North Carolina Gazette.

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North Carolina Gazette.

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

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CALEVAR.

A Tale of Cuban Vengeance.

The approaching marriage of Isa Cantelvar, the wealthy belle of Havana, was no secret in the Cuban capital. Her Spanish lover, a lineal descendant of the fierce subduer of the Aztecs, old Herman Cortes, was crossing the ocean to claim his love, and great preparations for the event were going on at the Cantelvar mansion, whose foundation was washed by the waters of the Gulf.

Isa was very beautiful, and her accomplishments were of the highest order. The only child of a man who was proud of his name and of her face, she had been petted, but I will not say spoiled. Her jewels were as remarkable as her beauty, and it was rumored that Senator Cantelvar had purchased some of ex-Queen Isabella's gems for his daughter's nuptials. This rumor was pretty generally believed, and many fashionable people went to the mansion, hoping to catch a glimpse of the stones that had once glittered on the bosom of royalty. But the curiosity-seekers were disappointed; they saw no ex-Spanish gems.

In due time, a vessel landed the Castilian lover on Cuban soil, and the great event—Isa's marriage—neared its consummation.

Among the many people who witnessed the lover's debarkation, was a tall, dark-featured man, about forty years of age. He was remarkably handsome; his eyes were dark and lustrous, and his mouth was shaded by the silken hairs of a moustache. He wore the undress uniform of a captain in the Spanish navy, which was not needed to give him a commanding appearance. His whole bearing indicated a firmness of purpose, a stubbornness of will, that would listen to no arguments, and a daring that would shrink from no undertaking.

He stood apart from all other people, watching the debarkation of the *Vulture's* passengers. The soft tropical twilight hung over the island capital; but he could see the faces of the passengers quite distinctly.

Suddenly he started, and mechanically his right hand clenched vengefully. There was a rising and falling of the moustache, as if the unseen lips had opened and closed again, and the eyes were assuming an animated brilliancy.

The cause of this strange emotion was a man who had just stepped upon the pier. He stood scarcely twenty feet from the captain, and his face was plainly discernible.

A handsome man he was. There was the stamp of nobility on his face, and he bore a resemblance to certain portraits of Cortes still extant. He was watching the debarkation of numerous trunks that bore the name of Don Cortes d'Alvaro.

But by and by he turned away, and hailed the driver of a violante.

"It is he!" muttered the captain, speaking audibly for the first time. "He is the chosen lover of Senorita Isa. His trunks were full of jewels, no doubt."

And then a devilish laugh rippled over the unseen lips.

He watched the violante until it vanished from sight, when he walked forward and began to inspect the trunks. They numbered quite a score, and some were small, but heavily bound. He walked among them carelessly, as it were, but noticing everything, and all at once he burst forth with—

"Five trunks full of jewels! Why, they would make a don of Calevar."

A moment later he walked away, closely followed by a dwarfish man who had the peculiar gait of the sailor. Though the captain walked fast, the sailor gained on him, and as he was about to enter one of the aristocratic hotels of the city, a hand touched his elbow.

The tall man turned quickly, and peered down into the distorted face.

"And so you are here?" he said, in melodious Spanish. "Where have you been?"

"To the wharf."

The captain's eyes glistened.

"He came——"

"With five trunks of jewels for his bride."

"But she shall never wear them."

"No."

"Good! Come to my room. I want to show you something."

The two men passed into the narrow hall and ascended a stairway to a room. In the centre of this apartment stood a table on which lay an elegant sword of genuine Toledo workmanship. On the sheath, elegantly worked, was the name of "Calevar," and the blade bore the inscription: "From the Queen to Calevar." Above the single bed hung the gorgeous dress uniform of a Spanish naval commander, and a pair of splendid boots stood under the table.

All this was revealed when the room was lighted up, and Calevar threw himself into a chair beside the table, and drew a paper from an inner pocket.

Unrolling it he disclosed to the eyes of the dwarf—who, perched upon a stool, was bending over the table like a monkey—the complicated plan of a house.

"Here is the Gulf," said Calevar, touching a shaded place with his finger, "and here is the entrance to the house. You will wait for me here. You see I have designated the exact spot. You cannot miss it. Long ago, some person—Cantelver's father, perhaps—drove a huge staple into the wall. It is there. See it! You cannot miss if. It is beneath that staple that you will wait for my signal."

The dwarf looked up, and smiling hideously, nodded.

"Can't you fail, senor capitan?"

"Fail? No!" said Calevar. "I know the interior of the house. I can go directly to the treasure-room, and so sure as there's a God in Heaven, I'll show you the girl's jewels on my own deck. She wouldn't marry Calevar. If she marries D'Alvaro, she shall do so jewelless. Ah! this, Domargo, is Calevar's revenge!"

He laughed devilishly, and in that laugh the chattering of the dwarf joined. Then several bottles of wine were produced from a sideboard, and the twain drank long and deep.

It was midnight when Domargo, the sailor-dwarf, left the room. He stole out quietly, for Calevar was asleep. The wine had affected him.

"For twelve years Domargo has served Calevar," said the dwarf, when he again found himself on the deserted streets. "He has sailed with him to other worlds, biding his time. That time is very near at hand. Calevar does not think that Domargo is the brother of the little girl he made his wife in Barcelona, and then murdered on shipboard."

The last words, full of hellish revenge, dropped in hisses from the repulsive lips of the dwarf, and at last he lost himself among the shipping in the harbor.

And Calevar, the revengful, the covetous, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, slumbered on, never dreaming that the dwarf who had served him so faithfully for twelve years, was delivering him over to a fate, from the contemplation of which the mind shrinks with horror.

It was the night before Isa Cantelvar's wedding.

The hour was twelve, and Havana slept on the edge of the Gulf.

Not a sound came from the old house so soon to resound with marriage music, and with the groans of one doomed to a living death.

The fair Isa, no doubt, was sleeping away her last maiden hours, for the day soon to dawn was to see her a bride before it departed.

The sky was covered with opaque clouds. Not a star was visible, for the rifts, if there were any, were as black as the clouds.

Therefore, the crouching figure that crossed the flower-garden was not perceived. It seemed a man, yet it had the motion of an animal.

It paused before a low door in the eastern wing of the Cantelvar mansion and listened. The swash of the waves against the walls was the only sound that came to the solitary being. Then it struck the door twice, and the portal opened noiselessly, and closed again. But the night prowler was not to be seen without; he was within the mansion.

The person who had admitted him seemed to be a small man. The person admitted was tall and wore a mask that effectually concealed his features.

"You can find the way now?" asked the traitor.

"Yes; give me the light."

The dark taper was placed in his hand.

"You have the keys," said the traitor. "May the Virgin speed you; I will be at the wharf. We sail to-night?"

"Yes, to-night. Be there!"

A moment later the tall man moved off, leaving the other watching him and his light.

More than one long corridor the masked one traveled, and the silence of death was about him. His feet gave forth no sound, for they were encased in nothing but short Cuban hose, and there were no obstacles in his path. The ornamented butts of the pistols visible just above his belt told that he was prepared for an emergency, and his left hand clutched the hilt of a dagger whose blade was hidden in his sleeve.

At last he paused before a door much smaller than any that he had yet encountered in the house, and its heavy locks told that it led to a room where valuable treasure lay.

The mask listened a long time at the door before he tried to open it. He knew that he was under-ground, for the ground on which he stood was quite damp, and and the walls about him were covered with an icy sweat. The curiously-shaped keys that he drew from his pocket opened the little door, and the night prowler found himself in a small room.

Closing the door gently, he soon produced a stronger light, and the glare that suddenly dazzled his eyes almost sent him to the floor.

A table stood in the centre of the treasure room, and on that table were the treasures for which he had seemingly entered the Cantelvar mansion.

There were necklaces of diamonds and tiaras of rubies; bracelets of pearls and pins of emeralds; head-dresses of beaten gold, studded with precious stones, and rings whose value seemed incalculable.

He stood before Isa Cantelvar's wedding gifts!

About him, on the floor, was the old Cuban's wealth—coffers full of doubloons, safes well stored with precious stones. The five small trunks which Captain Calevar had noticed on the pier were there; but they were empty. The jewels they had carried across the ocean glittered on the table.

For many minutes the mask stared at the array of wealth, and then, as if to test the reality of things he approached and took up a costly necklace.

"She shall never wear this!" he said, after a moment's reflection, and then the costly bauble disappeared beneath his doublet.

A tiara of beautiful rubies followed the necklace, and then rings, bracelets, and other rich personal ornaments disappeared. He discarded many rich things with the discrimination of a lapidary, and when he was about to turn away, he laughed:

"I can't take any of your doubloons, Senor Cantelvar!" he said. "They are very pretty, very good, but your daughter's wealth is more portable. I guess I carry about four hundred thousand doubloons' worth of pebbles on my person. Ha! ha! Isa wouldn't marry Calevar!"

He put his hand on the door, when the slightest of noises started him.

"Calevar!"

At the sound of his name he turned quickly, and faced six men with drawn pistols.

Had they sprung from the floor of the treasure-room?

There stood old Senor Cantelvar, and his lips were still quivering with the name just spoken.

Beside the Cuban stood the youth who had lately landed from the *Vulture*. The mask did not drop his taper and turn for flight. On the contrary, he said, "Well!" and looked into the muzzles of the pistols without a tremor.

"We know you!" said Senor Cantelvar.

"And I know you!" was the rejoinder.

"You came thither for the wedding gifts."

"And I have got them!"

"Do you expect to keep them?"

"No—not now!"

"Advance and put them on the table."

Calevar advanced without hesitation, and his hand crept to his bosom. But it did not draw a single diamond thence. It came forth empty, but the next instant it was filled by the butt of a pistol. He raised it quickly, and Senor Cantelvar went to the floor.

The next moment there were sounds of struggling in the treasure-room, and when they grew still Calevar, with the mask stripped from his handsome Spanish face, sat in a great iron arm-chair.

Strong ropes bound him to the seat, and iron bands fastened his feet to the floor.

The table groaned beneath the most palatable of Cuban viands, and a rich candelabrum, suspended from the cellar, revealed the sumptuous board. There were numerous bottles of Spanish and island wines on the table, but he could not touch one with his outstretched arm. Piled up on either side of him were chests of Spanish doubloons, and the doors of iron safes were open, revealing the glittering wealth of more than one mine. He groaned when he comprehended his situation, and then he cursed till his tongue refused to blaspheme longer.

"This is your fate, Captain Calevar," said Senor Cantelvar's well-known voice. "You sought wealth and you have it. What you see is yours. You are welcome to take it away. You'll find the wines the best. There are two bottles of your favorite Catalon'a, and one of thirty-five years' Maderia. Pleasant dreams to you, senor captasn!"

The silence that followed was awful.

"If Domargo knew this!" cried Calevar. "Holy Virgin! where is the dwarf?"

A hellish laugh answered him.

"Domargo is here!" said the dwarf's voice. "He is Vinities' brother! Ha! ha! Good-bye, captain! The *Sea Cross* will sail this time without you."

"Betrayed!" groaned the doomed man, and for the first time his bravery deserted him.

He fainted in the iron chair.

The next day there was the sound of merry voices far above him. Angels seemed to be singing to him in hell.

By and by the sounds ceased. Isa Cantelvar was a bride!

No sounds now but the wash of the Gulf waves against the treasure-room.

Days came and went.

The bottles on the table grew mouldy; the oranges rotted; the delicacies spoiled; the candelabrum's lights went out; but there was a grinning man in the iron chair. The *Sea Cross* sailed away without him.

A year ago that terrible room was opened. A skeleton seated in an iron chair told the story of Cuban Vengeance.

A new toy, lately patented, consists of a figure of a dandy, with a cigar-holder in his mouth. In the pedestal there is a small bellows, operated by clock-work and spring. A small cigar is placed in the holder, and when the spring is set in motion the dandy puffs away as natural as life until the cigar is consumed.

A STORY OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Many are the interesting scenes of Jackson's life which his biographer, Parton, has omitted and not brought to light. "When a boy," said Judge J. C. Gould, in a recent address, "I saw him scare and put to flight twenty thousand men. The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterwards matched for $5,000 a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom course. My uncle, Joseph H. Coon, carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain until he returned. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such betting between States. Money and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with negroes and horses wagered on the race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and looked down the track, and saw for the first time General Jackson riding slowly on a gray horse with long pistols in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter.

"In his wake followed uncle Coon, Stokely Donelson, Patton Anderson, and several others as fierce as bull dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me he said he had irrefragible proof that this was to be jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before which disqualified him for the race, and his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and by the eternal God he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eye.

"I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror to the dismayed hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wished some lead in in their hides just to bring their horses on the track, for by the eternal God he would kill the first man who offered to do so.

"There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he had acted hastily and without consideration.

"He would give the scoundrel a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open and ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. Not appearing, General Jackson introduced the witness, proving the bribery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive five hundred dollars to throw off the race, having received two hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof and show their innocence. They failing to appear, General Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which in a few moments was done in accordance with the facts proved.

"I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property wagered on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said "Now, gentlemen, go calmly, and in order, and each take his own property." When the word was given, the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned and was nearly trampled to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required two thousand armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood.

A Curious Marriage.—Just outside of Brooklyn is the little town of Oyster Bay. It is a semi-aristocratic town and quite a watering place during the summer. Apart from the liveliness belonging to a gay company in search of pleasure, the town has just had a genuine sensation in the marriage of two persons. The Rev. Mr. Vogal, aged sixty-five, was joined in marriage to Mrs Jackson, of the gushing age of eighty-five.

"She had money and he had none;
And that's the way the row begun."

Both parties have been very much married. The lady has had three husbands and the Minister three wives. The lady's treasures are all laid up in heaven. The minister's companions remain on earth. Two divorces and one marriage are more than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. The first divorce was unquestionably Mr. Vogel's right. The second was an Illinois affair, and there is a cloud over it. The mature bride knew all about it, and made her venture with her eyes wide open. She settled $10,000 on her new husband, gave the officiating minister $100, and took her husband into her dashing team and drove to her own mansion. Her own story is that she was living alone, her relations were dead, her property was a very great burden to her. She believed in her pastor, and confided in his good judgment and honesty to help her through.

Religion Enhances Every Enjoyment.—We may see how completly religion is adapted to the nature of man by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting) which this world contains are never fully tasted but by religious persons.

Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect and the imagination, are never received in their fulness but by them.

And why? Because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them.

In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist indeed, but with a blighted existence; and produce, but how degenerate is the production!

Everything that wants religion wants vitality.

Philosphy, without religion, is crippled and impotent; poetry, without religion, has no heart-stirring powers; life, without religion, is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects.

Religion, then, can be no obstcale to enjoyment, since the only sources of it, which are confessedly pure, are all enhanced by its possession.

Even in the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits an exemption from the low and sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings which abound in it!—*Hebrew Leader.*

Difficulties.—Punshon says of difficulties:—"Sirs, are there difficulties in your path, hindering your pursuit of knowledge, restraining your benevolent endeavors, making your spiritual life a contest and a toil? Be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of resistance. You will be impelled to persevere from the very energy of the opposition. If there be any might in your soul, like the avalanche of snow, it will acquire additional momentum from the obstacles which threaten to impede it. Many a man has thus robed himself in the spoils of a vanquished difficulty; and his conquests have accumulated at every onward and upward step, until he has rested from his labor, the successful athlete who has thrown the world. 'An unfortunate illustration,' you are ready to say; for all cannot win the Olympic crown, nor wear the Isthmian laurel. What of him who fails? How is he recompensed? What does he gain? What? Why, *strength for life.* His training has insured him *that.* He will never forget the gymnasium and its lessons. He will always be a stalwart man—a man of muscle and of sinew. The real merit is not in the success, *but in the endeavor;* and, win or lose, he will be honored and crowned."

A Prima Donna's Tooth.—Madame Pauline Viardot, the ever to be remembered creatrix of Fides, in Meyerbeer's "Prophete," had one of the incisive teeth in her upper jaw longer than the rest of her pearly jewels, which somewhat damaged the beautiful expression of her physiognomy. A few evenings before the production of the "Prophete," during one of the general rehearsals of that opera, Meyerbeer went into her room in the theatre and advised her that he could not let her sing Fides. "How so?" exclaimed the great artist, stupefied at such a dreadful revelation. "Am I wrong in the interpretation of any part of the *role?* If so, you should tell me, sir, and I will correct myself." "Madame, you are a perfect Fides, and I could not dream of any tragedian songstress to sing and play better than you," answered the maestro, "but—but—you cannot perform Fides!—unless—" "Unless what?" quickly replied Pauline Viardot, bursting into tears. "Unless you submit to a painful surgical operation, and I guess you won't, madame." "What do you mean, sir?" "Simply this, madame: You must have that overgrown tooth sawed to the level of the others." "Oh, sir, it must be horrible! Surely I'll be dead before the excision is over!" "Not at all, madame. I have just ordered the dentist of the Queen of Prussia to come to Paris for the express purpose of attending to your operatic majesty, and you may rely upon his unsurpased skill." As it was the *sine qua non* condition, to please maestro, Pauline Viardot made up her mind to confide her beautiful head to Herr Mulkeistrom, M. D., who first chloroformed her, and with magic dexterity removed at once the obnoxious bit of ivory. A few nights after that "terrible" trial, Pauline won her crown of immortality in that *role* of Fides in which she will never be equalled. When the tremendous echoes of the enthusiastic applause and rappels had abated, and the artists were allowed to leave the stage, Giacome Meyerbeer, trembling like a child with emotion, respectfully took Fides' right wrist to which he adjusted a diamond bracelet worth 80,000 francs, in the middle of which, and surrounded by rubies, stood the small piece of tooth that for so many years had been prominent in the great artist's features.

A great many of the stores in Paris are dedicated to some one or to some thing real or imaginary. One sees such signs as "To the Good Devil," "To the Poor Devil," "To the Infant Jesus," "To the Gray Overcoat," "To the Madonna," "To the Americans," "To the Universe," "To the Poor James," etc. The stores for the sale of miscellaneous merchandise are now more generally closed on Sundays than they were four years ago.

It is said that there are about 700,000 gypsies in Europe. Efforts to evangelize them have not been followed with much success. They believe in annihilation at death.

Morbid Moods of Mighty Minds.—Men who have powerful brains or gigantic minds are apt to undertake herculean labors. The motive may be fame, gold, or philanthropy; but when impulses are strong and opportunities many, overwork is almost a necessity. The world knows little of the morbid moods and silent sufferings of those who make the books which instruct, the poems which inspire, the sermons which regenerate, and the fictions which amuse the masses. Authors, poets, preachers, and comedians keep their morbid conditions to themselves, as a general rule. They give their talent, their healthful thoughts, and emotions, their normal moods, to others, and keep their abnormal states, and, may be, bodily tortures and mental agonies, to themselves.

Their work necessitates this. The world only wants what they can do for others. It has no concern with their private griefs. Were they to dwell on their morbid moods, tell of them, or even expose them carelessly, the world would condemn them and their teachings. Their influence would be lost; their hearers do not care so much how they feel, but want to know what they can say and do. Besides, complaining would only be a waste of precious time. Hard workers are too busy to complain of personal matters.

The Bachelor.—"Oh, who would an old bachelor be to roam in this wide world alone"—no one. A bachelor is even more miserable than an old maid; for he has no one to perform the various domestic offices which she can perform for herself. None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurance of care and love. No; the old bachelor may be courted for his money. He may eat and drink and revel, as such things do, and he may sicken and die in a hotel or garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loving circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

The Broken Buckle.—"Now * * * Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks."—Dan. vi.; 10.

It is related of a hero in Scottish history, that when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, he coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a sweeping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him in the field an inglorious prisoner—the timely delay sent him in safety to his huzzaing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not be astonished if, in his hottest haste, his most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

An Ancient Hotel.—California holds the most singular hotel in the world. It is situated between San Jose and Santa Cruz. Imagine ten immense trees standing a few feet apart, and hollow inside; these are hotels—neat, breezy and romantic. The largest tree is sixty-five feet round, and contains a sitting-room and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is distributed the thing that biteth and stingeth. All about this tree is a garden of flowers and evergreens. The drawing room is a bower made from red-wood, evergreens, and madona branches. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, white-washed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leaning stump, dubbed the "library." If it were not for that same haunt of Bacchus, it is certain that the guests of this forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as dyrads.

Butter not your bread on both sides, lest in your old age you be left without bread or butter.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in the Principal Empires and Kingdoms of Europe.

NO. XXXIX.

Messrs. Editors:—In one of my numbers, in speaking of the fairs in Europe, and those of Frankfort in particular, I then alluded to the fairs in Munich, and spoke of the Queen visiting them, and passing through and mixing up with the people, and making purchases. Those kinds of fairs occur twice a year. There is nothing placed there on exhibition; everything is for sale. It is true that there are small houses on wheels in which the owner resides, and in which he travels from fair to fair, to exhibit all kinds of monstrosities too disagreeable for well-bred people to look at, yet there was always a large crowd of the rabble who indulged. Besides these are other shows of a very low order. But what I wish to say is that there is another great fair that occurs in Bavaria and at Munich, at which everything is exhibited, and nothing offered for sale. This great national fair occurs in November; the fair grounds are about a mile outside the city gate, and south-east from the city. The grounds cover a great space, and are circular. They are uninclosed, and remind one very much of an amphitheatre. All the southern portion has a considerable natural elevation, in addition to which artificial means have been used in cutting and forming the natural rise or hill into a crescent shape, which gradually grows less and less elevated until it reaches half way on each side. The remainder of the grounds are perfectly level. For a week before the fair the government is busily engaged in having plank hauled to erect seats. Just in the centre of this crescent is a house which is open on all sides. It cannot be called a house either, but rather a pavilion. This pavilion is erected for the king and the court; on each side seats are erected, going from twenty down to three seats high, and the way in which they are arranged reminds one of the way they are erected in a circus, except that it is impossible for them to break down, as they are resting upon this artificial ridge above mentioned. In fact, in everything in Europe can be seen a great regard for the preservation of life. After these seats have been erected, they then commence to put up small houses in half circles—one half circle rather to the right, and another rather to the left of where the king is seated. All these small houses are occupied; some of them have two rooms and all have a piazza. They are rented from the authorities, and I was told that they produced considerable revenue. I was sorry to see some of them occupied by gambling establishments and others by establishments called 'chance,' which in my opinion are not much better. The stock of horses was large, and some were very fine, and the stock of cattle was very large and superior. The hogs and the sheep were but few in number and not at all extra, and in fact it seemed that more attention was paid to cattle and horses. The fair continued for about two weeks, and the Saturday before the last day the king awarded the prizes to those having the finest horses and cattle. Here a man would have a fine stock bull, for which he would get a little white flag fastened to a little unpainted pole. Another man would have, perhaps, a much finer bull, and he would get a larger flag with a painted staff, and the same kind were given those having the finest horses. The most of strangers laugh at the thought of such premiums—a little piece of white cloth fastened to a pole; but I suppose receiving it from the hands of the king was premium enough. Well, this all closes on Saturday, and the next day being Sunday is devoted to the races. I have neglected to say that before and during all the time of the fair strangers were arriving from every direction: from Austria, Wurtemberg and from all parts of Bavaria, until on Sunday, the day of the races, the concourse was vast, the number being variously estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000. The day was most beautiful—just cool enough to be pleasant, and thousands commenced to gather early in the morning. We had heard that the races would not take place before three o'clock, but when we arrived at a little after two o'clock not only had every seat been taken at high prices, but we had like to have not had standing room. I pushed and edged myself through the crowd to where the king and all the court were standing (the queen does not attend on Sundays). It is said in Europe that Americans are great dinners about royalty, and I am forced to believe that some of them are, for I continued to wedge myself about until at last I got to the very pavilion, and by climbing up on seats got my head on a level with the platform, where I had a fine view of the king, his sisters and other ladies, and I can say that with the exception of the Queen of Holland they were the most homely royal personages I saw in Europe; and here I will say that the most beautiful women I saw anywhere in Europe were the Queen of Bavaria and the Empress of France. I cannot say why I acted so foolishly in endeavoring to get near the King's pavilion, for I had often seen and met him walking in the streets. It may appear strange that the King should allow the people to be so near him, but it was a common thing to see him sometimes in the streets with only one gentleman. I have seen him alone, even without any usher or any servant, though as he comes every one gets off the pavement and stands uncovered until he passes, and they also do the same when the Queen passes. But she has an usher and maids of honor.

Well, I will finish my remarks about the fair and the races on Sunday. My friend and myself debated between ourselves as to whether we should go or not until there was hardly standing room in an open field; but we came to the conclusion at last that, as all strangers and everyone in Munich who could get there would be there, we too might afford to go, and we did so, and got into the very position to see the King and Court, which position was so very uncomfortable that I was glad to go to the north side of the great ring, and stand behind thousands of others; but, strange to say, I saw very well. There were six riding at the same time, and when everyone was so excited over it, one of the horses fell, and in falling fell before another horse, which caused that horse to fall. The two riders, being hurt, were taken from the ring, and after a short time one of them recovered, and about the other I never could learn whether he lived or died. That ended the fair and the races, and we regretted being there.

Voyageur.