and young man, with a girl of about seventeen. She recoiled at the sight, as if something had stung her, and the young man, fancying she was startled at finding herself in such immediate contact with them, drew back with a "Pardon, madame!" standing out of the way, hat in hand, to let her pass. She rushed past him, and her dark veiled figure was soon lost in the dim light.

Meanwhile the little party strolled on, talking cheerily by the way. That Gaston de Montrouge and Genevieve Rouvrievs were lovers, was a most unmistakable fact. They were, moreover, affianced. The elderly man on whom the girl leaned was her father, he belonged to a family of the bourgeoisie, and had made a considerable fortune in commerce, from which he had not retired. His sister had married the Chevalier de Montrouge, and, by virtue of a family compact, it was agreed that her only son should gild the somewhat threadbare nobility of his father's race with the louis d'or, of his uncle's only daughter, when both should arrive at years of discretion. At an early age, Gaston, through the influence of his paternal relations, entered one of the most brilliant regiments of the guard. Soon after, his parents died and from thence his uncle's house became his established home, when away from his duties—an arrangement which the worthy man in nowise objected to as bringing the young people together, tending to cement the contract already entered into between the senior members of the family, by engaging the inclinations of the parties more especially concerned.

The result was eminently successful. Gaston found his pretty, gentle cousin, with her nut brown hair and hazel eyes, entirely to his taste, and Genevieve thought—and not perhaps without reason—that the beau cousin was by far the most accomplished cavalier she had ever encountered. Unfortunately, though, other and more experienced judges were of little Genevieve's opinion.

At a grand gathering of the great folks of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Marquise de Vaucrasson, a lofty lady who had just cast off the weeds she had put on and put off with nearly equal satisfaction, particularly distinguished the handsome young man, and took every means, short of declaring the fact, to make him aware of the favorable impression he had produced. Gaston was, however, sincerely and seriously attached to his cousin, and he had, moreover, passed the age when youths are given to fall in love with women some ten years their senior. He therefore showed himself less sensible of the great dame's condescension than might have been expected; and when on various subsequent occasions she renewed her advances, they were met with a coolness that drove at once her love and pride to the point of some desperate resolve, which the discovery

of the position he and Genevieve held with regard to each other put the finishing stroke to. Hence her visit to the sage of the Rue des Trouands, a man celebrated for his skill in the compounding of such devilish contrivances as suited the taste and spirit of the age.

On the day appointed, Madame de Vaucrasson started once more for the dwelling of the man of magic.

"Would the sage accord her desire? Might she hope through him to win Gaston? That was all her thought; and, on entering the room, her emotion was so strong that she could hardly command her voice to ask the question.

The answer filled her with a thrill of wild, fierce joy.

"I have studied the matter closely," the old man said, "and, notwithstanding all the difficulties and dangers—for there are dangers, and to me especially, in the work—I have decided on accepting your commission. Success I can promise you; but my reward must be in proportion to the labor and the risk."

"Name your terms," said the lady.

He mentioned a sum that would have started an applicant less bent on the attainment of her desires; but the marquise, without a moment's hesitation, acceded to the demand.

"And the ring?" she asked.

"The ring, as I told you, shall be made the instrument of accomplishing your object. Return here this day week with an order for the sum we have agreed upon; and the ring, charged with the power to perform the mission, is yours."

She clasped her hands, with a gleam of triumph in her flashing black eyes.

The evening of the seventh day found her once more on her way to the magician's. The old man took from a little box the ring, and handed it to her. Never had it looked so magnificent. A thousand gorgeous tints flashed and sparkled with increased lustre, while the emerald eyes of the serpent gleamed with a living light, almost terrible to look at. Madame de Vaucrasson turned it about, and contemplated it lovingly.

"Whatever man wears, or even has about his person, that ring," the sage said, "must, so long as it remains in his possession, love you passionately, no matter what may have been his previous sentiments, or what the obstacles that lie between you. Beware, therefore, into whose hands it falls."

She gave him the order for the sum they had agreed upon, and prepared to depart.

"I expect, madame, that you will come and give me an account of your success. I will require this."

The tone was so quietly authoritative, that she felt herself compelled to make the desired promise; and, concealing the jewel in her bosom, she hastened home with all speed.

How to convey it to Gaston? That was the next step. She thought of various expedients, but none wholly satisfied her. She recoiled, at all events, never to separate chance might offer, supposing she did not immediately hit upon a deliberate plan of action, she might profit by it.

That night there was a fête at the hotel of the Duchess de Maubroux, the house where she had first met Gaston. Would he be there? Probably; his family was connected with that of the Duc, and she knew he was always a welcome guest.

Her toilette that evening was performed with greater care than she was wont to bestow on it. She wished when the ring did its work—the work she knew it was, by no power of hers, charged to perform—to feel or fancy that her woman's charms had some share in the effect. She looked in her glass with pride and triumph. Hope and security had lent a new lustre to her beauty. The diamonds that blazed in her luxuriant dark hair were not more brilliant than her eyes; and her cheek wore a bloom that needed no aid from art.

As she entered the apartments of the Hotel Maubroux, there was a general stir and murmur. Gaston was there. He heard it; looked where he saw other eyes directed; and for the first time, was struck by the beauty and majesty of the woman whose unconcealed preference he had so coldly and constantly discouraged. His eyes followed her through the crowd; he saw how it bent in homage before her; he saw with what dignified indifference she received it—how valueless in her sight was the adoration of those who sought but a word or a smile to treasure and be proud of. The demon of vanity had begun to work in his breast, ere ever the ring approached his finger.

Between the dances he went up and spoke to her. Her manner was far less earnest and encouraging than usual; if not cold, it was at least marked with a calm dignity, very different to her usual tones with him. This piqued him, and he longed for an occasion when he might converse with her more at ease than he could do there, standing before her seat, and surrounded by the other guests. She complained of the heat, and he hastened to offer to conduct her to one of the less crowded and cooler apartments. Passing through several rooms, they reached the last of the suite, which was becoming nearly deserted by the recommencement of the dancing, and leading her to a sofa, Gaston took a place by her side.

The conversation was resumed by her, in the same calm, ordinary tone; by him, with a certain earnestness, which she seemed at first rather to put aside, but by degrees, as she saw his interest evidently increasing, she suffered her manner to relax, and to give way to a softer aspect.

"I am told, Monsieur de Montrouge," she said at last, "that you are going to be married to your cousin. Forgive me if I commit an indiscretion in speaking thus of the subject; but I trust you will believe how sincere is the interest I feel in ought that so deeply concerns your happiness."

Gaston had colored violently at the commencement of her speech. Genevieve! this was the way he was keeping inviolate his

love and faith to her! But for this emotion his wily interlocutor was fully prepared, and she put into the conclusion of her sentence an accent that soon reassured him. She knew now that she loved another; she had regulated her own feelings, or at least, the expression of them, accordingly; and he might look upon her now as a friend. She was a noble woman, after all!

"You will not be offended," she said, in the same kindly smiling manner, "if I ask you to accept a slight token of the friendship I feel for you. Many of your other friends will offer you marriage-gifts. You will not, I trust, deny me a similar privilege."

As she spoke, she drew the ring from her finger, and between her words, glided it on his. She knew that, once there, she need not fear his removing it.

He took the hand that performed the act, and covered it with passionate kisses.

Poor little Genevieve's sweet face bears a far different aspect to the sunny one it presented that happy evening when with Gaston by her side she and her father strolled out together.

Now she rarely sees him, and though his manner is always kind, it is ever constrained and uneasy. Sometimes he betrays a restless impatience; sometimes a sort of pitying regard; and he seems at all times ill at ease and dissatisfied.

At first she used to question him tenderly; but now he has learned that this, so far from leading to a solution of the mystery, only adds to the uneasy symptoms. At times she is jealous, offended, angry; but then her father blames him, and her woman's nature rises up to defend and justify him.

All this Madame de Vaucrasson learns; and her cruel nature takes a savage delight in the sufferings of the unoffending girl.

Meanwhile, Gaston's stormy love for the relentless woman secures daily a deeper hold on him; changing his whole nature, making him who was gentle, cheerful and loving, impatient, irritable, jealous, at times almost brutal. Occasionally, this fierce passion takes the aspect of hate; he treats her with tyranny and scorn; he has a thousand caprices; a thousand exigencies, and fierce disputes, embittering all their intercourse, rise between them.

At last the marquise remembers the promise the magician extracted from her, that last day when they parted. She had never performed it. Perhaps to this act of disobedience on her part may, in some degree, be attributable the unappreciated realization of her desires has brought her. She will lose no time in attempting to avert his displeasure; and not later than to-morrow she will go to the Rue des Trouands, and lay her difficulties before him.

That night Gaston came to spend the evening with her. The evening passed quietly. Gaston was more like his former self than she had seen him since the commencement of their attachment; and she rejoiced in the idea that had presented itself to her. At last the hour for his departure approached.

"How long it is," he said, "since we have had a day altogether to ourselves! Let us go to-morrow into the country, and spend it there."

"Not to-morrow, Gaston. I have engagements in town; but the day after—any other day."

"I will not have another day! Engagements! When I command, what other engagements stand?"

"Command! This to me! You forget yourself strangely, monsieur."

Long and loud was the dispute; fierce and cruel were the insults bandied between them; and with far more of hate and vengeance, than of love in their hearts, they parted.

At sunset, the Marquise de Vaucrasson, disguised as of old, stole forth from the wicket by which the garden of her hotel opened on a quiet street, and after looking cautiously round turned her step in the direction of the Rue des Trouands.

Hardly had she turned the first corner, when the little door she had locked behind her opened again, and a man with a cloak and a slouched hat and draping feather stepped forth, and proceeded in the direction she had taken, following her without ever approaching her closely, until she arrived at the entrance of the Rue des Trouands.

Here, the darkness rendering the risk of losing sight of her greater, he ventured somewhat to diminish the distance that separated them, and kept her in view until the door at which she knocked opened and closed upon her.

Just opposite to the house was a low, dark archway, leading no one could from the street at this hour distinguish whither. Beneath its shade Gaston placed himself, and remained in observation, quite unconscious that while all his attention was riveted upon the opposite side of the street, he was himself the object of no less rigid surveillance on the part of two men of peculiarly evil aspect behind him.

Suddenly he was made acquainted with the fact by being seized from the back, pinioned, gagged, and carried off—it was quite impossible to say whither, for his cloak was wrapped around his head, so as to exclude every other object from his sight.

After some minutes, he found himself placed on his feet, and his head released from its covering, though his arms still remained bound. Looking round he found himself in a long room, surrounded by three or four men, and who, with coarse jokes and laughter, mocked at his incautiousness, when they proceeded to strip him of whatever objects of worth he had about him.

Suddenly, a thought flashed across him. The ring! He remembered not that the man who had tied his hands had silently drawn it off in the operation. Yet, strange to say, not a tinge of regret accompanied the recollection. His love for the donor—whither, too, had it fled? Marvellous! The memory of it was but like a fevered, hateful dream, from which he had but that moment awakened. Love her! He must have

had a fit of madness. Forsake Genevieve for such a woman? Was he still in his senses, or was not the whole thing a troubled vision? No, the present, at least, was painfully real.

At last the men found that there remained little else worth taking, and they announced to their captive that they were *bon enfans*, who had no wish to do him any hurt, and that as he had not troubled them with any foolish and useless resistance, his liberty should be restored to him; adding, however, that he must submit to being conducted thence in such a manner as they considered it desirable to adopt.

Knowing the hopelessness of disputing the point, Gaston assented to their arrangements. And his head being again enveloped, he felt a strong hand laid on his shoulder, and himself, with various brief warnings and directions, led through a variety of tortuous ways, now mounting, now descending, now turning to the right, now to the left, until a certain change of atmosphere, and altered sound in his own footsteps and in those of his conductors, warned him that he had got into the open air. After walking a little further, they stopped—suddenly he felt the cord that bound his hands loosened; but before he could, with the utmost speed, release his head from the folds of his cloak, he found himself standing in the street under the quiet starlight alone.

He looked around, bewildered. The street he was in was one a considerable distance from the Rue des Trouands; the affair seemed to become more dream-like than ever; but one thing was clear: he was free, and his way lay unobstructed before him.

How long a time had elapsed during the progress of these strange events the absence of his watch prevented his being able to tell. He guessed, however, that it could not be too late to find his uncle and Genevieve still stirring—Genevieve, towards whom his whole heart yearned as if years of pain and cruel absence had kept him from her.

With a rapid step he proceeded to the well-known door. Suddenly, when about to ring, he remembered the signal which of old used to announce to her his coming; and passing on, he softly tapped at the window where she was wont to sit on an evening at her embroidery.

How long it was since she heard that sound! She was watching there now, but not for him: her father was out, and she sat alone, waiting his return. Formerly, she used to run and open the door herself when that signal sounded; now, with a voice she struggled hard to modulate, she bade the old servant, Catherine, do so, while she continued to work, but with stitches all of which must come out to-morrow. Gaston entering, stopped at the door, contemplating her in silence.

"Bon soir, mon cousin."

She always marked the relationship now when she addressed him.

"Genevieve!"

What was there in his voice that made her turn her averted look upward? Something strangely eloquent in that and in his face there must have been, for in another instant his brown eye had been in the arms he had opened to receive her.

Meanwhile, the interview of the Marquise de Vaucrasson with the man of magic had come to an end, and once more she steps out into the dark and squalid street. Ere she has proceeded far, she is conscious of a step behind her, she quickens her pace, the step becomes more rapid, still faster and faster she goes, still faster and faster the step follows. She is about to run, when a hand is placed on her shoulder, and a hot breath penetrates her veil.

"Do not shriek! a hoarse voice says, "it is useless. I mean you no harm—only come with me quietly," and the other hand grasps her.

"She does shrink and struggle, but not long, for a thick muffler is placed over her mouth, and she becomes unconscious."

When the marquise awoke from her trance, she found herself lying on a miserable and filthy mattress, in a room which better merited the appellation of a cellar.

She was alone, that was something, and starting up, she looked around—when there—close by the head of the pallet—sat a man watching her. She shrieked, and hid her face in her hands.

"Do not fear me," said the voice that sounded in her ears just before she became insensible; "I would not harm you, ma belle, I adore you!" and he tried to withdraw the hands that covered her eyes.

"Monster! I hate you—do not approach me—away!"

"Gently, I tell you I love you—love you passionately—but remember, you are in my power; do not provoke me, for I am not patient. And what does not yield, I break."

Her utter, utter helplessness came across her stronger than any other feeling, and she wept aloud, in passionate despair.

"Let me go, go! Heaven's sake! For money's sake let me go! What can you gain by keeping me here? Only release me, and I swear to make you a rich for life."

"I may not be so poor as I seem; it is for your own sake I choose to keep you. Look here! this is not a beggar's possession."

He took from some secret receptacle, and held before her a ring, which even in that dim place gleamed and flashed like a mirror in the sun.

She understood her position now, though not how it came about. Gaston—where was he? Lost to her for ever, wherever he might be. One thing before all others presented itself to her; she must regain possession of the ring, must free herself from the hated thrall of the wretch's affect on—anything—anything on earth was better than that.

She knew the only course to be adopted was dissimulation; and, though her soul recoiled from the attempt, she must gain a disposition to be won over to listen to his detested addresses.

She would not irritate him, she would

gain time, and trust to find an opportunity to attain her object. And thus temporizing and watching, the day, whose wan light she was dimly conscious of for a few hours, passed away, and again night came.

All that time she had, broken in body and spirit, passed crouched on the wretched mattress. Her goster had offered her food, but she had shrunk from it with loathing; and though she felt not the slightest disposition to eat, still the want of sustenance, and the sufferings, mental and physical, of her situation, had worn her down to a degree of painful prostration. Far on in the night she sunk into a troubled doze. A slight stir in the room awoke her; but she affected still to sleep, and with half-open eyes watched with cat-like vigilance.

She saw her captor moving quietly about, but rather as if in consideration for her slumber than as though fearing detection. What had he to fear from her? She saw him, after casting a glance from where she lay, and listening to her respiration, take from the place where he kept it the fatal ring. He hesitated for a moment, as if doubtful where to deposit it, then, with a significant toss of the head, that said as plain as loss could say, "While I have her safe, there is no danger for it," he placed it in a little closet in the wall, and taking his hat, left the room, locking the door after him.

With every nerve on the stretch, the marquise listened for some minutes; then, reassured by the silence, she sprang with noiseless rapidity from the pallet, and in a moment was at the cupboard door; she tried it, it yielded to her hand almost without an effort. Again she listened, but the rapid beating of her heart was the only sound that came to her ears. Within the closet was a little box; this she took down and opened; and there, encircled in its own light, lay the jeweled serpent, coiled at the bottom, glaring up at her with its malignant emerald eyes. She clutched it; the first step was gained; the next—the next she was pained the necessity of, she decided on, by the sudden opening of the door, with an oath. No love now marked the expression of the hated ruffian's face, as he rushed upon her. Shrieking, she crouched, still grasping the ring.

"Give it up or I crush you!"

"Never!"

One blow of his clenched fist on her temple, and she fell, white and nerveless, at his feet, while the ring dropped from her limp hand. The robber took it up in an instant his aspect underwent a change; he gazed upon the prostrate form with despairing horror; he seized her in his arms, carried her to the light, bent over her with passionate exclamations of tenderness and self-reproach. She did not shrink from him now—she did not turn her face from him, she lay unresisting in his arms—dead.

A WORD UPON BEARDS.—William and Rufus shaved. Henry I. resumed the beard, so long laid upon the shelf. Stephen had a beard, and was bearded by his barons; Richard I. had a short, crisp, close beard; Edward I. a long beard; Edward II. a weak beard; Henry V. fought at Agincourt with a clean chin; Henry VI. wore a beard; Edward IV. shaved, and so did Henry VII.; Edward VIII. had a wiry, scold, bushy beard; Edward VI. grew dwindled and Spanish. In Elizabeth's reign we have Shakespeare describing the cane colored beard, the black, white, orange, tawny, purple, ingrain beard; the beard like a general, and the beard like a glover's peering knife, the hungry beard, and the beard of formal cut; the soldier bearded like a pard, and the coward with the beard of Hercules and frowning Mars. Among the curious anecdotes of beards, the oldest is that of John Mayo, a painter, at the court of Charles V., whose beard was so long that he could stand upon it; this catarrh of hair he kept tied up with ribbons to his buttonholes, sometimes unfastening it at the Emperor's wish, opening the doors and windows that it might blow into the faces of the angry courtiers. Another famous beard was that of a Bavarian merchant, who kept it enclosed in a velvet bag to prevent it from dragging the ground. An old writer, of more gravity we fear than veracity, asserts that the inhabitants of Hardeburg had formerly the singular custom of electing the Burgomaster who had the longest beard and the biggest foot.—Our Friend.

CENTOS DEVEIL.—The Episcopal Church of St. Paul, in New Haven, Conn., has in one of its towers two stones cut into forms of the ace of clubs and ace of diamonds—devices taken from a pack of cards. The explanation given is that the architect first employed in the erection of the building was a Deist, and a man of bitter cynical spirit. By way of burlesque, he resolved to cut the stones for the structure into such figures that a huge pack of cards might appear flaring out at the sides of the sacred structure. By means of scaffolding and other concealments he veiled his design from the building committee till the walls were nearly carried up, and his practical joke nearly played off. The discovery was at last made, and the whole structure, of course, taken down. In the course of the demolition, the architect fell from a scaffolding and was instantly killed. A most luxuriant woodbine mantles the present wall and nearly hides the two stones above referred to, which being near the foundation of the massive tower, were suffered to remain.

The peasants of Huntingdonshire are proverbial for their boorishness. One day a lady riding through the grounds of a friend to whom she was on a visit, found the gate closed which was the outlet from the fields to the high road; a peasant boy stepped forward, and bowing, opened the gate that she might pass. "What is your name?" asked the lady. "Tummus," said the boy, with another bow. "Ah!" replied the lady, giving him a shilling. "I see you are not a Huntingdonshire boy, your are so civil." To which the urchin quickly replied, "Thee't a liar; I be."

The Chinese Sugar Cane.

The Chinese Sugar Cane has come to be the ordinary name for the "Sorgho Suere," a most valuable plant of the sugar cane order, and therefore allied to the maize or Indian corn, but more nearly to the broom corn. Its cultivation has commenced amongst us, and there is now in Washington more than an acre of it growing luxuriantly and promising a yield of considerably upwards of a hundred bushels of seed, besides many tons of stems and foliage, which with saccharine fluid and solid food material for horses, neat cattle, and swine. Not only here, but in various and widely distant parts of the Union, has trial been made of it, and with uniformly gratifying results. We have read a letter from a farmer in Illinois who has tested its character, and reports of it in the most favorable manner. Out of a gallon of the liquid sap in the stem, which he expressed by the primitive contrivance of a rolling pin, he obtained by boiling a quart of molasses, with very little impurity and of approval taste. The usual proportions of sugar to sap, lie between fifteen and twenty per cent, the crystallizable sugar increasing with the decrease of the latitude. Besides this proportion of sugar there is an amount of perhaps five to eight per cent. of uncrystallizable sap, from which a very agreeable beverage can be made, and alcohol distilled more cheaply than by any other method. This sap, strange to say, if set with the oxide of tin, will dye silk of a beautiful pink.

As a food-plant for stock of all kinds it seems to overtop all that we now possess, furnishing in fair soils twenty five tons per acre of excellent fodder, every bit of which is greedily eaten by animals. The seeds, too, by which the plant is propagated—in this unlike and superior to the sugar cane of Louisiana, which is raised by cuttings—are fit for human food; at all events, when ground and made up into cakes, after the manner of linseed cakes, they supply a good material for fattening stock. The brush or top, from which these seeds are taken, is not without its service, for the plant is a species of broom corn, and therefore its top, when deprived of seed, answers well wherewith to manufacture brooms. When the sap, top, seeds and leaves are taken, leaving only the crushed stem, it still has an economic value: paper can be manufactured from it.

This valuable addition to our vegetable productions is originally a native of China, but has been sedulously cultivated for several years in Southern California, whence it passed into France and Algeria, in which last country it comes to great perfection. It would be hard to calculate its value. It constitutes every farm on which it is grown its own sugar camp, orchard, winery, and granary, as well as a stock