North Carolina Gazette.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING :

News Budget.

SUMMARY OF NEWS For the Week ending April 7, 1874.

wounded in one of the recent engagements before Bilban.—15 for Andrew Hansen, German astronoentirely failed, and that there was no fighting be tween the 28th and 30th of March.

The courthouse at Burlington, Decatur ounty, Iowa, was burned Tuesday, with the rehold a tenth and a club of forty hold a fifth of style of beauty. e-ticket which drew the capital prize in the oni ville Library drawing Thesday.—In the U

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS

For the Week ending April 7, .1874. LIVERPOOL, April 1.—Uplands, nothing below

bands, nothing below low middling, shipped (900) bales, including 1,000 bales for specula

Actual export 11,000. The sales for week include 5,300 American. Affont 49,000;

816 75. Spirits turpentine heavy at 461 cents.

April 2.—Gold strong at 1131@1134. Governnew western mixed 83@90 cents. Fork firm-new mess \$16.75. Rosin quiet at \$2

WILMINGTON, April 1 .- Spirits turpentine 41 ing. ents per gallon for Southern packages. Rosin-Strained, buyer's option, April delivery, at \$1.95; the scattered bits of patch-work with a market quiet. Crude turpentine \$2.50 for yellow dip and \$1.90 for bard; market steady. Tar \$2; meeting 3" market quiet. Cotton-No sales to report.

April 2.—Spirits turpentine 42 cents; market strong. Rosin—Good strained and No 2 at \$1 90 and new crop Virgin Pale at \$4@\$5. Crude turpentine \$2 90 for yellow dip and \$1 90 for hard. Tar at \$2 00 P bbl.; market steady. Cotton—Re-

ceipts 63 bales; no sales to report.

April 3.—Spirits turpentine—Market quiet at 42 cents. Rosin at \$1 874 for strained, new crop Hopkins, and—well, all the church folks Mary's tears finished the sentence for her.

Home Circle.

DEATH OR MARRIAGE.

The ancient clock in Deacon Shermer' old-fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, no trifle of bronze or alabaster, but a 'tall, square, solid relic of the last century, looking not unlike a coffin-case set on end, in the corner—a clock that had lasted through four generations, and, judging from appear-ances, was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Shermer cherished the old heirloom with a sort of pride which he himself would have scarcely confessed to.

There was a great, ruddy fire of chest-nut logs in the red brick fire place; and the candles in the brightly-polished brass sticks were winking merrily from the high wooded mantel, where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea-shell and a of honor with a curious sea-shell and a couple of vases, each containing a fresh osage orange, from the hedge that skirted the clover-field helping the barn. At the he clover-field behind the barn. At the window, a curtain of gaudy chintz shut out the tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that autumnal night, and on the cozy rug of parti-colored rags a fat tortoise shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tortoise shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the

farm-house kitchen.
"Timothy!" said Mary Shermer, decidedly, "if you don't behave yourself, I'll..."
What she would do, Mary did not say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples around her mouth in

motion, just as a benza of Jane sunshine

plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries. Mary Shermer was just seventeenplump, rosy girl, with jet black hair, brushner, is dead .- Carlists assert that the movement | ed back from a low forehead, and perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a bewitching expression of surprise to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark; but the severest critic would not have found fault with the pench-like bloom upon her cheeks, and the dowy red of her full, daintily-cury ed lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshal was quite satisfied with Mary's peculiar

"Come, Mary!" said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush sounts on the alst. West presented a memorial of the firelight upon her face, and picking for of a breakwater in Red river at Alex- up the thread of the conversation where he in, which was referred to the Committee on had dropped it, when it became necessary 'you might promise. It's nine o'clock and your father will soon be home."

"Promise what, Tim?" said Mary, demnrely, fitting a square of red in her patchwork, and intently observing the effect. "Nonsense, Mary! You know what very

well. Promise to marry me before Christ mas! I tell you what, Mary, it's all yer well for you to keep putting a fellow off but I can't stand it. What with your father's forbidding me the house, and that remantic Tom Stanley's coming here every

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. "As f Mr. Stanley's coming here made any diference in my feelings, Tim C

"No; but Mary, it isn't pleasant, you cy, if I don't own railroad shares and keep you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come—promise me!" He held both her hands in his, and looked earnestly into the

"Do you love me, Mary?" "You know I love you, Tim."

"Then we may just as well- Hush,

"There was a portentous sound of draw ag bolts, and rattling latches, in the porchsoom beyond, and scraping of heavy boots along the floor. Mary rose to her feet with sudden scarlet-suffused brow and

"Oh, Tim, it's father!" "Suppose it is?"

"But he musn't find you here, Tim Hide yourself somewhere, do !"

"What nonsense, Mary!" said the young man, resolutely standing his ground. "I aven't come to steal his spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected bur-

ver loved me, do as I say! Not in that closet; it is close to his bed-room; not through that window; it is nailed down tight. He is coming !-he's coming! Here, Tim, quick."

And in the drawing of a breath, she had oushed Timothy Marshall into the square endulum case of the tall old clock, and turned the key upon him. It was not a pleasant place of refuge, inasmuch as his houlders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasantly close; but Tim made the best of matters, and shook with suppressed laughter in his solitary prison cell.

"Well! a jolly scrape to be in," thought Tim, "and no knowing when I'll be out of hope I haven't seriously interfered with the it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than to leave matters

"So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?" said Deacon Shermer, slowly unwinding the two yards of woolen scarf with which he generally encased his throat of an even-

"Not yet, father," said Mary, picking up there." glowing check. "Did you have a pleasant for!" meeting?"

"Well, yes," quoth the deacon, reflectively, sitting down before the fire, greatly to Mary's consternation—she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom-"it was tol'bly pleasant. Elder Huskler was there, and Elder Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, and I— Pale at \$5. Crude tuapentine \$2 90 for yellow dip and \$1 90 for hard; market steady. Tar at \$2 \$7 bbl.; market steady. Cotton—No sales to report. Hopkins, and—well, all the church folks marky stears infished the sentence for her. The deacon looked down (not unkindly) are, Mary! Tired, ain't you? Well, you on her bowed head and the tender arm that

at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow ments in its tide. cold in her veins. "Twenty minutes past inne—why, it must be later than that! "And so you two young folks really think you love each other?" said the deacon, Why, land o' Canaan! the old clock's stop- meditatively. ped!" The old clock had stopped; nor "I wound it up this mornin', I'm sartin," rich, I know, but I can work for her." said the deacon, very much disturbed. "It never sarved me such a trick afore, all the interposed Mary, with tears that shone

in the family before the year was out." Shermer fumbled on the shelf for the key. think the most sensible thing we can do is "These springs must be out of order some- to help on a marriage as seen as possible?"

reposing in the pocket of her checked ging- the front doorstep to whisper to Mary :

"No, nor 'taint in my pocket neither." And down went the deacon, stiffly enough, on his knees to examine the floor, lest perchance the missing key might have fallen

"Well, I never knowed anything so strange in all my life," said the deacon. "It is strange," faltered hypocritical

"I'll have a regular search to-morrow,"

said Deacon Shermer. "It must be somewhere around." "Only," the deacon went on slowly, re-suming his place before the fire, "kind o' she sought shelter. She was illy clad, and

lon't like to have the old clock stand still the major portion of the thin, bright colora single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like it was sort o' talking to me in the stillness." The deacon looked in her arms. Her dress of calico was worn, houghtfully at the fiery back log. Mary | faded and patched in places until the orifidgeted uneasily about the room, straight-ening table covers, setting back chairs, and itself; yet there were no tattered ends, no

droop, and his head to nod somnolently. scarcely audible a few feet away. When Mary's eyes lighted up with a sparkle of the boat entered the slip the mother was

"But, father, I'm not sleepy." "Go to bed, my child!" reiterated the

brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out

his chair. I could just steal in and release

ed hope. Surely now was the accepted for a moment, using their handkerchiefs Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away time. Noiselessly as the floating shadow, very energetically. That woman left the a life of silent endurance, or goes forward she crossed the hall, opened the kitchen cabin richer by a score of dollars, for as | with less timidity than to her bridal. In door, and stole across the creaking boards | she glided through the cabin with outstretch- | prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned of the floor. The candles were burned out, ed palm, bank notes and loose change were odors, waiting but for the winds of adver but the shifting lustre of the firelight re- pressed into her hand in lieu of the pennies sity to scatter them abroad-pure gold. vealed her father nodding before the fire, usually east to mendicants-for she was but valuable but untried in the farnace. In with closed eyes, and hands hanging at his

With a heart that beat quick and fast, like the strokes of a miniature hammer, proceeded in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to fit it in the lock. So absorbed was she in her task, that she never noticed the sudden cessation of the heavy breathing-never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness, and look around him. Love is blind, and it is equally true it is deaf. The deacon rose quietly up with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and Mary gave a little frightened shriek as a hand fell softly on her arm, possessing itself quietly of the key.

"Let me help you!" said Deacon Shermer. "Father, I—I found the key," faltered

"Found the key, eh?" returned the deacon. Well, that's lucky; and now we can find out what's the matter with the clock."

Mary's heart, throbbing so wildly a monent or two ago, seemed to stand absolutely still as Deacon Shermer turned the key nd opened the tall door of the clock case.

"Hal-lo!" ejaculated Deacon Shermer, as Mr. Timothy Marshall tumbled laughingly into-the room. "So you was the mater with the old clock, eh?"

"Yes sir," said Tim, composedly, "I works of the clock." "You've seriously interfered with me!"

aid the deacon, waxing indignant. "What do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house like a thief." "Indeed! indeed! father," cried Mary. bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault

"Father," faltered Mary, rather irrelevantly, "I love him, and—he loves me!" "Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock-case, miss?"

"No-but-father! I can never marry

needn't sit up for me, my dear; it must be supported it. Apparently, "the course of true love," roughly though it ran, was over-The deacon glanced mechanically round | whelming all his own worldly-wise arrange-

"I love her with all my heart and soul.

was it wonderful, under the circumstances. said Tim Marshall, earnestly. "I'm not "And I can work for myself too, father,"

years it stood there. Your aunt Jane used like softened stars. "And you said yourself, sir," went on Tim, "that the stopping of the clock meant o say it was a sign of a death or a marriage There was a suppressed sound like a either 'a marriage or a death.' Of course chuckle behind the clock-case as Deacon we don't want any deaths; so don't you

how," said the deacon, decisively. "How scared you look, child! There ain't no "It's late," he said, "Come around to-morcause for being scared. I don't put no faith row morning, and we'll talk about it. No.

And the deacon re-hung the pendulum, "Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked and set the iron tongue of the old clock Mary, guiltily, conscious that it was snugly talking again. Tim Marshall paused on "What shall it be Mary ?-a death or a

> marriage?" And she in return whispered: "a martiage,

"My darling!" said Tim, "it's worth passing a lifetime behind the clock-case to feel as I do now!"

A YOUNG MOTHER'S BLIGHTED LIFE.

[From the New York Graphic.] A little Italian woman, with a child i her arms, hurried through the gate of the Roosevelt-street ferry-house last evening, "Yes, it must," said Mary, tremulously. and a moment later was scarcely discernible thinking—oh, if he only would go to bed! rags. The child nestled close to the mo-As he sat there, his eyelids began to ther and babbled in a subdued manner,

the first to go on board. Well-dressed this eloquent passage: "Child," he said, suddenly straightening men and women, and children clothed in himself up in the stiff-backed chair, "you'd garments of rich, warm texture, filled the acle.-Place her amid flowers, foster her breathe a sigh over the lost glory of the better go to bed. I'll sit up awhile longer | cabins, and the little Italian woman attract- | as a tender plant, and she is a thing of | mystic seven. ed no attention, but remained crouched in fancy, waywardness, and sometimes of folly the further corner of the forward cabin, -annoved by a dew-drop, fretted by the Merope, Maia, Electra, Taygeta, Sterope probably unseen by more than the two or touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint and Celeno. Five of them, of the fourth

a beggar. She related her history sub- short, woman is a miracle, a mystery." equently to a gentleman who inquired into her life. She was educated for a public she drew the key from her dress-pocket, and was chorister of a popular church. Four vears ago she fell in love with an American who was visiting Genoa. Her father opposed the attentions of the tourist, who, he said, was dissipated. It was the old her. By selling her jewelry she paid an emigrant passage to New York. Her baby was born on board ship. She searched the streets for the man she believed her hus-

baby was sick, and in devoting herself to its care she had lost her work. Now she was a beggar. No, she would not give her name; her friends should never know her fate. THE NOBLEMAN'S DREAM, -There was ish and dissipated life, neglecting his people, his family and his affairs, in drinking Strangers' Rest," in Pearl Street, New and gambling. He had a dream one night | York. In this retreat those who find themwhich vividly impressed him. He saw a selves suddenly without employment and figure looking at him with a serious face, destitute of money will receive a welcome, and pointing to a dial, where the hands and their immediate wants be relieved. marked the hour of IV. The figure look- Two substantial meals are furnished each ed at him sadly, and said these words, "Af- day, warm bath-rooms are at the service of ter four," and disappeared. The noble- applicants, and clean, comfortable beds are man awoke in great terror, thinking the supplied. Washing is done gratuitously vision foreboded speedy death. "After twice a week, and all the arrangements enfour!" What could it mean? It must courage personal neatness and a sense of mean that he would die in four days. So he set his house in order, sent for the priest. He also sent for his family, and begged ers. After an early breakfast, those who He didn't want to hide, but I put him in forgiveness for past offences. After ar- desire to find employment examine the adness, he awaited death. The four days hasten to make early application. Such is concluded the vision meant four weeks. He | New York city. did all the good he could, but at the end of four weeks he was still alive. It was plain now, he thought, that the vision scribes a new story as "just the sort of novmeant four years; and in the next four elette for a young lady or a young gentleyears he devoted his whole life and fortune man with the toothache." to the improvement of his people, his neighbors and the poor, taking an honorable

NO GLOOM AT HOME.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes like funeral palls over the happy young spirits there. O! faithful wife, vhat privileges, what treasures greater or purer than thine! And let the husband strive to forget his care as he winds around the long narrow street, and beholds the soft light illuminate his little parlor, spreading ts precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless perhaps; and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his over-coat and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed and persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to energy so desperate, that his frame and spirit are weakened and depressed, and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the painbeat caused by too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much

But the door is opened, the over-coat thrown off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear like a winged angel; it flies right into is bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame, just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful-and-what? Why! he forgets all the trials of that long, long day, as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household-Christianly-oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials.

He cannot be unhappy; that sweetest, test, dearest solace is his-a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

Woman.-Mrs. Stevens, the "sweet talized her memory instory writer," has, somewhere, thrown off

"Woman, woman!—truly she is a mirdeacon, with good humored authority that three persons immediately surrounding her. at the rustle of a bat. The zephyrs are and fifth magnitude, are grouped around Hardly had the boat left the slip when too rough, the showers too heavy; and she. Aleyone, of the third magnitude, which, of the room, ready to cry with anxiety and the chatter incident to a public conveyance is overpowered by the perfume of a rose- from being the brightest star of the cluswas arrested by a singing of the first lines bud. But let real calamity come, rouse ter, is called the Light of the Pleiades. On-"If Tim will only keep quiet a little of the ballad "Kathleen Mayourneen." A her affections, enkindle the fires of her ly six stars can be seen with the naked while longer," she thought, sitting on the moment later men ceased reading their heart, and mark her then. How her heart eye, but the telescope reveals from fourteen stairs where the newly-risen moon stream- papers and listened. All eyes were turn- strengthens itself! how strong is her pur- to two hundred, according to its power. ed in chilly splendor. "Father sleeps so ed to the insignificant figure in the dark pose! Place her in the heat of battle, give | One of the first uses that Galileo made of oundly-and he is sure to go to sleep in corner. When the last words had been her a child, a bird, anything she loves or his newly discovered telescope was to exsung a perfect storm of applause was giv- pities, to protect; and see her, as in a reen, and in return the woman sang one of lated instance, where she falls in the heat She sat there, her plump fingers inter- her own native airs, a ballad plaintive and of fierce strife, raising her white arms as a of the human destiny of the universe that aced, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the touching, of one whose home and friends shield, and as her own blood crimsons her the fixed stars were made only to light the or, while all the time her cars were strained were far away, while she, the child-widow upturned forchead, praying for life to pro- earth. to the utmost capacity to catch every sound | mournfully called on the sea to give back | teet the helpless. Transplant her into the | n the kitchen beyondt. Hark! was that her dead. Her voice was marvelously dark places of earth, awaken her energies the wail of the wind or was it something | sweet and clear, and the air, rendered as it to action, and her breath becomes a healto her literally "nearer and dearer." Yes; was with subdued stress, was very effective. ing, and her presence a blessing; she disshe could not be mistaken now; it was actu- Several women sobbed aloud, while there putes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalkwere not a few men present who coughed ing pestilence, when man, the strong and Mary rose softly to her feet with renew- suspiciously and turned their faces aside brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted.

> How a Home was Made.—There is singer in her native city, Genoa. Her father | an interesting story connected with the origin of one benevolent institution in New York city— "The Strangers' Rest." Many ears ago a friendless lad went to the city of Philadelphia to obtain employment. H sought work, and found none. Homeless story from that point. She fled with her and moneyless, without recommendations lover, and a few months later he deserted | and unacquainted with city ways, he was doomed to that bitter disappointment which comes to so many who seek to better their condition in the mazes of a great city. He slept wherever he could find a semblance band till she had no hope left. Even if of shelter, and lived on the scantiest food. she found him, he might repulse her. Her In the midst of his wretchedness a resolution was formed that if ever he were possessed of means enough, he would build a resting-place for those who were as poor and friendless as he was then. Time passed on; the boy became a man; he was successful in business, and he did not forget once a German nobleman, who led a fool- his youthful purpose. The result was the establishment a few years ago of "The self-respect. In the "Rest" there is a warm and cheerful sitting-room, where are conconfessed his sins, and received absolution. veniences for writing, books, and newspapranging his affairs with his man of busi- vertisements in the morning papers, and passed on, and he did not die. He then the work of one man for the homeless in

The Persians say of noisy unreasonable part in public affairs. At the end of four talk: "I hear the sound of the millstone, years he was elected Emperer of Germany. | but I see no meal."

THE PLEIADES.

Many a-night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade, lluster like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver

The Pleiades were the seven daughters of Atlas and the nymph Pleione. are said to have died of grief for the loss of their sisters, the Hyades, and the pitying gods changed them into stars, in memory of the purity of their lives, and as an eternal testimonial to the power of the at last we found out that they wished to 'friendships of women,"

This charming cluster of stars is situa-ted in the shoulder of Taurus, which is now the second sign and third constellation in the zodiac, and may be easily, traced on autumnal evenings in the evening sky. It receives its name from a Greek word, meanng to sail, because it was considered at this season of the year, by the ancients, "the star of the ocean" to the benighted mariner. It is also called the Seven Stars, and sometimes Virginiæ, or "Virgins of the Spring," because the sun enters this cluster in the season of blossoms, about the 18th of May. It comes to the meridian ten minutes before nine o'clock in the evening of the 1st of January, and then, with oval grace, this constellation sits enthroned high in the empyrean, and leads the host of glittering stars that make the winter sky "tremulous with excess of brightness."

There is a fascination about this group f stars which is not attached to any other n the broad concave; there is a mystery in ts history which lends a charm to its sparking gems. One of its brilliants has ceased to glitter within the azure depths of space. What has become of the missing one among the bright sisterhood? My-thology tells us that Merope married a mortal, and therefore is her stardim among her sisters. Who was the favored mortal for whose love she gave her immortality and shining place in the starry sky? His tory is silent as to the details. We once saw a stereoscopic view of her, as just falling from the sky; she had reached the earth; she lay extended on the ground, the sleep of death stealing over her beautiful features, while the torch of life, grasped in her dying hand, was pointed downward, and was just expiring. Byron has immor-

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more on earth." Mrs. Hemans has written her eulogy, and every time we count the shining six we

amine this cluster, and, finding there forty stars, to triumphantly refute the doctrine

The ancient poets have celebrated them as an index of time, and a guide to the surrounding stars. Hesiod says:

"When Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise Before the sun, above the dawning skies, "Tis time to reap; and when they sink below The morn-illumined west, 'tis time to sow." Virgil says:

"Then first on seas the shallow alder swam, Then sailors quartered heaven, and found a dat For every fixed and every wandering star-The Pleiades, Hyades, and the Northern Car.

NICHOLAS I.—The Emperor of Russia vas very fond of masquerade balls, and one night he appeared at one, in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and appeared to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the norning he went out, and, throwing a fur loak around him, he called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quay Anglais. As it was very cold he fell a sleep, and when he awoke he found that the man had taken him in the wrong direction; for the Quay Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were only miserable houses. Nicholas began to remorstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently passing through a stone gate-way, prought him to a cemetery. Then dismounting and approaching the carriagedoor, he drew a large knife from his girdle, and pointed it at his passenger's throat, saying: "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you!" And do you give me your soul!" exclaimed Nicholas, as he threw off his furs, and disclosed his personification of the devil. All Russians are very superstitions, and the coachman was so terrified that he fell senseless on the ground, and the emperor drove himself back to his palace.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.
Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in the Various Kingdoms and Empires of Europe.

MESSRS. EDITORS:-We sent our valet de place to procure us a passage on a steamthe bank of the Thames, whence we got A reviewer in the London Spectator de into a small boat with our trunks and were captain, officers, crew, and all the serv-ants spoke only their own language, and Philadelphia, the city always looks like it that our English, French and German did had been well washed and hung out to dry. not avail anything; so we could only make

ourselves understood by signs. Rotterdam is a city of about 100,000 inhabitants. How unlike what one sees in America and England, and how soon one is impressed with the great change! The steamer goes close to the wharf and stops; but the guards are kept closed, and no one allowed to go near. Two or three armed policemen then come on board. I felt all the time as if I would be arrested. We could neither understand nor make ourselves understood. But see if we had passports, and after taking our passports in their hands and seemingly scrutinizing them, they returned them, apparently convinced as to their genuine-

ness. After that, those on the wharf commenced to put down the gangway with much formality and precision. The gangway was 21 feet wide, with a bannister on each side. After all was arranged, the guard was taken away. I thought that I could run off on to the wharf, as one does at Philadelphia or New York; but soon discovered that I was mistaken. We had to leave the boat single file and at a funeral gait. As each man left the boat, and got on to this narrow gangway, he was made to hand up his passport, which was taken by one of the armed soldiers or policemen, before he could put his foot on land. Our trunks were retained, but we soon received them, after they had been examined on the boat. We went to the Bath Hotel. The proprietor wrung from us exactly how many days we would stay, and then went and reported the same to the city authorities, who, through the goodness of their hearts, graciously granted to us permission to remain just that many days, and sent us a receipt for our passports. Here I will remark that I have been much astonished, in reading the travels of Bayard Taylor and other tourists, to find that they show such a disposition to hide things that any one can see in every day life-the humiliation that the people are subject to, and the disposition of the governments. Why they have suppressed the real condition of things it is difficult to say; unless that everlasting hobby of American slavery prevented things from being shown as they are. I have so far given things as I could not help seeing them, and I intend to continue to so do, though some of these accounts may appear rather plain. I found the Bath Hotel a most excellent house. Like most of the hotels in Holland and all through Europe, there was a table d'hote, and every attention was paid to strangers, and everything was neat and genteel looking. Most of the houses are four stories high, and are built of bats and broken stones, some rough, while others are a smooth cast, which makes a very pretty finish. I visited the gallery of fine arts, and several other places where are hung great numbers of pictures, most of which are productions of Flemish artists. and have those dark brown shades so peculiar to Flemish schools. My friend and I concluded that we would dispense with a valet de place, so one morning we went out to take a walk. We saw so many windmills that we concluded we would get up on one and have a fine view of the place, and we accordingly went to the door of one, and, finding it shut, walked around until we came to where the workmen had nailed cleats for the purpose of getting to the wings to repair them; so we made out to clamber, with considerable risk, up to the platform at the top. In counting the windmills, which were 67 in number, we got rather noisy, and woke up and brought

out an immense, fat Dutchman, who looked at us with more than astonishment. It was only then we realized our imprudence. But the jovial old soul laughed heartily over our embarrassed situation. After we had satisfied ourselves with viewing the level prospect, he made signs that he could show us a better descent. After we had gotten below we bade the gentleman goodbye with many bows and foolish gestures. That cured us of dispensing with a valet de place. Rotterdam is situated on a short river called the Meuse, which is a mile wide at the city. The town is surrounded by a moat that has some 3 or 10 gates. It has passing through it a broad canal, and the city is intersected by various other canals, so that it rather reminds one of Venice. All these canals have drawn bridges, and it looks rather strange to see schooners all through the centre of the city. The city has a very business appearance. There are several very long but narrow streets, which are beautifully built up. The Exchange is quite a good looking building The church called St. Lawrence is quite large, and one has a finer view from the dome than from any other in the city .-There are other public buildings, to give an account of which might be uninteresting. Almost all the fine houses have placed on the outside, on each side of the window-facing, a looking-glass. Some houses have them placed to the fifth and sixth story. All the dwellings are built on a line

as we have in America. The idea of these looking-glasses is that the inmates of the room, from any part of it, can see everyone that passes, while at the same time they cannot be themselves observed. though they may be close up to the win dow. Besides the fine blinds and curtains, they have the most gorgeously embroidered scenes, which reach one-third up the er for Rotterdam, Holland. He returned window. I have often heard the English with our tickets, and with the word that curse the Germans, calling them "d-d we must be on board by 8 o'clock that Dutch;" but if there is a time when a Geright. At 7 o'clock that night we took a man has a high compliment paid him, it is cab for somewhere, and were put out on when he is called a Dutchman. I saw no people in Europe who appeared more industrious, cleanly, (or, as the Frenchman rowed. It felt to me like we were out at | would say, 'tous sont propre,') polite, oblifull sea. At last we came to an old Dutch hulk. To our surprise we found that the hulk would say, to some property of the Philadelphians, for they

with the streets and canals, and there are

consequently no pretty front yards such